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VOLUME CLVII

JUNE, 1928—NOVEMBER, 1928

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Arthur B. Davies

THE WORKSHOP OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE

By Arthur B. Davies

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Harpers *Magazine*

SCIENCE AND ETHICS

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

SCIENCE impinges upon ethics in at least five different ways. In the first place, by its application it creates new ethical situations. Two hundred years ago the news of a famine in China created no duty for Englishmen. They could take no possible action against it. To-day the telegraph and the steam engine have made such action possible, and it becomes an ethical problem what action, if any, is right. Two hundred years ago a workman generally owned his own tools. Now his tool may be a crane or steam hammer, and we all have our own views as to whether these should belong to shareholders, the state, or guilds representing the workers.

Secondly, it may create new duties by pointing out previously unexpected consequences of our actions. We are all agreed that we should not run the risk of spreading typhoid by polluting the public water supply. We are probably divided as to the duty of vaccinating our children, and we may not all be of one mind as to whether a person likely to transmit club-foot or cataract

to half his or her children should be compelled to abstain from parenthood.

Thirdly, science affects our whole ethical outlook by influencing our views as to the nature of the world, in fact, by supplanting mythology. One man may see men and animals as a great brotherhood of common ancestry, and thus feel an enlargement of his obligations. Another will regard even the noblest aspects of human nature as products of a ruthless struggle for existence, and thus justify a refusal to assist the weak and suffering. A third, impressed with the vanity of human efforts amid the vast indifference of the universe, will take refuge in a modified epicureanism. In all these attitudes and in many others, there is at least some element of rightness.

Fourthly, in so far as anthropology is becoming scientific, it is bound to have a profound effect on ethics by showing that any given ethical code is only one of a number practiced with equal conviction and almost equal success, in fact, by creating comparative ethics. But, of course, any serious study of the

habits of foreigners, whether scientific or not, has this effect, as comes out plainly enough in the history of ancient Greek ethnics. Hence, science is not wholly responsible for the ethical results of anthropology.

Finally, ethics may be profoundly affected by an adoption of the scientific point of view, that is to say, the attitude which men of science, in their professional capacity, adopt towards the world. This attitude includes a high (perhaps an unduly high) regard for truth and a refusal to come to unjustifiable conclusions which expresses itself on the plane of religion as agnosticism. And along with this is found a deliberate suppression of emotion until the last possible moment, on the ground that emotion is a stumbling block on the road to truth. So a rose and a tapeworm must be studied by the same methods and viewed from the same angle, even if the work is ultimately to lead to the killing of the tapeworms and the propagation of roses. Again, the scientific point of view involves the cultivation of a scientific æsthetic which rejoices in the peculiar forms of beauty which characterize scientific theory. Those who find an intimate relation between the good and the beautiful will realize the importance of the fact that a group of men so influential as scientific workers are pursuing a particular kind of beauty. Finally, since the scientist, as such, is contributing to an intellectual structure that belongs to humanity as a whole, his influence will inevitably fall in favor of ethical principles and practice which transcend the limits of nation, color, and class.

Personally, I believe that the second of these relationships between science and ethics is that in which science is most beneficial. By complicating life science creates new opportunities of wrongdoing, by altering our world-view it may lead us into one form or another of ethical nihilism; it can never do us harm by pointing out to us the consequences of our actions. But the enemies of

science will claim that just because at present, in so far as it concerns itself with human beings, it deals with their bodies rather than their souls, it will lead us to neglect the higher forms of duty to our neighbor. On the whole, I accept this indictment, and glory in it, although, since I do not believe in a detachable soul, I regard the good of the body as the good of the soul too, each being the whole man looked at from a particular point of view. But I welcome this apparent debasement of ethical aims for another reason.

As long as my services to my neighbor are confined to feeding him when hungry, or helping him to raise his wages, and tending him when sick or preventing future sickness, and so forth, I am probably following the Golden Rule, for I do not want to be hungry, poor, or sick, and few of my neighbors are good enough Christians to do so. But if I soar above the mere claims of the body I shall try to educate my neighbor against his will, convert him to my particular brand of religion or irreligion, or even to psycho-analyze him. As I do not personally want to admire Gertrude Stein, worship a biscuit, or remember the moral lapses of my infancy, these forms of charity are very liable to be breaches of the Golden Rule; and if they are carried too far they may well develop into missions to the heathen or even crusades.

I confess that I am not appalled at the thought of an ethical system in which the only goods with which we attempted to provide our neighbors were of the most material character and in which hygiene took the place of salvation. So much nonsense is put about in the name of hygiene that the idea is naturally repugnant to many people. For hygiene has furnished a new weapon to the numerous persons who either desire to interfere with the lives of their fellows or to exploit their fears. As religion declines, the man who would have sold relics in the past turns his attention to pills, and the belief in the danger of Sabbath-breaking is

replaced by that in the danger of bad smells, although tanners and glue-boilers are healthier than the average population.

In view of such facts it requires considerable education to preserve one's health, and, since the education in question is biological, and I am a biologist, it is natural I should like to see it universally diffused. If the great aim of education is to know yourself, it is essential to begin at the beginning, namely, with anatomy and physiology. If an almost equally important aim is to promote human solidarity, it is in the realm of hygiene that this is most completely displayed. On the political and economic plane my neighbors' misfortune may be my advantage; in that of hygiene this is never so, as Carlyle pointed out long ago. As long as we maintain slums and dusty occupations we shall have foci from which the tubercle bacillus can attack the well-to-do. As long as we have families of six in a single room we shall be unable to prevent the spread of diphtheria or measles. This solidarity against pathogenic micro-organisms extends beyond the boundaries of nationality, race, or even species. Every Roumanian infected with infantile paralysis, every Indian with smallpox, every rat with plague, diminishes the probable length of my life. The pessimistic psychologists tell us that men can only be combined in large numbers by hate and fear. As long as a single infectious disease remains in existence there will be suitable objects of hatred and fear for humanity as a whole.

I am not a materialist, but I do not think that the influence of materialism on ethics is wholly bad. Not only does it banish many imaginary goods and evils, but it calls attention to a case where egoism and altruism are the same. And a materialistic criterion, such as health, has the immense advantage over a hedonistic one, such as happiness, that the health of two men can be compared while their happiness cannot.

II

To my mind the greatest danger to which our ethical system is exposed from science is not a debasement of values for such reasons as I have sketched, but the deliberate exploitation of scientific ideas in the interests of unscientific prejudice. I cannot choose a better example than the recent lecture on "Scientific Ethics" delivered by Dean Inge to the British Science Guild, a body which, I may remark, represents applied rather than pure science. I should be surprised if the Dean had devoted as much time to the study of science as I have to that of Christianity (for I attended two Christian schools), yet I fear that a lecture by myself on Christian Ethics would be regarded by the Dean as, at best, blacklegging, at worst, blasphemy. For he has done me the honor to state that I am prejudiced concerning religion; though agnosticism, being a refusal to make up one's mind at all, is surely the very opposite of prejudice, which is the making up of one's mind before hearing the evidence.

A fair proportion of the Dean's discourse was devoted to diatribes against the Roman Catholic Church, which, it appears, is in several respects less scientific than the Protestant organizations. I confess that, as an impartial outsider, I hope that as long as there are an appreciable number of Protestants they will be balanced by some Catholics; for while both bodies have been about equally hostile to truth, the Catholics have on the whole been kinder to beauty. And as long as the Anglican Prayer Book includes prayers for rain and for the satisfactory functioning of the organs of the royal family, for a Dean to animadvert upon Lourdes is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

In so far as the Dean exalts truth, attacks supernatural dualism, and realizes that evolution implies the rights of animals, I think that everyone will be in agreement with him. How little impor-

tance is attached to truth as such in our society appears very clearly in a recent judgment of Mr. Justice Humphreys, in a case where a beauty specialist sued a rival for using a phrase which he had invented to advertise his business. The Judge held that the phrase was arresting and original—for one thing, because it was obviously untrue—and that it came within the copyright act. I do not think that he would have adopted so complacent an attitude had the phrase been obscene or seditious, and I doubt if a state permeated by scientific ethic would lend the support of the law to private property in lies. But with regard to the more detailed applications of biology to ethics, and especially in regard to his views on eugenics, I am afraid that I am a better Christian than the Dean. Perhaps I may be excused for writing at some length on this subject because I have a considerable first-hand knowledge of animal and plant breeding, and have to some small extent advanced knowledge concerning heredity.

Let us first turn to the facts which are known with certainty. We know the laws which govern the inheritance of a number of defects. Some of these, like color-blindness, are trivial, provided locomotive drivers and navigators of ships can be so tested as to exclude color-blind men from these occupations. Others, such as short fingers, are unsightly, and may be a serious handicap. A third class, such as hæmophilia (failure of the blood to coagulate) and some types of deaf-mutism are dangerous to life or make a normal and useful life impossible. Now these maladies are inherited in several different ways, and the type of inheritance determines the possibility or otherwise of eugenic action with regard to them. If all short-fingered persons were massacred to-morrow this condition would be pretty completely abolished. But if all the hæmophiliacs were killed off it would take hundreds of generations before the proportion of them in the general population would be

halved. Now I think that bearers of such hereditary complaints should be warned as to the type of children that they are likely to beget, and given every possible opportunity to avoid doing so, but I do not think that in the present state of public opinion any compulsion should be exerted on them. The time for that may come if attempts spread over several generations to persuade them to limit their families are a failure. But about the same time public opinion will perhaps be ripe for the discouragement, in the interests of hygiene, of deans and others who spread the view that any but a very small class of diseases can be cured by prayer.

The inheritance of other desirable and undesirable characters is far less clearly understood. Feeble-mindedness is fairly strongly inherited, but unfortunately it is generally inherited in such a way that the segregation or massacre of the feeble-minded, even if continued for several generations, would not stamp it out. The feeble-minded, unless they mate with one another, do not necessarily produce feeble-minded children. If, therefore, the feeble-minded are to be segregated, it should be in their own interests, and because they are unfit to bring up a family, quite as much as on eugenic grounds.

But the most controversial, and to my mind the least scientifically grounded of the proposals of the Dean and other eugenists who think like him relate not to a few small groups of the population, but to large numbers. In the first place, he congratulates the United States on stopping the flood of immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe. Now politically this may be a wise measure. The countrymen of Lenin and Mussolini probably do not make such good Babbitts as the races of Northwestern Europe. And on the whole, they do not score as highly in so-called intelligence tests of the particular type current in the United States. Whether such a failure has any significance could probably be determined by the scientific methods which

are being applied to such tests by Spearman and his pupils in England. But even if the average Italian is stupider than the average Swede—which may be the case—either or both of the following facts may still be true: genius of certain types may be commoner among Italians than Swedes, and as the result of crossing these two peoples a type in many ways finer than either may be produced. This is certainly the general rule with animals and plants, and history suggests that it is true of men. Until these possibilities have been disproved, the exclusion of Southern Europeans from the United States cannot be justified on eugenic grounds. And if, as is very possible, they are better adapted than the inhabitants of Northern Europe for life in the Southern States it may be an extremely short-sighted measure.

III

The same criticism applies to the question of the differential birth rate in different social groups within the same state. It is true that in England the rich breed more slowly than the average, and the skilled than the unskilled laborer, and that infantile and other mortality does not compensate for this difference. This phenomenon has only gone on for about two generations, and it is very probable that with further social progress it will cease; for in Stockholm where the poor do not live in slums, and birth-control is pretty universally practiced, the rich have rather more children than the poor. Although it is certainly not scientifically proven, it seems likely that there is a correlation between wealth and the hereditary factors determining intelligence, because the well-to-do include many families of the professional classes in whom intelligence is undoubtedly hereditary, and the unskilled laborers include the majority of the feeble-minded. We do not yet know enough about the inheritance of mental ability to be able to say that a few generations of selection against it

would weed it out to an appreciable extent, though this may quite probably be the case. But if we grant the case of the extreme eugenicist, what is the remedy? The Dean would like to penalize the slum-dwellers who still produce large families, and other eugenicists (though few, if any, scientific students of heredity) have condemned the spending of public funds to ameliorate the lot of the poor on similar grounds. If such is really the teaching of biology there is a serious conflict between science and the dictates of the conscience of most enlightened men and women. And this alleged conflict is one ground for the distrust of science and its teachings which is very widely felt.

In my own opinion the dictates of biology are exactly opposite, and on the whole in line with those of humanitarian ethics. If a difference in effective fertility exists between the rich and the poor, it seems to me profoundly illogical to attempt to remedy it by making the rich richer and the poor poorer. It is true that such an attempt might succeed if the poor were made so poor as to bring their infantile mortality up to about fifty per cent. But that would lower their physique and also create foci of disease which would attack the rich. It would be better to send armored cars through the slums from time to time, with special instructions to fire upon women and children. The correct remedy for the differential birth rate would seem to be such a raising of the economic standards of the poor as would give them the same economic incentives to family limitation as exist among the rich, and such an equalization of educational and other opportunities as would lessen these latter incentives. The example of Stockholm shows that the differential birth rate need not exist in a highly civilized community. I have stated elsewhere my personal views on the economic and other measures which would serve to equalize the birth rates in different classes. As they have perhaps a somewhat political flavor, I shall not repeat

them here. Suffice it to say that they do not commend themselves to the Dean of St. Paul's.

Other self-styled eugenists take a still more extreme view of innate human inequality. They suppose that moral qualities are inherited to much the same degree as physical and intellectual. It is true that brothers resemble one another in these respects about as much as in physical and intellectual qualities, but this is probably largely a matter of environment. It is, after all, a matter of common sense that it is easier to make a bad boy good than a stupid boy clever. Human experience has agreed to attach the social sanctions of praise and blame to qualities on which environment has a fairly large influence; and on the whole, scientific observation goes to confirm common sense. There is probably such a thing as an eradicable moral imbecility, just as there is an acquired moral imbecility due to lethargic encephalitis, but these would seem to be a good deal rarer than hereditary stupidity. Science does not, of course, support the doctrine of human perfectibility. But it does tend to uphold the view that this doctrine is much more nearly true in the sphere of ethics than in that of intellect—in other words, that mankind is more readily modified by moral than intellectual education. And of the principles of moral education we know very little. We know, indeed, that such an education based on religion is by no means an infallible guide to conduct, even in an age of faith. In an age of reason it often results in young people, who generally lose their faith at a critical period of their lives, supposing that there is no rational basis for right conduct. We know, both from individual cases elsewhere, and from the great example of the Third French Republic, that such an education can be successfully conducted on purely secular lines. But it should, I believe, be one of the principal functions of an ethical society to investigate the relative efficacy of different types of ethical propaganda.

My own small experience suggests that there are great individual differences between different children in this respect; some, for example, being greatly moved by the stories of noble lives, others, who may yet readily absorb example or abstract precepts, being very little so.

But to return to eugenics, if a great deal which to my mind is both unscientific and immoral has been advocated in its name, I am certain that it has a very great future as an ethical principle. The more we learn as to what desirable qualities are inheritable, the more we should seek these qualities in our own spouses. Now, one does not fall in love as the result of a system of marking beauty, intelligence, virtue, and so on, each counting for so much. But one does so as the result of the weight which one has given in one's appreciation of the other sex to these various qualities. As a biological outlook becomes commoner this weight will tend to vary. Length of pedigree will seem less important than soundness, wealth than health, education than intelligence. But just because eugenics is an ethical principle, it should begin at home, like charity, and influence individual conduct before public policy.

Hygiene and eugenics are, in all probability, only the first of a series of new spheres of duty which biology is opening up. To take only one example—at the present moment our only clear duty to animals is to spare them obvious physical suffering. As we learn about their psychology we shall know better. It is quite possibly as cruel to keep a pet rat in a light and airy cage as to lock a dog in the cellar all day; and it is already the duty of everyone who keeps animals to acquaint himself with the elementary principles governing nutrition.

Ever since the utilitarian movement ethics have become more and more a matter of the calculation of consequences. We may reject the criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, either because it is incalculable, or because happiness does not appear a

sufficiently noble goal; but we are all or nearly all agreed that actions must be judged by their probable consequences, and not by any code which does not envisage such consequences. We have not yet gone very far towards calculating these consequences scientifically. In the doubtful cases only scientific method will help us. The question, for example, whether I should subscribe one pound to the Cancer Hospital or the Cancer Research Campaign depends on the value which I attribute to research. As a careful study of the paths by which cancer cells migrate from the breast has been largely instrumental in reducing the mortality from breast cancer to about ten per cent in the early operated cases, I am personally in favor of research, but I have not got the quantitative knowledge of how far a pound goes in research and treatment respectively which would enable me to form a definite judgment on the question. And in the present state of affairs any statistics available would be directed to proving a case rather than arriving at the truth.

If it is our duty to envisage, so far as possible, the consequences of our actions, it follows that we must deliberately attempt to suppress our emotions until this investigation is completed. Bentham attempted to do so, but with the passing of utilitarianism and the growing realization of the importance of the emotional side of the human mind, few have tried to follow his example. Yet only on such lines can scientific method be applied directly to ethical problems. Such an application can hardly be said as yet to exist. We do not realize how largely a scientifically based code of ethics would depend on statistical data. The moment we begin to study statistics new duties appear. Let us take an apparently trivial choice—shall I buy a glass or pottery bowl for my flowers? I turn to the occupational mortality statistics and find that though the mortality of glass workers is above the average, that of potters is still higher. Other things being equal, I ought to buy glass.

If we knew enough no choice would be trivial, and it is our duty to acquire the knowledge which will enable us to moralize our every-day actions, both by the study of available statistics and by encouraging statistical enquiry elsewhere.

IV

But does science reduce ethics to mere calculation? It is true that science from its nature can only say what is, was, or will be, and not what ought to be. It cannot, of course, give an answer to the question, "Why should I be good?" There is in the long run no answer to that question, for a previously good action ceases to be good in so far as it is directed to any non-ethical end. But our views as to the status of good action are profoundly affected by our views of the universe. If good corresponds to nothing more objective than our individual preferences, the good life appears to us more heroic perhaps, but also rather futile. Now the tendency of science in its early stages, as it cleared away the jungle of mythology, was to leave the human individual apparently isolated. Eighteenth-century rationalism, which did not succeed in replacing Christianity, though it affected human thought profoundly, was such a philosophy of isolated individuals.

It seems to me that modern science makes this isolation far less plausible than it seemed two hundred—or even fifty—years ago. The older science either supposed that the universe and the human body were mere machines, or that they were machines to some extent guided by God and the soul respectively. No facts are known to science which give any serious support to the latter view. But it does not follow that the former is correct. The human body is composed of cells, and the cells of atoms. Many of the cells can be cultivated outside the body. They have a life of their own, and can live a Robinson Crusoe kind of existence in suitable surroundings. Hence they do not derive their life from the

soul or anything outside themselves. But their co-operation manifests itself in the life of the whole man, and more particularly in his consciousness. A study of the effects on the mind of brain injuries makes it fairly certain that consciousness depends, not on any one cell, which might be the seat of the soul, but on a very large number. Yet every attempt to find forces other than those of ordinary physics operating within the organism has been a complete failure, and the success of modern medicine and animal and plant breeding are at least pragmatic justifications of that point of view. The mutual relations of the atoms constituting the cell seem also to be describable in terms of physics and chemistry. Nevertheless, life, organic unity, and consciousness are facts a good deal more certain than the existence of cells and atoms. It is clear that aggregates of a certain kind do manifest qualities which we cannot observe in their components.

The doctrine of emergence, which is widely held to-day, is that aggregates may have qualities, such as life or consciousness, which are quite foreign to their parts. This doctrine may conceivably be true, but it is radically opposed to the spirit of science, which has always attempted and has on the whole succeeded to explain the complex in terms of the simple. We do not find obvious evidence of life or mind in so-called inert matter, and we naturally study them most easily where they are most completely manifested; but if the scientific point of view is correct, we shall ultimately find them at least in rudimentary forms, all through the universe.

Now if the co-operation of some thousands of millions of cells in our brain can produce our consciousness, the idea becomes vastly more plausible that the co-operation of humanity, or some sections of it, may determine what Comte called a Great Being. Just as, according to the teachings of physiology, the unity of the body is not due to a soul super-added to the life of the cells, so the

super-human, if it exists, would be nothing external to man, or even existing apart from human co-operation. But to my mind the teaching of science is very emphatic that such a Great Being may be a fact as real as the individual human consciousness, although, of course, there is no positive scientific evidence for the existence of such a being. And it seems to me that everywhere ethical experience testifies to a super-individual reality of some kind. The good life, if not necessarily self-denial, is always self-transcendence. This idea is, of course, immanent in the higher religions, but the objects of religious worship retain the characteristics of nature-gods or deified human individuals. It was more satisfactorily expressed by Comte; but there is much in positivism as originally conceived by him which seems unnecessarily arbitrary.

Just because any formulation of the nature of such a being has ultimately fallen below the best in our own moral consciousness, religions, though at first a help, later become a hindrance to ethical progress, and we too shall do no good by premature theorizing. But just as, starting from the basis of chemistry, biochemists are gradually explaining the phenomena of life, so from a basis of psychology our descendants may build up a scientific ethics which may be at the same time a scientific theology. Much of modern psychology is, I suspect, mere cerebral physiology. I do not see, for example, why we need postulate any "Unconscious" other than certain parts of our own brains. It may well be that the main psychology of the future will be social psychology, just as I believe that in fifty years the most important branch of chemistry will be biochemistry. In this way we may hope that ethics will ultimately be brought within the sphere of science.

At present the only branch of science which is concerned with moral conduct as such is anthropology. One branch of that science is concerned with human societies, and analyzes the various factors

influencing conduct in them. Most of these analyses, of course, bear on the simple institutions of primitive peoples. The anthropologist can observe them from outside, and need not take sides in a dispute, say, between a witch-doctor and a witch. Anthropologists are generally agreed that the magic and religion of primitive peoples are essential parts of their social system, and hold that missionaries destroy the very foundations of society when they introduce Christianity or Islam. Now the same argument is applied by certain anthropologically-minded persons to our own society. They hold that, although most of Christian dogma is untrue, the Church is as essential to the stability of European society as the fetish-house to that of West African. We cannot dismiss this point of view because it is somewhat derogatory to human nature. If science does not indorse the prophet's view that "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," it is equally far from regarding it as perfectible by a change of environment.

The first obvious point that arises is that, while the anthropologist might regard the Church as essential for the stability of society, he would certainly not regard its moral code as correct. For the behavior of Christians, like that of other men, has always been a compromise between that dictated by their moral code and their private inclinations. But that moral code has never, at least among those Christian peoples who have advanced civilization, been purely Christian. The governing classes in Europe have generally kept before them the ideal of honor in one of its many forms. This is an ideal based on pride rather than humility, on self-realization rather than self-denial. It has generally been linked with some form of family pride or patriotism. It has, of course, had its aberrations, but they have been a natural reaction against the abjection into which the Church has attempted to force the spirit of man. In the somewhat modified form of sportsmanship this code is

current among all classes in England to-day. I am not a sportsman myself on week days but, as I do not call myself a miserable sinner on Sundays, I can at least attempt to practice a more rational morality during seven days a week.

Our anthropologist, then, would have to demand the existence of a non-Christian moral ideal beside that of Christianity, trusting to human weakness to see that neither was too strictly enforced. Now the present moral crisis is due, among other things, to the demand for a moral code which shall be intellectually respectable. The existence of that demand, encouraged as it is by the success of rationalism in the sphere of science, is no doubt a serious matter, but the demand is growing daily. And it comes at a time when applied science has created so many new moral problems that the morality of our ancestors must in any case be drastically revised. Until now poverty and disease have been inevitable evils to be palliated by the exercise of the virtue of charity. With the means at our disposal to-day we could abolish all poverty and most disease. But the moral energy required for these purposes is still directed into less efficient channels. In the same way our sexual morality has been adjusted to produce the high birth rate demanded by a high death rate. It is now being rather painfully altered to meet the new social demands upon it.

If, then, our moral code must, in any case, be recast, we are justified in demanding that it be recast on a rational basis. The impossible demands attributed to the Christian god made it necessary to create the devil to counterbalance him. A morality based on science would be quantitative, as was Greek morality. The ideal of the Greeks was τὸ μέτριον, a word often translated as *the mean*, but perhaps more accurately as *the measured*. But this ideal only applied to social conduct, for example, to spending one's income on the pursuit of pleasure. In this sphere it is quite clear that science will be able to help us. Economics and

hygiene are already beginning to do so. But even Greek morality, as we find it codified, for example, in Aristotle's ethics, was not merely quantitative. A man might eat too much, or expose himself to too much danger, and so on, but he could not have too much knowledge or too much moral intuition. And Christian ethics replaced those of the ancients largely because they made unlimited demands on the human spirit, and it does somehow respond to such demands. I doubt if any morality which does not do so will get the maximum response from man.

A scientific morality which proclaimed that man existed as part of a greater aggregate could yet admit that he had claims as an individual. The cells in our own body co-operate in its life, but yet live, so to speak, very comfortably as compared with individualistic protozoa. And as long as I act, in general, as a member of society, I believe that I shall do so the better, and not the worse, for having a good dinner and taking holidays. If the Great Being is wholly independent

of individual men, their well-being must be disregarded in its service. If it exists through them and only through them, their rights are its rights. The morality of the future will, I believe, contain elements of both Greek and Christian moralities. The vague conception of the mean will be rendered exact by quantitative science and the ideal of self-sacrifice will be rationalized as co-operation in a real and intelligible super-individual reality.

But to-day we are very far from any such blessed condition. Yet we can begin, as I have shown, to apply scientific method both to individual moral problems and to the problem of morality itself. The time required for so great a task must be measured on a historical, perhaps even on a geological, time-scale. But it represents the unification of human effort, the marriage of the mind and the heart, the moralization of science, and the rationalization of ethics. Let us be thankful if we can play any part, however small, in so great an enterprise.





NEVER ANYTHING THAT FADES . . .

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

BERYL SUMMERHAZE loved pretty things, and things are prettiest when they are new. In the garden at Wood Island Crossing where she and Marta Summerhaze, her mother, lived all the warm months of the year, the pageant of bud and bloom was almost more, some weeks, than the child's heart could bear; almost like the buds themselves it swelled and was in her throat, so that she could hardly breathe enough to follow fast enough to keep on the heels of the wind of quickening; no more had she caught it one dawn opening the eyes of the rose-mallows, than there it was the garden's width away at evening, painting the buttons on the delphinium spires the little blue of promise; and no more that than Disstan would be saying, "You must keep an eye on the crimson gailardia, young Miss; they'll be blazing away fit to blind you any day now."

Disstan, the gardener, clod-footed, bright-eyed fellow, as shrewdly as any violinist with million-dollar fingers, he knew his craft of keeping the new note flying. Long in advance, deep in autumn, early in springtime, he composed his processions and fingered his runs, his trills, and chromatic caracoles, pre-visioning with a pure gusto, as a great-great-grandfather might of inheritors not yet born, the held breath and lighted eyes of this pair that peopled his aging summers, Marta, a reed blown and singing in a sunny wind, and Beryl, as like as like, exquisite tiptoe nine-year-old.

Sometimes, worship as he might, he

was moved to smile at them with an indulgent wist. They never saw the garden he made for them. Like the man who couldn't see the woods for the trees, they could never see the blossoms for the buds. For the triumphant full chord of his contriving, the panoply of massed and blended bloom, they seemed never to care to wait. At the full of any flower, already one petal will be drooping, already a worm may be lying secret in its heart. And so, long and long before that danger, almost before it was dry of the dew of its first unfolding, Marta must have it cut and carted away, giving room for another to bud and breathe its pale, beginning sweetness a moment before it too went into the barrow and out to the humus pile.

"But, Lady!" Disstan was never through protesting, however humbly.

The slender white-and-golden woman with the drinking lips would hush him there with her own protest, quick sadness in her smile. "You can't love them as I do, Disstan, or you couldn't bear stand by and watch them fade."

No, he couldn't have loved them in Marta's and Beryl's way. To him their fading was their ripening, their beauty but come to its tide then; in withering corolla and fattening seed-sack *his* eyes saw showering already the ten thousand buds of next year, and those two on tiptoe, enchanted again.

Woman, child, without ever seeming to know it, they gave Disstan the best of it all for his own; they gave him the

autumn to do with as he pleased. It took a little of the desolation out of their going away, the thought of the garden left to run riot to its heart's content through a last month or so of frost and flame. It made it easier to say to Marta one day in September, "The russet chrysanthemums are out this morning, Lady," knowing as he did that she knew that after them there was nothing more new to come.

Then Disstan could look to see a business in the house, a turbulence of strong men in overalls spinning trunks like tops over his wincing turf plots, and then perhaps, days later, rueful, one of the regimented gentlemen who would have been but too happy to lay themselves down for Martin Summerhaze's widow and child to walk on, halted between the cedars outside the nailed-up gate to read the sign about trespassing which he, Disstan, had hung there.

Disstan gave the garden its way now. For a while he never touched trowel, rake, or shears, but he would idle for hours, nodding from time to time like a benignant tree, content to see his prim borders gone vagabond, his hedges swaggering in the rags and feathers of a jungle holiday, his massed perennials glutting themselves with blossoms, quick and dead scrambled together and no matter, all the way from ashes of umber to bloody crimson and shouting gold.

Sometimes his conscience troubled him a little, though, for there was no way of remembering Marta and Beryl in this saturnalian setting; in these gorged footways there was no room even for their immaculately passionate shadows to pass. But still there was one place where when he was lonely he could go and stand and reinvoke, if not the woman perhaps, the image of the child.

Spring, summer, autumn, Beryl's "grave-yard" never changed. The weeping-willow, the black grass, the lilies of the valley, they seemed to subsist in that somber nook with hardly more respect for the seasons than had the "tombstones" themselves—the pieces

of board that Disstan was asked from time to time (and always with the same queer wince of wonder) to inscribe with his whittling-knife.

So the old man could recollect the little girl coming on one or another of those rare days, out of the dazzle of the summer wind into the dank shadow, as vivid as ever but in a changed way, her eyes jewelled with brief, eager tears, her mouth straight and unquivering to the point of sternness, her trowel in one hand, in the other her dead. A pearl-gray elephant, passed away of a ripped felt. A woolly lamb, worn threadbare by squeezing. A blanched pickaninny. And once a hundredth, perfect rose, just opened, which the girl had torn from the Etoile-de-France bush herself, to save it from its tragedy of "going by."

To-day it was June. But to Beryl it was not June; "J-u-n-e" means nothing. Rather it was "Dianthus." It was "White Columbine." It was yellow warmth beneath a blue tent; cloth of gold under deep heaven.

By the clock it was afternoon, but "aft-er-noon" is only so many syllables; what Beryl wanted was a word that meant "flat on one's back on a rug on the grass on the sunny side of the laurel brake with Bellinda Angelica, and both half drugged by the flower-scents that ride low when the sun rides high, and half dazed by the chaffering of bee and beetle, and half hypnotized by the dissolving patterns of leaves that stir in the wind when there is no wind at all." And the word must mean too that Disstan was knocking old manure out of a barrel, away and away back by the tool-house, and the sound that that made. And that mother was in her room having a beauty-nap, along with the rest of creation. And that to-night, all the way from the City, for dinner, for the first time out here, John Bent was coming.

It occurred to Beryl, with one of those thrills that she took as a harp does, all sorts of wild strings vibrating, "I suppose, Bellinda Angelica, I ought to be

napping, myself, to be at my brightest and prettiest, oughtn't I?" As her nature was, the child was yawning already.

But Bellinda had to spoil it by talking.

"You're very, very fond of Mr. Bent, aren't you, Beryl?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly *silly* over him."

"And seeing you've only known the man so very—"

"Well! I knew him, I guess, before *mother* did. Didn't I?"

"Mmmmm. I suppose—in a way—"

"Who was it he introduced himself to first, on that boat, right on that deck there, *hours* before he ever even *saw* mother? Tell me that."

"Mmmmm. Mother's very, very fond of him too, don't you think, Beryl?"

"Fond! Goodness! Have you ever *seen* her *look* at *anybody* so—so—"

Words are feeble things. Beryl could say it in nothing less dazzling than a hug. Bellinda knew those hugs; poor doll, she knew what was coming to her. Slowly, as the sawdust mounted to her head, her eyes "bogged" out; then one (the one that had been bothering her of late), parting the last of its strands of thread, fell off, bounced from fold to fold of the rug, and was lost in the grass.

As always, Beryl was startled and dismayed. "Oh, you poor darling!" With a ferocity she rocked her. "You poor *thing!*" With a wild penitence she embraced her, harder than ever. . . . Consternation afresh, "Oh, dear, now look; there's *another* rip in your frock *now*. Oh, dear me!"

Beryl lay and brooded. But not for long. She sat up gasping. Her eyes, which chance had fastened on the palings of the distant gate, popped wide. Of all things! Scrambling from the rug, Bellinda Angelica by one arm riding the wind behind her, she ran. She unfastened the gate and stood there beatified.

"Oooooo! How *nice* of you to come so *early!*"

John Bent grinned in the way he had. "How do you do, Miss Summerhaze? Words fail to express my joy at laying eye on your sweet self again."

Weakness thrilled Beryl's knees. "Do you honestly, truly mean that?"

"Swear! Am I awfully early, Beryl? I suppose I should have wired—"

"Nonsense. But why *do* you stand there; why don't you come *in?*"

"I wonder . . ."

Wondered what? For pity's sake! must Beryl skip out and leap like wings into his tweed-prickly arms and fling her arms around his neck and tell him to his long, line-bitten, homely-handsome face how welcome and ten-times-welcome he was at *any* hour? Must she squeeze *him* till *his* eyes "bogged out" too?

Still, that very thing was partly what made John Bent so exciting, that everlasting mystery as to which he really was—as set in his ways as his jaw made him look—or as shy and wary and sad as the shadows in the bottoms of his eyes could sometimes be.

"I wonder," he repeated, studying. He wasn't studying Beryl though now, but the flowered and bowered space behind her, inside Marta Summerhaze's wall.

"So this is the Garden—the Garden of—" He left it at that, and swallowed his Adam's-apple several times. He blew. Then he chuckled.

"I suppose, Beryl, you're sure I'm an idiot now. But it's only because I've been looking forward so—so—" Again he left it. He recommenced in the tone he had of telling stories.

"Did you ever hear about—well, about—let's see—a fine young colt named Jack—no, 'Prince' is better. About Prince and the bridge? Well, the first time Prince ever set hoof on a bridge, what did it do but go crash right under him. Hurt him a good deal, but scared him much, much worse. So, after that, you may be certain, it was 'No more bridges in mine, thank you!' for *Prince*. No, sir! But by and by

that began to seem silly. The casual way the other horses talked about bridges made him begin to doubt. So finally he asked them, 'Do you suppose there really *are* bridges sound enough to carry a fine, loyal, ardent young man-horse across the river?' They snorted, 'Heavens, yes!' . . . 'To the Promised Land?' . . . 'Heavens, yes! Be sure if you come to a bridge without a bar, that bridge will carry you safe across to the Promised Land.' . . . Well, do you know what? Prince started out again. He came to a bridge again, and though he would have liked very much to turn tail and bolt away, he remembered all he had heard. So he said 'Pshaw!' and tried it. Sound as sound! (What could have seemed sounder than Ethel, and those three years?) And there beyond, straight ahead, the long, bright road to the Promised Land. So— Do you like this story about Prince, Beryl?"

"I think it's *beautiful*." (What Beryl thought was beautiful was that John Bent should stand here telling it to her, no matter what rigamarole it was.)

"Well, so, out across that bridge young Prince went prancing. Prancing! And then, Beryl, my dear, what did *that* bridge do but go crash—crasher even than the other—and Prince down through the hole, and out of sight in the black river. . . . Do you wonder he was no good for anything but wild woods and waste pastures after Ethel—after *that*? A mean beast with a white eye for any hand that might have oats in it, and a black heart, and burrs in his coat?— More than burrs, I guess. Have a look, Miss Summerhaze "

With that John Bent did a funny thing; he bent down to give her a sight of his dark hair in which there were a few gray strands, not unbecoming.

"I suppose you understand all this about Prince, Beryl, perfectly?"

"Perfectly." Beryl nodded, her gaze luminous, not with comprehension, but with the thought, "Now that he's through with all *that*." Her intuition

was right. Laughing aloud, dropping the brown-paper package he had on the grass, he swooped her up in his arms. And so, before they knew it, they were in at the gate and into the garden.

"Prancing!" he cried, with the queerest catch in it.

"Your package," Beryl had to remind him, "that you dropped."

He set her on her feet. "Scat and get it for me, that's an angel."

It was like a long box wrapped up, such a box in the city as flowers come in. If it *was* flowers for mother, out here, that *would* be humorous. But it was heavier than flowers when she picked it up.

She found him standing, studying, around and around him. "By Jimmy Jove!" His face of a sudden was all undone, like a boy's. "This time it's *so*! I don't know why, but I just feel it. It's going to be as true as the Pole Star, here, and as everlasting as the Promised Land."

"Mother's having a nap," Beryl explained. "I'll run and tell her."

"Please, no, don't. Not just yet. Give me— Wouldn't you like to sit and talk with me somewhere here just a little while? Just you and me?"

Marta and Beryl were so close, so nearly identical, that there never could slip in between them any feeling of comparison, competition, or jealousy. Still, if John Bent *insisted*. (Bellinda Angelica nearly lost her other eye.)

There may have been conscience after all. For as soon as ever they were ensconced on the bench under the wistaria trellis in face of the oval pool with half a hundred spikes of foxglove and snapdragon up-side-down in it, Beryl began to talk of mother, mother, and nothing but mother.

"She'll be perfectly wild when she knows; *don't* you think I'd better *go*?"

"Patience, lamb. I've simply got to have you a little while, as a kind of— kind of preface-to-mother, you see. You don't see. Well, as a kind of Marta-Summerhaze-in-words-of-one-syl-

lable, for the simple reader to begin on." He wrinkled his eyes and nose. "It was so in the very beginning, remember? And so now, to *re*-begin on—" His laugh was pure exultation. "And how scandalously you do give Marta Summerhaze away! It's low of me, I know."

Mother, daughter, neither had ever known how to look anything but what she thought and felt. So Beryl looked mystified. John Bent pointed.

"For instance, that young person you have there."

"Bellinda Angelica?" Beryl flushed one shade of pink as she cornered an eye down at the doll in her arms. "I know, Mr. Bent; you may think she isn't very pretty now. But when she was newer—*younger*, I mean—"

"She's quite old, isn't she?"

"Let me see. Oh, terribly. She looks especially old though since she lost that eye, and that happened only just this afternoon."

"How?"

"From me hugging her, I guess, too tight."

"You see?"

"What?"

"Well, here's the Beloved. *I* may think she's quite old; in my eyes she may be tattered, lop-sided and half blind. But in *yours*, Beryl, she is still the—well, look at her—still as shining-beautiful as the day she was born, and still tight in your arms against your heart."

"But who else would I—"

"Who else, indeed!" John Bent was funny, he gloated so. "That, precisely, is what I wanted to be told for sure and double-sure, before I—" He slapped his thigh with a mysterious vehemence. "What I wanted Prince to know, about a certain bridge." Bending forward he dropped a kiss on Beryl's hair. "Child, I love you."

Thank Heaven! here at last was something without any mystery to it.

"And mother? Do you love mother too?"

The startled man swallowed. But then there came a light into his eyes.

"Well—" The light was dare-devil. "I'm here."

"Have you brought something to give to mother?"

"I'm afraid I have—no, by the Lord, I'm *not* afraid—if she wants it."

"In that package?"

His jaw sagged. But then how he did chuckle.

"No, *that's* not for *mother*. You blessed simpleton, *that's* for—" With his mouth shaped for the word, he checked it, and his whole look changed.

Beryl couldn't stand it. All heart-in-the-throat she prompted him.

"For *me*?"

But there he went on staring at Bellinda Angelica, who was naturally at this moment almost a pulp in her arms. And the shadow, which was half like embarrassment, half like self-derision, darkened on his face.

"That's just like a man," he muttered. "Yet how was I to realize?"

"Is it—is it a—*is it a doll?*"

"Forgive me, Beryl. It is."

"No, no, no!" he protested, grinning, when the whirlwind of crumple and crackle was over and the girl was enthroned once more, with the crisply curling, brittly glittering creature in her embrace. "No, Beryl, no need. That's more than enough for thanks now, sweet thing. You know, and I know, that, pretty a doll as she is, after all she's only a doll. She's not Bellinda Angelica."

"I adore her! I love her to *death*!"

He shook an indulgent head, grin widening. "We're too good friends. And now you'd better whisper in the true-love's ear and not leave her there on the grass too long; it's easy for true-loves to misinterpret—the amenities—toward strangers."

The man was impossible sometimes. Was it because he was afraid she wasn't sufficiently, completely, altogether-utterly *overwhelmed*? Hadn't he *eyes*? Beryl's own eyes, helpless, fell on help.

"Mother!" she screeched, and leaped up, and held her treasure high. "See!"

Marta Summerhaze came across the lawn, treading not on earth but on the tips of the grass-blades, it seemed, so luminous with surprise, so light with gladness. This woman had never known what it was to have to hide her heart. As she neared them her hands, like flowers to the sun, came out.

"John!"

John Bent took the hands as they were given. "Marta!"

"Why wasn't I—"

"Mother! Please do *look!*"

"I see, yes, isn't it too lovely. Weren't you a brick, John, to think of it? But, John . . ."

For a while (was it minutes, was it hours, in that cooling, coloring afternoon?) they roamed the garden, not going anywhere, not caring, caught in more magic mazes than one. Now Beryl was gone, on her own enchanted errands; now she was back with them again; but this, or that, it made no difference; when Beryl was the third three was never a crowd.

A garden never yet on land or sea. A walled acre of beginnings. The first pale flush and wonder of peonies uncrinkling. The soft wind of excitement a-tremble among the honeysuckle buds. . . .

Where were the lines in John Bent's face now, the shadows in his eyes? Once there was a memory of them, only once and only for an instant. In passing the rose bank Marta paused to pluck one flower, a marvel of loveliness, full-dowered, uncovering its heart. Beauty for a king. Eyes bright, John Bent held out his coat-lapel, his thumb behind the buttonhole.

Marta looked confused. "Oh, but no. I wasn't going to—John, I hate flowers in buttonholes. They—John, they fade."

For an instant he was the confused one. But then when his eyes, searching for something to fasten on, fastened on Beryl who walked aside, and when he

saw that it was the wretched Bellinda she was carrying in her arms (perish him! if he would only give her a *chance* to *explain*) he swallowed and seemed to see a great light, and he grinned a grin.

"Flowers," he agreed with mother, nodding sagaciously, "*do* fade. Mmmm. Marta," he said, "let's *us* never have anything that fades."

"Never, John." It was as simple as a clear spring that has never known the roiling of a wonder or the muddying of a doubt. Disstan's barrow was there in a cross-alley, half full of wilted prunings. And saying, as simply as though for all the world she thought she was but echoing John Bent's own words, "Never anything, John, when it has begun to fade," with a quick, clean toss Marta sent the blossom in. . . .

Dinner. What did they have for dinner? If Beryl hardly knew, then mother and John Bent could not have known at all. It wasn't anything like dinner anyhow. It was much more like a picnic, served out on the unscreened veranda, at that necromantic hour before the summer dusk when light turns into an actual substance, a thing you can catch in a tumbler and trail your fingers through. And Nelly and Polly in and out soundlessly, their caps and little aprons all changing colors, like ministrants from Faërie.

Then, "Beryl, dear, very presently, you know. . . ."

"Yes, mother."

The sun was gone, the moon was there. The perfume of growing things became an inundation. Old flowers, old gardens, sleep at night. Young ones, never.

Again, "Beryl, child, skip to bed. You must. Be a dear."

"Yes, mother, yes."

But Beryl had something to do before she slept to-night.

She would have given anything to have had not-happen what did happen, by accident. Because she saw that John Bent still did not (and could not) understand.

She was passing across the open turf beyond the barberry hedge that walled the walk to the marsh-garden. If she had kept *on* passing it would have been all right; the trouble was that she loitered to gaze at the moon. She simply had to. Mostly her moods were daylight, the color of the sun alive in the warm sky. But now and then there came times when she must think thoughts the color of the cold moon dead and brilliant in the night. So she was standing, bathed in melancholy, when she became aware of John Bent's eyes in a gap in the hedge-top, fixed upon her in that same grinning, gloating way.

Not a sound. If he had chuckled he would have had to explain to mother, who was evidently there, and it was not for him to give the truant away. So just that flash. And now Beryl saw that behind that grin there *must* be a wince, and under that gloating, mockery. As real as if it had been uttered aloud, "I thought you said you loved her, adored her, that beauty-doll I gave you. Now I *know* it was simply politeness, seeing which one you have there in your arms."

He was gone so soon there was no way of explaining, even in gesture. Even if she could have explained. If he couldn't see for himself why it was Bellinda Angelica she had in her arms out here alone in the night. If he couldn't see with his own eyes that poor Bellinda was *dead*.

Beryl's mood was so upset by this chance that for a moment, as she walked on, she forgot she was grieving, and had only that look about the mouth which made Disstan, whom she found awaiting her by the chopping-block with a bit of board in his hand, ill at his ease altogether.

Disstan could never understand.

"That there dolly," he hazarded in protest, "she's been a sweet dolly to you, little Miss."

He was built that way, and there was no use in trying to explain to him. Beryl contented herself with saying, "Thank you, Disstan," as she accepted

the whittled "tombstone" with an elbow. "And the trowel?" she added.

He found it for her in the shade of the stump. He shook his head and rubbed his ear, and as she went on her way toward the silvered dome of the weeping-willow she heard him muttering behind her, "I give it up."

Tears, swollen, glittering and brief, wet her eyes as she entered the heavy lace of shadows under the tree; a few, grown too big before they dried, fell into the grave she dug. After all, when you've loved anyone for any length of time, profoundly . . . But her mouth kept its line, unquivering. There was something about its straightness as clean as mother's quick, clean toss had been, when she flung into the barrow of past things the rose she would not see begin, even by a little, to wither.

After it was all over, Beryl came out of the graveyard skipping. All finished, all done. The moonlight was another thing *now*—cords of silk and silver to swing on, up to heaven. And up in heaven, in the nursery, with her fainting loveliness, her golden hair that curled and her brown, brown eyes that shut in sleep, was "Gloria Rose," the new love, the true love, waiting.

As Beryl went floating across the dance floor of the open lawn she heard at a distance voices speaking in the marsh-garden walk. One was mother's, interrogative. Another was Disstan's, telling as little as it might:

"But she's gone in to bed now, Lady, so that's all right . . . ma'am? . . . Why no, just another of her playthings dead, and she's been giving it burial. Such a sweet dolly too, ma'am. . . . I give it up."

There was a gravelly tread, crunch, crunch, crunch—Disstan on his way, leaving a pother behind him. Out of it mother's voice, distinctly, "You idiot, John!" And then, in a hail, "Disstan, what doll—what kind of a doll?"

Crunch, crunch, crunch. He could be stubborn, Disstan could, deaf and dumb.

But forget Disstan, forget them all. Remember the moon-ropes to swing on.

Mother and John Bent wouldn't let Beryl forget them. They still discussed, and she simply had to stop to try to hear. Too late. Now, in place of words, there sounded a perfect fusillade of crunchings, going the other way.

Beryl should have danced on, climbed on among the moonbeams. But curiosity destroys more than cats, and when she heard that mother and John Bent were in the hollow under the weeping-willow it was too much for her; five seconds, and she had her eyes and ears in the outer leaves of the drooping branches.

Something almost as real as a cold hand grabbed her by the throat. She had never in her life even heard of ghouls, but the sight of ghou-work struck at instincts older than any life of hers. To dig up the dead! It was the first time she had ever been really and truly frightened.

John Bent was on his knees in the spotted dark, digging, as a dog digs with its forepaws. And mother was standing. And mother was making it doubly weird, trebly sacrilegious somehow, by thrilling in her throat like a turtle-dove—pooh-poohs, nonsense, angelic indignation.

"Crazy man!" she carolled. "And did he take my child for a *simpleton*?"

The digger's voice too was like a dog's, full of teeth, "I've got to see."

"That love of a doll, John, and all shining new, too? Do you dream for one second it would be *that one* the babe would be *burying*?"

"I've got to see."

Mother was heavenly. "You will see, O Idiot. You'll find it's just some old, worn-out— Ah, but I know now. It's that ragamuffin, Bellinda. And high time it is, too. Why, the child's had that doll for—let me see—"

The dog-paws stopped. "How long, Marta?"

"Let me see. Bob Gregory brought it to her— Oh, it's been months."

"Only *months*?"

"Heavens, dear man!" Mother could have kissed him for an innocent; you could tell by the husk in her laugh. "You can't have any notion how that child runs through dolls. Look about you. Why, there must be *dozens* of them buried here. I tell you, when that child hugs she means it."

The ghou-work recommenced. There was no sound but John Bent's breathing.

He came out through the branches into the moonlight, where he could see what he had in his hand, so quickly, and mother so close behind him, that they caught Beryl petrified. Happily, however, they seemed to have no time to be aghast at finding her there.

John Bent took one look at the remains of Bellinda Angelica, lopped in his hand and already dank with the grave-mold. Then something had happened to his face. (Why? It wasn't Gloria Rose; he knew that now.) Worse happened to his eyes. Beryl had a view of them first, then mother, then Beryl again.

He was by all odds the queerest man. By the look of those eyes you would have thought that Beryl Summerhaze was a bogey jumped out of a corner at him, and that Marta Summerhaze was a skeleton from a closet.

Mother wasn't used to being puzzled. It was funny to hear it now:

"Well, sir, you can see for yourself, can't you? . . . Beryl dear—(what *are* you doing out here, you bad child?) . . . but this silly man was actually afraid it was that darling of a doll he gave you—"

Beryl let out an elfin shriek. "Gloria Rose? Why, I'm wild about Gloria Rose, Mr. Bent. Why, I—I—I've only just *begun* to love her."

Mother laughed a sweet witch's laugh. "John, I do believe you were jealous. You *were* afraid, crazy fellow, it was yours."

"Afraid? You mean I was hoping—hoping against hope—it was. Hoping against hope it would be anything, anybody, but this old one."

"But Mr. *Bent*, dear me, I've had her *forever*. And I've only just got Gloria Rose."

"Can't you see?" The man's voice sounded all lost.

"John, you wouldn't have my baby be a little *idiot*?"

"Can't—can't *either* of you see?"

And when he saw that they couldn't see, there he stood. Once Beryl had seen a tree just after lightning had struck it. Now John Bent looked like that tree. There had been two squirrels in it, Beryl remembered, not knowing what had happened to them, but by some freak not killed. And those were John Bent's eyes.

He thrust the dead doll into Beryl's hands of a sudden and started off, mother behind him.

Beryl had to reenter the body. Of course there were no tears this time; you only do that once: all she put into the earth now was sawdust, buttons, and rags. Then she hurried away to find the two.

She found only one. Mother stood alone by the front steps, and there was something new and strange about her. It was the hands, Beryl decided. She had never seen mother with her hands pressed to her cheeks before.

"Where's Mr. Bent, mother? In the house?"

Mother started as if she hadn't heard Beryl come. Her answer was no answer. "I'm sorry, but still I can't seem to understand." She was so honest in her simplicity that she didn't even try to hide the wail in it. "If it had been his doll—but it wasn't his doll at all."

Beryl's mind jumped. "Do you mean he's gone? Home?" Dismay. But then her eyes jumped. "He's *not* gone, mother. There he is, down by the gate. See? Leaning. Mother, I think he must have eaten something."

Then, pinching mother's elbow, calling shrilly, "*Mother, he's coming back!*"

Beryl had heard people say of so-and-so, "I shouldn't have known him." Well, such things could be. She wouldn't

have known John Bent when he came up the path between the rhododendrons. Not like his walk at any rate.

He used his feet, somehow, as if of a sudden he no longer cared what they trod on or what they crushed. His shoulders were set at a swagger and his face in half-grin, half-grimace.

"What the devil!" It was beyond Beryl why he laughed so recklessly. "*Let* the bridge crash. What's the difference, so long as I know this time, sooner or later it's going to."

It was beyond mother too. "John, I thought for a moment you were really, truly going."

"I was. But when I got to the gate, somehow it stuck; somehow I hadn't the muscle; and the walls are too high for me to climb over at my age. So I stood and threw a kiss—"

Mother's sigh turned into a catch of laughter. "So long, John, as it wasn't a kiss for good-by."

"It was. Good-by to something that you two would think was— Oh, nothing, forget it, never mind. Here I am."

Mother was good; she forgot it and never minded. Now how beautiful she was, her hands gone out again, her lips parted a little, in that way of hers that was like a flower in the morning, drinking.

"Here you are, John—"

"With open eyes," John Bent finished, why, nobody knew.

But whatever "open eyes" meant, it reminded Beryl suddenly of china eyes that closed in sleep. So everything now was dear.

"Good-night, mother. Good-night, Mr. Bent; I shall love Gloria Rose forever and ever and *ever*."

"As long as for months, Beryl?" There was something in his merriment the least little bit wry, like the taste of choke-cherries.

"Oh, for months and *months*. Till the very end of summer, really, Mr. Bent. Way till my birthday comes."

And Beryl flew for the stairs.



THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SYSTEM

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH OBSERVER

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NO POLITICAL system has ever been so vehemently assailed as that of the United States; nor is there any upon which criticism has produced so small an effect. Its large outlines have hardly altered since Bagehot, some sixty years ago, analyzed its deficiencies with a subtlety and penetration which remain unsurpassed. Yet there seem no signs that a foreign observer can detect which indicate any widespread desire for alteration. The constitution as a body of working rules is still, for the average American, too remote from his daily vocation to arouse a profound interest. The very prosperity of America tends to make him belittle their significance. So few politicians have anything like a national significance, so many are politicians because they have failed in other walks of life, that the inhabitant of Main Street is easily tempted to venerate where it seems an extravagant luxury to comprehend.

Yet, if we assume that democratic government is desirable, there is hardly a canon of institutional adequacy against which the American system does not offend. It is desirable that the source of responsibility for governmental error or wrong should be clear and unmistakable; the American system so disperses responsibility that its detection is approximately impossible. It is urgent that the working of institutions should be conducted in the perspective of discussion which educates and clarifies the public mind; but the essential tasks of

operation in America are almost wholly concealed from the public view. It is important that the occupants of high office should be chosen upon the basis of ability and experience; yet both the President and his cabinet are selected by a process which, if it resembles anything, is akin to a dubious lottery. A governmental system, moreover, should be sensitive to the opinion of its constituents, and maximize the opportunity of translating a coherent body of doctrine into statute; yet it seems the purpose of American institutions deliberately to avoid that sensitiveness, on the one hand, and to prevent the making of coherent policy upon the other.

America is the most prosperous of modern states; and its riches conceal from the public view the cost of its institutional inadequacy. It has hardly emerged from planning the development of a continent; and the possibilities of its natural resources have served to obscure the price it may one day have to pay for neglect of the elementary maxims of good government. For the test of a system comes only in times of crisis, and since the attainment of permanent unity no problems of European magnitude have had to be faced. Yet the permanent hold of the Democratic party upon the South, the deliberate refusal of much that is best in American life to think of a political career, a financial system that, both upon the side of supply and estimate, is a woeful absurdity, the almost total failure to conserve natural

resources, the invisible stranglehold of wealth upon the two great parties—these are only some of the major consequences of the system now in being. America, in fact, is applying eighteenth-century ideas and institutions to the problems of a twentieth-century civilization. Prosperity may postpone the gathering of the harvest; but one day, assuredly, a new generation will reap its fruit.

II

It is worth while to apply these hypotheses to the institutions themselves in detail. The Presidency is the most outstanding, for it has become the most powerful lever of authority there is in the modern world. Yet what is startling about its character is the haphazard way in which its occupant is chosen. An English Prime Minister serves a long apprenticeship before he reaches the pinnacle of a political career. Mr. Gladstone was thirty-five—Disraeli thirty years—in the House of Commons before he was so chosen; both had been for long years essential figures in public life whose qualities had long been tested in the House of Commons. Even Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, who arrived at power through accident, had been members of Parliament for nearly twenty years. And each was able to retain office only on the exacting condition of being able to satisfy in debate a legislative assembly deliberately designed to maximize the consequence of his mistakes.

The American President is in no such position. No one knows who he is to be. He is only too often the product of a series of accidents in which what is most important is not his possession of quality or of ideas but public ignorance about him. He may well be quite unknown to the nation; he may even, like Mr. Roosevelt or President Coolidge, become President by the act of Heaven instead of by the choice of the American people. He has to assume the leadership of a party without, at least neces-

sarily, being trained to that delicate function. He has to influence a legislative assembly where each chamber is active and powerful; and, at the worst, he may have a majority in neither, or, at the best, be compelled to purchase acceptance of his policy by shifts and expedients which destroy its logic or weaken its application. He has never any assurance that his will must prevail. He lacks the exhilarating experience of defending his policy in the full light of day. He has not grown up in fellowship with the instruments he has to use; and the knowledge that a second term is almost certainly the maximum period of leadership does not make for that continuity of allegiance to him upon which the shaping of a great policy depends. He has even to gamble in a large degree upon the quality of his cabinet associates; and since they are rather his servants than his colleagues, he must inevitably bear the burden of their mistakes. Because, moreover, tradition has made the main embassies the reward of service in his election, he will be compelled to rely upon a diplomacy largely amateur in character; no American ambassador in Europe in 1914 had any previous experience of foreign affairs. He has to accept the personnel of Congress through which he must seek to work it; and, even then, he may find that the election in mid-term destroys the men whom he employs. Nor is this all. His period of office is so short that he has hardly become used to its exercise before he is driven to think of re-election; and if he is attracted by this notion, the price he must pay in complaisance and bargain will be well-nigh intolerable. And even if he is successful in forcing a policy upon Congress, he may well find that the exigencies of the spoils system, improved though it has been of recent years, fail to give him the instruments which might secure its successful application.

This, at least, is the logic of the system; and it is not an adequate defense of its deficiencies to urge that, despite

them, men like Lincoln and Cleveland and Wilson have all been Presidents in the last seventy years. The fact is that anyone who studies in detail even the greatest of Presidential careers can hardly but be convinced that the necessary result of its environment is to minimize the best qualities of the occupant. He is fettered where he should be free; he is set apart where he should be in the midst. The absence of a clear organic relation between him and the legislature erodes his power while it destroys legislative responsibility. The rigidity of the system in which he is enclosed, the knowledge that his power is fugitive, the checks and balances which surround him on every hand, these serve only to illustrate the basic thesis that the separation of powers is the confusion of powers. No executive in the world disposes of greater authority; no executive, either, is so deliberately or perversely hampered in its fruitful exercise.

Nor is the position of an American cabinet member so much more attractive. It is only by presidential favor that he attains his office. Service to the party, outstanding ability, long experience in affairs, none of these things give him a prescriptive right to his position. He is a personal nomination of his master. He can make his policy effective only as he convinces the President on the one hand or placates Congress on the other. Resounding success may bring him no credit if President or Congress be jealous; and he has nothing to hope for from the prospect of resignation. Nothing, indeed, in the context of the cabinet has been more significant in recent years than the fact that Colonel House was able to do more than any member of the cabinet of his time without finding it necessary to assume office. For the work of a cabinet member is too little in the public view to count in any final way. Like a sudden tempest, they are come and gone. To occupy a place gives no lien on the gratitude of the party. The relationship to Congress is too tenuous and indirect to make it easy

for them to impinge at all concretely on the public. A few men, like Mr. Hay and Mr. Root, have been significant in modern times; but, in general, neither long experience nor outstanding qualities have been necessary for the tenure of cabinet office. The requirements of sectionalism, moreover, act as a deterrent to possible aspirants; the need to represent the West may check the ambition of youthful ability in New York or Cleveland long before cabinet office has become an object of conscious desire. The process of selection is far too haphazard; the prospect offers no such measure of reasonable certainty as parliamentary systems afford. The power of the office, moreover, is only dubiously attractive as against some of the alternative political positions. A senator, for instance, need never resign in order to express dissent; and where he differs he can speak from one of the few political platforms in America to which attention is paid. But a cabinet member in retirement is, with rare exceptions, one of the unburied dead; and it is seldom that public opinion desires his emergence from the tomb.

Much, doubtless, would be altered if, as so many have desired, the cabinet member were to speak upon the floor of Congress. But, in that event, the whole character of the American system would necessarily change. For the articulation of the cabinet with the legislative assembly would compel the development in America of parliamentary government. To-day it is impossible to assess the qualities of a good American cabinet official. But if he were to sit in Congress, even to the limited extent that Chief Justice Taft has desired,¹ the basis upon which he is selected would have to be completely changed. The ability to speak, the grasp of the subject, the knowledge of men, the instinct for administration, all these would become at once essential qualities. An outstanding secretary in Congress would immediately challenge the position of

¹ *Our Chief Magistrate*, p. 31-32.

the President himself. Collective cabinet responsibility would automatically develop; and the resignation of a secretary whose authority in Congress was recognized would have important consequences upon the administration and its policy. The habit of debate in the House of Representatives would be restored, and, with its restoration, there would be both an increase in the significance of opposition, and a growth of public interest in the process of politics. A secretary charged with corruption, like Mr. Daugherty or Mr. Fall, would have to meet his accusers face to face—a fact which would, at a stroke, raise the level of political morality in America. Such a development as this, of course, is contrary to the whole tradition of the American system; and the possibility of its occurrence is obviously remote if only because, in a period of calm, peoples can rarely be persuaded to prepare themselves for times of storm. Yet it would be a service if an American statesman of authority were to remind his people how largely the present system was born of accident; had Madison and Jefferson taken a different view of Hamilton the lines of institutional evolution in America might have moved swiftly towards a neo-parliamentary form.

III

To any critical observer trained in the legislative experience of France and England, the House of Representatives must necessarily seem unworthy of a great people. It commits every fault against which the canons of political science can utter warning. The first business of a legislature is to illuminate great principles in debate; but the House has long since ceased so to discuss public questions that the electorate can be persuaded to follow their analysis. Its essential proceedings should be conducted in the public view; but the main work of the House is done in the dark recesses of committee-rooms whence only rumor and legend emerge for the

edification of the press. A legislature should be so organized that the opponents of government have a clear and full opportunity to make their case against its policy. But the deliberate purpose of the organization of the House is to reduce opposition to a speechless nullity. The private member of the House of Commons is already a sufficiently pathetic figure; but he is a giant by the side of the American representative. For the rule of residence starts by limiting the political stature of most American representatives to that of natural parish councillors; while the shortness of the term and the amazing complexities of Congressional procedure mean inevitably that before the congressman has begun to master his work the grim problem of re-election confronts him. His quality, too, necessarily deteriorates under local pressure. A congressman cannot attain a perspective about national issues if his constant thought must be about patronage in, and appropriations for, his district. When he arrives at Washington, there awaits him no creative opportunity. The chance to sit on a committee with no big issues to debate, the prospect of introducing bills which will never be reported, the opportunity to write speeches that will rarely be delivered—these are not horizons towards which an able man will strain.

The proper commentary upon the system is the simple fact that most congressmen are unsuccessful lawyers. Even if they stay long in their seats—and the degree of congressional wastage is startling—the career that awaits them is not a very attractive one. Very occasionally, with McKinley, it is a path to the Presidency, or more frequently, to a senatorship; but, in general, it is a life filled with frustrations. No congressman has ever exercised the influence over the nation that Bright or Cobden did in England; nor does he make the impact on public opinion of an eminent educator like Dr. C. W. Eliot or a rich manufacturer like Henry Ford. As a career, indeed, or a source of influence,

it is not unfair to describe the House of Representatives as a refuge for the mediocre in national politics.

The Senate is a very different institution. With the Supreme Court, it has been the outstanding success in the American system. Its numbers remain small enough to give individuality to its members and to make possible a debate that is almost always real and not seldom instructive. It has real and coherent authority through its power to ratify treaties and to share with the President in the making of appointments; though the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Myers case has done something towards rendering ineffective the real value of the appointing power. The members of the Senate have a long enough term to enable them, if they can, to create a sense of their personalities among the electorate. They are thus able, as congressmen have never been able, to act as the embodiment of ideas. Webster, Calhoun, La Follette, Senator Borah, have all been able, in their very different ways, to make the Senate a platform from which to mold the opinion of the nation. A senator, moreover, just because the area of election from which he is drawn is wider, tends to be a more considerable person than a congressman. He plays, as a rule, a much bigger part in his state; Calhoun and South Carolina, Wisconsin and La Follette, were, for years, almost interchangeable terms. He tends, also, to be a person of real significance in the party. He can shape its destinies in a way hardly open to members of the House.

Not, indeed, that the Senate as an institution is free from grave defects. Its very power—greater than any other legislature possesses—makes it a rival to the President; and it too often yields to the temptation to destroy the coherency of legislation as an exercise in the use of power. Its authority has too often drawn to it men notable either for the wealth they desire to protect or the corrupt state-machine they are anxious to preserve. It stands a little stiffly on

its dignity; and this too often makes it both debate for the mere joy of debating and legislate without due regard to the facts involved in its measures. It is altogether free from that grave defect which brings the new House of Representatives into being long after public opinion about its character may have changed; but it suffers gravely from the fact that the system of partial renewal—while it makes, of course, for stability—prevents it from being subject to a total expression of popular judgment. Where, therefore, as is frequently the case, it is at odds with the President, the latter has no real opportunity of forcing matters to a decisive issue at the polls. The timetable is always on the Senate's side. And this inevitably means that the Senate is tempted to seek a policy of its own without too close a regard to the wants or needs of the executive. Because, as a legislature, it never dies, because, also, it shares so largely in the executive power, it tends less to correct the deficiencies of the latter than to absorb its authority. Almost always it will control a weak President; almost always, also, it will destroy the effectiveness of a strong one. It is, by the definition of its place in the institutional scheme, a permanent alternative government to that of the administration; and, of this, it is the necessary consequence that American legislation will rarely be intelligible to those affected by its results.

IV

But the American legislature must be judged less by its internal character than by its external relations. Here, of course, the Fathers proceeded upon assumptions which, in their own day, were judged exigent; and it is difficult to blame them for a construction which Montesquieu and Blackstone had canonized. Yet to-day it is supremely difficult for a foreigner to understand how Americans can remain satisfied with the institutional contact between executive and legislature. Here, once more, the

system offends against every reasonable canon of political science. The separation of powers means that both legislature and executive must have fixed terms. Each lives a life in large part independent of the other, a life, indeed, that may well be conceived in antagonistic terms. Neither, as a result, has an interest in the other sufficient to secure a coherent and responsible policy. The legislature cannot get the executive which it wants; the executive is never sure of a legislature to its liking. The result is to dissipate the energy and impair the efficiency of each. The legislature never has its proper work to perform, which is to make a government to its liking; and the executive can never do its proper work of applying a policy which it fully approves. Each has a certain interest in the failure of the other. A President who always had his way with Congress would completely thwart its personality and purpose. A Congress which trampled on the President would—as the example of Andrew Johnson shows so well—make impossible a logical body of reasonable legislation. If either is to figure successfully in the public view, it must be at the expense of the other. And nothing that either can do will affect the life of the other. Each derives its power independently from the people, and each, whatever its character, must await the fixed period for a refreshment of power. The exigencies of party may, to some extent, mitigate the viciousness of the principle, but it can only obliterate in part the magnitude of the evil.

Nothing so well illustrates this radical defect as the realm of finance. In a parliamentary system, the minister has a plan and he stands or falls by it; if the legislature will not accept his proposals either it seeks a new government, or he demands a new legislature from the people. Whatever the choice, the result is at least logical and coherent. But in the American system nothing of the kind occurs. The minister makes his proposals; he seeks to placate the chairman of

the appropriate committee. But the latter, however well intentioned, will not fully endorse the ministerial plan. He is himself, to begin with, a kind of quasi-minister, with a reputation to make. He has members on his committee who must be placated in turn. The member for Jacksonville thinks that something must be done for his constituents; and the member for Lincoln was promised a new Post Office. When the measure has been sufficiently mangled in the House, the process will be repeated in the Senate. A thousand competing interests, rarely related to the needs of efficient administration, must be conciliated. What emerges may even, as a total, look not unlike the original proposals of the executive; but it will be rare to find that the itemized details are the same. The truth is that for every subject, from finance downwards, the United States has at least three ministers; and neither the interest, nor the point of view, of any of them is identical. And since the cabinet lacks any collective responsibility, since the party caucus is far too big to give integration to policy, the result is a partial chaos in all that is done. The Presidential system, in brief, makes the executive and the legislature independent at exactly the point where dependence is required; and it secures their inevitable antagonism of interest where public policy requires a unity of interest. Nor can either, by the fact of independence, bring home responsibility effectively to the other. The power of punishment is outside in the nation; and the latter can speak, only not when the event requires, but when the constitution permits. But it may then be too late.

Other consequences of importance follow from this separation of Congress from the executive. No verdict can be sought from the people at a time when a verdict should be taken; and when the fixed epoch of judgment arrives events will have done much to obliterate the material upon which a verdict should be rendered. To an Englishman, for in-

stance, it is literally incredible that no serious penalties should have been visited upon the Republican Party for the scandals of the Harding administration; but it was of the essence of the American system that when the American people, as here, was wanted, it could not be found. The result is an inevitable diminution of the popular interest in politics. The work of government requires a perspective of drama. The knowledge that grave error will precipitate a catastrophe keeps not only its members and the opposition alert, but also creates an active public opinion outside. For the latter feels that its influence may be creative. It may, by its approval or its antagonism, destroy the work in hand. It inquires into what is being done because it may affect what is being done. In America, that is only partially the case. Public opinion is special and interested rather than general and disinterested. It is a trade which wants a duty on the goods it manufactures, and the road to its wants is not through the channels of opinion but the avenue of the lobbyist. There is hardly a great subject of general import upon which an agitation in America can hope effectively to influence the government; for the maximum obtuseness on the part of the latter will not advance by one day the period of judgment at the polls.

Experience, in other words, seems to demand that the executive and the legislature should never be rivals for power. If that be the case, the mind of the public is confusion, and its confusion is destructive of its interest. Nor is that all. Their antagonism means that neither can perform its work effectively; each is continually tempted into regions outside its proper competence. A strong executive either reduces Congress to the level of a formless debating society, or is himself reduced by conflict to the position of an angry, if energetic man, declaiming, like Mr. Wilson in 1919, in a vacuum of futility. A weak executive becomes, almost necessarily, the creature

of Congress; and there is never sufficient integration of purpose in the latter to make it a desirable master. The main business, indeed, of a legislature cannot be performed under American conditions. For that business is to find a suitable executive which the opposition can criticize, if occasion offers, to the point of defeat. A body of some four hundred and fifty men, like the House of Representatives, or even ninety-six, like the Senate, cannot hope to interfere successfully with the administrative process. The thing is too complex and delicate for anything more than general oversight. Yet it is to this that, under the given conditions, they are perpetually tempted; and the result is that they merely irritate and hamper where they should criticize to clarify. Nor can such a body legislate if it is able to substitute anyone's proposals for those submitted to it. Chaos is bound to result if the formal source of legislation is multiple in character. The executive ceases to be responsible because it does not create; and the legislature disavows responsibility because it does not apply. This has been the result of the American system, and increasingly the result in recent years. It is certainly difficult to reconcile its character with the possibility of adequate government.

V

A word is necessary upon what is the outstanding failure in the American federal scheme—the Vice Presidency. Tradition here has utterly undone the original purpose of the Constitution by reducing the Electoral College to a nullity. The result has been that every Vice President since the Civil War has been selected for reasons even worse, and more obscure, than those for which a President is chosen. No Vice Presidential candidate has ever been nominated with a view to his accession to the Presidency, though this has occurred on five occasions; and in each instance there has either, as with Andrew Johnson and

Roosevelt, been a complete reversal of his predecessor's policy, or, as with Chester Arthur, an attitude of complete uncreativity. The position, indeed, is utterly anomalous; and no experiment, like that of President Harding with Mr. Coolidge, which seeks to keep the Vice President in touch with policy has had any value. It is bad enough to have Presidents nominated systematically by interested wire-pullers; but it is surely worse to have Vice Presidents chosen by wire-pullers who are not even interested. Nothing in the working of the Constitution shows more lamentably the little respect of the system for the quality of men.

That is, indeed, throughout its capital defect. Granted the premise of the separation of powers, its formal aspects are logical enough. They are, indeed, politically dubious in the light of historic experience; but, more, they are politically vicious when they operate in the psychological penumbra of Jacksonian democracy. For the essential quality of the system is that it necessarily fails to elevate the temper of public life. The Presidency, of course, is an office as great as any in the gift of a democracy; but the terms of its conferment are, save by accident, fatal to its being occupied by the man who is fit to exercise its powers. To be a member of Congress, even to be a Senator, will not often attract the highest talents in the Republic, for the simple reason that the separation of powers insulates the senator or representative from reasonable hope of any large and concrete achievement. The best members of the House of Commons go there because it is the highroad to the Cabinet, and a seat therein means that they put their hands upon a big machine of which the capacity for influence is enormous. The American legislator lacks almost entirely that prospect; and the American administrator is, on his side, similarly hampered by the knowledge that the machine he is to drive must run along a road largely indicated by others. There is not

enough in such an outlook to attract from men of first quality their whole energy of mind throughout their lives. And it is, indeed, noteworthy that since the Civil War, at least, politics has rarely been the permanent vocation of the outstanding figures of American life. As with President Wilson, it has been the end of one career; or, as with Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes, it has been an interlude in another. There is, doubtless, the exceptional instance of Mr. Roosevelt; but it is the general rule that the career of politician as a life-adventure is in America ample enough only to attract the men of routine mediocrity.

And the influence of this, in its turn, upon American social life is notable. The real leadership of America is rarely found in political circles. The influence of politics upon the national consciousness, the part played by them in the mind of the average man, is curiously, even pitifully, small. An American is less instinct with the sense of the state than the citizen of any first-class European power. He feels less related to, less responsible for, his government. He is cynical about its activities and its personnel in a way to which only long residence in America can habituate a citizen of Europe. It affects notably the political speculation of America; there has not been since the Civil War one political philosopher of first-rate eminence in America. Yet in economics, in metaphysics, in the natural sciences, in jurisprudence, America has been on an equal level with the best of European achievement. It affects also the press. American newspapers give a volume of information to which, perhaps, that of only two European journals can compare. But the comment on that information is, as a general rule, notably inferior to the comment of the European press. For the latter writes always with the knowledge that the effect it produces on public opinion may well unmake a government. The power to produce action of a decisive kind is the great motive-force of the finest journalism.

The American journalist has no such power even when the opportunity of a Presidential election is counted in its full force. Articles which leave men where they were are not likely to be scrutinized with care; and they are, therefore, not likely to be written with care. There exists always a sense of remoteness between the act and the written word which is fatal to the influence the latter might exercise.

It is worth while, perhaps, to illustrate the small part played in American life by the sense of the political adventure by a concrete example. One of the acid tests of a political system is its ability to gain the interest of youth simply because, as a career, it demands a lifetime of service. The observer who visits the universities of Europe will find in them a significant body of students already devoted to a political career. They will find there an active party-life, with its journals, its meetings, its debates. The politicians themselves naturally look to the universities as an essential recruiting ground for their future colleagues. Yet, save in the presidential year, there is no such vivid political life in an American college. The habit of political debate is hardly existent. The eager disputation, the desire to take an active part in the conflict in the field, the desire consciously to adopt a political career, these are unknown. One cannot meet a body of English trade unionists without finding men to whom a political career is an object of ambition; one would have to

search far among the labor-unionists of America to discover one who consciously desired to be a member of Congress. Yet, as Disraeli said, the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. The future of any system, the quality it will have, depends, in large degree, upon the interest it can awaken in their minds.

It is, of course, true that the power of politics in America to influence or to alter the national life is less than elsewhere. It is true, also, that leadership, in the European political sense, has been notable in industry and law in a significant way; certainly, on the Bench men like Justice Holmes have given an impetus to creative action such as a great statesman in Europe contributes to political effort. Yet none of this gives to the national life that purposive integration it is the business of politics to supply. We have to plan a modern civilization in terms which necessitate collective habits of thought; we need then the institutions to give the fullest expression to those habits. It is the business of government to-day to preserve for all citizens the minimum basis of life deemed adequate for men who would realize in conscious co-operation the eminent worth of their humanity. Presidential institutions in America were created when government had a very different end in view. Their retention now serves rather to thwart than to secure the great ideas of which America was in its origins the sponsor.



THIS STRANGE LUSTER OF KINGS

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

This strange luster that surrounds a king conceals him, and robs us of the view of him. Our sight is thereby repelled and dissipated, being engrossed and dazzled by this glaring splendor.

—MONTAIGNE.

ONCE upon a time, and that not so long ago either, there was a famous princess who wished to write the story of her life. Nothing is easier in these days of organized literature and applied art. A literary agent in London made a contract for her with an American magazine, and the magazine made a contract with a "ghost writer" whose name, let us pretend, was Anderson, and there were parties of the first part and parties of the second part and signatures before witnesses and little red wafers pasted on the final pages of formidable legal instruments. An agent of the literary agent, duly bound and bonded, received the ghostly Anderson in Paris, legally sealed and delivered. The agent of the agent was an impressive and efficient-looking lady. "Her Royal Highness," she said, "will see you to-morrow. I'll take you to her apartment and present you." And Anderson began to wonder whether he had not been rash.

He had written the autobiographies of several celebrities of the democratic scene—preparing their effigies for exhibition in the contemporary waxworks of American literature—but this was his first attempt to do a royal figure, and he was worried. He had an ambition. He wrote to make his *musée* pieces look as though they were alive. To do that he had to know his subjects intimately. How was he to achieve an intimacy with a royal highness? And was it likely that

a majestic princess could be anything, anyway, but a feminine stuffed shirt, as you might say?

He knew that she had lived her whole life beside a throne. She was the favorite sister of a king who had relied on her for counsel. Her ancestors had worn the crowns of Western Europe for hundreds of years, marrying and intermarrying and succeeding to royal estates as a rich American family marries or inherits stocks and bonds. What kind of mind did centuries of court formality and anointed power produce? Anderson had been curious to find that out, but now that he was about to know it he was anxious. Suppose it produced a kind of mind that nobody could make interesting in print. Suppose he failed to get a story that any self-respecting editor would care to publish—much less pay for—now that his magazine was legally bound to publish and to pay for it. A royal princess was a royal princess, but a bore was a bore.

These were not thoughts that he cared to utter. He buttoned them up in his breast, put his hat on his bald head, took his literary walking-stick in his hand, and went, in silence, with his chaperon to face his royal fate. They taxied to somewhere near the Avenue du Bois. They stopped before a modern apartment house in a uniform of red brick with white stone facings. They ascended in a tremulous French elevator that was slow and feeble and effete. An elderly French maid admitted them to the satin hush of a reception room that was furnished, to Anderson's apprehensive eye, chiefly with photographs of

crowned heads in silver frames. He was too absent-minded to give up his hat and his stick. He sat down with them in his hands and, staring at the carpet, he began to poke at a Brussels flower between his feet. How was he to make his approach to Her Royal Highness? In a job of this sort the attack was so important. It was likely to set the terms of their literary intercourse unalterably. And if he started formally, calling her "Your Royal Highness" and all that bull . . .

A lady-in-waiting had come in, a rather stiff and silent person, quite unfashionably dressed, in a gown so outmoded that Anderson suspected her of wearing her mistress's old clothes. His chaperon said, "This is Mr. Anderson." He made his bow indifferently, and when they all sat down he continued poking at the carpet. If he started formally, calling the princess "Your Royal Highness" and all that bull would he ever be able to get her to talk about herself intimately enough to make her story human? If he couldn't make it human could he ever make it interesting? If he didn't make it interesting? . . .

At this point in his speculations he noticed that his chaperon was addressing the lady-in-waiting as "Your Royal Highness." He looked up, surprised. Could it be a sister? Or an aunt?

He found her studying him, obviously puzzled by his absorbed indifference to her. "If Mr. Anderson has come here thinking that I'm typically royal," she said, "I'm afraid that he'll be disappointed."

Here was the crucial moment. Here was his zero hour. He smiled at her as cheerfully as he could under the circumstances. "Well," he replied, "I came here thinking you were an interesting personality. And if you're not we're both in a hole."

She looked at him, perfectly blank. In the horrible silence that ensued his chaperon reddened to the brim of her hat. He held his smile with all the American effrontery of which a foreign princess could think him capable. And

slowly her royal eyes widened with delighted understanding, and she began to laugh.

It was a miracle. And yet when he got to know her the explanation was simple enough. She was royal but she was in revolt. All her life she had been chafing at the formal falsehoods in which she was imprisoned by court etiquette. What she wanted more than anything else in the world was a rough contact with reality. She wanted someone to tell her the truth once in a while. And here was a casual, indifferent, and entirely informal person who evidently didn't know any better than to tell her the truth the first moment that he opened his mouth.

As soon as they were alone she began to question him eagerly, "Do people have any real respect for royalty any more?"

"No," he answered. "I don't think so. Do you?"

"No," she cried. "That's what I tell them! That's what I tell them. What do you suppose brings out such crowds to see us?"

"Curiosity, I should say."

"There! That's what I tell them! That's what I'm *always* telling them!"

She was as pleased as if he were confirming all her dearest prejudices. She had the point of view on royalty that any intelligent realist might have, and Anderson could make no unromantic answer at which she would not clap her hands. Royalty to her was a little family of brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, cousins and relatives by marriage, who sat on the thrones of European countries by virtue of an absurd superstition in those countries that their thrones could be occupied only by men and women of this special family. It was a stupid family. It was a family with an outlook on life, a type of mind, and a sort of psychology peculiarly its own. When she found that Anderson proposed to make the story of her life a study of this royal family, its mind and its morals, she entered into the game with

gusto. His plan seemed to her amusingly intelligent, and intelligence was the only thing in the world for which she had the slightest respect.

"Do you consider me intelligent?" she asked.

He assured her that he thought her amazingly intelligent.

"Yes," she said. "That's where *you* stop telling the truth."

As a matter of fact, she was not only intelligent, she was keenly shrewd. "We royalties," she said, "why shouldn't we be stupid? How should we be anything else? When we are small no one dares to make us study, to correct us, to tell us we know nothing. No. Because we shall grow up, and then the person who was stern and unpleasant to us when we were little, how shall he get preferment in our court? When we are small they must all flatter and indulge us so that we may like them when we are able to give powers and titles. How shall we even learn good table manners? But we don't. Our table manners are disgraceful. Truly! Have you never seen us eat? How then shall we be taught anything else? Seriously to study? To be educated, which is not easy? To learn anything of art or music even? No, no. It is not possible. And they *wish* us stupid. If we were clever how troublesome we might be."

"Troublesome?" Anderson asked. "In what way?"

To answer *that* required the explanation of a lifetime. It came to this: the princess had discovered that in every modern country, though royalty might be on the throne, royalty did not rule. There was a ruling class in power behind the royal figurehead. "They keep us out in front of them," she said, "so that when someone throws a bomb, it will be sure to hit the wrong person." To make the game easier they did not allow royalty to know what was going on in the country at large. Everybody in the royal circle lied and flattered and evaded. "We are surrounded," she said, "by a Chinese wall. You cannot fancy how

impossible it is for us to know anything whatever. We become so bewildered that we cannot distinguish the truth among all the lies in which we live. Everyone deceives us for his own purposes. We do not know at all what is going on among our people until, perhaps, we drive out one day and the crowds do not applaud. Then— He is like an actor, a king. He is worried. He summons his government. 'But what is it?' he asks. 'What is going on? The people do not come to see me, and those who come—they are cold. What is it? What have you been doing?'"

And here Anderson got a sidelight on royal psychology which he never could have seen for himself. In most of the modern countries the ruling class was the moneyed class that governed industry, and controlled prosperity, and promoted the national wealth. Royalty had to have money as well as anyone else, and royalty could not work for it. They were really pensioners of this ruling class, and they hated and envied it. No one could compete with them in birth, but money might easily outshine them in magnificence. Hence, royalty was sympathetically socialistic. In any quarrel between capital and labor the royal heart was with the working man. The plain people dearly loved a king, and the affection was returned, but necessarily their mutual love was doomed to frustration. They could never arrive at an amour, much less a *mésalliance*. What the socialist calls "economic determinism" kept them forever apart. They could love in secret, discreetly, and at a distance, but they could never unite in a capitalistic world—no: in a socialistic one either.

It had never occurred to Anderson that there could be such a spiritual liaison between royalty and the common people against the rich middle classes. He found some of the psychological results of that feeling quite as unexpected. Many of the princess's most contemptuous distastes were animated by this surprising emotion. Fashionable dress, for

instance, was altogether a middle-class affair in her eyes. The bourgeoisie made themselves conspicuous by the amount of money which they spent on their clothes, having no other distinction on which to pride themselves. It was they who dictated the fashions, changing the mode every season so as to keep always ahead of the poorer people who could not afford new clothes before their old ones wore out. As a royal person, she was not to be controlled by any bourgeois nonsense of this sort. She wore her clothes till she was ready to discard them, and if they were not fashionable, what matter? Hence the gown in which she had received Anderson.

Much of the current religion and morality of the day was similarly bourgeois to her. The throne and the established church were both used by the ruling class to camouflage its rule. Well, that was a game which royalty had to play, with the religious hierarchy as a partner. But was royalty duped by the stage appearances that it had to make in all sorts of silly rituals? True religion was not a joke. She had a religion of her own, and it was her own affair. But these silly "monkey tricks" that had to be performed in church as if in a circus? How could one act in them except with a secret contempt?

And middle-class morality? "But imagine," she said, "a king must marry a stupid princess for whom he cares nothing. It is insisted upon. He has no choice. The people must have animals of this special blood on their thrones. Ask me why! It is nonsense, but *there* it is! We are to be bred like prize animals and marry where we do not love. They call it a love match whenever the miserable couple do not have a real aversion for each other. And we must not merely marry; we must have children. I! I have to do that! For what they call reasons of state I must give myself to a man whom I dislike. It is unspeakable. So! What life a king has, what love he has, must be outside of marriage. Everybody knows it. They ask only that

there be no open scandal to offend their middle-class morality. But imagine in what a hypocritical tragedy a queen must live if she is not so stupid as a cow!"

More than the tragedy of it, the hypocrisy infuriated her. That was the terrible thing about the life of royalty—the hypocrisy of it. With all these pretenses and sanctified conventions and formal make-believes, it amounted to a life of sustained duplicity, a completely double life. And it resulted in a sort of dual personality that made royalty baffling and treacherous. "We are all two persons," she said. "We have this public personality which we wear like a mask, but when we take it off in private among our families we are quite different. I remember a rich American who had a private audience with the German Kaiser. Of course, before the War. He was delighted with the Kaiser. 'But he is charming,' he told me. 'He is like someone I might meet at my club.' And then I saw him speak to the Kaiser at a court reception, and the Kaiser had on his royal mask, and he froze that friendly American with a horrid look, because you must not speak to royalty till you are spoken to. What nonsense!"

She had known only one royal person who never wore a mask. That was the late Tzar of Russia. "He was the same," she said, "whether he was reviewing troops, or sitting in council, or having dinner with his wife and children. He had the one face always—a kindly, sweet soul. He meant so well. He was so anxious to be wise and just and to help his people. But how could he find out what to do? He, too, was surrounded by our Chinese wall. And if he could know what to do, how could he have it done? They all lied to him and evaded him. He was only a kindly simple man alone in a conspiracy of many powerful men who were neither kindly nor simple."

There were monarchs who came to believe in their royal masks, to live in them always, and to accept all their pretensions as real. "It is so funny," she said, "but at the family dinner table you will

hear a man like that suddenly begin to talk to his own mother as if she were some inferior order of animal. He is the ruling king, with all the flatteries, and his mother is only a dowager queen, which is nothing. He is, of course, a stupid, pompous idiot, but he has been made so by the people who feed him on lies."

When the agents of the Kerensky revolution arrested the Tzar, he said to them, dumfounded by the unexpected turn of events, "I have been deceived." That sounded to the world like a cowardly attempt to blame his advisers for the mistakes that had destroyed him; to the Princess's way of thinking, it was a pathetically simple statement of the truth. "But imagine," she said, "I once came into Portugal in a motor car, incognita, on a tour with an American lady, and as soon as I crossed the border I heard on all sides talk of a revolution. Everybody knew of it. It was everywhere decided and agreed upon. It was coming at once, to-morrow, right away! So, when we arrived at the capital I hurried to the palace to see the royal family, and when they heard what I had to say, they looked at one another as if they thought I had lost my mind. 'But no,' I said. 'It's true! Everybody knows of it. Everybody's talking of it. Ask someone! Ask anyone!' So they called in their ministers and their advisers, one after another, all of them, before me. And they all said, 'Revolution? But impossible! There must be some mistake, Your Majesty. Her Royal Highness has perhaps misunderstood. Nothing is farther from the minds of your loyal subjects.' And so on. Over and over. All of them. Most convincingly. So I said, 'Very good. I have done all I can. Good-bye!' And I hurried to my motor car, and we drove as fast as possible back to Spain, and we were scarcely out of Portugal before the revolution came and the King was exiled!"

Because of such incidents as this she saw royalty as something stupid and pathetic. Related to almost all of

them by centuries of intermarriage, she thought of them as an unfortunate family of men, women, and children who had got themselves cut off from the rest of humanity by a fatal superstition. They had inherited thrones and authority in nations who were alien to them, since they were seldom of the same race as the people whom they were supposed to rule. Actually, they were as far from ruling as a ventriloquist's dummy from making a speech. They knew nothing whatever of the business of ruling. "You should hear them when they are at some family gathering that brings them all together—a royal wedding, a funeral, a coronation. They talk the gossip of any family that might meet for Christmas. Cousin So-and-so is going to have a baby. Uncle So-and-so has not been well. One relative is having trouble with his debts, another with his mistress." It is a little family isolated from the whole world by a sacred etiquette, interested mostly in itself, busy with its own gossip, its own scandal, its own jealousies, its own quarrels. Do they never discuss the problems of the countries which they rule? "But how should they? For most of them these are problems of which they know nothing. The princesses are forbidden ever to talk of such things lest it embarrass the crown. And the crown is placed, so to say, well down over the eyes of the king, so that he may not see too much. When the revolution begins he is made a sort of sacramental scapegoat to be sacrificed for the sins of the men who are behind him. That is the fate of royalty. It may not speak. It cannot do. It must play the game and take the blame. And I think that at least we are not what you call poor sports in the way we play a losing game and pay our penalty."

II

She herself had been saved from the worst effects of court life in her childhood because her branch of the family

was not in power when she was born. She was allowed to go to a convent school in Paris, where she received a more democratic education, and it was not till she was in her teens that her brother succeeded unexpectedly to the throne, and she took up the formal life of the court, as his favorite sister. Consequently, she had always had a skeptical eye for what she called the "monkey tricks" of royalty and a suspicion of the atmosphere of flattery and pretense in which they lived.

Even Shakespeare had not convinced her. As a girl, when she read the speeches in which he declared that kings were hedged about with a "divinity" and all that flub-dub of the Elizabethan era, she protested to her governess, "But Shakespeare was making fun of us. He knew we were not like that. He was not such a fool. He knew what stupid things we are, but how could he say so and not be put in prison? No. He was not allowed to tell the truth, so he makes fun of us by having us say such ridiculous things about ourselves that we are absurd."

The governess was horrified. She was a true royalist, and nothing in Shakespeare's adulation of kings and queens was too much for her. She protested against the Princess's conviction that Shakespeare was laughing in his sleeve at royalty, but she protested in vain. "No, no," the Princess insisted. "Shakespeare was not so silly. He could not write like that and mean it. He could not do it and be Shakespeare."

Of that Anderson was beginning to have some doubt. He was beginning to wonder whether he had told the truth, at his first meeting with the Princess, when he assured her that no one had any respect for royalty any more, that only curiosity brought people out to see them. In the little court which had gathered around her in Paris he observed an emotion that gave him to think. She brought him letters from American friends, women, who wrote

her in language that was almost devotional in its humble awe, and she said, "Tell me why? Why does an American write to me like that? They are not taught in childhood to be so foolish. And they do not do it to deceive me. They must truly think that they believe it."

Anderson had been careful not to offend against formality in his meetings with her when any third person was present. He had done that so as not to embarrass her. But he soon saw that it was necessary to do it if he were not to shock the third person. It was as necessary as decorum in church where a true believer was busy with his devotions. The letters from her American friends expressed an almost religious emotion. He remembered seeing the faces of an English crowd in London when a royal procession passed them—faces that were humbly lit with a pious feeling of loyalty and reverence. What was it? Was there some sort of instinct of subservience in man, like a religious instinct, that was moved by the tradition of royalty? Was it this that made men and women approach the Princess as if they were drawing near to a lighted altar?

As he moved through the story of her life with her he saw that it was so. She had been surrounded by this emotion, as a flag might be surrounded by patriotism, and she had been as puzzled by it as a flag might be if it could reflect upon itself and ask, "What is it? Why do they pretend that we flags are anything but colored bunting? Don't they know how stupid we are? Aren't they making game of us?" She had seen clearly enough what a shrewd use the true rulers of the country made of this sort of flag. She had seen all the hypocrisy with which it was manipulated and all the monkey tricks with which it was paraded. But she had also seen the faces upturned to her as she drove in some royal procession, and those faces had been exalted with an enthusiasm which she could not under-

stand. She had been bored by the salvos of artillery, the music, the cheers, the carpets, and canopies of a royal progress; the people were evidently having a good time, but it was a stupid business for her—as stupid as the life of a sacred white elephant in an endless succession of holy-day parades.

When the people were sincere they appeared ridiculous to her, ridiculous and pitiful. She told Anderson an anecdote about a young officer at a court reception, for whom she did some tactful favor that saved him from embarrassment. His gratitude had been heart-rending. He was ready to abase himself to the point of dying for her. "And how," she asked Anderson, "how can a man be such a fool? I had done nothing. Quite nothing! If I had not been royal he would have said, 'Thank you,' and it would have been enough!" And the incident was typical. Her whole life had been spent in a puzzled revolt against an absurd adulation—particularly in her girlhood when her youth and her beauty had aroused another sort of enthusiasm to add to loyalty. She had been embarrassed and ashamed when she saw the devotion with which people prostrated themselves before the stupid idols that were royal. "Why?" she kept asking. "Why? Why?"

It seemed to Anderson that she was making the mistake which most intelligent people make in their criticisms of mankind. They expect human beings to act intelligently, and human beings do not act intelligently. Most of their actions are impelled by instinctive responses that are not intelligent at all. In their relations with royalty they were obviously moved by emotions that were no more intelligent than the emotions of a young man in love. Anderson did not consider himself enough of a psychologist to decide what were those instinctive emotions which welled up so powerfully at the touch of royalty, but he could see that royalty was what the psychologists call "a symbol" at the sight of which expressions of subservi-

ence, and awe, and reverence, and self-sacrifice, and loyalty were aroused to varying degrees in various people. It had nothing to do with intelligence. The emotions came uncontrollably in spite of intelligence. To regard them intelligently was to see them as the effects of a romantic delusion, as pitiful and ridiculous as the delusions of romantic love appear to a cynic.

There was an obvious discrepancy between the royal symbol and the effect that it produced, and it was equally obvious that all the hypocrisies and "monkey tricks" and pretensions of royalty were inevitable attempts to cover and conceal this discrepancy. Men felt an emotion of reverence and showed it, and the symbols were naturally compelled to live up to the emotion. They were trained to do it. They were surrounded with conventions that were reverential and they were taught a behavior that promoted reverence—or at least discouraged familiarity. The Princess herself was extraordinarily arrogant in her posture and her carriage, very stiff and high in the shoulders, her chin up, her arms bent sharply at the elbows and her hands clasped at her waist. "But it is drilled into us in childhood," she complained, "and we never escape it afterwards. It makes us all look as if we had ramrods down our backs." She had a typically royal smile, a smile of the lips only that did not affect her eyes. "That too," she said, "is training. We are all taught to smile like that, and we never escape it, any more than you escape a handwriting which you are taught in your youth."

And there was another thing distinctly royal about her. Anderson had been curious to know whether there was any possible truth in the popular American fairy tale of the royal princess who married the American go-getter. Did a princess ever fall in love with a commoner? "But," she asked, "how shall she? Imagine that up to my wedding day I was not allowed to be alone for a

moment. Night and day I was guarded. A lady-in-waiting slept in my room. When I fought against that as a girl, she was moved to an adjoining room, but the door must be left open. Two or three ladies were with me all day long, while I dressed, while I ate, while I studied. If I left my apartment in the palace, even to cross the hall, an official escorted me and my ladies in a procession. If I went out in the garden they were with me, and the sentries watched. No one might speak to me without permission. I had no friends, no companions, no acquaintances but those who were permitted to me by court etiquette. I could not read a book that was not given to me, or write or receive a letter that was not read. And if I had been free to meet a man who was not royal, my mind was not free. I had been taught to think of all men who were not royal as any girl might think of a priest. They were men, yes. But they were not men to me. They were not men whom one could marry. They were like priests."

Raised in this prison of mind and body she had suffered, as all prisoners must, with the most horrible boredom. It is the curse of princes, ennui. It always has been. "Naturally," she said; "how could one not be bored with such a life? There are a few sovereigns who have real power, who have work to do. They can be happy. Albert of Belgium is one. He has been clever. Even before the War he was one of the most important men in Europe, in one of the most important positions, because if there was to be a war between France and Germany much would depend on which side he took, and he was too clever to let anyone know which side it would be. And the Kaiser was not bored. He had power and he used it. But, for those two, there are so many other poor stupid royalties who have had, all their lives, so little to occupy their minds that they seem to have *now* no minds to be occupied. It is a tragedy—it is so cruel."

Anderson was thinking of the fairy tales in which the good little heroine is always rewarded by marrying the Prince. He wondered with what sort of fairy tale the Princess had beguiled herself in her youth. And he found out. He found out, accidentally, when she was telling him of her girlhood. "My sister," she said, "was not so strong and healthy as I. She had headaches, bad headaches, so bad that she would have to go to bed in the daytime. Then I would sit beside her bed and tell her stories."

"What kind of stories?" he asked.

"Oh, fairy stories," she replied. "Fairy stories of what would happen if by some good luck our family lost its position and its estates, so that she and I would have to work for a living. I was going to paint, and she would teach music, and we should live in a house where other people lived—poor people like ourselves—and we should know them and have them come to see us in our rooms, and *never* be bored."

And that, in the end, was what it all amounted to, for Anderson. He had come there to write the Princess's story because he was curious to find out what sort of mind a life of court formalities and anointed power produced. Here was the answer. It summed up for him, always afterwards, as a picture of Her Royal Highness telling herself a delightful fairy tale in which she became a poor Cinderella and escaped to poverty and hardships from the sort of life with which Cinderella was rewarded when she married the Prince.

It seemed to him an amazing thing that in all the books about kings and queens—centuries and libraries of books—this quaint picture of a royal day-dream had never been put in print. And the true psychology of royalty as the Princess had exposed it—why had that never been written? Not even by Shakespeare? Least of all by Shakespeare! Anderson felt superior. No one but he had ever known the truth—that was why it had not been written.

No one before him had taken the trouble to observe and cross-examine the regal mind, as a realist, scientifically seeking only the unromantic fact. He was a discoverer. He was the Columbus of the royal psyche. "He was the first that ever burst"—

He sailed back to America triumphant, and he waited for his revealing portrait of the Princess to be unveiled to a startled world. It was printed in the magazine, piecemeal, and no one turned pale. "Well, naturally," he thought, "it can't make a sensation here. We don't know how new it is. But wait till her book comes out in Europe. My

eye, what a shock!" And when it came out in Europe, my eye, the implacable romanticism of mankind had triumphed. After he had finished with her portrait, someone had called in a sentimental artist with a traditional palette, and he had repainted Anderson's Princess and all the royal family around her, in the rosy tints and "strange luster" of court portraiture. The truth was hidden under coats and coats of paint. Shakespeare was vindicated. The facts about royalty were safely concealed. Only another Tussaud effigy had been added to the literary waxworks of kings and queens.

THREE QUATRAINS

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

FOR MY DAUGHTER

DEAR daughter, when the dusty shelf receives me,
Pray understand that only one thing grieves me:
I grudge the distant moment you discover
Your dangerous views were all old to your mother.

HILLS AND VALLEYS

*Mothers are valleys shielding from rough wind
Their children in a warm secure embrace;
But hills are fathers, stern and disciplined,
Charging their sons to look storm in the face.*

LOVERS

*Where lovers walk the highest hills drop low,
Proud seas are puddles, all the dark roads shine—
Dear Lord, why waste a miracle to show
The wedding feast turns water into wine?*



MINISTER OR BUSINESS EXECUTIVE?

BY JAMES BRETT KENNA

I HOPE that no one will say that I have written this article because I am not happy in my profession, because I am in a fault-finding mood, or because I do not like my present charge. If I did not feel myself entirely free from all of these motives, I should not write. For if what I have to say is of any value it is valuable because it might be the protest of any one of several thousand pastors of mediumly large urban churches, not because I, so and so of such and such a denomination of this particular city, have voiced it.

My situation is very like that of all the younger clergymen who are considered successful. My church has a membership list of eighteen hundred and a property investment of half a million dollars. We have the usual type and number of services: a Sunday school with frequent membership campaigns and up-to-the-minute methods and organization; a Junior Church where the children sing and listen to a "story-sermon" by my young associate; a morning service featuring my sermon and the best soloists at our command; in the evening a young people's meeting and an informal service in which I scarcely hope to do more than "happy-'em-up"; a mid-week service which the older people still cling to although it no longer much resembles the old-fashioned prayer meeting. Besides these regular services, we have an elaborate program of week-day religious education, a large number of women's societies, and a varied group of social activities. We pride ourselves that something is doing at our community building almost every hour of every day.

I think that I myself am fairly typical of large numbers of my colleagues. I might have made a good insurance or bond salesman. I might have promoted. If I had been born into a family interested in the theater I might even have done something on the stage. If my father or an uncle had been a ward power for somebody like Bill Thompson, I might have made a fair politician. But I was brought up in a rural community where not only my father and mother and uncles and grandparents, but also most of the people I knew were simple, pious souls who retained the old-fashioned reverence for the ministry as the highest work to which one can be called.

My years at the seminary effectively uprooted the cruder of my childish conceptions of religion and broadened me generally. But I was not prepared either by home or professional training for what lay ahead, for I was an idealist. I hadn't properly realized that there was a technic to be learned. Much of it was distasteful, but because I was in love with the personality of Jesus and believed that in spite of its defects the Church was the best medium for spreading the message of the great Nazarene, and because like any other energetic youngster I was anxious to succeed in my profession, I learned the technic and was regularly promoted from smaller to larger parishes.

Measured by the ordinary standards, I am successful. I am not at or near the top, but for my age I suppose I may be considered well on the way. I speak occasionally at general denominational

gatherings. Friendly newspaper publicity now flows in without my doing anything in particular about it. The church membership and budget grow steadily. Everything is most flourishing. And yet within the last year or so success has lost its flavor. *Elmer Gantry*, I think, had nothing to do with the matter either! It's just that I see myself inevitably becoming little more than the well-paid executive of a large business organization, and that my dreams of spiritual influence are not coming true and, apparently, have small chance of ever coming true under existing circumstances.

I have fought against looking upon the church as a business. I have passionately wanted to think of it as a spiritual force, as an institution especially fashioned for the housing and furtherance of an emotional attitude which would help men live adequately and happily. As the leader in such an institution, I should be studying everything which might help me to understand this puzzling age I live in. I ought to be going into economics, psychology, philosophy, political and physical science, the best fiction. I ought to be spending enough time alone to enrich my own religious life. I ought to have time for intimate personal contact with people who are going through crises when they need sympathetic understanding. I ought never to enter my pulpit without saying something which is the result of sufficient study to give it a chance of being helpful.

But what I do do is so different from all that as to explain why I have been forced to see myself as the executive of a large business organization. (If any one questions my use of the word "large" I remind him that our property valuation is five hundred thousand dollars and that it takes a pretty good-sized business to produce an annual income of nearly a hundred thousand.)

I get up between six and seven. I am usually at the church office by eight-thirty. A few minutes later my secretary lays on my table a batch of opened

mail that will take me an hour and a half to read and answer. A glimpse at a typical morning's mail might be interesting. This morning, for instance, I had two unsigned letters enclosing clippings for my edification or reproof; a man asked for an outline of the sermon I preached two weeks ago, and a woman requested the name of a play I referred to recently, in what connection I cannot now remember; a church society in a neighboring town wanted to know the trade name of the floor-covering we have on our basement; a man writing a biography of a famous preacher asked me to prepare in literary form an anecdote he once heard me tell of the man; a social-service organization desired a testimonial about a couple who are planning to adopt a child; a civic group sent eighteen tickets to a luncheon meeting; a woman begged me to ask from the pulpit for eye-witnesses to the accident in which her husband was killed; another wanted the names of the three books still to be used in the series of Sunday-night talks I am working on, and another wanted to know why I had not used such and such a book. There were others, but these will suffice. And of course there were the routine inquiries which the secretary handles by herself.

A card on my office door says that the pastor is at study from ten to twelve and does not wish to be disturbed. But this morning between those hours I had brief conferences with two members of the staff, planned and dictated a church letter which must go out this week, answered several telephone visitors who had assured the secretary that their business was urgent, and conducted a funeral. I have no reason to suppose that to-morrow's schedule will be different except that at eleven I shall attend a ministerial meeting instead of the funeral. On an average of three days a week I lunch downtown with committees who take that method of getting together or with parishioners who have something on their minds. The first hour and a half after lunch is my regular office

period when I welcome callers on every sort of business. To-day I had three, two of them persons in trouble. I suspect that most of whatever service I render to my people in the course of a week is done at this open hour, when those who have reached the end of their string sometimes drop in to tell me about it.

From two-thirty on I make calls and get whatever exercise I am to have during the day. After making five calls this afternoon (imagine Jesus thus efficiently packing five calls into two and a half hours!) I reached home at five-forty and was off to a dinner business meeting at six-five.

That is one day. Other days will vary somewhat to allow for the activities which mount so high in a modern preacher's life but which cannot be put on a regular schedule. Last year, for instance, I held seventy-six funerals and officiated at more than a hundred weddings, made thirty-three addresses in church besides my usual three a week, and spoke fifty-four times outside the church, besides appearing in other capacities on thirty outside programs. I attended, also, three trustees meetings a month, thirty-six of them during the year, when we attacked the financial problem of the church.

II

That brings me to the heart of my protest. As nearly as I can estimate, one-third of my time and energy is occupied with the financial program. Right here someone will sniff, "Bad management." Perhaps so. My parishioners probably spend more than a hundred thousand dollars for the single commodity of shoes. But when they buy shoes they are buying something tangible and necessary. They can try the shoe ahead of time; they can compare it with other shoes in other shops; they know exactly what they are getting for their money. In this climate they cannot possibly get along without shoes.

If they postpone payment for the shoes longer than a certain day in the month they expect to hear from a credit manager whose business it is to see that people pay for their shoes. If they trifle with him they know that he has unpleasant consequences in store for them.

How different is the problem of those who bear the financial responsibility of the church! They are trying to get people to pay for something which is intangible and something which they could manage to get along without. Anyone who has ever been connected with a campaign for funds—the community chest fund, for example—knows that, whatever may be said of the American's freedom with money, it is hard to get him to part with it voluntarily for something he cannot touch and handle, from something he himself may reap only an indirect good. Now every penny of our Protestant churches' income is voluntary. There is no such thing as an assessment and, if there were, no authority to back it. Yet money, one hundred thousand dollars of it, has to come into my church. That three-fourths of it is to go to keeping our own organization running and growing makes no difference to the average member of my congregation, but for me it is a tormenting thought that one-third of my energy goes to the job of coaxing money out of men's pockets.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that I spend a third of my time running around urging people to give, or that I make many impassioned pulpit appeals for money. There may have been a time when preachers did that. We have more finesse now. In the face of the growing cynicism about the church it is necessary for us to be more adroit each year. And that is precisely why so much energy is required, why so much time must go into the preparation of circular appeals for funds. That is why, let no one forget it, ministers like me write to their flocks the letters which delight Sinclair Lewis.

Inducing people to part with their money for something they cannot handle and can manage to do without is a job with a psychology all its own. One must make the value to be received seem more tangible. Hence the increased emphasis upon social activities in the church—"A man pays his other club dues—shall he discriminate against the church?" Hence, also, publicity calling attention to certain definite uses to which the money is put: to the upkeep of music in the church, to the maintenance of a certain missionary in a certain region, or to a definite subscription to a definite charity. And hence the church's insistence upon its social value—"What would your property be worth if there were no churches in town?"

Besides doing what he can to make the value received seem more tangible, the one who collects voluntary funds must appeal to sentiment. If none exists he must create it. That is always easy in a crisis. In appealing for the victims of a war or flood there are always violated women or homeless refugees to dwell upon. But it is not so easy with regard to the every-day life of the church. I think it used to be easier when inter-denominational rivalry was keener and when it did not occur to so many people to wonder whether after all there is any sense in a community's spending seventy-five thousand dollars in keeping this church organization going for a year.

Now the trouble is that I do not believe the value which people should be receiving from the church is tangible, and I find myself objecting more violently each year to having to substitute for that most intimate and intangible value which Jesus called "abundant life" such feeble tangibles as social activities, choir music and robes, or the efforts of a girl in Singapore—and especially that cheapest of all tangibles, the effect of the church upon property valuation. And I grow increasingly sick of stirring up sentiment for the sake of the relaxing effect it may have upon purse strings.

The worst of it is that I see no way to

stop. The church is caught in the Occidental, and more particularly American, habit of gauging success by the spectacular. A successful church, like a successful furniture shop, is the one which has the biggest establishment, offers the biggest assortment of wares, and affords the biggest income. Forgive me for putting it so baldly. I could have made it several shades balder by adding, "and has the most customers." I did not, because except in my worst moments I do not think of my people as customers.

But all the same, a considerable part of my work is not so different from that of the executive charged with the responsibility of getting new customers into a furniture shop. He is a successful advertising manager if at the end of the year he can show an imposing percentage of new customers. In the eyes of my colleagues, official board, and the world in general, I am a successful minister if at the end of the church year I can show an imposing number of new members. If under my direction the membership doubles in three years, I am a wonder and certain to be asked to a new and bigger parish where the salary is more, the publicity better, and the advertising problem stiffer. To that end I must keep in mind every minute when I am in the pulpit that out in front of me are dozens of prospective members. I must plan visitation campaigns and surveys—must, forgive me again, "sell" my institution just as surely and skillfully as the man hired by the local Chamber of Commerce "sells" his organization. The difference is that he was hired for that express purpose, and I, tradition says, was hired or should have been, for something else.

I am aware that a great many ardent church members will violently resent my stating the matter on any such basis, and that most preachers manage to keep themselves from facing the problem. But when the ardent church member comes at the end of the year to voice his choice of a minister, he votes for the

"hustler," for the man who can adequately captain the financial and membership committees. And no matter how pious his talk or how ministerial his dress and mannerisms, every preacher knows that his chance of retaining his parish or being advanced to a more attractive one depends almost wholly upon his ability to do these two things. At the annual gathering of any denomination, whether it be called Assembly, Synod, Conference, or what, the important members, those who are treated deferentially and pointed out to lay members from the rural districts, are men who have just that sort of ability.

III

I realize that I am not the first to put this situation into words. My only excuse for reiterating it is that I am a more vitally interested party than most of the people who have complained about it. Most of them are non-church members who, if they are ordinary folks, are content to call the preacher a hypocrite or, if they know Mencknese, declare picturesquely that he is a moron dealing out buncombe for the sake of a safe little job. Some of these outsiders write novels and prize plays; the most vociferous of them are journalists. But so far as I know, none of them goes back of the individual preacher. It is so much easier to let fly at him all the abuse or satire which the situation deserves than it is to try to see the factors involved. Besides, the public does love an individual target for abuse or satire—and journalists are fully as keen as preachers to know what the public likes!

There are, I am willing to concede, ministers who in the devastating words of Paxton Hibben conceive themselves to be influential when they are merely active, eloquent when they are only wordy, efficacious when they are only bustling. But a great many of us know that, while the routine I have described is satisfying to that part of the ego which

loves power and attention, it is dissipating nervously and mentally, and hardly likely to help spread the message of One who said, "Lay up your treasure in heaven" and "The kingdom of heaven is within you." For who among us has time to amass inner treasure? We are charged with the responsibility of heading a big organization which means to be a bigger one and which already has a big organization's financial and expansional problems. The most we can do toward increasing the store of spiritual treasure in our parishes is to make our public addresses tend in that direction—but who with a schedule like mine has time to prepare addresses which speak directly to the hungry human heart?

This lack of time for study is not our only handicap. When we rise to deliver such addresses as we have managed to get together, we face a group of people without a unified faith. A part of the audience is young. It comes to hear the music and find out what sort the minister is. It knows nothing of theology and is proud of its ignorance; it will not tolerate cant; it makes fine sport of emotionalism. Some of the audience is middle-aged and comfortably set in its habits of thought. Some of it is old and tolerant of nothing but the familiar old phraseology which has become invested with a supernatural power and sanctity, and to which the young audience is politely indifferent or outspokenly scornful.

There we are, we who rise to preach the message of One who seemed able to tolerate every other human weakness but time-serving and hypocrisy. An organization must be kept together and show a healthy growth by the end of the year: upon our ability to attract and hold the young people depends its future growth; upon our ability to please and attract the loyalty of the middle-aged and old people depends its present financial health.

Almost anyone might predict the way most of us meet that dilemma. Like the man and his son with their ass, we try to please everyone. We carefully

phrase our messages so that they can offend no one (which usually also involves helping no one). We become masters of tact and diplomacy. We try to endear ourselves personally so that minor slips will be forgiven us. We try to tie the young people into the organization by giving them small posts of responsibility. We get to be what all capable executives are—expert jugglers of men.

Happy is the clergyman who never sees himself thus, or who through a certain spiritual callousness can see himself thus without caring. The rest of us have, I think, the least enviable of all positions. We despise ourselves in our present role and most of us have been playing in it too long to be fit for any other.

I wish, then, that journalists and writers of novels and prize plays would shift their criticism away from the individual preacher, for unless he goes forth as a free lance preaching in the wilderness of journalism (and it is a question as to how many such free lances the press can absorb) he must do as he can do. Perhaps his solution is to go into a small parish where there is no particular anxiety for expansion and no scramble for publicity. Some few such parishes do exist.

But that is only an individual solution for an individual problem. It does not begin to attack the real problem, which is: how can a people like us with a genius for organization manage to live in the presence of a great fact, like the abundant life Jesus proclaimed, without building about it an institution which as we grow more adept in organization must necessarily become more complex and cumbersome; and how, having built the organization, can we keep from applying to it the criteria which we apply to our other organizations, criteria of size and number, so that in the end we gauge its success as we gauge the success of an advertising campaign, by the spectacular results obtained from it.

IV

I am not a religious anarchist. The proposal to do away with organization altogether is, I fear, at once too hard and too easy. Jesus was not an organizer, and his message loses a great deal of its richness and personalness when it is surrounded by the paraphernalia of an organization. But people who organize in minute detail everything from the production of toothpicks to the educational system cannot be expected not to organize Christianity. They do not know how to use anything unorganized. When a typical one of them sees a gorgeous sunset from the top of a high ridge his impulse is to get out bulletins and establish bus routes and lunch-rooms, so that the sunset cannot possibly be neglected by anyone in the vicinity. Among such a people the religious experience cannot escape some sort of an institutionalization.

But if we cannot do without the organization altogether, neither can we go on indefinitely elaborating it and trimming it more closely to the pattern evolved by the great industrial concerns. I am becoming distrustful of the plan advocated by many churchmen and formerly by myself—the employment of business managers to assume the business responsibility of the church. That also is a too easy way out. For five thousand dollars my church could hire a man fitted by temperament and training to be its business executive. He would like doing the work and he could do it with his whole heart because he would never be nagging at himself as I do. I've no doubt that within a year or two he would more than pay for himself by the increased subscriptions and memberships he could bring in. But he would add to the business machinery which is already topheavy in the church scheme. After him the next logical addition to the church staff would be a publicity director, and after that, perhaps, a personnel expert. There is no end to the thing, you see.

And what has it all to do with the spirit of One who went about telling people that God is love, and that man finds his greatest happiness in losing himself in a warm regard for others, in feeling for them and for life at large the affectionate interest he has in everything connected with himself? An efficient church-office staff can do what any good office staff does: efficiently conduct a business routine. It is hardly fair to expect it to specialize in reflecting the spirit of One who was primarily interested in the hopes and sorrows, the loves and hates, the radiant aspirations and petty meannesses—all the countless phases of the emotional life. By the very nature of the case, the more efficient and elaborate the office organization the less it *can* be concerned with that imaginative sympathy which sees directly into the heart of another, is willing to respect what it finds respect-worthy, and, because it understands all the motives and forces at work, can pity what it finds ignoble and wretched instead of withdrawing in lofty scorn.

If the first aim of the church is to encourage people to adopt the way of feeling and acting urged by Jesus, then the church dare not give undue attention to its business gearing. In my church, as in most other large churches, three-fourths of the attention is upon the gearing, and the tendency is to stress it more and more. If I, and the hundreds of other preachers who are caught in the gearing, want to keep some degree of spiritual freedom and usefulness, we must fight the whole drift of the times.

In the sixteenth century a sprinkling of men over Europe interpreted the wide-

spread dissatisfaction with and cynicism about the Church to mean that it was in need of a thorough-going spiritual rejuvenation. It was too "worldly" they said. By that they meant that it reflected too clearly the world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that it was too bent on political power, too like the great empires which were forming, too indifferent to the spiritual needs of the individual. It was, in short, so highly organized and so eager for power that somehow it got between man and God.

I have come to wonder if the widespread dissatisfaction with and indifference to the twentieth-century Protestant churches cannot be interpreted similarly. It is a different type of "worldliness" to be sure, but the twentieth century is a different "world" from that which Luther and Erasmus surveyed. Our churches do not strain for political power—for empires are no longer on the make. Theirs is an industrially organized world, and they are of it. They have followed the great industries in building up a system of organization so complex and exacting that the average member is inevitably more or less distracted from the essential teaching of Jesus.

As we look back from a perspective of four centuries, the solution for the worldliness of the Renaissance period seems easy. To the men who faced it, the problem probably seemed very dark indeed. Some of the intellectual giants of the time were able to catch glimmers of light, but there must have been many troubled souls like myself who knew not where to turn nor how to proceed.



“EGGS-A-COOK!”

BY PETER GETHING

ON THE morning of April twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, the officers of my battalion were called together and told that some time later in the day we, as members of a landing brigade, would sail from the safety of Lemnos Harbor for the Gallipoli Peninsula. Further, we were told that a strong resistance was to be expected from the Turks and that our general staff was prepared to lose eighty per cent of the storming party in effecting the landing. A contoured map revealed the Peninsula to be almost impregnable by nature, and it was pointed out that the towering ridges and steep ravines would in all probability be strongly fortified.

In an order which came from the General Officer Commanding it was stated that, “with the help of God and the Navy,” the landing would be effected—God being ignored in a subsequent order, from what I have always supposed to be the same source, to the effect that the Navy, having once put us ashore, could not take us off. A pretty piece of psychology! No chance for retreat . . . but even a rat will fight if it cannot escape.

Late that evening we were transferred to warships, which steamed out towards the East where lay the Plains of Troy, meditating on their past years of glory and disaster. All lights had been extinguished, and an air of suppressed excitement silenced even the most loquacious in our ranks. One felt that an electric storm was brewing. . . . A meal was prepared. . . . Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you . . .

the thought hit me as though it had been a club. Die? . . . Good God! I did not want to die. I had not lived. Besides, there was so much I had planned to do in life.

Post cards bearing terse printed sentences such as, “I am quite well,” “I am wounded,” etc., and which left a lot to the imagination of the future recipient, were handed out. Heads were bowed in deep thought as though in contemplation of the to-morrow . . . probably, like myself, trying to reconcile themselves to the death which awaited most of us on the slopes of that ancient battleground. I checked the sentence to the effect that I was well and addressed the card to my mother in Australia. There are more ways than one of saying, “*Morituri te salutamus.*”

I dropped my card into a mail sack provided for the purpose and walked over to where my friend of undergraduate days, Hugh Matherson, was standing. There was a far-away look in his eyes, and I knew that he was thinking of his mother and the two charming sisters who had made life so wonderful for him. A splendid chap, an idealist, pure-hearted. We spoke about nothing in particular, each trying to conceal his thoughts. “Well,” I said at last, “to-morrow will tell the tale.” He looked at me steadily for a minute, and I saw that he was as much affected by the thoughts of dying as I was. “Well, it’s for England, you know,” he said and laughed shortly as if embarrassed. In the old days one of his principal charms had been fervor. There was no fervor in his voice now. So might it have been

with the youth Isaac when he was being sacrificed . . . without as much as by your leave . . . or damn your eyes!

As the night wore on the moon, as if aware of the impending massacre of youth, disappeared somewhere behind Samothrace, and we of the landing brigade were transferred to ship's life-boats, holding from twenty-five to thirty men each. From four to six of these boats were attached to steam pinnaces which were to tow them in as far as possible to the beach; the remainder of the distance being accomplished by oars. Several ragged stars looked down at the proceedings with cold unconcern. They had seen similar sacrifices and knew that there was very little ecstasy in patriotism when Death the red-eyed was considering you as his next recruit.

The boats had commenced their slow crawl towards whatever horror awaited them out there in the darkness—darkness that looked as gloomy as the back alleys of Hell. I heard two men, sitting on the thwart ahead of me, discussing the situation. One said, "Those bastards won't get me; I've heard they mutilate their bloody prisoners and leave them to bleed to death." The other—I recognized the voice of my sergeant—replied, "God strike me blind! I don't believe they are there."

A feeling of revulsion shook me, and I tried to tell them that the Turks would do no such thing. To my horror I found that a constriction in my throat prevented my uttering a sound. It was as though a steel band was being tightened around my neck and chest. The thought that this was fear almost drove me crazy. Pulses in my head began to throb, and I began to worry about my courage—about how I should behave in the face of that first shock of fire. Twenty-three is an age that worries about such things. . . .

The steady crawl of the boats continued, and the loom of the forbidding heights began to take shape as the first faint tinges of the Ægean dawn ap-

peared athwart the Plains of Troy. Minutes passed like centuries, but eventually the pastel spears of red and green began to stab the sky until in the distance we could see the beach and the thick bushes on the slopes of the ravines. To my overwrought imagination the Peninsula looked like a sleeping giant with ghastly wounds in its sides—a giant which would presently awake and roar for our blood. Sand and stones began to take form in the growing half-tints, but there was no sign of life on the mysterious grayness of that shore.

I began to fret under the suspense, and strange thoughts chased one another through my brain. I had as a boy seen a steer being dragged into a slaughter-house. It had smelled the blood of its predecessor and had struggled frantically to back out; but the chain around its neck led through a ring in the floor and thence to a power winch which drew it forward to its death . . . inexorably . . . that was the word which so described our progress towards that cold-looking beach. Across the years I remembered the look of terror in that steer's eyes and was able to understand something of the fear which even dumb animals have when they are going to be murdered—and know it.

I strained my eyes staring at the beach until it seemed that my eyeballs were falling out of my head. My mouth and throat were dry and my lips were burning. . . . I had bitten clean through both my lips in my anxiety to see something on the shore. I tried to concentrate on the pain in my lips, but the blazing questions drove all other thoughts out of my mind. Where were the Turks? Were they hidden in the scrub? Did that low-lying ridge conceal them? Why didn't they fire at us? We were close enough now to massacre without much marksmanship. The sergeant turned to me and exclaimed huskily, "Just trying to make sure of us, the bastards!" The men began to blaspheme softly but terribly. Mather-son rose in the next boat, shook his

fist at the beach and cried in a voice that I had never heard before, “Why don’t you come out, you cowardly bastards?” Red-hot needles were darting in and out of my brain.

The sergeant began to grind his teeth in a horrible manner, cursing obscenely in the *patois* of the underworld. My nerves felt as though they were being shredded with fish-hooks. “Ah, God! Why don’t they come out? . . .” The boats were now free of the pinnaces. We were drifting in. The beach looked to be within twenty yards—the *sough-sough* of the undertow and the breaking of the swell on the pebbles could be plainly heard; but there was no other sound from the shore. I prayed, “God of Mercy, make them show themselves!” We lurched against something . . . was it barbed wire in the sea? I was praying again, “God of Pity, stop the needles in my brain!”

Cra-a-a-ash! . . . The landscape burst into a sheet of livid flame which belched forth a hail of lead. God! . . . the beach was alive with Maxims! Subconsciously I began to think that a machine gun could fire five hundred bullets a minute. The ear-splitting crashes of high explosives mingled with shrapnel, bursting in our faces. Boat-loads of men were being literally cut to pieces—mangled beyond recognition. The smell of fresh blood and the acrid fumes of the high explosives became sickening, turning my stomach into a heaving retching mass. My brain felt as though it was burning. The rat-at-a-tat-a-tat of the rifles and machine guns developed into a din, inconceivably hideous, like the sound of thousands of automatic riveting hammers pounding on the side of an empty steamer.

Men were jumping into the water from the forward boats and wading towards the beach where groups of the enemy were rushing down to meet them. The fire rose in volume . . . nobody was going to live long in this . . . if we could only get to them with the bayonet! More boats were being splintered into

firewood, capsizing their crews of dead and living into the sea, now rapidly growing red with blood. Men were floating helplessly in the water around my boat—their faces ghastly pale in the thin light. . . . Other men were rushing through the water towards the beach, their bayonets pointed downwards. No need to tell them what to do now!

The fire began to concentrate on my boat, and men were being killed on the forward thwarts. Dropping into the bottom of the boat, I took cover behind the bodies of the dead and went into action with my rifle, picking off single Turks with careful aim. The sergeant was behind me following my example. Suddenly he lurched against me and as I looked back I saw that his head had been cut off just level with his eyes. The sight drove me frantic. . . . I leaped over the side, my rifle and bayonet held fast in my hands. Others were wading through the sea with me, but I was only dimly aware of this. From the shore, strange voices were calling the name of a prophet who had given the world a religion by means of the sword, “*Muhammad! Muhammad!*” . . . and then, “*Allah! Allah!*”

The Turkish cries of “Allah” were met with “We’ll give you ‘Allah’—you bastards!” Bayonets were being driven into stomachs and throats and, when they could not be withdrawn readily, heels were thrust down to facilitate matters. Men reverted to their primitive instincts to kill in the quickest and surest manner.

Stabbing and slashing, they forced the Turks to give ground. One man—I recognized him as a stretcher-bearer—in the excitement jumped at a Turk who was barring his way and strangled him, tearing the windpipe out. . . . The wild yells sounded like a howl from the very depths of Hell. The attack became the apotheosis of frantic butchery.

A young Turk ran at me, his bayonet advanced, a wild gleam in his eyes, and a strange white slobber dribbling from

the corners of his mouth. I parried his thrust automatically and, with the sudden upward movement we had learned in Egypt, drove my bayonet into his throat. His scream was strangled as a jet of blood spurted out—spurted into my face as I struggled to withdraw my bayonet. . . . Why wouldn't he fall . . . ? And where was the red veil I had been told would descend before my eyes in the heat of battle? I was perfectly cool.

The Turks, unable to withstand the fierceness of our assault, began to retreat up the gullies to the high and glowering ridges in their rear. They had the advantage of knowing the country and were making full use of their knowledge. Taking cover behind bushes and in the small watercourses, they poured volley after volley of withering rifle fire into our ranks as we followed them. With bayonets pointed downward and with the same red fury that had characterized the landing on the beach, we charged on up the valley, leaving behind the cadavers of friend and foe.

Back in Egypt, where we had trained for several months, the Arab boys had sold hard-boiled eggs around the camps and at the railway stations, announcing their wares in broken English, "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" This, shouted with a wild ferocity, became our battle-cry as we made our charge for the possession of those ridges and gullies—ridges and gullies that thousands of years before had resounded to the stirring watchword of "*Zeus soter kai nikel!*" shouted by the Greek soldiers of Xenophon's days. And now, "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*"

I found myself with other men shouting that insane shibboleth. Blasphemy such as I had never heard was pouring from the throats of these blood-lusting men at my side. Farther over there were screams that made one shiver—catcalls, moans of the wounded and dying. The dash on up the gullies continued. . . . "*Eggs-a-cook!* We'll

give you *Eggs-a-cook*, you Turkish bastards!" Inside, I felt dry and reached for my water bottle and then remembered that it had been cut from my side by machine-gun bullets as I came ashore. Ahead was a rhododendron bush. Well, I would rest there for a little while.

Suddenly from behind that bush there rose two Turks who looked as big as houses, members of the First Turkish Army Corps, flower of the entire Turkish army. One of them was raising his rifle. I fired at him from the level of my hip, and he spun like a top. The other advanced, his bayonet extended. . . . God! how big he looked!—like an elephant. He made a savage lunge and as I tried to parry it he knocked my rifle and bayonet out of my hands, several yards away. Before he could recover I seized his bayonet. In the struggle he drove it through my left hand. . . . I was fumbling for my knife . . . where was it? Ah! my fingers felt the hilt of the friend I always carried—a ten-inch curving blade. Now to dash under that bayonet . . . to stab until my arms were tired.

He lay still where we both had fallen. I was trying to withdraw my precious blade. How still he was! Weariness was stealing over me. I must find shelter, rest for a little while. Ahead there was a slight depression which would offer some cover. I stumbled toward it, the pain in my hand as though starving rats were gnawing at it, the red-hot needles still darting in and out of my brain.

When I awoke the sun was almost directly over my head. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-thirty. At home the people were going to church. From ahead I heard the rattle of rifle fire and the shrill scream of shrapnel, like the sound of a million babies crying. I pushed on up the gully (the gully where, I learned afterwards, Hugh Matherson had fought and killed three Turks single-handed—and where his

head had been torn from his shoulders by a shell), on and up to the scene of that action.

After what seemed an age I stumbled into our fellows fighting like devils . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" Chaos reigned supreme. Officers were dead—they would have been of very little use. The battle had broken up into fierce and bloody combats between small groups of men or individuals. One party had smashed its way clean through to within sight of the Hellespont. (They were never seen again.) *Fight to the last! Don't let them take us prisoners!* All around me were little groups of still khaki forms that had fought to the last man. *Don't let them take us prisoners! "Eggs-a-cook! Come on, you bastards!"* (The Turks afterward complained that our fellows would not be taken prisoners.)

As the day lengthened strong Turkish reinforcements appeared on the scene. Battalion after battalion of the cream of the enemy's army was thrown into their first line, and a general acceleration in their attack was felt. Men were falling around me. . . . *Christ Jesus! Where were our supports?* Our men-of-war poured salvo after salvo of fierce fire into the oncoming ranks but could not check the advance. A foe of less caliber would have crumpled in the face of that fire; but here were some of the finest and bravest troops in the world—none braver. (And as we learned later, none more chivalrous.)

Outnumbered by five to one, we could not withstand the enemy's attack. Somebody was shouting, "Let's retire!" We began to make our way back to the rear. Machine-guns and shrapnel took an appalling toll in this retreat; only when it came to the bayonet did we have any advantage. When we were pressed too closely we charged with the blind fury of cornered tigers . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Eggs-a-cook!*" The Ægean sun was blazing down on the back of my neck . . . those damned needles again . . . dust was rising and

choking me. . . . Wounded men were hobbling in our wake until the flying bullets found them—bullets that hissed and buzzed like hornets. Time after time we tried to dig in but the Turks pressed on. The bayonet again . . . "*Eggs-a-cook!*" My rifle was slippery with blood . . . there was no sensation in my hand now. . . . What did it matter? . . . It was only a matter of time before I should die in one of these rushes. I imagined the Turkish steel at my throat.

The retirement continued. An officer, one of his ears hanging from his head and with an arm swinging loosely at his side, appeared from nowhere and shouted, "Back to the ridge! Back to the ridge and hold it!" Back to the ridge we staggered, occasionally making a stand to shake the Turks with a little cold steel. The ridge was reached, and we began to dig with the same blind fury with which we had fought. At our backs was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the sea. . . . A stand had to be made here or else . . . ! The enemy fire was growing in intensity—they had found our range now. In front of us was one of the most determined foes in the world trying to drive us over those cliffs, trying to save the honor of their country. Behind us was dishonor and the jeers of the world. I thought of this and regardless of my hand, dug on . . . fought on. "*Eggs-a-cook!*" . . . And so we dug the thin line which held at bay one of the finest armies the world has ever seen.

Then Hell broke loose again. The Turks attacked in force. On they came, the dying day reverberating to their cries of "*Allah! Allah!*" Down with intrenching tools . . . break up their attack . . . "*Come on, we'll give you 'Allah!'*" The shrapnel was raining down on us like a vicious hail-storm. . . . I prayed for night to cover us and, "O God in Heaven, send us troops!" The men-of-war were firing over us trying to find the Turkish artillery. . . . Our own shells commenced

to fall among us. . . . What did dying matter now? What did the torments of Hell matter now? Officers, new to us, were shouting, "Give them the steel, you bloody larrikins! Good boys, give them the steel!" Out again . . . "*Eggs-a-cook! Take that, you Turkish cow!*" Our supports were arriving.

Reserves were coming ashore in dribblets. Where there were battalions there should have been brigades; where there were brigades there should have been divisions. Cries for ammunition were rising like the wails of damned souls, "*Ammunition on the left, for the love of Christ! Ammunition on the right, for the love of God!*" I had nothing but my rifle and bayonet. With the others I stood there fighting and digging and shouting, "*Eggs-a-cook!*" Dusk fell.

Night. The night I had prayed for covered us. With another fellow I was in a slit in the ground about six feet long and about four feet deep. Ammunition was coming. I grabbed about a hundred rounds. Men were cursing a few yards away. We spoke. One said, "The bastards are going to attack in a minute."

They did, coming on in masses right up to our trenches . . . frenzied moments of firing at a range of a few yards. A Turk loomed up above me. I grabbed his legs and he crashed down into the bottom of our slit. . . . My companion's bayonet felt for him . . . he screamed. After a while the floor of the slit became slippery—with his blood. God! How hungry I was! . . . how thirsty! Nothing to eat now for twenty-four hours.

The Turkish attacks were beaten off, but after each one of them I heard the pitiful cries of our wounded, "Stretcher-bearer! Stretcher-bearer!" All along the line this pitiful cry. When the history of the Gallipoli campaign is written, high in the ranks of the heroes will be the stretcher-bearers, gallant men who died like flies without a chance to fight back, without the satisfaction of feeling their enemy crumple beneath the shock of a bayonet. Bandaging, carrying, they worked on all through the day and night—gallant gentlemen.

My eyes were like dead things in my head. I could not close them. Still the needles were dancing in my brain . . . the pain returned to my hand . . . rats gnawing and sucking at it. . . . Aching in every limb and with my ear-drums jumping like naked nerves as every shell burst near, I stood in the slit, firing at shadowy forms out there in front. My companion left me to crawl out to where he had seen a flash. . . . "Going to stalk that bird!" he said. If he did not come back I should go crazy. If my eyes would only close—that would be Heaven. Stentorian voices were calling the age-old cry of battle, "*Stand to arms!*" Dawn must be near . . . thank God!

Dawn, looking like a painted harlot, came creeping up the sky over towards Troy. We had taken the Peninsula . . . and held it. Wouldn't the people at home be pleased . . . and if there was anything to this business of supply and demand, wouldn't the price of crêpe have taken a tremendous rise?



THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

A CULTURAL FORECAST

This article, contributed by a distinguished American critic and man of letters, is the third and last in our series of anonymous papers forecasting the future of this country.—*The Editors.*

WE ARE becoming more or less familiar with the assumption that our immediate cultural prospects are not good. It is the motive of most of the "literature of revaluation," or, as Mr. H. L. Mencken prefers to call it, the *Katzenjammer* literature of the period. As far as the fact is concerned, we may face it frankly. There seems no doubt that it will be a long time before the humane life, as the ages have understood the term, will prevail among us—before our collective life and its institutions will reflect any considerable spiritual activity. Our present collective life, in its ideals and aspirations as well as in its actual practice, is admittedly conducted upon a very low spiritual level. One has only to imagine Plato or Virgil, Dante or Rabelais contemplating it—souls pre-eminent in the knowledge and practice of the humane life—and one has no trouble in arriving at the verdict that would be passed upon it by the best reason and spirit of mankind. Moreover, there are no discernible tendencies showing promise of a better state of things, at least within a period short enough to give the question more than an academic interest for our day. Those of our grandchildren, if any, who shall feel within them any vague promptings towards the humane life will be unlikely to find the general current setting that way much more strongly than it does at present.

On the score of fact and truth, there-

fore, one has nothing against the prophets who keep assiduously telling us all this. Their attitude towards the truth, however, and, by consequence, their attitude towards our present representative society, seems a little uncritical. Most of them appear to expect more of our civilization than it can possibly give them; and their disappointment takes shape in irritation and complaint. This seems historically to have been the chief trouble with the evangelizing spirit, and the chief reason why evangelists themselves usually got no great way in the practice of the humane life, and were, on the whole, rather unpleasant persons to have around. Criticism reckons with the causes of things and it duly apprehends the length of the course which matters must run under their propulsion, or even under the force of inertia after those causes are no longer operative. Hence, criticism invariably judges social phenomena according to the strength and inveteracy of the causes that give rise to them.

In our early days, for example, about a century ago, a representative of Cincinnati's light and learning said to Mrs. Trollope, "Shakespeare, madame, is obscene; and, thank God, *we* are sufficiently advanced to have found it out." Criticism does not stop with remarking that this man's view of both Cincinnati and Shakespeare was very inept, and that he should have done better. Criticism, properly employing the scientific imagination, examines the beginnings

and development of Cincinnati's social life, considers its general character and quality, and its only marvel is that any person bred there should have even heard of Shakespeare, or felt it appropriate to have any opinion at all about him, even a silly one. Again, everyone remembers the great fuss that was made last year over the Treasury Department's confiscation of some imported classic, I have forgotten which one; or only the other day, over Mayor Thompson's *opera-buffa* performances in the Chicago libraries. But considering the progress of our cultural life as exhibited consecutively in the great work of Mr. Beard, or as shown by Mr. Bowers, Mr. Sandburg, Mr. Allan Nevins, and Mr. Paxton Hibben, in their study of special periods, criticism can only regard it as by some kind of miracle that the humane life exists at all among us, or that our cultural prospects are even as cheerful as they are.

II

For the humane life does exist among us and, so far as one person's observation goes, it reaches a higher individual development all round among us than in any other society I know of. The reason why our cultural prospects are so poor is not, as is sometimes very superficially said, that there is no culture here. On the contrary, the best culture that I have ever seen, judged by its fruits—culture taking shape in lucidity of mind, intellectual curiosity and hospitality, largeness of temper, objectivity, the finest sense of social life, of manners, of beauty—was in the United States. The aggregate of it is much less, relatively, than elsewhere; but scanty, frail, and unproductive as it is, I have never seen better.

Nor is there any more value in the equally superficial observation that Americans do not much care for culture. What people left to their own devices and preferences ever did much care for culture? The general diffusion and prevalence of culture, as far as it has

gone, has always been an effect of the high culture of certain classes. In Europe, where people care more for culture than we do, one cannot help observing how largely the love of it is traditional, and how much of the technical apparatus of culture, on which their own culture is patterned, and by which their love of culture is both stimulated and regulated—how much of all this has come to them by way of sheer legacy. Take out the cultural vestiges and traditions of about three royal courts, and anyone traveling through France can easily reckon the mighty shrinkage of French cultural apparatus and the slowing-down of the general tradition's momentum. The approach to culture is laborious and discouraging, and the natural man dislikes work and is easily discouraged. Spiritual activity is too new a thing in the experience of the race; men have not been at it long enough to be at ease in it. It is like the upright position: men can and do assume the upright position, but seldom keep to it longer than necessary—they sit down when they can. The majority have always preferred an inferior good that was more easily acquired and more nearly immediate, unless they were subjected to some strong stimulus which for collateral reasons made the sacrifices demanded by culture seem worth while. Matthew Arnold quotes the learned Martinus Scriblerus's admirable saying, that, "the taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime."

The church in the Middle Ages could, and did, exercise this power of perversion. It never has had half enough credit for the cultural effect of what it did, even though, for reasons of its own, it did not do all it might have done. The royal courts could exercise the same power, and many of them did, like that of Francis I, for example, and some of the Bavarian kings. Sometimes they co-operated with the church, thus di-

recting two powerful forces towards the same end. The church and the court were in a position, not only to organize spiritual activity of various kinds, but also to give it a prestige that made effective headway against the natural taste for the bathos. With these supports and recommendations, culture got over its initial obstacles, and later could make its own way, relying upon its own power of attraction. The Belgians were always a musical people after their own fashion, and a very good and interesting fashion; but the Elector of Bavaria, Max-Emmanuel, when Governor of the Netherlands, organized music as a function of the civil service, thus giving it a prestige whereby the Belgians were brought "to relish the sublime" in that art, as they still do, and would probably for some time continue to do, even if the royal patronage of music were withdrawn. It is not generally understood, I think, that a very extensive organization of spiritual activity once took place on our continent, in the Mormon polity under Brigham Young; and though it remained in force so short a time, traces of its effect are still plainly to be seen.

Now, it is the lack in America of any influence that by common consent can exercise just this power of perversion, which makes the outlook for culture so unpromising. The person who looks wistfully at culture must go forward practically alone against the full force of wind and tide. Such culture as we have is solitary and uninfluential, existing fortuitously, like stonecrop in the interstices of a much-trodden pavement. One can imagine nothing more disregarded, disparaged, more out of the general run of American affairs. By general consent culture has no place in our institutional life; not in the pulpit, not in the public service or in journalism, notoriously not in our colleges and schools, not in our literature—such of our literature, at least, with rare and very interesting exceptions, as gets itself easily published and considerably read. Here again, however, criticism,

while regretting the fact, can see nothing unnatural in it, and nothing susceptible of immediate change. Our whole institutional life is carried on with a view to objects and purposes which are not those of culture; and this complete alienation of culture from its processes is, therefore, quite to be expected. It is simply a fact to be remarked, not a condition to be complained of. In other civilizations the natural taste for the bathos has been, by common consent, severely modified through processes of perversion; but in ours it has been glorified by common consent into unapproachable dominance.

To the eye of criticism, some of the consequences of this are interesting. With the natural taste for the bathos everywhere unrestrained and rampant, there is hardly anyone among us who suspects the existence of impersonal critical standards, much less feels it incumbent on him to pay them any respect. A European would see at once, for instance, why a ruler like Frederick the Great, whose position raised him above pettiness and self-interest, with advisers like Von Humboldt and Schleiermacher, would be likely to devise a better system of secondary schools than could be worked out by some local school-board appointed by a mayor. An American would not see it so easily; ten to one he would say the local board would do better, as more likely "to give the people what they want"—more likely, that is, to meet a grand average of local taste for the bathos. Thus, there really exists no sense among us of what is first-class, second-class, third- or fourth-class, or of what makes it so.

Everyone has noticed that our reviewers bestow exactly the same order of praise on a fourth-class work of art—a book, for example—that they do upon a first-class work. I have now before me, for instance, some reviews of a new novel; and two or three of the writers—men of some pretensions, whose word goes a long way with readers, I under-

stand—could not be more earnestly reverential if they were speaking of Cervantes's masterpiece. I have not read the novel, and it may be very great, of course, but really can it be *that* great? With all my best wishes for the author, I fear not. Many fourth-class books indeed deserve high praise; we all have read such books with pleasure, and with no less pleasure because we knew all the time that they were fourth-class books, and knew why they were such, and knew that the pleasure we were getting out of them was of an entirely different order from that which we get out of first-class books. A fourth-class book is not *ipso facto* to be disparaged, for it may be very good indeed; but neither is it to be spoken of in the same terms one would use of a first-class book, and no writer with any critical sense—no writer, that is, who was depending on something above and beyond a mere personal estimate of the work before him—would dream of doing so.

In this general critical insensitiveness, Americans remind one of those large worms of the species called Eunice, I think, which will begin to eat their own bodies if they discover them lying in range of their mouth. Americans have no Philistine objection to a good thing; on the contrary, they often accept it. But they accept it without exercising any critical faculty upon it; without really knowing that it is good, or knowing what makes it so. Their estimate is purely personal. Until this is understood it seems anomalous, for example, that *The Education of Henry Adams* should be a best-seller, as for some time it was. But they will also accept a bad thing with equal interest and with the same critical insensitiveness, especially if it bears some kind of specious recommendation. At the Opéra-Comique in Paris not long ago, I sat beside a very pleasant stranger who turned out to be an American, through all that I could endure of the very worst performance of "Hoffmann" I ever heard in my life.

After the first act my neighbor praised it with immense enthusiasm, which embarrassed me into silence. Finally, however, being obliged to say something, I said that having heard the same opera so lately at Brussels, I supposed I was rather spoiled. "Ah, Brussels!" he said. "Well, now, that's interesting. I overheard somebody saying that same thing out in the street, just as I was coming in. But I didn't pay much attention to it, you know, because I sort of took for granted that the best performances must be here in Paris."

It would be unfair to press this illustration too far, because very few Americans nowadays, especially if they live in New York, have a chance to hear even a tolerable performance of "Hoffmann." But without any unfairness, the reader will have no trouble in getting the implication. A visiting European would have been likely to know that the performance we heard was bad; he would have known why it was bad; and the fact of its being given at the Opéra-Comique in Paris would have had no weight with him whatever. The great majority of Americans (without prejudice to the gentleman who sat beside me) are quite devoid of this critical faculty. What they encounter under some special set of altogether unrelated circumstances they are predisposed to accept and applaud, quite unaware that there is a strict impersonal standard set for such matters, and that, according to this standard, the thing they are accepting may be rated very low indeed. This uncritical attitude appears in every department of spiritual activity, and indulgence in it is unchecked by any organized influence of any kind.

Indeed, every organized influence is actively on the other side; it is on the side of the natural taste for the bathos. When Francis I or the Elector Max-Emmanuel or Richelieu set out to make some partial and indirect recommendation of the humane life—to show in some measure what a good, desirable, and satisfactory thing it is—he had a fairly

clear field. He did not find the natural taste for the bathos greatly fortified by innumerable mechanical accessories, and flattered by all the arts of salesmanship employed in disposing of them. This is the crucial difference, from the standpoint of culture, that criticism observes between the times, say, of the Elector Max and those of Albert I. When the Elector Max established the Monnaie, he had hardly any competition to meet. There was no horde of commercial enterprisers busily encouraging the popular taste for the bathos to think that it was good taste, just as good as anybody's, that its standards were all right, and that all it had to do was to keep on its natural way in order to come out as well as need be, and to realize as complete satisfaction as the human spirit demands. This is the kind of thing which Albert I, in continuing the Elector Max's tradition, has to meet; and in America where there has never been any authoritative tradition, and no power capable of establishing one, this is the kind of thing which goes on in greater strength and larger extension than anywhere else in the world.

III

This is the condition that really determines the forecast which criticism is obliged to make for culture in America. The situation, viewed *in limine*, is clearly quite hopeless; and criticism makes this forecast, I repeat, without blame, and, as I shall show presently, without despair or depression. What is the use of recommending the satisfactions of spiritual activity to people who are already quite satisfied amid the inconceivable multiplicity of mechanical accessories and organized promotions of spiritual inactivity? Tell them, as our prophets and reformers do, that a natural taste for the bathos is educable and improvable, and that they ought to do something about it in order to attain the highest degree of happiness possible to humanity, and they reply, "You may

be right, but we are not interested. We are doing quite well as we are. Spiritual activity is hard work; nobody else is doing it, and we are getting on comfortably without any work. We have plenty of distractions to take up our time, plenty of good company, everybody is going our way and nobody going yours." What can one answer? Nothing, simply. There is no answer.

There never was a time of so many and so powerful competitive distractions contesting with culture for the employment of one's hours, and directly tending towards the reinforcement and further degradation of the natural taste for the bathos. One need but think of the enormous army of commercial enterprisers engaged in pandering to this taste and employing every conceivable device of ingenuity to confirm and flatter and reassure it. Publishers, newspaper-proprietors, editors, preachers, purveyors of commercial amusement, college presidents—the list is endless—all aim consciously at the lowest common denominator of public intelligence, taste, and character. One may not say that they do this willingly in all cases, yet they do it consciously. But this is not all. Usually for social reasons or, one may say, for purposes of exhibition, the natural taste for the bathos largely pays a kind of acknowledgment to the superiority of culture. This acknowledgment takes the form of a willingness, or even a desire, to assume the appearance of culture and counterfeit its qualities. Commercial enterprise has seized upon this disposition and made as much of it as it can, thereby administering to the natural taste for the bathos the subtlest flattery of all.

Thus unfortunately in literature, education, music, art, in every department of spiritual activity, we have developed an impressive system of passive exercise in culture, a system proposing to produce a sound cultural development while the mind of the patient remains completely and comfortably inert upon its native plane of

thought and imagination. The apparatus of this substitutionary process is well known to everyone; the "outline" of this or that, the travel-bureau, the lecture-bureau, the Browning club, the Joseph Conrad club, and so on. Its peak of organization, by the testimony of William James, is reached at Chautauqua. Thus the pursuit of an imitation or Brummagem culture is industriously sophisticated by brisk young college professors with an agreeable gift for miscellaneous volubility, and effeminized by the patronage of women's clubs. I have every wish that this last observation shall not be misunderstood. Whatever may have been the case at the beginning, I feel sure that if the work and influence of women were now subtracted from our society we should after a short time have very little of a civilized environment left. The cartoonist's count against the male of the species, I think, is a true one—I know it is true against myself—that, left to his own devices, he contentedly lapses into squalor. All I suggest is that a natural taste for the bathos knows no distinction of sex. The uncritical attitude towards affairs of the spirit is common to women and men. Among us, spiritual activity, or the counterfeit of it, has always been popularly regarded as lying quite exclusively in woman's province; indeed, our economic system has already brought men pretty well down to the anthropoid level by condemning them to incessant preoccupation with the mere means of existence. Hence our apparatus of culture and our management of it are peculiarly susceptible to a feminine variant of the natural taste for the bathos. Perhaps one sees a fair example of this susceptibility, and the fruits of it, in the overwhelming interest in personalities in any form of art. Everyone in New York knows, for example, how hard it is to find out what a musical program is going to be. The artist is heavily featured; the program is not advertised to any extent. In Europe the program is as much a feature of

advertising as the artist, and usually much more.

It must never be forgotten—one cannot be insisting on it at every paragraph in an article of this length—that culture has not for its final object the development of intelligence and taste, but the profound transformations of character that can only be effected by the self-imposed discipline of culture. An appearance of culture, effected by no discipline whatever, but only by docility in following one's nose, cannot bring about these transformations. It is not to be doubted, I think, that Americans will soon have a very considerable nodding acquaintance with the best in literature and in the other arts, which is the working apparatus of culture; many influences, mostly commercial, already conspire to promote this. But the transformations of character, which are the only fruit of culture that make it worth serious recommendation, are not to be brought about in that way. It is one thing, for the sake of collateral purposes unrelated to culture, to desire this nodding acquaintance and to undergo the passive exercise necessary to get it; and it is quite another thing to desire the transformations of character attainable only through culture, and to submit to the discipline of culture necessary to effect them.

Probably everyone who is more or less occupied in the works and ways of culture runs across an occasional spirit, usually young and ardent, who desires the fruits of culture and welcomes the discipline that brings them forth. Sanguine persons argue from this phenomenon that matters look brighter, bidding us think of what the grandparents of these young people, and the society that surrounded them, were like. Criticism, however, measures the strength of the opposite pull on these young people of the present day, discriminates carefully between real and apparent culture, as between leaves and fruit; it looks attentively into the matter of motive directed towards either, and it is obliged

to regard this sign of promise as misleading. Superficially it is perhaps impressive.

I get letters from many such young spirits, and as so many come to an inconspicuous person like myself, I sometimes wonder how many come to persons whose relations with culture are in a sense official. But actually it has little significance. I have two such letters this morning—what is one to say? The worst of it is that my correspondents mostly tell me they are not poor and that they have no responsibilities which would prevent their doing measurably what they like. Apparently they have enough in their favor; it is the imponderabilia that are against them. There is no trouble about telling them what to do, but one is all the time oppressed by the consciousness of delivering a counsel of perfection. How can one say to these correspondents, "Well, but the farther you progress in culture, the farther out of the current of affairs you put yourself, the more you are deprived of the precious sense of co-operation with your fellows; and this is a rather hard and forlorn prospect for a young person to face"? The author of the *Imitation* said with great acuteness that "the fewer there be who follow the way to heaven, the harder that way is to find"—and, he might have added, the harder to follow. It is not to be wondered at that these youthful spirits so often abandon themselves to a sterile discontent, and to a final weary acceptance of such slender compromise as the iron force of the civilization about them may yield.

Sanguine persons also get encouragement out of the revaluation-process that they see, or think they see, going on in America, and hope for great things from it. Criticism again, however, after taking stock of this process as benevolently as it can, must regard their hopes as illusory. The pretended signs or symptoms of revaluation mean actually nothing of the kind. The present popularity of a certain type of historical

and biographical writing, for instance, argues nothing for culture. It does not imply any unusual energy of aspiration, or indeed anything necessarily but a vagrant and vulgar curiosity. A very brief view of the most popular books of this type is enough to show this clearly; one may see at a glance that their success is a success of scandal. As much may be said for the type of social study presented in pseudo-critical essays, and in the fiction produced by what one of my friends describes as "cheeky reporters with rather nasty minds." Criticism does not pause to discuss the collateral effects of this body of literature, but merely observes that it does nothing for culture, and that any expectations based upon its popularity had better be given up. We all know that this literature is almost invariably approached for the sake of a kind of delectation which criticism must regard as extremely low. One approaches it to have one's own vague malevolences, suspicions, repugnances, formulated and confirmed, and then reflected back upon one's own consciousness by force of a clever and specious style. How many readers can one imagine approaching Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novels, for instance, or Mr. Mencken's essays in any other spirit than that of Little Jack Horner? So far, then, from tending towards the transformation of character through culture, our whole body of "revaluation-literature" really withstands and retards it. Hence, too, the "revaluation-process," of which this literature is taken as symptomatic, appears to be greatly misapprehended; and this misapprehension, again, assists in the sacrifice of one generation at least, and for all that can now be seen to the contrary, of several.

IV

Criticism however, as I said, observes these untoward facts, observes even these lamentable sacrifices, without depression or despair. It is aware that culture and the humane life have

one invincible ally on their side—the self-preserving instinct in humanity. This ally takes its time about asserting itself, but assert itself finally and effectively it always does. Ignorance, vulgarity, a barbaric and superficial spirit, may, and from all appearances will, predominate unquestioned for years in America, for ages if you like: no one can set a term to it. But a term there is, nevertheless, and when it is reached, men will come back to the quest of the humane life because they cannot do without it any longer. That is what has always happened, and it will happen again. Probably no one in that day will be able to tell just what has moved them; the general currents of life will simply reverse themselves, and no one will be able to assign any better reason for it than that humanity could not any longer put up with their running the way they were.

Perhaps by that time the political entity which we now know as the United States will have disappeared; one sees no reason to attach any peculiar permanence to it over any of the other political entities that have come and gone. Criticism, indeed, attaches very little importance to the bare question of the future of culture in the United States—*sub specie aternitatis*, what is the United States? Criticism knows well enough what the future of culture will be, and it may tentatively observe that its prospects in one place or another, for a few generations or a few centuries perhaps, seem to show this—or that probable degree of correspondence with that future; but it interests itself no farther. Virgil and Marcus Aurelius had no nationalist conception of culture; anxiety about Roman culture was the last thing to enter their minds. Socrates and his friends did not inflate themselves with notions of the humane life as an Athenian property; they turned over all that kind of bombast to the politicians and publicists of the period, and threw in some rare humor for good measure, to keep it company. Their course is the

one which criticism suggests as sincerely practical for Americans of the present time. Contemplating the future of culture in no set terms of nationality or race or time, they recognized the self-preserving instinct of mankind as on its side, and did not worry about it any farther. On the contrary, they approached their own age with the understanding, equanimity, humor, and tolerance that culture indicates; and instead of expecting their civilization to give them more than it possibly could give them, instead of continually fretting at their fellow-citizens, blaming, browbeating, or expostulating with them for their derogations from the humane life, they bent their energies as far as circumstances allowed towards making progress in the humane life themselves.

Yet even within the local and temporary scope assigned for this paper, one must remember that the movements of the self-preserving instinct are unpredictable. No one can say confidently where or when its stirrings will first take place; one can only say that somewhere and at some time they surely will take place. In the dusk of the Dark Ages the self-preserving instinct's great movement which we now call the Renaissance was unpredictable; no one could guess the place or time of its breaking forth. In the dusk of the Machine Age we can do no better. One makes the best forecast that the visible signs suggest, but the stretch of the unpredictable is vast. The chief authority on the subject seems to have had this in mind when He remarked that the Kingdom of Heaven—the profound and saving transformations of character contemplated by culture—"is within you." The experience awaiting the believer in culture is faithfully foreshadowed in one of the recently-discovered *logia*, or sayings attributed to Jesus—"Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he finds; and when he finds, he shall wonder. Wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom; and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall find rest."



SPINSTER AND CAT

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

THE birds were making a great chatter in the vines outside. As Toldine dressed she kept an anxious eye on the window. She went downstairs and opened the back door to the fresh green summer morning. Sammie was not on the wash bench, his place. Toldine looked anxiously over the dewy grass with its long early shadows under the apple trees. She thought of all the other cats that on some tragic morning hadn't appeared, and wondered how long they were going to let her keep this one. Then she heard "Miaow!" from inside the house. He had slipped past her skirts into the kitchen.

"Ach, you was here then?" she cried. "Was that why the birds made all that fuss—over you?"

"M'ow!" he answered her and jumped up against her skirt to beg her to hurry.

But before she fed him both must stop for their invariable morning rite of greeting. Toldine crouched and put her hand on his head, and Sammie lifted his head a little to meet the curving touch. The sleek gray floss of the fur was warm under the dry roughness of the palm; and beneath the pressure of the knotted fingers, the fur was flattened down in streaks, and then, rising softly back, crackled with fine electric life. A look of deep affection came from the mysterious unchanging beryl-brightness of the eyes. The head ducked, the body arched and curved, Sammie began to purr, purr loudly.

"Was you glad to get in?" Then she accused him, "Where you been? You

been somewhere!" She tried to pull off the dry cobweb thread that had entwined two of his whiskers. "You don't like that! Ach, then you shouldn't get into such places, come in with your whiskers mussed up like a stray cat. You won't say where you been!" Then she crouched lower, stroked his head again, and her voice softened to the mysterious murmur of affection between them. The beryl eyes looked brightly back at her. The purr deepened into a sound lower, richer, more continuous, at the very heart of contentment. "Here he is again! Got his paws wet. Ain't you ashamed to come in with wet paws? No, you ain't ashamed of nothing, are you? Ja, he's a nice fellow, ja, he's a fine fellow."

And then, all at once, Sammie was through. He wanted just that much and no more. He began to claw at Toldine's skirt, with piteous little reminders, as she rose staggering to her feet.

"You'll get something. You needn't be afraid. You don't get left out. Not in this house. I guess you didn't catch nothing. Had poor mousing."

When he saw her begin her neat little morning preparations he was ready to be satisfied. She went out to the back step for the bundle of twigs that she had gathered from all over the two lawns the night before and broken into even lengths. She took off the lid of the cook stove, with the incurved ribs of iron showing clean and ashy-gray, put in the two-days-old newspaper, laid a criss-

cross pile of twigs over that, and then, at the right moment, just when the twigs began to crackle, she bent to the hod and grabbed out three sticks of rough kindling from the radio crate Carl had chopped up and let her have. If she did this exactly as it should be done she needed no coal for her morning coffee. When the fire was going she put on the clean but battered blue-granite coffee pot with the coffee left over from yesterday noon. She got a fresh pail of slopping, shining water. Then she took down the miniature pie tin which she called "the cat's dish," filled it two-thirds full of milk, and set it on the stove after the coffee had boiled and when there was just enough heat left to warm it. "Ja, he has to have his milk warm. He won't take it cold," she said commending him.

Now came her little arrangements in the dining room. She laid a clean newspaper over her place on the Japanese tablecloth, put on her plate, one of the old German silver knives and one of the spoons (it wasn't necessary to dirty a fork in the morning), set on two slices of bread and a little saucer of drying cheese and a saucer of butter. When there were berries in the garden she had berries. She laid the other half of the newspaper down on the rug beside her chair. Sammie marched over to that, yawning. Then she broke a little bread into Sammie's dish and brought it down to the newspaper, holding it away from him carefully when he jumped up too eagerly. He had been fairly patient before, but now that his milk was within reach he set up a terrible commotion of miaowing.

"Ach, you can't be *that* hungry! Well, now you got it."

She set down the pie tin, and then she heard with complacent pleasure the dainty, rapid, skillful sound of his lapping. The sound was "company."

She poured out her coffee, spread her bread, cut an oblong piece of cheese into four exact slices with her knife. She spread out her last night's Dubuque

paper which Carl's little girl had brought over to her after Carl had finished with it, flattened it out with her hand, and began to read the society items which she had saved until this morning. She took a thick reading glass and moved it slowly from item to item. "Mr. and Mrs. G. Armstrong Davis announce the engagement of their daughter Ethelyn . . ." No matter how people kept after her, she could keep from spending her money for glasses. From time to time she laid a strip of cheese on a strip of bread, took a bite, a drink of coffee. Petunias were crowded into a jelly glass on the table, and a faint fragrance came from them. Woman and cat ate in almost noiseless contentment.

But when she was half way through, her sister Henrietta came over from next door with a plate of cookies and a hunk of suet.

"Ach, you're eating a'ready! You're earlier than them over there. Ja, I don't know, Dorothy she ain't one to get up, and Carl now he's getting to be just like her. I brought you these cookies you should eat with your coffee. This suet I brought along for the cat. I see it on the table. I thought he might as well make 'way with it. You let him eat in here?"

"*He* won't hurt nothing."

Henrietta threw down the suet. It landed with a thump on the paper. Sammie drew back startled and outraged, but under encouragement consented to sniff at it with his pink nose. Then, giving his white-mittened paw one delicate utterly decisive shake, he turned his back and walked away. It described the suet perfectly.

Henrietta was astonished. "Look at that! I thought he'd gobble that up. I thought all cats liked meat." But her face was red.

Toldine said drily, "No, suet he won't touch."

"You got him spoiled!"

Toldine made no comment.

When Henrietta left, Sammie came back to his dish and finished his milk

with calm gusto. Toldine regarded him with deep sympathy. "Ja, you knew how you wanted your breakfast!" They liked it better to be left together. Contentment flowed around them.

After breakfast Toldine carried out her small array of dishes to the kitchen, dipped warm water out of the reservoir, poured the coffee grounds about the roots of some plants. The cookies she had not touched. They were not needed for breakfast. Sammie followed her. He sat down on the linoleum in a square of sunshine and began his morning laundry work. He gave a few casual licks at his snowy chest, brief attention to his white mittens, and then set to work with concentrated ardor on a patch of seemingly spotless gray fur just behind his left shoulder.

Toldine regarded him with humorous and admiring appreciation. "Ja," she said, "you got to wash up too?"

When she had finished, every dish used was in its precise place. Sammie was shining. His white chest swelled into a magnificent spotless shirt front. His white mittens were perfect. Spots of scrubbed gray fur were moist and flat. His whiskers rayed out from his fluffy chops majestically. He was satisfied with himself.

Every morning there were these preliminaries through which Toldine and Sammie both must go. Now they were ready for the real business of the day.

Henrietta, looking from the kitchen window of the other house, thought, half contemptuous, half baffled:

"What all does she think she's doing out there?"

Toldine was in the garden. She went about looking at plants with minute attention. She picked the withered pinks and threw them upon the little heap of plant debris she was piling up at the edge of the garden. She tied twine around the spreading phlox. She found out just where the dry earth needed digging with her gritty little trowel about the flower roots. She filled

two wooden buckets (candy buckets, the store man had given them to her, they had cost nothing), and then to and from these she made excursions with an old teapot and put just the amount of water needed upon just the plants that must have it. She began making bouquets for the house. Her array of receptacles stood out on the wash bench: two jelly glasses, a bottle, a saucer, an ink well. Such bouquets, Dorothy said! But, "Toldine she's got her own way of doing things," Henrietta warned her. The saucer Toldine massed full of rose-colored petunias picked from their stems. She stuck three pansies—blue, white, yellow—into the inkwell. Into one tiny cylindrical bottle, that had once contained twenty-five cents' worth of perfume, she set a single tuft of sweet alyssum. She had found the bottle "thrown away." This bouquet was her triumph.

Once she made an excursion into the wood shed. She mounted a dry goods box and stood for five minutes motionless, impassive, gazing with concentrated attention through a knot hole into the back yard of old John Carpenter next door until she had observed enough for her satisfaction. Then, with a small dry smile, she stepped down from the box, left the shed, and went back to her flowers.

"You coming out too?" she said.

Yes, Sammie had now made up his mind to join her. Toldine never urged him against his inclinations—even if there had been any use in that!—but she was gratified when he chose to be with her. He followed her about for a while through the garden in the fresh morning sunshine. Certain matters called for his attention, and others for hers. There was a patch of warm earth where he must roll. It was necessary for him to keep an eye on a gopher entrance. He was on the lookout for birds, too, although this Toldine would never admit to Henrietta. They praised him for bringing mice and then scolded him for catching birds! "How are you to

know?" Toldine demanded in consoling indignation. But she guarded the birds from Sammie as she guarded him from his larger enemies.

The street was waking up about them. The folks in the other house were up now. Toldine didn't need to watch for that. She had a contemptuous knowledge of it from their shouting and banging about. The milkman came. As always, he grabbed for Sammie and, as always, Sammie ran. "Whatcha wanta run for? I wouldn't hurtcha!" the milkman shouted vociferously. "Hey, fellow! I was just gonna have little fun with you. Why, our old cat, I rub up her fur the wrong way and swing her around by her tail, and she likes it!" And as he set down the pint bottle of milk on the wash bench, he demanded with loud facetiousness, "Well, Miss Schönwetter, I hear you and Old John next door have struck up quite a friendship! Now, don't ask me where I heard it. I hear everything. You can't fool your milkman. Say, don't you think it's pretty mean of you to deprive some nice fellow of your good cooking all these years? Better let me find you some nice old bach when I'm out on the route and bring him around. I see all these old baches."

"I guess not," was all that Toldine answered. He went away whistling joyfully. But when he had left and Sammie came back to the garden Toldine patted the cat's head. "Ja, you don't like him. No, I don't neither," she said with great contentment.

Now the annoyances began. Enemies menaced them every day; and even in this secluded garden, every day was a struggle. There was a steely alertness under Sammie's silken placidity. He blinked his eyes in the sunshine, but always a bright slit was showing. Toldine was on the watch for that boy across the street—that tormentor. Then there was that big nondescript brown dog that usually came rampaging through the garden at some time during the morning. Toldine took the part of all animals against all people. But she couldn't

really care for that dog, and she saw what Sammie had against him. Anything she fed him went down in a gulp. Just speak to him and he'd be all over you. Before you were through, you had to be cross with him; and Toldine didn't like that. He should have seen!—she thought.

And there were always people. Toldine did no calling except to visit the family graves in the cemetery. But people came to the Schönwetter place. There was a tradition that no plants did so well as those from the Schönwetter garden. Toldine had a knack. She couldn't tell what it was and made no attempt to do so. That, she thought again, they ought to have seen!

Some of these people Sammie accepted and some he didn't. When Addie Epperson came Sammie sat blank and motionless. She gave a little shriek. "I didn't know that cat was here!" She fussed and fidgeted around and asked nervously how Toldine could stand him. "I think cats are so creepy!" There was ineffable contempt in Sammie's immobility. He wouldn't even bother to walk away from Addie Epperson. All her effusions over the "*wonderful flowers*" did not thaw Toldine's silent, grim disdain. Fat, heavy, perspiring Mrs. Kaster was worse than that. "Shoo! Scat! S-sss! Get out o' here! I can't stand no cats around." She had no perception of Toldine's cold fury. She went around stepping on budding plants and asking for seeds just the same; and when she left she urged Toldine heartily, "Why don't you ever get out o' here and come over? You want to be sociable. It'll do you good." There were a few people whom Sammie approved. There was Mrs. Williams, just out of college, shy and lonely, the wife of the high-school principal. He flung himself instantly before her on the warm ground strewn with dry shreds of grass and sticks and withered petals. "Now look at your coat!" Toldine told him in mild accusation. But she sympathized. "Ja, he knows." The lonely young

couple, out of place in the little town and aware of criticism, were pleased by this acceptance. Mr. Williams lingered a long time talking with Toldine and trying to ask businesslike questions about gardening, of which he knew nothing. Toldine didn't care what people said. She kept things to herself—to the uneasiness, relief, and the total miscomprehension of her family; but all her life she had cherished a deep, calm, satisfactory detestation of the heartily unconscious Mrs. Kaster.

Now she was getting deeper into her work and deeper into the summer day. So was Sammie. Their paths were gradually diverging. Sammie — like Toldine herself—followed a neat, prearranged routine every day, changing somewhat from week to week, and varying slightly to suit the weather. But on a day so fine as this he could allow himself some leeway from his set rule of procedure. Toldine noted ever so often with satisfaction that he was still about. He was affectionate this morning. As she crouched among the potato plants he came and rubbed his head and then his whole soft length against her sunwarmed arm. "Ach, so you like me, do you?" He blinked his shining eyes in agreement. Toldine answered, in a mutter, an old accusation, "Lazy! I guess you ain't lazy! You don't have to tell folks about everything you do." He kept regular office hours, just like a man, in his mousing places. Only he was more sensible than a man. When there was nothing to do he didn't pretend to do it. He was leaving the garden, however, by stages. He had got as far as the shade of the snowball bush now. He took his time.

Little Varselles came running over from the other house. Toldine welcomed her, welcomed all little children—saved pieces of hard candy for them from her Christmas presents and secreted funny toys in out-of-the-way nooks about the house. Dorothy had dressed Varselles in her Sunday dress which had got dirty. Ach, that wasn't

right! She was barefooted and sucking sugar.

"Hello, Aunt Toldine."

"You up a'ready?"

"Yes, I *been* up." Then she asked just what Toldine was dreading.

"Where's Sammie?"

Toldine said she didn't know. She went on working while Varselles hung plaintively about her. Toldine saw the cat all the time, but she made no sign, and neither did he. Then Varselles discovered him. He was sitting very upright in the mottled shade of the snowball bush, and—oh, how fine he looked! His gray coat glistened with sunlight. A tiny iridescence shone at the tip of each fine hair. His eyes glittered green, with woven satiny color under the glassy surface, a round of color dented in to the intense slit of black opening and closing at the center. His white chest swelled out in fluffy majesty from under his whiskered face, his white-mittened paws were set neatly on the ground, and his tail was curled compactly around his person.

Varselles was in ecstasy. "Look, Aunt Toldine! See! I've found him."

It gratified Toldine that Varselles was always after the cat, but it worried her too, for she knew what might happen. "He looks so pretty. Oh, I *want* him!" Gurgling wildly with joy, she dived for him. Instantly Sammie retreated. His eyes had a baleful glare. He suddenly spat—knew he shouldn't have done it—was angry and didn't care; stretched out as long as an eel, ran, slid, and was lost in the berry bushes. Varselles plunged after him and then turned back loudly weeping.

"Aunt Toldine! He spit at me!"

"Ja, he was bad," Toldine admitted. "But it was the way you went after him."

"But I love him. I want him. Why won't Sammie let me get him, Aunt Toldine?"

"Ja," Toldine told her, "you love him too hard. That he won't stand for." Varselles was staring at her with tragic

eyes. "You want to treat him—ja, as if you liked him, but just the same as he does you, not so much more."

"The dog likes me to like him!"

"Ja, but the dog ain't the cat. You got to know."

But she never would know, Toldine thought. Fond as she was of Varselles, she had already judged the child by her small inner tribunal. Too much fuss. Fussing, stewing, noisiness, rampaging, a to-do—all these things she condemned. That you only did when you couldn't get things done without it. Ja, and that Becker fellow from south of town—he was a bachelor, and he liked cats, and wasn't so blustering around as most men. Toldine smiled a discreet little smile; ja, but him too Sammie walked away from. If the fellow followed he turned with one brief snarl. He admired cats too much and was too humble. No, you couldn't stand that kind of a fellow all the time. He would be in the way. Toldine and Sammie had their own little hard criterion.

She was glad Henrietta wasn't around, however, or Dorothy. "That cat spit at Varselles. You ought to get rid of it." She could hear them saying that. It would be one more black mark in the long list of their grievances against Sammie. Ja, because he was hers, Toldine supposed—belonged to her and paid no attention to them—they could never rest until they had made her get rid of him. She had given Henrietta what she demanded of the family belongings: the big skillet, the leather chair, an immense platter for which neither of them had any use. She even let "those two" gather the best apples. But she fought to keep Sammie. All morning she kept warily out of sight of that kitchen window.

And it wasn't only the folks in the other house. In spite of the praises Sammie received—"Fine cat!" from men and "Will he let me pick him up?" from women—in spite of that radiant, innocent delight of little children—Toldine knew that there was always something

working against him. "Well, Toldine's alone there, she gets lots of company out of her cat," the family said to other people in tolerant shame. But she knew how they resented her having him. Boys in the neighborhood were on the alert to torment him. Mrs. Judge Lawson went around telling people the cats must be destroyed if the birds, "so much more valuable," "man's little helpers," were to be saved—ja, when she wasn't stewing about the minister, or the school principal, or the town garbage! There were all the women in town—old maids, too, some of them—who talked about "some child" and grudged Sammie his food on principle. It wasn't enough for her and Sammie to live off here by themselves minding their own business. Other people wouldn't allow it.

The worst was that old John Carpenter. Ja, and if she were to tell what she knew about him! The folks in the other house would try to make her get rid of Sammie; but they would never dare do it themselves. There were things of hers that they wanted. And after all, she lived next door and belonged to the family. John Carpenter said he had had enough of that noise. It was disgraceful. If the owner wouldn't get rid of that cat, some night he'd do it himself. Rousing the neighborhood when Christian folks were all in bed! Why did folks want to own animals, anyway?

And now Sammie was gone. "Ja, he got disgusted!" Toldine looked in his haunts—the nest of grass under the apple trees, a certain spot beneath the berry bushes. He was in none of them. She missed him, but she was relieved. There were other dangers—traps, dogs, poisoned rats—in the barns and pastures where he hunted. But until Varselles had forgotten he was better out of sight. Toldine went back and settled to the business of spraying the potatoes and worked hard until noon.

The afternoon was very hot. Toldine had got all her heavy work done in the morning. She took some sewing out to

the shade of the big tree that grew between the two houses. From there she watched the "doings" in the other house. Fussing around ironing in that hot kitchen!

"Ja, you know better, don't you?" she said to Sammie.

She watched the goings-on with a scorn of which her thin, dark, impassive face gave no sign. Why couldn't that girl—she still called her nephew's wife "that girl" in her own mind—have got up a little earlier if she had all this to do? And if the ironing kept her so busy, why must she try and put through all that extra baking at the same time? Over there it was always a turmoil—ja, if not one thing, then another. And if two of them were so many for her to 'tend to, so that she flew at them and scolded them and couldn't keep them with clean faces, why did she want to go and have another right away? Henrietta living there with them made things all the worse. They must do *her* way all the time, and she must do *their* way. Henrietta ought to remember Katrinka, the little tiger the Schönwetters had had years ago. Toldine thought of that with a subtle reminiscent smile. When Katrinka had a batch old enough, then she cuffed 'em off and went back to her own business. Toldine was condemning the whole workings of the other house, its entire philosophy. Still, if Henrietta hadn't been living there, she would have tried to stay with Toldine. Some folks didn't know how to get on alone. So let her stay there!

She could see Henrietta in the dining room, working like mad, cutting out dresses. If folks would use what they'd got they'd be better off. Who needed so much anyway?

"No, you don't, do you?" she said to Sammie. "And you know how to have a better time than any of them!"

Always more, more, more, and then never satisfied!

She rocked. She and the cat had their own little arrangements for hot-weather comfort. Sammie lay over near the

pump where water had been spilled earlier in the day and where the ground still kept the faintest suggestion of damp coolness. The shade under the big tree was a vantage-ground for observation of the neighborhood. Toldine's face was inscrutable. Dorothy always said, with easy patronage, "Aunt Toldine goes her own way, she never pays any attention to other folks." Henrietta said, "You don't know what all she sees."

Henrietta came over now. Toldine saw that she had her eye on Sammie. But she halted and said resentfully:

"*You look cool!*"

"I don't stew around in this heat."

Henrietta accused her, "You got only yourself to look after."

Then she remembered her purpose in coming. Her face swelled and grew red. She made gestures with her fists.

"That cat went and spit at Varselles. She come in crying and said that cat spit at her!"

Toldine made no answer. She bit off a thread, but she was wary. The old, half-smothered quarrel between them was flaming up in the heat. That silence of hers always infuriated Henrietta, who couldn't keep still herself. Henrietta never quite knew what was behind it, any more than she knew what that witchy cat was thinking. His refusal of the suet still rankled. She burst out:

"You ought to get rid of that cat. If you don't somebody else is going to do it for you." Her eyes were glaring. Dark hints of old family passions were in her tone. There were two sides, as there were two houses. "That cat'll do a mischief to somebody some day."

Toldine spoke with disdain. "He won't do anybody any mischief." But she trembled inwardly.

"He won't?" Henrietta demanded.

"Not to anybody that lets him alone."

They were glaring now at each other, Henrietta's eyes in a blazing fury, Toldine's just as furious but cold. In that one statement the whole family quarrel was concentrated. Toldine wanted to be let alone and Henrietta to manage.

It all went back to that . . . and farther, as the two old women only dimly realized—away back to the father and mother, to the Schönwetter and the Kleinfelder, to the stormy demands of the father and the wary independence of the mother, to the very birth and conception of Henrietta and Toldine. Other things were entangled in it now: which orchard trees belonged to which family; misunderstandings that were always threatening to flare up into a "regular quarrel"; the constant threat of Henrietta's coming over to live with Toldine, look after her, and get that cat out of the house. . . .

"Mother! Why don't you come back here and help me?"

The sharp irritation of the voice cut into the tense atmosphere between the two women and left them helplessly glaring across the chasm. Dorothy had come to the door with one of the little dresses in her hand.

"You've left all that work piled up on the table."

Henrietta was helpless before the demands of her son's family, whom she adored. The new dress for Varselles must be finished before evening. With an angry gesture, she turned and went back into the hot dining room where Toldine could see her working furiously, grumbling, doing worse than grumbling, all the rest of the afternoon. The "regular quarrel" was barely averted again.

Through the whole altercation Sammie had never blinked an eye. Now he got up with cool decision and went to the door.

"Yes," Toldine muttered approvingly, "it's better in there now."

The shades were down. It was dimly pleasant in the old-fashioned interior, never changed since the death of Mrs. Schönwetter years ago. Sammie slept on a cool strip of floor. Toldine went over her curious store of mending: rolled-up balls of lace from Carl's baby dresses, bits of silk pinned together, several colors of thread rescued and

wound on spools. In here they were both safe.

But by four o'clock it had grown stuffy in the house. It seemed empty and lonely. Toldine called to Sammie, but he wanted to sleep and only flicked his ears. She could hear the racket in the other house and she almost wished they would ask her in to supper. Two meals alone were enough. She was glad to see old Mrs. Graf coming up the walk—someone to whom she could talk, one of her few accepted cronies. At the moment that Mrs. Graf reached the door Sammie got up, stretched, and prepared to leave. But he could go now. They were busy in the other house.

"*Wo geht denn die Katze?*"

"Ja, I don't know where all he goes." Toldine added, "Come in, have a cup of coffee."

"Ja, well . . ."

Mrs. Graf sighed, but it was for this that she had come. Ever so often these two must see each other. The intimacy between them had been kept up for over forty years. Now they were sure that they could rely upon each other. Mrs. Graf went to see only Toldine now. On both the impassive faces there was a taciturn glint of pleasure. Mrs. Graf took off her little black hat with the black pansies, and exposed her round smooth head with the round earrings. Toldine lighted more kindling, put on fresh coffee, got out the cookies, and they sat down to the table. It was for Mrs. Graf that Toldine had saved all her observations.

"She, over there, is going to have another."

"Ja, so?"

"Ja. They haven't told it. But I noticed."

"But vot is den de last one? He is only—"

"Ja, fifteen months in October. Ach, I don't know! That I wouldn't tell to any one but you. . . . It was true, Mutter Graf, what I thought about John Carpenter. He goes to see that Jensen woman. He goes out after dark

and he comes back when it is just light. She does his washing. I looked over and saw his washing this morning. She'd put bluing in them sheets. That he would never do for himself."

"Ach, so?"

"Ja, that I wouldn't tell to anybody else, either. . . . I see by the paper a man flew in a flying-machine over the jungle. Snakes in there thirty-five feet long! Ach, such things everywhere! Why does he want to fly over such places? What good does it do him when he gets through? Why don't he tend to his own business? Those snakes they'll get along without his flying over to look at them. I stay to home."

"Ja, ja, dot is so," Mrs. Graf said. She sighed. She asked, "How is *denn die Katze*?" And when Toldine told her about the neighbors, about the other house, she advised:

"He's company. You stick to him."

Henrietta always resented having Mrs. Graf come to see Toldine. She hinted darkly, "When those two get together . . ." But she didn't have time to talk about it to-night. The new dress was finished, and so she and Dorothy and Varselles and the baby must all go to town—Toldine thought—to show themselves off. Henrietta had forgotten now about the quarrel; and Toldine and Sammie had this little time to enjoy the lawn all by themselves.

The evening was placid but hot and breathless still. Sammie sat on the edge of the cement along with the flower pots, viewing the evening landscape with the tranquillity of a contented householder. Birds swooped low over the garden; but he was not after birds just now.

Toldine sat out in her little rocker and sewed as long as there was light, savoring the evening fragrance that came from the petunias. Once she muttered, "Ja . . ." She was thinking of something that had happened a long time ago. She almost forgot how the years had passed. At dark she went all over the two lawns through the fresh dew gathering her little bundle of sticks. Carl, before he left

also for town, brought her the paper. She turned on the light and sat reading it, moving and moving her glass, but saving the society items for the morning.

"Girl Bandit Robs Bank." All such things! Ten was her hour for going to bed. Before she locked the door she looked about for Sammie. "Ja, he's gone. It's past his time now." He might be in his box in the wood shed, but who could tell? She ought to hunt for him, rescue him, shut him up in the house where he couldn't disturb folks. The night was warm and dark and breathing. Why interfere with him? He went his own way.

Toldine lay all night in one identical little spot in the bed. Those folks in the other house—she had made their beds, rumpled and tumbled and everything in a heap. That wasn't necessary! Toldine was a good sleeper. Henrietta said resentfully that she had nothing to worry her. Still she heard queer faint sounds—creaks, rattlings, breathings through the dark. The doors were safely locked. But everything was different in the night.

A growl, and then a long rising baleful yowl cut through the soft darkness tearing into one jagged shriek at the end. Toldine sat up instantly, stiff with fear.

"They're at it!"

For long steady moments there was no sound again. She lay down cautiously, her eyes wide open, ready to get out of bed. But that couldn't have been Sammie, no matter how those folks in the other house might complain in the morning. Sammie, who was so nice in the house, so dainty and particular she could let him go anywhere, who on winter evenings sat furry and soft beside the hard-coal burner and sounded all the warm contentment of the room in his steady blissful purring. Ja, but in the night, who knew what became of him? She thought uneasily, remotely, of dark haymows, dark wide pastures through which stealthy creatures glided, seeking the lives of other creatures. Sammie was different, outside, at night. In the

winter she tried to catch him, to bring him in and keep him warm, but he kept flitting just ahead of her, just beyond the reach of her hand, wary and elusive as a rabbit or a fox with the starlight glittering wild and cold in his eyes across the snow.

Again came that ominous yowl, and then the shriek split through the air like a blinding zig-zag streak of vocal lightning.

Toldine got out of bed. She stood trembling on the cold floor. A window in the other house banged up. "That cat!" she heard, and, "Ought to be shot!" They wouldn't dare do anything to him. But someone might—that old John Carpenter. . . . She crept downstairs in her bare feet and opened the door to the black night air. If it was Sammie she would catch him and save him, keep him with her where no one could get him. Trembling and defensive she stood.

The sound was only a low growling now. She couldn't tell where to locate it. She said, "Sammie!" The growling was still. She felt about with her hands—touched something crouched and furry. A snarl!—and then two forms flashed past her. "Sammie!" Was one of them Sammie? She couldn't tell. He had fled as if she were someone he had never seen before. She didn't know Sammie from any other cat in the night. She stood helpless, wringing her hands, hearing the sounds of conflict that all at once dropped into stillness.

It had grown quiet too in the other house. Well, maybe they would go to sleep now. If they could go banging and shouting about all day, why should they make a fuss if there was a little noise at night? Not a sound from John Carpenter's. Anyway, it was no use to go after Sammie. He wouldn't let himself be caught. Ja, and that was all right, too! She didn't want to catch him. The things she liked were the things that wouldn't let themselves be caught.

As Toldine stood there barefooted in

the dew, she felt a sudden strange pleasure in the flying sight of those two wild creatures. Even in the remembrance of the caterwauling that tore through her very ears she took a grim delight. "Pretty kitty," that nice little Mrs. Williams said—yes, but only "pretty kitty" when he wanted to be! Let folks complain! If she didn't interfere with their way, why should she interfere with his? After all, Sammie was a cat. He would have to take his chances and live his own way. She didn't blame him. It was good to be alone here in the dew and the darkness with the little breaths of wind that came from nowhere, and the fragrance, and the stirring odors. . . . The locked houses stood about her silent and discreet. Let them all complain, if they must, in the morning. She was going to let the cat run where he pleased.

She crept upstairs to bed again. She heard a sound from next door and halted with her hand upon the bed, motionless, minutely intent. In the other house the baby was crying. But that wasn't it. Old John Carpenter was just sneaking into his back porch, too late to hear the caterwauling, or to make any trouble to-night. Ja, this old John Carpenter—she had watched him! Now in the daytime folks could see he was "looking around" again—nice widows, nice spinsters not too old—but he thought no one knew where he spent the night. Well, let him think! Folks were all so careful, and they all thought no one knew. In the morning they complained about the cats. It wasn't decent. It was a shame. "You ought to get rid of that cat. That cat ought to be shot." Well, she wouldn't get rid of him. She would keep him as long as she could. Toldine got into bed. She muttered with grim amusement, thinking of old John Carpenter and his complaints—of all of them and their complaints:

"Ja, you needn't say so much, either!"

She turned then in her cool bed and went to sleep.



PAST AND FUTURE OF LOVE

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Translated by Henry Longan Stuart

THE physical aspect of human beings, men and women alike, has scarcely altered at all in the course of the past five or six thousand years. The observer is tempted to imagine that their feelings and instincts have changed as little. The description of a banquet in the *Iliad* is much the same as the description of a banquet in the house of some Moroccan caïd in the year of grace, 1928. The famous feast of Trimalcion in Petronius does not differ greatly from certain dinners the report of which reaches us from Hollywood. Hunger, thirst, sleep, and love remain the essential needs of the human body.

But is it true that love is still the thing it was for an Egyptian woman of the time of Sesostris, for a Greek of Homeric days, for an English damozel of the thirteenth century? I think not. On the contrary, I propose to show that love, like everything else, has undergone an evolution, due partly to intellectual development, partly to the change in social forms (monogamy, polygamy, slavery), partly to the progress of science, which has diminished the social value of physical force among men, but most of all to a growth in the extent of leisure which the struggle for life is permitting us.

It is possible even to lay down a few laws which govern these variations in the conception of love.

1. *In any society where woman is a slave passionate love (that of the modern novel) never develops.*

Analyze the feelings of Homer's Achilles at the moment his captive

Briseis is torn from his arms. Achilles is furious, his self-love is deeply wounded. But a lover in the modern sense of the word he is not. His thoughts are riveted, not on Briseis, but on the men who have taken her from him. Nor is the fair captive herself stirred by any very profound feelings. She knows that woman is the reward of superior strength, and resigns herself to the situation. This is so because physical force plays the leading role in the only human society she knows. It is not for the woman to struggle against conquest, but to accept her conqueror. The same thing is true at the epoch of the Nibelungen, reconstituted for us by Wagner. Brünnhilde loves Siegfried. But so soon as she believes him vanquished by the strength and courage of Gunther she consents to follow Gunther and to be his faithful and docile wife.

John Erskine, in his *Helen of Troy*, paints something very like a modern woman for our edification. Yet, even here, note with what magnificent *sang froid* Helen admits the defeat of Paris and the triumph of Menelaus. Certainly she has known every emotion that physical desire (to which she gives the name of Venus) can mean. She has yielded to them; she has no hesitation in terming herself a "shameless woman." Nevertheless, as soon as she sees the Greeks launch their final assault against the walls of Troy, her mood changes. She recounts the whole episode to Telemachus without constraint. Do you recall the fourth song of the *Odyssey*? "While all the Trojans were uttering

cries of despair, my heart was rejoiced. My mind was altered and I yearned already to be back in my old home. I deplored the fatal error into which Venus had led me the day she brought me here, far from my dear native land, after separating me from my little girl, from the nuptial couch and from a husband who yields to no man in wisdom or comeliness." And Menelaus answers, "Everything you tell me, dear wife, is truth itself." We, men of the year 1928, may find the injured husband ridiculous. The Greeks merely considered him human.

At any epoch where force is the universal law, no one spends much time winning love or striving to please. One simply gets possession of the desired object, and affection follows on fact, as best it may. The reassuring part is that, as often as not, it follows it without any trouble at all.

2. *In a more advanced society where the force of social conventions is stronger than physical force passionate love soon develops.*

Social conventions are neither so solid nor so effective a bond as brute force. They may be questioned; their validity can be made matter of debate. As soon as instinct begins to assert its claims within a man he is tempted to ask himself just how much conventions amount to. This is the moment when the conflict sets in between duty (in other words, the social being) and desire (or the personal ego). The archetype of such a conflict is the story of Tristan and Yseult. Tristan and Yseult are drawn to each other by an irresistible attraction. Both respect Yseult's husband, King Mark. But they have drunk of the magic philter, and nothing henceforth can allay their sheer need one of the other. The philter is for Yseult what Venus long ago was for Helen. But while Helen, the product of a more primitive society, takes her adventure with perfect composure, Yseult can see no refuge save in death.

Then is born among us that beautiful but terrible notion that death is the one and only perfect conclusion to a great

love. No sooner is the ideal of a perfect union—not of bodies alone, but of mind and soul—the goal of love, than we find ourselves driven fatally towards death, because in death only can such possession become assured. This conception of love (the true romantic passion) is becoming, as we shall see, very rare in societies such as our own. But from the moment it exists, and so long as lovers yearn to render a moment eternal wherein something superhumanly perfect was in their grasp, it becomes the inexhaustible source of tragedy. The function of everything human is to be transitory. Death alone can perpetuate it, or at least lend time the illusion of eternity.

Other unions exist where love is not shared. Here again death offers itself as a solution, because nothing on earth can force man or woman to cherish a sentiment against his or her inclination. A famous instance is the story of Dido in the *Æneid*, written in an era partly emerged from the true primitive. In Greece itself the women of Euripides are, in like case, romantic heroines who have lost the charming inconsequence of Helen of Troy. In modern England we have the heroes of Maurice Baring's novels.

3. *In a society where men and women are almost constantly separated by the functions and manner of life of the two sexes chivalrous love comes into being.*

I will content myself with two examples: the society of the middle ages and that of pioneer America.

The essence of chivalry is the devotion, without any limits at all, of man for woman. In other words, it is the deification of womanhood. This sentiment is impossible where men and women are always together. I say this without any satiric intention. No woman, charming as she may be, is a goddess. Any man who spends his life near her speedily becomes acquainted with something else besides her many excellencies. He gets to know of her moments of weakness. He sees her on her "ugly days." A continuous life in common is the ruin of

exalted feelings. Custom casts a veil over the face which once seemed so beautiful. As for the sprightly chatter, the infantile tales once found so surpassingly interesting, so tired does the lover grow of them that he could almost resign himself never to hear them again.

Imagine, on the contrary, the case of the loved woman whom a man never sees. How easy, at a distance, to conceive her as every day more and more perfect. Dulcinea of Toboso was a vulgar, homely peasant girl. But in the eyes of the infatuated Don Quixote, she was "his lady." It was for her his great deeds were to be performed. There is nothing ridiculous in all this. It is merely human nature. One woman whom we never see is just as good as another. The knight-errant is the knight-in-error. His love never has to undergo the exhaustion of life spent in common. The men of olden times had a fine phrase: "The lady of my thoughts." In sober fact, the women they loved existed in their thoughts—and nowhere else.

To a certain extent the America of the pioneers, and (with the exception of a certain group of the younger generation) the America of to-day, resembles chivalry, i.e., the society of the middle ages. Here also the woman is deified. To accomplish great things for her sake is the goal of the majority of men. The question is no longer one of tilting at windmills or slaying three giants in hand-to-hand combat, but of building up great factories or of putting a rival banker out of business. The motive is the same. The dollars gained by the captain of industry are carried to the lady of his thoughts and laid at her feet, just as the casque and shield of the knight conquered in her name were once deposited as spoils of victory.

And the root causes of this state of feeling have not changed. They lie in the fact that the man and the woman see little of each other. The knight-errant of Wall Street does not roam over the highways of Europe seeking fresh wrongs to right. But he does leave his house

for his office early in the morning. He dines at his club, he comes home late in the evening. Very often his wife is traveling in Europe without him. Across the ocean she too becomes the "lady of his thought." Chivalric love may be an artificial sentiment. But it is one that aggrandizes a man by killing egotism and by giving him a taste for self-sacrifice.

The common ground between love as the chivalric society of medieval society imagined it and love as the Anglo Saxons still conceive it, is a preference for the artificial, a strong penchant for what is commonly termed "make-believe," a positive horror of reality. The knight-errant really preferred never to know what sort of a lady his "lady" was. The English or American novel for a very long time back has insisted on making woman an ethereal being, without much more body than fine eyes, rosy lips, and (ten years ago) long silken hair demand. The realistic character of woman's love, the strength of her instincts, her defects have been ignored of set purpose. Naturally, women have encouraged a literature which helps them so materially to play their own hand. Byron has told us that women were horrified by his *Don Juan*—because it told the truth! I remember receiving a visit a few years ago from a young American woman who wanted some stories from me for a certain American magazine. "They must be love stories," I was told, "but, naturally, nothing very serious must happen. A few kisses, if you like." Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" has shown us how much interest women have in hiding behind a romantic convention that fetters the men while it leaves them absolute freedom—absolute because men refuse to see them as they are.

Once again we make this point: the literature of chivalry or the English novel of the 'eighties are only possible in a society where men and women see little of each other.

4. *In a society full of leisure, where men and women live much together, we may*

expect love largely composed of coquetry, together with a certain facility of morals which will finally make an end of chivalrous love.

This change generally takes two stages to become complete. To begin with, leisure gives men and women time to meditate upon their feelings. It teaches them little by little to identify all manner of delicate shades and complexities. It is then the breed of sentimental moralists, as we had it in seventeenth-century France, makes its appearance. A very cultured society has little else to do save to meet, to talk incessantly of love, and to analyze it in every detail. In time, an entire people can acquire a taste for these exercises. It is not hard to understand our own affection for the psychological novel. In fiction the American prefers facts and action. The French reading public is more interested in study of character.

Nevertheless, seventeenth-century society, though it brought the two sexes into close contact, insisted upon a fairly rigid code of conduct. It was a religious community and in such a community the pressure of public opinion is strong. But once a farther step in development had been taken (leisure and security accompanying it) conduct became much freer. Boredom, which always keeps pace with prosperity, is a leading cause of lax morals. We see this in the eighteenth century, both in France and England, just as we see it in Rome at the time of Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial. In such an era the beauties of chivalrous love disappear, and the petty strategy of physical love takes their place. This is the same in every age and in every country. Read the *Art of Love* and ask yourself whether it might not just as well have been written for London or Paris in 1750, for New York in 1928, as for the Rome of Ovid's generation. The contemporary American novel is showing unmistakable signs that the period of "make-believe" is nearing its end. A good example of the change is Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, a book as cruelly true as any

novel written by Aldous Huxley in England or by Proust in France. Sherwood Anderson preaches a cynicism—a complete sexual sincerity to his followers. The old-time respect of the pioneer for an imagined perfect woman has disappeared. What has replaced it? A lucidity as comfortless as it is intelligent.

For it may as well be admitted at once that the old chivalrous civilization was happy according to its lights. It is not hard to understand why. The man who pins his faith to a fictitious image is hard to disillusion. No deceptions reach us from a statue or from the heroine of a popular novel. The statue does nothing; the heroine does—what the author means her to do and no more. But as soon as one begins to look upon life with an undimmed and critical eye, as our younger American authors are doing, life becomes full of motives for joy, but also full of motives for unhappiness. Self-examination, self-analysis come into their own. Literature is improving. But life is getting sadder.

5. *The new moral freedom is bringing back old-time aspects which strongly recall the primitive conception of love.*

The young men and girls of to-day who hike together and bathe together are far nearer the primitive Greeks than to their own fathers and mothers. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has noted with a great deal of perception that when we compare the clothes the present generation of women is wearing with those of the generation immediately preceding we discover a much greater likeness to statues of the eighth century before Christ than to the Victorian age. The short and simple dresses worn by Cretan women in the year eight hundred B.C. would attract little attention on Fifth Avenue. The same thing applies to the customs of daily life. Purely physical desire, unmingled with any intellectual feeling at all, is showing its face in life as in literature. Beset by such an attitude the chivalric conception of morals cannot last much longer. Miss Rebecca West, in a remarkable article which

appeared in this magazine, notes that within the last few years it is the young girl who is turning romantic. It was the same in the age of Theocritus.

Naturally, it would be an exaggeration to say that chivalry is dead in America. On the contrary, all French women of my acquaintance who have lived any length of time in the United States assure me that Americans remain faithful to the old code. But even if this be true for the mass of the people, it is none the less the fact that, for a section at least of the very youngest adult generation (and that the most cultivated section) physical desire and a certain nonchalance in sentimental contacts is becoming the rule here as in Europe. Now an intellectual elite, small in numbers though it may be, always ends by imposing its moral ideology upon its generation, and this sometimes with an astonishing rapidity. The society of eighteenth-century France is a case in point.

What will be the future of love between man and woman? Prophecy is difficult. All one can do is to take note of certain factors which cannot fail to have a great influence upon it. The probability is that, sooner or later, inequalities between the sexes will disappear. Physical force no longer has its old value. Powerful machines to-day can be manipulated by a woman or a child. Women already drive their own automobiles. If we ever again see a war and an army in the field there is no reason they may not help transport the heaviest artillery or manipulate a cylinder which releases poison gases. A woman can die like a man, fight like a man. Armed with a revolver, she is more than a match for a heavy-weight boxer. Her intellectual force is tending to equal man's. Women to-day pursue the same studies, enter the same professions, gain their livelihood in the same trades as a man.

What will be the consequence to love of all this? The association of the sexes,

as we have seen, was founded in the first place upon brute conquest and the enslavement of the weaker partner. Patriarchal societies have existed, in which a woman enjoyed much respect. But even here she depended upon the man, the hunter, the warrior, for her defense and maintenance. Slowly, and in the course of centuries, she forged her own weapon for conquest. Coquetry, the art of pleasing, was her means to her end. With the powerful help of the poets and artists she succeeded in imposing the fictitious code of chivalric love, of humble devotion, upon her master. In days very far away, it was to win the man to her side who could best assure her security that her wiles were employed. In days nearer our own she has sought to appropriate the rich man—the man who can best assure her economic security.

The modern woman, whom we have been trying to describe, is escaping from economic dependence upon the man and is likely to have less and less need of his devotion. Quite competent to nourish and clothe herself, she is sure more and more to seek equality and freedom of choice in the mutual compact. She will no longer subscribe to the man-made thesis, which rules in Europe anyhow, that infidelity on the woman's part is a very grave affair, but on the man's part a matter of trifling importance.

It is probable that a sentiment he will have to share henceforth with a companion far more similar to himself will lose in intensity. What might be termed sensual friendships are likely to spring up between man and woman, with less importance attached to them than of old. The thing is actually happening to-day in Russia, where the soviet government goes so far as to forbid the use of the words "love" and "tenderness," deeming that the passions they arouse weaken the force upon which political activities have a first claim. Many young people are quite prepared to see romantic love die a natural and speedy death.

I find myself wondering whether they

are right or wrong. Doubtless humanity will gain something by the change. More time will be left for the things of the spirit; there will be an abatement in the material luxury to supply which so large a section of our populations are laboring to-day. On the debit side must be entered the loss of incalculable forces which romantic love has created. There is no doubt at all that it has been the inspiration for our noblest works of art and for the most resonant actions in our history. Practically the entire fabric of our western civilization is born of a social system founded on respect for woman and a belief in the inherent worth of love.

I am not saying that other systems may not produce good results in turn. In the far East we see philosophies which its inhabitants find quite acceptable and which stem from quite differ-

ent values than ours. But up to now what equivalent values do we ourselves possess to put in place of the old ideology? Among many of the younger generation a profound sadness and distaste for life seem to have followed the decadence of sentimental love. It is hard to conceive of any impulse for living which could replace its marvelous combination of physical desire and intellectual union. "Physical desire," Proust has told us, "has the wonderful faculty of setting a higher value on intelligence and supplying a solid base for the moral life." The problem before the generation now on its way would seem to be how to build a solid and dependable relation out of the new "loving friendships." And this despite an increase in sexual liberty, which has by now entered into our manners and which, to all appearance, seems likely to have a long life before it.





OUR ORCHESTRAS AND OUR MONEY'S WORTH

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A LITTLE more than half a century ago, in 1862, when the only symphony orchestra in the United States was that of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Theodore Thomas started a new one. The public of the day naturally received Wagner, then just making his first difficult steps in Europe, with some reluctance. "Why do you play Wagner so much?" expostulated one of his players to Thomas, "they don't like him." "Then," answered Thomas, "we must play him until they do." To-day our orchestras have increased in number to about fifty, with twelve of major importance, while in quality, thanks largely to our wealth, they lead the world. Yet if they are to fulfill their great promise, they still need—in some ways need more than ever—the leadership of men like Thomas. Are they to give us genuine art, worthy of the traditions we inherit from Europe and owe it to the world to maintain to the full extent of our great material power, or are they to be run on purely business lines to supply the demands of the majority, and is orchestral music to follow along the dismal path of our commercial theater?

Our answer will depend on the clearness of our understanding of the conditions and nature of artistic progress so strikingly implied in Thomas's remark. Selling commodities for profit is static, time-serving, and safe—a matter of adjustment of supply with demand. Art is dynamic, creative, experimental, innovating: hence strenuous, venture-

some, full of risk, succeeding only through failure, and demanding alert activity of all who participate in it. "Then we must play him until they do," implies, first, Thomas's sense of the responsibility for active leadership which has always animated our greatest men, constantly rebuking, but never decisively conquering, that opposite spirit of commercial compromise with the crowd which is the negative and uncreative aspect of our American psychology. And second, it implies something even more interesting. We are to play Wagner, Thomas suggests, not merely until people tolerate or endure him, but until they like him—and that is equivalent to saying, until they understand him. Art is a matter, then, in which not only we, but also they, are to participate; it is strenuous and effortful for them as well as for us; in short, it is conceived not aristocratically as the domination of a passive herd by active masters, but democratically as the creative venture of all concerned. This is a thoroughly modern conception of art to which only the most alert-minded among us are yet awake; it is something hoped for and dimly visioned rather than fully achieved; and inasmuch as the whole "appreciation of music" movement is a reaching out towards it, it is evidently as yet only partially incorporated in our actual musical life. It calls for an alert-mindedness which, while thoroughly congenial to the American temper at its best, is naturally found only in the minority anywhere.

Thomas's remark thus affords a touchstone for determining the vitality of our contemporary musical enterprises. To what degree is their leadership farsighted, adventurous, uncompromising? To what degree is it calling for the intelligent co-operation of that active-minded minority of the public on the participation of which, quite as really as on that of the leaders, the vitality of the whole artistic process depends? How successfully is it resisting the temptation to compromise with the natural and ineradicable inertia of the majority, for the sake of ease, popularity, or financial return? If we apply these acid tests to our contemporary orchestras, what do we find?

II

In the matter of repertory it may be suggested, to begin with, that we find too great a concession to the inertia of the majority which dictates that programs shall consist chiefly of the "safe and sane"—the music which by the respectability of the names with which it is labelled saves us the trouble of discriminating its quality for ourselves. No doubt numerical preponderance in every audience must be conceded to the type we may call the moronic conservative. His psychology is interesting. The natural human indolence we all to some extent share with him determines his profound distaste for everything that demands effort, hence for everything new. He swears by the classics, not because he perceives their beauty (a highly active process) but because he recognizes their names. He writes anonymous letters to composers still alive (in their music as well as in the flesh) upbraiding them for their "strange and ear-splitting sounds" and signed "A Lover of Music." This music that he burdens with his love he regards not as a living and growing art, to which he might himself creatively contribute by understanding it, but as something long ago finished and conveniently classified,

something kept on the shelves of libraries and exhibited in concert halls by famous conductors, quite as he regards what he calls "Art" and spells with a capital A, not as embodied in the houses, railroad cars, telephone booths, subway stations, and automobiles he lives among, but as preserved under glass or behind railings in museums. And this "museum music" of the moronic conservative thus becomes one of the ghosts, never laid, that mislead us from the pursuit of the real flesh-and-blood music which would make us happy.

Now of course undue concession to the taste, or lack of taste, of the moronic conservative, on the part of the leaders and policy-shapers of our orchestras is a short-sighted and disastrous error. If you give people only what they are already familiar with, not familiarizing them with anything new, you condemn them to a boredom which eventually boomerangs upon yourself when they decide to stay away from your concerts. There is something supinely servile and unenterprising in the attitude of one of the best-known managers in New York, who openly asserts that symphonies popular enough with the large public to nourish the box office are limited to a bare baker's dozen: Beethoven III, V, and VII, Tchaikowsky IV, V, and VI, Schubert's "Unfinished", Dvořák's "New World," César Franck, and all four Brahms. The constant repetition of these, with rival conductors even playing the same one several times in the same month in the same hall, inevitably wearies the very public which has demanded them. And what is even worse, it denies it the familiarity with less popular works which would make it love them. Mr. B. H. Haggin in an interesting article in the *Nation* on "Democracy and Music" makes the specific charge that "the preferences of the majority are deferred to, and those symphonies are most played which will attract most money to the box office. . . . I do not deny," he continues, "that they are most of them genuinely great works

—Beethoven's Fifth, for example, or the César Franck—analogous to accepted masterworks of painting that are on perpetual view in a museum. Nor do I, therefore, object to their being performed frequently; but I do object to other compositions being performed less frequently or not at all. What if certain acknowledged masterworks of painting had their faces turned to the walls of the museum and were allowed to be seen only once in five years, or two years, or one year? Yet that, in effect, is what happens to analogous masterworks of music." And of course it is not only the less-known works of great masters (such as Beethoven's Fourth and Pastoral Symphonies, Tchaikowsky's Suites, Schubert's C Major Symphony, Dvořák's Slavonic Rhapsodies, César Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*, Brahms's Tragic Overture) that are thus shelved; many lesser but delightful composers are elbowed out of the repertory entirely.

Again, among the standard works constantly played by our orchestras are comprised not only what we have called stand-bys, but what we may call "war-horses." These, as affording unequalled opportunities for personal display, are the especial favorites of "guest" and "prima-donna" conductors. They appeal to the inertia of the crowd in several ways. First, the works of Liszt, Strauss, Tchaikowsky, and Wagner, who may be taken as the chief purveyors of "war-horses," make their effects more through their dramatic or melodramatic qualities, through the sensuous richness, brilliance, and power of their orchestration, and through their use of programs or other literary means of inflaming the imaginations of the non-musical, than through the purely intellectual and emotional appeal of purer and greater music, such as that of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, or Brahms. Hence they require far less concentrated attention, and are far easier to grasp up to a certain point, though never affording such profound delight. Second,

being of a more external and sensational type of art, they lend themselves particularly to the posings, exaggerations, artificial and specious effects of the prima-donna conductor, and easily serve to set his personality in relief for those dull enough to prefer personality to beauty. They are thus well adapted to the low stage of mentality of those "fans" in every audience who conceive performers not as artists but as "stars," and devote themselves in the spirit of college athletics to "boosting" them. Did X make "Les Preludes" of Liszt more sensational than Y? ("Sensational" is a term of approval with such people, as with a certain type of commercial manager.) Did Y squeeze an extra tear out of the finale of Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique"? Did Z make the cellos drip more honey than usual in Schubert's "Unfinished"? Laziness reaches its limit in those who might be more properly called spectators than audience, who indeed scarcely hear their idols at all, so preoccupied are they in watching them; and the Liszt-Strauss school is an admirable medium for pantomimic contortive conducting. How many of the fans could tell their idol from the other fellow's were both to conduct behind a screen? Let A make a perfect balance of sonority, a beautifully gradual, even *crescendo*, a dramatically just and expressive pause with that complete economy of motion which is the ideal of art, and B bungle or caricature the same effect, but with a theatrically striking gesture, and there is unfortunately little doubt which will receive the plaudits of the crowd. Bruno Walter and Wilhelm Furtwängler, admirable artists, failed in New York largely because they could not or would not cut the necessary capers.

III

Taking now our five best-known orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony (which, according to recent announcement, are to be merged

next fall), the Boston, the Philadelphia, and the Chicago, let us set down for each, first, the percentage of "stand-bys" (Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Dvořák, Franck, Brahms) played in a single season, 1924-1925; second, the percentage of "war-horses" (Liszt, Strauss, Wagner, Tschaikowsky) played in the same year; third, the percentage of works by other standard composers played. Adding these together, we shall get a line showing the total of standard works produced. Below this we may place the percentages of American works played during the same season, the percentages of other modern works, and the totals for modern works. These figures, of course, are not offered as having any binding scientific validity; to have that they would have to cover all the major orchestras; and in any case such a merely quantitative summary would have to be qualitatively interpreted. But it is hoped that if so interpreted they may at least prove suggestive.

The most striking thing in the first line of figures is the much higher percentage of "stand-bys" in the two metropolitan orchestras (34.11% and 33.33% respectively) than in the three orchestras serving publics more provincial, or at least less hectically urban. This is perhaps natural. The metropolitan orchestras are more subject to the commercial influences of rivalry between "stars"; they play to shifting audiences of transients and pleasure-seekers out for sensation; they are peculiarly the victims of journalistic

publicity-mongering. Can we divine a subtle connection here between the fondness of the Philharmonic management for displaying its "Sold-out" sign and Sir George Grove's remark that "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony always fills the house"? Remembering, however, that the great classic composers, forming as they do the basis of all musical culture, ought to be heard every year, and that the mere fact that they are played is in any case far less significant than how they are played—whether as living beauty or as museum music for the morons—we may do wisely to reserve judgment and pass on to the second line.

Here the most honorable record—of playing the least "war-horses"—is held by one of the two metropolitan orchestras, the New York Symphony; and we cannot but reflect that Mr. Walter Damrosch, whatever his faults, is by no means a virtuoso conductor, while Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Mengelberg, whose war-horses bulk largest, have, in addition to their admirable qualities as musicians, great reputations as "stars" to be maintained. Unfortunately for Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Mengelberg, moreover, the testimony of the third line—the very important one, artistically speaking, of less-known standard works given—strongly corroborates our impression that they are sacrificing a good deal to showmanship. Aside from the fourteen "best bets" of the stand-bys and war-horses, Philadelphia puts its money only on Berlioz, Bizet, Borodin, Bruckner, Chausson, Debussy,

TABLE SHOWING THE PERCENTAGES OF SEVERAL TYPES OF MUSIC PLAYED BY THE FIVE BEST-KNOWN ORCHESTRAS OF THE UNITED STATES, DURING THE SEASON 1924-1925

	<i>Philharmonic</i>	<i>N. Y. Symphony</i>	<i>Boston</i>	<i>Philadelphia</i>	<i>Chicago</i>
"Stand-bys"	34.11	33.33	23.14	26.66	25.60
"War-horses"	21.42	15.23	15.74	32.50	19.20
Other standard works.....	13.59	25.71	20.36	15.00	20.80
Total standard works.....	69.12	74.27	59.24	74.16	65.60
American works.....	6.34	2.85	5.46	3.33	5.06
Other modern works.....	24.06	22.85	35.18	22.50	28.80
Total modern works.....	30.40	25.70	40.64	25.83	33.86

Gluck, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, and Weber, while the Philharmonic "also rans" extend only to six of these, with the decidedly innocuous additions of Cherubini, Gade, and Mendelssohn. And it is precisely the metropolitan rival of this same Philharmonic that heads the list here—the New York Symphony under Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose fame as an interesting program-maker is thus afforded a statistical basis. Qualitatively speaking, however, the most stimulating and adventurous list of the lot is that of Mr. Frederick Stock in Chicago: C. P. E. Bach, Borodin, Bruch, Bruckner, Chabrier, Cornelius, Glière, Goldmark, Humperdinck, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Smetana, and Spohr. Few of the pictures in his gallery are turned face to the wall.

IV

We come now to modern works played, a matter of crucial importance in view of our principle that music is a living and growing art, and that audiences have their indispensable contribution to make to this life and growth. What is a liberal policy with regard to modern music? If it were possible to answer in purely quantitative terms, we might simply take as a model Mr. Koussevitzky's list in Boston, combining as it does the largest percentage of modern works (40.64) with the correlative smallest percentage (59.24) of standard works. The matter is, however, not quite so simple as that because of two qualitative considerations which necessarily enter in: the representation given to a class of works that occupy something the same place in the modern repertory which stand-bys and war-horses do in the standard, and the treatment allotted to American music.

To begin with, then, there is in every audience a type of person we may call the moronic radical. Less numerous as a class than his fellow-conservative, he is far more vociferous, and unfor-

tunately just as unintelligent. Both are the victims of mental inertia: the only difference is that the laziness of the one cares only for what is old, that of the other only for what is new. He demands the latest because he lacks the taste to recognize the best. His preference is for whatever is crudely eccentric, bizarre, ugly, and cynically sophisticated. He is ready to proclaim anyone a genius who will but write for percussion instruments only, or accompany his music with colored lights thrown on a screen, or strike the piano with his fists or forearms. Now it is evident that this sort of thing—the "freak" piece whose "modernity," so vociferously advertised by the clique of the moronic radicals, is its only claim to an ephemeral journalistic interest—is of no greater importance to the real growth of musical art than the stand-by of the moronic conservative or the war-horse of the conductor-fan. And it is further evident that, so far as star conductors desiring to pamper their vanity or commercial managers bent on publicity make concessions to what Frederick Delius calls "attempts on the part of Russian impresarios, Parisian decadents, and their press agents to degrade art to the level of a side-show at a fair," they are substituting a static commercial enterprise for a dynamic artistic one, following a policy essentially illiberal, circumscribing, and tending to stultify healthy artistic life.

One cannot help wondering what an outspoken defender of the more permanent musical values, a man like Delius, would say to the fact that the single modern composer most frequently played by four of our five orchestras in 1924–1925 was that *enfant terrible* of sensationalism, Stravinsky, with nine performances by the Philharmonic, five in Boston, six in Philadelphia, and six in Chicago. Perhaps he would only remind us that the composer was himself appearing that year as a guest conductor, and regard the statistics as throwing more light on guest conductorship than

on composition or the progress of modern music. And he would doubtless insist that as for Mr. Koussevitsky, of the Boston Symphony, his list of contemporary works was not only the largest but one of the most interesting: Bax, Bliss, Fauré, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Schmitt, and Stravinsky. The only other list that is even more many-sided is that of Chicago: Bartok, Bliss, Dale, Delius, Enesco, Fauré, Honegger, d'Indy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Sibelius, Stravinsky, and Vaughan Williams. This bears out the impression of catholicity of taste and wide artistic range we gathered from Mr. Stock's selection of less familiar standard works. On the other hand, Philadelphia's list is both the smallest and the most freakish. Along with some more solid nourishment, it sprinkles a good deal of paprika in the way of Casella, Eichheim, Hindemith, Prokofieff, Varese, Ornstein, and Tailleferre. Taken together with the low percentage of less-known standard works and the high percentage of war-horses in the same column, this tends to confirm the impression of sensationalism in the program-making of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

V

Of course the ugly duckling of our American concert halls is American music—and this in spite of our widespread pious hope that somehow we shall wake up some fine morning to find it turned by magic into a beautiful white swan. Its unpopularity is a fact to be realistically noted and understood, not one to be resented or denounced. It is natural and inevitable that almost everybody should be against American music. Until recently even many of the composers themselves have been against it, through their lack of technical skill and experience and their ill-judged attempts to compensate such lacks by "patriotic" propaganda and personal influence—the worst possible ways to help the growth of really vital native art. The public is against it, on the

principle that no man is a prophet to his own people, and that the near and familiar lacks the prestige and picturesqueness of the foreign. As for the press and the box office, of course they follow the public—so far as they are able to understand it. Even the players in the orchestra are against it; commercial publication of orchestral music being highly problematic in America, they are usually obliged to decipher it with difficulty from manuscript parts full of errors.

With such an array of natural enemies, it is really surprising that *Musica Americana* is not extinct among us. That it is not only alive, but growing with some vigor, is due almost entirely to the vision and artistic enthusiasm of those of our conductors who are true artists. Considering that most of them are of foreign birth and, therefore, naturally in more complete sympathy with European music than with ours, and are the personal friends of many European composers, considering the thanklessness of their task in bringing American music before the American public and press, considering the ingratitude and carping criticism with which they are often rewarded even by the composers themselves, their devotion to our music is beyond praise. It will never be known how much American music owes to Mr. Frederick Stock alone, for example, who for years has given it his great skill and his tireless loyalty; and there are several others. Thanks to these men, we have to-day a living American music.

This living American music has been made the subject of a detailed study by Dr. Howard Hanson in *A Forward Look in American Composition*. It is interesting to supplement our meager percentage figures with Dr. Hanson's *List of American Works Played Most Frequently by the Thirteen Leading Orchestras in America During the Seven Seasons 1919-1920 to 1925-1926*.

CARPENTER: "Adventures in a Perambulator";
"Concerto for Piano and Orchestra"

CHADWICK: "Anniversary Overture"
 EICHHEIM: "Oriental Impressions"
 GOLDMARK: "Negro Rhapsody"
 GRIFFES: "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan";
 "The White Peacock"
 HADLEY: "The Ocean"
 HANSON: "Lux Æterna"; "Nordic Symphony"
 HILL: "Stevensoniana"
 MACDOWELL: "Woodland Sketches"; "Second
 Piano Concerto"; "Indian Suite"
 MASON: "Symphony in C Minor"; "Russians"
 (for baritone and orchestra); "Prelude and
 Fugue" (for piano and orchestra)
 POWELL: "Negro Rhapsody"
 SCHELLING: "The Victory Ball"; "An Artist's
 Life" (fantastic suite)
 SKILTON: "Indian Dances"
 SOWERBY: "King Estmere" (ballad for two pianos
 and orchestra); "Comes Autumn Time"
 (overture); "From the Northland" (suite);
 Piano Concerto
 TAYLOR: "Through the Looking Glass" (suite)

To this table Dr. Hanson appends a note:

These lists are based solely on statistics, and do not imply the superiority of the composers over other composers. The number of performances which these works have received would indicate, however, that there is already a small orchestral literature which has found favor with the conductors of our orchestras.

The conductor who is a true artist is thus the most loyal, as he is the most powerful, friend of our native creative musicians. But with the typical "prima-donna" or "guest" conductor the case is sadly different. Consider, for instance, the following little international incident. A famous virtuoso of the baton in charge of one of our wealthiest and most influential orchestras was presenting a first performance of a difficult violin concerto by a greatly gifted American composer. On the same program was the popular New World Symphony of Dvořák. The conductor gave so much rehearsal time to the Dvořák Symphony that he did not even read over the concerto (which was of course in manuscript) until pertinaciously requested to do so, did not seriously rehearse it until the day before the concert, and even then learned it so slightly himself that when the concert arrived he was obliged to draw out the

intermission to undue length while he studied the score he was about to "interpret." Asked by the composer why he had spent so much time on Dvořák's work, which the orchestra knew backward, and so little on his own new one, he turned the tables with a neatness rivalled only by its naïveté. "Why," he replied, "everybody knows the Dvořák Symphony, I must play it just right. But nobody knows your concerto, so it doesn't matter how I play it."

Here we have a frank, not to say a shameless acknowledgment of the inevitable result of the guest-conductor system, with its servile attempt to placate the public with familiar pabulum played by famous personalities instead of leading it to sympathetically creative co-operation with what is new, experimental, and forward-looking in contemporary and especially in native art. Such an attitude is comprehensible perhaps in a foreigner whose chief relation to us is a financial one, but it is disheartening to find Mr. Walter Damrosch, in an article in the *Century* entitled "Listening Backwards," thinking upside-down to the extent of suggesting that "the scarcity of great new music to-day is responsible perhaps more than anything else for the growing practice of importing guest conductors. Hearing the standard works played several times a season, year after year," Mr. Damrosch proceeds to explain, "the music public naturally asks to have its interest whetted, and the method many of our symphonic organizations use to satisfy this desire is to put new personalities on the conductor's stand." It does not seem to occur to Mr. Damrosch that while the public's interest is being so agreeably "whetted" by the "new personalities on the conductor's stand" these same personalities are most effectually cold-shouldering any potential great new music that might be coming to birth among us.

New music, whatever its share of greatness, can only live and find itself in the concert hall, just as the statue is

tested, so Emerson tells the young sculptor, by the light not of his studio but of the public square. And this life in the concert hall of the music not of dead foreigners but of living Americans—of this music that is just coming, here and now, to difficult and venturesome birth—requires not merely the physical fact of performance, but the psychical environment, the climate, the sunlight, so to speak, of active sympathy from the public—from their ears, from their hearts, from their minds. It requires from them a more modern attitude than the stupid conservatism that fancies music to have been finished up, once for all, far away and long ago, or the equally stupid radicalism that is looking not for living beauty but for “thrills,” oddities, or novelties. It requires, in fact, just that attitude of eager, intelligent curiosity that in the sister art of literature we have already, though only recently, achieved. We no longer suppose that literature was consummated by Greece and Rome, by France and Germany, even by the England of Thackeray and Dickens, or for that matter the New England of Emerson. An interest in Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy does not seem to us to excuse indifference to Dreiser, Anderson, Eugene O'Neill. In short, letters have come alive to us largely because we have learned to share vividly, ourselves, in their life. But music is still moribund, or just stirring in its sleep. It remains to us either “classic” and dead, or, if contemporary, queer and remote; we respectfully study its manifestations in Italy, Germany,

France, Russia—even England, which came musically of age a generation ago, but it never occurs to us that anything more worth listening to than factory whistles, motor horns, radio, and jazz could come out of New York, or Chicago, or Detroit, or Rochester; and we contentedly keep our concert halls museums instead of making them grow also into laboratories.

Is it not, however, rather unreasonable of us to expect our composers to produce an American music alone and unaided while we compel them to run the gauntlet of the moronic conservatives, radicals, and fans of the audience, the management with its eye on the box-office, the press with its nose for the exotic and its deep-rooted suspicion of the native, and above all the new personalities who are so profitably engaged in whetting our interest? Might we not somehow manage to divert a little of that interest to our own music, good, bad, and indifferent? Of course, most of it will be mediocre; but Heaven knows we have to listen to enough European mediocrities every season. If we have to have mediocrities, why not insist that they be as largely as possible American? Then we shall not be submitting to sheer futile boredom, slaves of fashion; we shall be doing something in its measure creative; we shall be at the least of it assisting in the elimination of the unfit, preparing the ground for that next harvest of great new music which, as all signs indicate, is quite as likely to grow up here as anywhere else, if we will only give it a chance.



PROSPERITY WITHOUT PROFIT

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

IT IS but a few weeks ago that a number of important British department-store owners came to the United States to study the reasons for American prosperity, and upon their return to London officially reported their findings to the members of their trade. As is so often the case, these reports tended toward self-glorification rather than entire accuracy. It was generally agreed that American department stores have nothing to teach the British. One gentleman made the amazing statement that in many American stores—such is the craze for statistics—fully sixty per cent of the employees do nothing but work upon figures. Another was of the firm opinion that the service in American stores does not compare with that of British stores. Still another gentleman put American business in its place by stating that a department store in Stockholm, Sweden, surpasses anything seen in the United States. All agreed on one thing: that although business in America was brisk, competition was so keen and expenses so high that few enterprises were making money. A phrase they had heard in the United States occurred often in their reports, "Prosperity without Profit."

Astonishing as were most of the findings of these British observers, there is one in which there is a shade of truth. In many American industries there does exist a situation that may rightly be described as prosperity without profit. And where this situation exists it is usually the result, as pointed out by the British business men, of too violent competition and too high selling expenses.

Perhaps for the non-business reader it will be necessary to explain in greater detail the meaning and causes of Prosperity without Profit. Let us assume there are two grocerymen who have shops on opposite corners, each of whom sells fifty dollars' worth of groceries per day. Of a sudden each resolves that he will double his volume of sales and sell one hundred dollars' worth per day. The families of the neighborhood really do not require so great an amount of grocer merchandise; and so when the two storekeepers seek to realize their ambitions, intense and costly competition develops. Each grocer attempts to outdo his rival. Each runs special sales, engages boys to shove printed dodgers under the doors of householders at night, maintains motor-cycle delivery, keeps his store open evenings, sends solicitors to call upon housewives several times each day to learn if anything be needed.

It is possible that by means of such high-pressure activities the families of the neighborhood are made so "grocery conscious" that each merchant actually does realize his heart's desire and attains his volume of one hundred dollars a day. The chances are the expense of securing this volume is so great that neither earns any money. But the *amour propre* of the merchants is such that neither is willing to admit defeat, and the unprofitable competition continues. When this occurs the two grocerymen are operating under the condition known as Prosperity without Profit.

Yet this is not all. The hectic com-

petition thus inaugurated extends to other fields. The two grocers have contrived to make the families of the neighborhood "grocery conscious." This means that an undue share of the neighborhood income is spent on groceries; and the neighborhood merchants in other lines seek to protect their interests by similar campaigns of high-pressure salesmanship. Profits are sacrificed all around. Eventually some unfortunates fall into the hands of the sheriff. Store clerks lose their positions, and owners of store buildings lose their rents. There is a small-scale panic in the neighborhood.

This state of affairs may spread from neighborhood to nationwide proportions if enough business men become so imbued with a desire for expansion that the cost of securing extra volume is disregarded. It is remarkable how the fetish of greater volume of business has spread during the past few years. This is strikingly illustrated by an editorial that recently appeared in *Printers' Ink*, a publication which for more than a quarter of a century has been identified with American Big Business. The editorial in part is as follows:

We know of an institution that attained a startling sales volume last year. This year it has set for itself a quota 25 per cent higher and doubtless will reach it. Next year another stiff increase will be set up. This is a description that could be applied literally to hundreds and thousands of other businesses.

Coming from so authoritative a source, the foregoing statement is arresting. The caption of the editorial is more so. It is: "Why America Is Different." The writer has set forth in concrete terms what executives with international experience have long known; namely, that European business men do not strive so hard for volume as do their American confrères. In Europe an enterprise that holds its own from year to year is considered healthy. With us there is the well-established theory

that a business should show an annual increase.

Why should American business men in great numbers set up stiff increases in volume each year? Certainly it is not because Americans are more grasping than other people. The always magnificent response of American business men to calls for help from any part of the world would refute this charge if any refutation were needed. Americans like to make money, it is true; but they like to give it away better than most people. American men, besides, are usually willing to start from scratch and make their own careers. To depend on influence for business promotion is almost as much discountenanced in the United States as to marry for money.

II

What reason, then, is there for the intensely competitive spirit that exists in American business if desire for gain is not at the bottom of it? At the risk of shocking some readers, I am going to offer this explanation: Competition is more intense than in other countries because American business men are more influenced by vanity.

Everything conspires to bring this about. The present generation in America inherits a condition of easy prosperity such as has never existed before and will probably never exist again. The hard pioneering work of the country has been finished, but so recently finished that its enormous natural resources are practically intact. Business success comes with almost unbelievable ease in the United States compared with other countries. In Europe success is so hard to attain that a man cannot afford to have an eye on the grand-stand. With us it is possible for a business man to indulge his *amour propre* and still succeed. Such expressions as, "I'll try anything once," or, "I look on my business as a game," are exclusively American.

Examples of easy success in America are so common that to many people no

project appears incredible. Recently the Associated Press sent out a story that was printed in many newspapers under the heading, "Will Sing Crime out of Chicago." The text described a group of citizens interested in the music trades who were about to organize a twenty-four-hour campaign of song, during which earnest bands of singers would perform in hotels, churches, and private homes. Under this uplifting influence it was expected that the forces of evil would be put to rout. The gunman, the swindler, the bootlegger would abandon those professions and turn to better things.

This was a typically American attitude born of vanity and easy conditions. It is impossible to conceive of a group of people in London, Berlin, or Paris who would believe crime could be sung out of their communities in twenty-four hours. In the older and poorer countries it is known from hard experience that things are not accomplished so easily.

When a person feels himself financially secure beyond the chance of a reverse it is only natural that he should seek further pleasure through acts intended to impress his fellows. In America there are more people financially secure than in other countries, and hence more actions motivated by vanity. A well-known economist has recently published the statement that vanity has dictated the erection of a large proportion of city skyscrapers during past years. Frequently skyscrapers do not pay savings-bank interest, yet "men who have made fortunes fast put up the biggest, tallest skyscrapers with their surplus money as monuments to themselves and their fortunes." With this statement went the gloomy prediction that "Skyscrapers, as advertisements, are becoming so common that their value is already questionable. With the original reason gone, the vanity element eliminated by competition in this queer form of display, the skyscraper sections of New York and other cities will disappear."

In addition to the natural American

temptation toward vanity, it is artificially stimulated by many agencies unknown in other countries. Europe, for example, knows nothing of what we commonly call "success" literature. This has become so popular a feature with us that many publications make their entire bid for popularity upon the presentation of stories dealing with the spectacular successes of eminent business men. Salesmanship in one form or another is the quality most frequently stressed. An example may be drawn from a series of success stories presented by the New York *Sunday World*, one of which concerns itself with the career of Mr. Fred F. French, a nationally known real estate operator and advertiser of the Metropolis. One of the paragraphs follows:

"The best example for a sales talk is the life of Jesus Christ," continued Mr. French, his eyes alight with vim for the competitive fight. "He was the best salesman of all time. He said, 'knock and it shall be opened unto you.' What He meant was 'keep knocking until the door is opened and if it isn't opened pretty soon kick down the door.' That's my philosophy too."

One finds it hard to believe this virile expression of an ideal reflects anything more profound than the natural desire to appear before the readers of the *Sunday World* as a dynamic, successful man of business. But its effect is none the less strong; and it is reasonable to believe other executives may be excited by it to more strident methods of salesmanship.

Practically all success literature depends for its appeal on the stimulation of vanity in the reader. An outstanding example that may be cited is Mr. Bruce Barton's immensely popular book, *The Man Nobody Knows*. Mr. Barton stimulates salesmanship ambition in his business-men readers by the most subtle flattery. The Master is depicted as a salesman of surpassing ability. "Every one of the 'principles of modern salesmanship' on which modern business men

so pride themselves is strikingly exemplified in Jesus' talk and work." Jesus knew the art of "putting yourself in step with your prospect." "He picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organization that conquered the world." Never, perhaps, has a writer hit upon so happy a means of elevating the ego of the business-man reader. There is a double jog to vanity. By depicting Jesus as a salesman Mr. Barton not only sets the seal of Divine approval upon salesmanship as an art, but contrives to convey the idea that by salesmanship one grows into the image of the Master.

In the light of such compelling propaganda one does not wonder at the situation described by *Printers' Ink*, wherein "hundreds and thousands" of business executives annually set up increases twenty-five per cent in advance of the previous year. Yet where vanity comes in at the door profits have a habit of flying out at the window. In the preparation of this article I had occasion to interview the head of one of New York's largest banks, and during the interview I was shown a file containing the financial statements of three manufacturing corporations, clients of the institution. None of the corporations had earned an appreciable profit during the preceding year. The largest, doing a business of three millions of dollars, earned precisely \$961.00.

The banker explained the situation as follows: Up to two years ago the corporations, all manufacturing similar lines of goods, paid reasonable dividends. At that time one of the corporations underwent a change in management. The gentleman who assumed its presidency was a vain man who wished to demonstrate his salesmanship powers. The corporation had been doing in round figures two million dollars a year. The new president arbitrarily decreed an annual business of three millions; and to that end set in motion all the machinery at his command. Branch offices were established in various cities where stocks

of goods were maintained for quick delivery to merchants. The sales force was doubled. Each salesman was equipped with an automobile to cover his territory more often than was possible by railroad, and each was required to sell a certain volume upon penalty of losing his position. Longer credit terms were extended to merchants as an incentive to buying. In communities where merchants bought too sparingly, competitors were set up in business and financed by the corporation as added outlets for its product.

By these strenuous methods the corporation actually increased its sales during one year from two million dollars to three millions, and to that extent the ambitious president's vanity was satisfied. But the cost of gaining the extra million was so great that practically all profits were eliminated.

Yet that was not all. The corporation's two competitors were also obliged to speed up their selling efforts in order to protect themselves. They also established branch offices, increased the number of their salesmen, and granted longer credit terms. Their profits likewise were dissipated in unnecessary expenses. Three important corporations failed to pay dividends because one man wished to appear before the world as a two-fisted, up-and-coming apostle of efficiency.

If left alone, it is probable that conditions like the foregoing would right themselves, as responsible executives come more and more to realize the futility of over-expensive selling. But success literature is only one of many stimulants to business vanity. Vanity is promoted in many curious ways and from the strangest of motives. No longer ago than June, 1927, a meeting of eminent men took place at Cambridge, Massachusetts, to dedicate the buildings that comprise the George F. Baker Foundation of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University. These buildings, reported to have cost five millions of dollars, were

presented to Harvard by Mr. George F. Baker, the New York banker. President Lowell of Harvard conferred the degree of Master of Business Administration upon a class of more than two hundred graduates, and in so doing used the following words: "By virtue of the authority delegated to me, I testify that you are well trained to enter upon one of the oldest of the arts and the *latest of the professions.*"

This sweeping statement coming from so high a source and conferring the brevet of professional status upon all American business men, was seized upon as an important tribute to American business; and many of those engaged in selling capitalized its splendid stimulation of business vanity. Leading newspapers sought popularity among business readers by quoting President Lowell's phrase upon their front pages and by flattering editorial comment. Scores of similarly optimistic articles have since appeared in the trade press. Retail shopkeepers, even, have found a way to turn the Harvard formalities to account. As these words are written, a leading department store of New York City features in a full-page advertisement the expression, "Business, the latest of the professions," as proof that its bargains are genuine.

It may be assumed that even though Harvard's president made his statement in cold blood he had no other end in view than to encourage more business men to contribute money toward the upbuilding of his institution. Such efforts are a part of the modern university president's job, and by the employment of wholesale flattery Doctor Lowell merely exhibited keen business acumen. Yet the wisdom of his pronouncement is open to question. There is nothing to indicate that some hundreds of thousands of storekeepers, manufacturers, real estate men, undertakers—all those who buy and sell for a living—have suddenly reached professional status. There is an intrinsic difference between business and the professions. A merchant or a manufacturer

sells merchandise. A lawyer or a physician sells personal services. For this reason the professional man cannot push his affairs so freely as can the business man. He is definitely limited in the things he may do for gain. To cite one example: A lawyer or physician must not seek clients through paid advertisements or by sending out solicitors. To do either of these things at once lowers his standing in his community. But a merchant or a manufacturer may quite properly employ both advertising and personal solicitation in the selling of his goods. Few people would wish to see this distinction abolished; yet so long as the distinction exists, business cannot be given the professional status mentioned by President Lowell. Such status predicates restraint; and it is generally admitted that less restraint is practiced by business at the present time than formerly. It is even possible that wholesale flattery of business men may make for still less restraint.

III

Vanity in business is progressive. We have seen how a single business executive, fired with the desire to demonstrate his powers, may so aggravate competition that an entire industry is reduced to the condition known as Prosperity without Profit. In many lines competition has become so hectic that ordinary salesmanship no longer suffices. Executives drive toward coveted goals of volume by systematic prodding of the vanity instinct in their employees. For this purpose a device known as the "sales contest" has come to be employed during recent years by many important firms and corporations.

The sales contest takes many ingenious forms, but its one object is to create in employees a fighting, he-man, bring-home-the-bacon spirit. The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, for example, promotes a contest each month of the year among its twenty-five hundred salesmen in all parts of the United States and Canada. The object

of each contest is to prod the individual salesman's vanity. On one recent occasion this event was termed an "aeroplane race"; and in the magazine published by the Company photographs of star salesmen were shown, attired in flying costumes and standing beside their machines ready to burst into flight. At another time the contest was an "automobile race." At the start of the automobile contest this message was sent to every salesman, "Make your plans over the week-end. Then hit Monday morning with a *bang* that will jar the points loose in your territory as they have never been before."

Another nationwide corporation, the C and D Company, with twenty-five hundred salespeople who sell dresses, hosiery, and underwear throughout the United States, also prods the vanity of its employees by almost continuous contests. A recent event was the hunt of the "Whiffenpoof," a mythical creature described as "anything that keeps a salesman from getting an order." The hunt was under the direction of a salesmanager calling himself "Ram" Rod who divided his force into three camps named Teddy Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill, and Davy Crockett, respectively. Each time a salesperson took an order amounting to five dollars he was credited with the death of one Whiffenpoof. Prizes were offered for the greatest number of kills.

The contest plan has been found so effective as a stimulant to salesmanship vanity that a number of business concerns have been organized to create novel ideas in the way of contests and to sell the products of their inventiveness to various firms and corporations. Among the most successful of these producers of contest plans is the Dartnell Company of Chicago with more than ten thousand American business organizations subscribing to its regular service. Recently the Dartnell Company produced a special plan for stimulating salesmen which comprised the purchase of certain novelties to be

mailed to traveling representatives from week to week. One week, for example, the bagman was sent a miniature feather duster bearing a tag that counseled him to "dust his territory." Another week he was sent an imitation cannon firecracker with the injunction "Make a Big Noise." One is told that more than twelve hundred firms and corporations purchased the series of novelties and mailed them to their forces of road salesmen.

Originally the contest idea was confined to manufacturers who felt the need of stimulating the *amour propre* of their employees. Of late it has been extended into other fields. The National Surety Company of New York City frequently promotes contests among its representatives throughout the United States and Canada. Recently one of the Company's regional managers, Mr. C. C. Spear, telegraphed from North Carolina that he had made the "largest forgery bond sale ever made in the South," and challenged his brother regional managers to equal his exploit. This incident was seized upon as the basis of a spirited contest, and the following telegram was sent to all regional managers and supervisors by the Company's vice-president:

Speak about the Go-Get-Em Spirit: Spear certainly throws down the gauntlet to other regional managers and surely no red-blooded, two-fisted, fighting regional manager is going to let him get away with any such defy. He is practically thumbing his nose and wiggling his fingers at you. If he falls off his high horse we'll make him literally eat his telegram before a camera in company with the regional manager who gives him the most decisive trimming.

IV

Not only do manufacturing and financial corporations appeal to the vanity instinct but many leading institutions of learning, one regrets to note, make a similar appeal in their efforts to sell their services to the youth of America. It is but a short time since that the chairman of the board of regents

of the University of Texas, in his desire to advertise his school as a center for red-blooded young men, conferred the rank of Dean upon his athletic director, a former Y. M. C. A. coach. More recently, the University of Idaho mailed a piece of literature to the members of the senior classes of state high schools, urging the importance of a university course as a means of higher culture. The preamble contained this subtle stimulus to youthful pride:

You'll have the world by the tail when you get that diploma. Then you'll be looking for a place to throw it. Now what are you going to do with the brute—the world, I mean? Let him slip from your hands because you don't tie a knot in him? Not you! Not any Idaho boy or girl!

A singular branch of learning, featured by more than a score of American universities, is known as "Business English." This is, briefly, the art of writing sales letters; and is based upon the theory that the prospect's vanity may be excited by a hearty informality which is lacking in the English of literature or of polite intercourse. One reads, for example, in the text book used by classes in Business English at New York University:

Business English is a useful art rather than a fine art. Its purpose, like the purpose of business, is to gain profit. "Follow the line of least resistance" is an axiom of Business English. Business English is typically conversational—in many cases, colloquial.

It is worthy of note that the colloquial English recommended by New York University finds enthusiastic reception in some business circles. One block from the University's headquarters in Washington Square is a subway station where a great news corporation prods the vanity of prospective clients by the printed question:

"Whad'ya read?"

V

One defect in the employment of flattery as a sales stimulant is the

necessity for increasingly stronger portions. In rich New York a mere resort to clubby Business English may create sales; but in communities where life is sustained upon a more austere basis and where ready cash is scarce it is often necessary to supplement the ordinary vanity appeal by almost unbelievable garnishments. Few will deny that sex and vanity are closely allied emotions; and painful as it is to recount it, sex excitation has been authoritatively recommended as a sales stimulant when ordinary means fail.

In the *Merchants Farm Journal* one reads the success story of a prominent department-store owner of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and learns how hard-won dollars may be enticed from masculine pockets by skilful exploitation of the female form:

We always had a hard time getting the men customers into the store in large numbers. We sent them invitations to our Easter opening, but few came. So I said to my brother: "We'll have a summer opening. We'll put bathing suits on living models and we'll send personal invitations to the men!" Well, that is one time we had the men at one of our openings.

While the foregoing incident illustrates the desperate state of salesmanship in retail circles, a recent development gives ominous warning that the same deplorable situation may soon exist in the field of Big Business unless something is done to curb the ambition of executives who demand of their sales forces sensational increases of volume from year to year. Many firms and corporations that formerly depended upon their own salesmen to keep the enthusiasm of their forces at white heat now find it necessary to employ inspirational talent from the outside. An entirely new profession has been created through this necessity, and in the pages of many business journals one finds the advertisements of those who, for lack of a better term, may be called revivalists in salesmanship. Among them one notes the name of Mr. W. L. (Bill) Barnhart, whose name, it is

stated in his prospectus, is registered as a Trade Mark in the U. S. Patent Office; and whose lecture, "The Magic Formula of Sales Success" is commended by such organizations as the Advertising-Selling League of Omaha, Nebraska, and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. Another, Mr. Willard Scott, advertises to have spoken before more than three hundred gatherings of industrial corporation executives, bankers, chambers of commerce, and college men. Mr. Scott solicits further engagements upon the following testimonial offered by the Aderaft Club of Canton, Ohio: "He made 'em laugh like kooka-burras half full of raisin jack."

VI

From the employment of sex excitation and rollicking laughter as sales stimuli, it is but a step to the exploitation of another intensely human emotion—love of little children. An influential business journal has recently published a success story based upon an interview with the sales-manager of the American Slicing Machine Company of Chicago, in which is explained how that nationwide organization jolts the vanity of its sales force by linking up the children with the Company's drive for greater volume:

Last fall we offered a turkey at Christmas to every one of our salesmen who beat his quota of sales. To give the contest an added element of human interest we asked each man to appoint a child in his family as mascot, realizing that every one of them would work his head off to make some youngster happy at Christmas. The way these youngsters took hold of the plan was amusing and at times the intensity of their interest was almost pathetic.

The American Slicing Machine Company is not alone in the discovery that children may profitably be used to maintain sales volume. One reads in an influential business publication that a leading soap manufacturing corporation jogs the vanity of little boys and girls at school by providing cards on which

they are requested to sign the following pledge:

"Dear Teacher: I promise to wash my face and hands with my little cake of X soap before every meal and before going to bed until it is all used up."

One hesitates to inject a pessimistic note into activities that doubtless furnish much pleasure to ambitious executives, and sometimes do increase sales. But as we have seen, increased sales often mean decreased profits. Illustrating the futility of much of the supersalesmanship that has come into vogue during recent years, Mr. J. F. Lincoln, of the Lincoln Electric Company of Cleveland, says:

The tendency of sales costs to go up fully as rapidly as manufacturing costs have gone down, has been the history of the past ten years. The rate at which sales costs have gone up is stupefying when shown in percentages. In many products 35 cents being the only part of his dollar which has anything to do with manufacturing cost and the only part of the dollar which the manufacturer ever sees.

Even in the United States business cannot permanently continue to set up stiff increases without reaching an impasse. An outstanding example is the automobile trade. There is an unusually high rate of failures among retail automobile dealers. In the past most dealers have been obliged to accept certain numbers of cars each month from the manufacturers; and often, when overstocked with cars, a dealer is tempted to make too high an allowance for the second-hand car his customer wishes to trade in. This has become so prevalent that a large proportion of buyers refuse to be influenced toward any particular make of car. A saying in the trade is "A buyer doesn't shop for a car any more. He shops for the biggest allowance on his old car." Where such a situation exists everyone in the trade loses. The dealer, perhaps, goes bankrupt. The manufacturer loses through having to secure another dealer. Also, the manufacturer loses in another

way; because for every sale that is secured solely on the allowance made for the second-hand car, the manufacturer's advertising is nullified to just that extent. Speaking of these problems, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, president of the General Motors Corporation, has said:

One of the big troubles of the automobile business is that dealers and manufacturers all have the habit of expecting business every year to be far in excess of that of the previous year.

In line with this statement it is cheering to note that General Motors announces that in the future it will set no arbitrary increases and will adjust its manufacturing to legitimate demand.

Always, just around the corner, is the menace of business depression that invariably follows overselling on a large scale. On this danger an editorial

writer in one of the most influential of Big Business journals recently comments:

The prevailing idea in business that a Company must increase its sales each year is the cause of the senseless scramble for volume that is going on in so many industries. It is also one of the causes of rumors that sometimes start a depression. When a sales organization finds it is falling under its previous high-water mark, it is likely to go into a psychological funk. It communicates its pessimism to others. Orders are cancelled, employees are laid off, and the first thing you know there is a depression, although there is really not the slightest reason for it.

If vanity dictates the policies of business to too great an extent a time may come when Prosperity without Profit will shrink into a condition where there is no prosperity and no profit.

THE POTTER'S FIELD

BY A. E. JOHNSON

WHAT reeking clod is this that comes to me?
 By what foul hand here flung?
 I am no field of flower or tree,
 I have no need of dung:

I am a field of purest clay,
 I feed the potter's wheel;
 Mine were the bowels that spun the earth
 For the Holy Grail.

"And, therefore, take me, sacred field,
 My earth to thine work up;
 And thou, O Potter, on thy wheel
 Fashion me to a cup,

"And let it go throughout the world
 And hold the sacred wine,
 That so the ransomed souls may bless
 Judas who crushed the Vine."



A FATALIST

A STORY

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

ALL day had the gardener been digging a hole to contain my new rose-bed. Night fell on a pit three feet deep; it had nice vertical sides; all over its floor had been spread a layer of rough stones to perfect the drainage for the roses. The layer was some six inches deep. So there were still two feet and six inches of pit to fall into. However, my garden is, in a sense, private. So we hung up no red lamps round the hole.

At eleven that night I was lying in bed, thinking how little that's new there is under the sun. I had just reached the somber conclusion that most of us hadn't even the wit to sin the old standard sins in some new sort of way when I heard the unmistakable sound of a bit of dry wood crushed by somebody's boot in the garden under my window, where no man should be at that hour.

I live alone, and there is no other house within hail of my cottage. My ground-floor windows are French, and very nice on warm afternoons, but they scarcely count among the serious bulwarks of property. Besides, I have a billiard-table and maintain the antique luxury of ivory balls; and persons versed in burglary will tell you that these are highly esteemed by the craft, as very few lines of stolen goods are so easy to market. Besides, we are all weak as water. So I guessed at once that some frail brother must have failed to overcome a desire for my billiard-balls.

I would not slay the meanest burglar that lives, merely for burglary. But

I like scaring them. And, to gratify this simple taste, I have brewed, so to speak, a completely innocuous brand of wind to put up them. I keep by my bed a tiny pistol of a special kind that is used for starting foot races. It can fire nothing but blank, for its muzzle is bunged up, from birth, with a steel plug. But, to make up for this disability, it has a small hole in the underside of the barrel. Through this hole the products of combustion escape with an admirable accession of sound and fury as often as the piece is discharged. Believe me, I have found this stingless firearm—emasculated but vociferous as the great Pistol himself, the patron saint of this description of ordnance—quite comically disturbing to the morale of the criminal classes, although it relieves me of all liability to the remorse that might follow any actual perforation of their persons.

Jumping out of bed and grasping this little champion of justice and also of mercy, I plunged down the stairs and issued in inhospitable haste from the back door. As I gained the open I spied a man in full flight. He was then about half-way from me to the rose-bed of the future, and the high speed at which he traveled was in no way diminished when I let fly with my little favorite.

If sound could kill single-handed, the wicked man would have perished there in his wickedness; for the "listening Earth" that is described in the hymn might easily have had her eardrum broken by that little hero's report. But

he lived and headed straight, in his incautious terror, for the pit. At its edge he vanished utterly; and, when the roar of my artillery had died away, it was feebly succeeded by the groans and swear-words of an unquestionable casualty. Rushing forward to improve my advantage, I found that the unintended trap had quite settled the hash—the immediate and practical hash—of the foe. He was stretched at full length on the stones: that much I could see in the dark. But as I jumped after him into the pit he cried out, “My foot! Mind my foot!” in a tone that fairly took my breath away, so widely did it differ from any tone that I could have expected from a condignly defeated invader.

The tone was neither menacing nor scared nor yet imploring, but simply pettish and cross, like an invalid’s when you don’t put his pillows just right, or a child’s when it says, “You’re hurting me,” with the fullest conviction that this piece of news will desolate the person addressed and spur him to offers of instant relief. In fact I felt that spur. I felt it so distinctly that I bent down, without more ado, to examine the foot which the recumbent enemy extended to me.

I felt the foot all over. Its sole was facing the other leg, and the outside of the ankle bulged like a knee. This looked like a dislocated ankle. But I knew that a wise surgeon will not start on treatment till he has given himself every chance that he can to diagnose rightly. So I told the patient, with authority, that he had better come indoors.

“Come!” he said, pettishly. “I can’t get up.”

It was an educated voice, a super-educated one. And, now that I come to think of it, his very oaths had smelled of the lamp—they were pedantic. Besides, I had felt a slight pricking in my thumbs, such as usually visits me when I come near an intellectual, even one who is not a burglar. But I do read a

little myself—of course nothing to speak of—just a few stale old things; and now it came into my head to rebuke this peevish trespasser in terms as bookish as his own. “Well,” I quoted sternly, “‘whence comes this restraint? From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.’”

“Do you know,” he said, “that’s rather apt.” He spoke as if I were a boy who had shaped pretty well in a class, and he a master who could afford to unbend just a little. But not very much, nor for long. In another moment he was again completely possessed by the tender regard that he had already shown for himself. “But here are you,” he said, “quoting from ‘Measure for Measure’ to your satisfaction, while I bear the pangs of the damned.”

I might have followed up my first gibe with another. But somehow my flippancy froze on my lips. Surely I must be one of the most defenseless of men in any sort of verbal affray or logical duel; any thrust or feint or parry that is addressed to me seems, just at the time, to have such extraordinary and unanswerable force. Certainly a crushing or scathing answer does sometimes occur to me afterwards, especially in bed. But at the time I am lost; I can only feel that in the high court of Reason I have lost my case and must, as the most dutiful of her subjects, put up my hands and accept whatever may arise from the surrender. “You must wait here—” I began.

“I must indeed,” he said acidly.

“While,” I continued, “I go for a light.”

One ought, by rights, to feel superior when one is carrying on a sentence like that, right over a needless or rude interruption by somebody else. But I got no joy of it. There was that in the voice of this sour Olympian which made me feel no words of mine to be up to the mark. I went for the light.

Half way to the door the austere voice overtook me. “You may, or may not, be aware,” it was saying, “that shock, in the medical sense of the term,

induces a chill. A rug, a sofa blanket, even a great-coat, if fairly thick—"

I grunted. But when I came back with a big stable lantern I had a motor rug over my shoulder and a large cushion in my other hand.

He did not take really well the frank brutality that it needs to get an ankle back into joint. No abuse, you understand, no direct attack on my methods: only a flow of oblique, refractive, or ricochet comment such as a grumpy "Well, I suppose might is right in these cases," and "Small wonder the eminent bonesetters earn what they do if they have any gift for economizing these tortures."

I should have thought I had done pretty well for a fellow that had not taken a course in first aid. But the touch of a master magician swiftly turned my little meal of self-complacency into some of the least tasty of sawdust. For several minutes after the ball of that ankle was back in its cup a ground-swell of piquantly phrased innuendo, to my disadvantage, was slowly subsiding. Before I had quite got this scourge to my vanity laid out easy and snug, with my rug tucked well round his lean form, and my cushion doubled under his head, it was occurring to me that in less than ten minutes I had successfully recovered the offensive in this campaign and had then completely lost it. My present position was only slightly better than that of a hare in front of a swift car at night. Fascinated by the strong headlights of this arrogant intellect, I could neither outpace it nor scuttle off out of its way.

Clearly there was nothing for it but a desperate push on my part to regain the upper hand that I had lost and—at least in some high and delicate sense—to make this caustic malefactor eat dust. "Well," I began, with this strategic purpose, "about the object of this call of yours . . . ?"

In replying his voice went up an octave or two and thenceforward remained at

the austere heights of conscious predominance in argument. "In asking that," he trebled, "are you not, if I may say so, breaking in an open door?"

"We can't all break in closed ones," I retorted, with some little gusto at first, for I felt it was quite a palpable hit. But—a plague on all big stable lanterns!—his face was visible now, and it wore that most withering of expressions—the absolute blank with which persons of culture and taste receive a false note struck by one of their inferiors—a feeble impropriety or a bad pun, as if their mercy were giving the culprit a chance to begin life again without having his license indorsed.

My luckless repartee shrivelled instantly, in my own sight, into a coarse sample of the hard and dry lucidity of second-rate minds. I stood reprovèd while he continued, as though no indecency had occurred, "Assume that I *was* about to do all that you hint. I do not offer one shade of denial. Assume anything, everything. Call me whatever you will; call me a—"

"Pretty bad egg," I muttered imprudently, for my vulgar wrath had revived a little under the tonic of my adversary's plenary admission of intent, as we say in the law.

He seemed to be really distressed by my commonness. His face was spare and rather sacerdotal, but not stoically so, and now his lips were parted and had a mixed look of petulance and pain, as if he might proceed either to scold or to cry. But, whatever weakness may have assailed him, he mastered his disappointment at my failure: he reasoned with me, if not patiently, at least with a measured and marshalled impatience. "Do you seriously think," he inquired, "that that is what life really asks of you? To go about saying that this man is good and that other man bad, in some strained moral sense? As if either of them could be either, when all that they do is foredoomed and fixed for them, down to the least bend of a finger or toe, and a deed that smells sweet or foul to

the nose of the mob is no more the feat or the fault of the doer than thorns are the fault of a rose, or its scent a moral achievement."

But there was still some rebellion left in me. "*Voilà les grandes phrases qui arrivent*" I muttered profanely. Of course I had known before then the little fashion that some people follow of raising the dear old Greek notion of Fate from the dead—only the way they put it now is that the poor office boy has to dip his hand, willy nilly, into the till because some glandular secretion in his body has gone wrong. I can't keep up with all these fashions. Their birth and death rates are too high. So, in a general way, I am on the First Grave-digger's side and against Free Love and Free Suicide and the Free Till. I admitted as much.

"That," he said with asperity, "is the greatest mistake." For the moment, however, he left it at that and said, in a way that made my face tingle for my deficiencies as a host, "Would it be too much to ask that I may not have to tax my poor powers in clearing this up without *some* means of keeping a little warmth in my feet?"

Despise me if you must, but I was cornered. No adequate answer rose to my lips. And out of that corner I could perceive no way of escape except through my back door. In a minute or two I had collected a foot-muff, my second-best rug, and the hot-water bottle out of my bed and had returned to the patient. He gave meager thanks and took up his tale, "Where were we? Oh!—about the old Free Will illusion—"

"Old?" I interposed as rudely as I dared. "Is it as old as the Atreus Family Curse and the rest of your Ineluctable Destiny business?"

He overlooked my interruption as a Primate in the pulpit might ignore a very small brawl in the body of the church. "Right? Wrong?" he resumed at his leisure. "As if what matters in John Roe is that he's in the right, and in Thomas Doe that he's in the wrong!

As if anything mattered, in either poor devil, except that, right or wrong, he is just what he is—a poor blown mote of dust who dreams he's the wind that blows him about—that he chooses his path and determines his acts and shapes his own character! As if it were open to me to worry myself with the fancy that it would have been in my power not to come to your house and fall into your pit—or open to you to imagine it was an autonomous act of your own to seize a deadly weapon and fling yourself madly upon me, raging for blood!"

However he might have shaken my faith in any Free Will of my own, I had no doubt just then about the freedom of this philosopher's will as an agency for determining me. Hadn't he been shunting me all night, like the veriest truck for his goods, from siding to siding? Wasn't he, even now, by the infernal prestige of his brain, keeping me positively respectful? But he was proceeding, "Whereas all that is left to us!—if there be anything—is to fall as little short as we may in sympathetic curiosity in presence of such pitiful playthings of natural forces as all of us are, whatever we may do, or seem to do."

"In fact," I murmured, "when you seemed to have come here to pillage the place, I ought to have viewed the semblance with melancholy compassion?"

"Tinged," he said, "with humor. Humorless compassion for the common plight is a mood too purely Russian. See Tchekhoff, Dostoevski, all that lot. The English mind, at its best, has at least a wry smile for man's tragi-comic entanglement. It does not overlook an element of the grotesque in the poor mob of helpless pigmies."

The ill-conditioned element in me made one more try for liberty. "And so," I said, "I might have allowed myself one little grin when you came this unfortunate cropper?"

"Doesn't it strike you," he asked me augustly, "that there is no truth, however profound, that does not lend itself to some flippant travesty?"

He paused a little—no doubt to give me in fairness a chance to offer my excuses. I didn't offer any. But the spell was working on me again. Never since I was at school have I been able to stick up for my own notions just at the moment when somebody else tries to come the giant intellect over me. Like an old soldier my mind instinctively jumps to attention, salutes, and listens for orders.

Perhaps he was giving me up as utterly graceless. "The night grows colder," he said somewhat distantly, "and I am far from home and am seriously injured. Something has, I think, been said, from time to time, about providing me with shelter, but nothing seems to be done."

With an effort I lifted him on to the

edge of the pit. Then I got out myself, raised him to his feet, or foot, and asked if he thought he could hop, with my assistance, into the house.

"I might," he replied, "but I doubt the wisdom of attempting it." It was distinctly conveyed that if I had a sense of decency it would lead me to carry him.

Why make a stand there, after re-treating so often? I submitted my back to the load. The theorist who had set out to break in at one of my windows, "bent," in the deathless words of Milton, "to unboard the cash," entered luxuriously by the door, bestriding its owner and shedding about him a pungent aroma of intellectual force and of free, cantankerous will.

CAREER

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

HE DREAMED sometimes of great and daring things,
*But kept a snug place not too near the edge
 Of danger, and made safe a harp and wings
 With desk, and pew, and soul-insuring pledge.
 He knew, of course, that fire would melt the fat,
 So frequented the haunts where virtue teems;
 Although his paupered spirit passed the hat
 Amid a jostling crowd of rebel dreams.
 He begged at Beauty's doorstep for a crumb,
 Yet stood a model in the neighbors' eyes;
 He longed, although he prayed for Kingdom-Come,
 To force the shining locks of Paradise,
 But never dared to make the heavens fall . . .
 He died, they buried him, and that was all.*



MORALITY AMONG THE ANIMALS

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

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THE desire to distinguish oneself—to single oneself out—is among the profoundly rooted traits of human nature. It is responsible for the absolute separation man has endeavored to make between his race and the animal world.

The recent recognition, under the compulsion of inescapable facts, of kinship with the great apes rests for the present mainly upon bodily similarities and identities. Little has so far been said about a common moral nature. If most educated people are willing to share with the higher animals the inferior levels of intelligence, few are prepared to share with them the foundation of the moral life. It is here that humanity makes its last stand for distinction. They would grant the beast everything save the moral life; that, they would affirm, is *the* specifically human trait. Traditions of enormous power urge us to this last claim. Are not the great and terrible problems of sin, of moral responsibility, of the soul and its salvation, outgrowth of the moral nature? If the foundation of morality is a possession held in common with the apes, can they remain altogether outside these grave concerns?

I would on no account plunge the anthropoid world in the ethico-religious nightmare that has so long plagued humanity. But, after all, and despite the relatively high degree of intelligence of the apes, the danger to their peace of mind which might arise from disclosures made in these pages is very slight. As to those who shrink from sharing even sin

with the animal world, they will find it easy to protect their altogether unique nature by setting aside any conclusion not to their liking.

The discussion will be limited to four types of behavior which may well be regarded as constituting a substantial foundation for a moral nature.

(1) Our industrial, commercial, capitalistic societies are, as we all know, anchored on the right of property. A large proportion of the laws of civilized states are for the definition and the safeguarding of that right. Well, animals claim and defend ownership.

Claims of property make their appearance as far down the animal scale as the fish, but they are much more sharply delimited and more tenaciously defended in the higher animals. It is especially in connection with the nest and the territory surrounding it, and in connection with feeding and hunting grounds that is found what would be called in man "claims of property."

In many species of birds a pair lays claim, not only to its nest, but also to the territory about it. "This domain may be either a bush, a piece of ground, a swamp, a small pond, or part of a stream. Many birds of prey lay claim to the same domain throughout the year and suffer no rival within its boundaries. Thus, every pair of eagles of the species *Haliaetus vocifer* rules a district about three kilometers in diameter." (Alverdes, *Social Life in the Animal World*.)

The defense of possession is nowhere fiercer than when it refers to females,

this both in animals living monogamously and in others. Stallions defend to the last their possession of the mares composing their harem. The kangaroos live in small herds led by an old male; the herds have separate feeding grounds and do not mix. "When paring time begins," says Alverdes, "the leader claims the females belonging to his herd as his property, but the claim is not allowed without fierce battles with other males who have come to maturity since the previous breeding season."

That the mate or mates, the nest, the territory are claimed by animals as their property appears in the determination and the assurance with which they defend them. They do not cautiously measure the strength of their antagonists before giving battle; they behave rather as the average human being who feels that the right is on his side. Their behavior when defending their possessions bears all the marks of what we would call in man righteous indignation. In that spirit the bird defends his domain and the dog his bone.

Among apes the claim to property spreads to objects of very little intrinsic value. Brehm speaks of a baboon which had become deeply interested in a tin can, took it to his sleeping place at night, and generally treated it as his own. Alverdes knew a captive long-tailed monkey who used rubber balls, corks, bits of wood, etc., as playthings and who resented any attempt to touch them or to take them away—these things were his own.

If it is proper to interpret behavior in animals as it is in man, we may conclude that they possess that which prompts the making of laws regarding the right of property—namely, the sense of possession. And they become aware of that right under exactly the same circumstances as man does, i.e., in consequence of priority of occupation and of use.

The communistic reader must not imagine that I am attacking his creed. I neither attack nor defend; I state facts. For the rest, everybody ought to know

that what is and what should be are not necessarily the same thing; nature need not be the last word.

(2) Almost every observant person has noticed with curiosity the behavior of a dog when scolded by its master. It seems to be in dread of his disapproval and yet it may never have suffered any substantial physical punishment at his hands. The emotional reaction brought out by the master's displeasure is, as a matter of fact, not the simple fear reaction: the animal does not run away as it would if it merely feared blows; it remains near, it even approaches, crawling on its belly as in supplication, seeks to rub against the master's legs, tries to lick his hands. This is obviously not an expression of fear of physical chastisement. What is it?

Professor Köhler of Berlin who had the good fortune to spend several years in the company of a colony of chimpanzees on Teneriffe Island has recorded in his most interesting book, *The Mentality of Apes*, an observation which we shall bring in for comparison with the former:

When I had been in Teneriffe a few weeks only, I noticed whilst feeding the squatting animals, pressed close to me, that a little female, at other times quite well-behaved, was snatching the food out of the hand of a weaker animal, and as she persisted in this, I gave her a little rap. The little creature, now punished for the first time, shrank back, uttered one or two heart-broken wails, as she stared at me horror-struck, while her lips were pouted more than ever. The next moment she had flung her arms around my neck, quite beside herself, and was only comforted by degree when I stroked her. This need (adds Professor Köhler) is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in the emotional life of chimpanzees.

This is certainly not an expression of simple fear. If the reader hesitates still in his interpretation, let him consider this closely related behavior of a child. I remember punishing a young child by removing him from the family table at mealtime and placing his high-chair away from us in the corner of the room.

He had his food with him and could see and hear us; there was, therefore, no food punishment and no cause for fear. Nevertheless, the child fell to weeping in a most disconsolate manner—not angry cries, not fear; no, a wail of utter misery! When we brought him back near us, there was an affecting show of re-established friendship. Here hesitation is not possible; the desolation comes not from a physical pain or fear of pain, but from a sense of separation from, of rejection by the parents.

Can we now refrain from interpreting in the same way the behavior of dogs referred to above? I do not see how we could. What affects them is not fear of physical pain; they, like children, suffer a moral pain, the pain of rejection by those they love. In the tenderly nurtured higher animals, as in the young child, the direst misery is not produced by physical pain, but by being rejected by loved ones. Of all kinds of isolation, the one produced by the breaking of bonds of trustful affection is the worst.

When we follow up in the adult human being the development of this need for companionship, for union in affection—a need already present in dogs and apes—we find it assuming the form of a yearning for communion with God or with the Whole. It may become the comforting pantheism of Bryant in "Thanatopsis" or of Wordsworth's noble lines:

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

Or it may take a less emotional and more intellectual form as in the mind of philosophers who wish to be part of a rational Universe and not of a mere chaotic show of forces.

The moral life of the higher animals includes something similar to shame at having disobeyed a command. Darwin relates that a dog of his, which had never been struck by anyone of the household, was caught by him with a chop just snatched from the pre-

pared table. On seeing the master enter, the dog slunk under the sofa with ears down and tail between its legs, and could not be persuaded to show itself. Here again the behavior of the animal may not be explained as a show of the fear of physical pain. Is it a prototype of the tragic first act in the moral drama of humanity related in Genesis? There are striking similarities in the behavior of Adam and Eve and of Darwin's dog. Instead of gamboling joyfully towards his entering master, the dog hid under the sofa. Likewise our First Ancestors, instead of hastening towards their Maker calling for them in the cool of the evening, concealed themselves in a clump of bushes—thus does conscience make cowards of us all!

(3) Disinterested, affectionate helpfulness and generosity are among the finest traits of the moral nature of man. They are also prominent traits in the higher animals. Mated birds of certain species show what in man would be called admirable devotion and tenderness. Here is how Craig, a scientifically trained and keen observer, describes the behavior of pigeons in quest of a nesting site:

The two birds must be brought into agreement upon a nesting site. They usually try a number of promising situations. Either bird, upon finding a likely spot, gives a nest-call which stimulates the mate to fly toward the source of the sound. When at length a site is agreed upon, the selection is impressed upon the minds of the birds by a ceremony in which both sit together in the chosen spot and call and caress one another for a long period. Then one bird, usually the female, remains in the nest to build and fashion it, while the other bird flies off in search of building material. Each time the male returns with a straw, the female welcomes him with a low, complacent cooing and an affectionate flutter of the wings.—*Amer. Jour. of Sociology*, Vol. XIV, p. 93.

The helpful devotion of mated birds is a characteristic not of pigeons alone but also of most other birds. They co-operate in building the nest and they feed,

protect, and comfort each other during the long incubation period. There is a current belief that the male always assumes the supposedly pleasant labor of providing the food while the female is left at home sitting on the eggs. That is false. In many species the male shares incubation with the female; and there is at least one species—that of the Nandu, a South American ostrich—in which the male alone sits on the eggs. It might as well be added, in justice to the males, that the feeding task they usually assume is not a sinecure. The end of the incubation period finds the poor breadwinner worn out, a mere shadow of himself, while the female has become sleek and fat beyond what is good for her health. That is what happens in the Hornbill family.

Apes excepted, it is probably among elephants, of all mammals, that mutual helpfulness is best developed. When an elephant is wounded by a bullet others have frequently been observed to come to its help and support it. If it falls some of its fellows will kneel by its side, pass their tusks under its body, while others wind their trunks about its neck in an attempt to put the wounded animal on its feet.

But it is, as might be expected, among the apes that sympathy, compassionate helpfulness, self-sacrifice for the sake of others reach their highest level. Whether in this respect they fall far below uncivilized man the reader may judge for himself. There are on record numerous well-authenticated instances similar to these two taken from Romanes' *Animal Intelligence*:

A young male gibbon fell from a tree and dislocated his wrist; he received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female, who, however, was no relation. She used before eating her own plantains to take up the first that were offered to her every day, and give them to the cripple, who was living in the eaves of a wooden house; and I have frequently noticed that a cry of fright, pain or distress from one would bring all the others at once to the complainer, and they would then condole with him and fold him in their arms.

Quite similarly of a gentle little creature which had become the pet of a number of monkeys living together:

From the moment it was taken ill their attention and care of it redoubled; and it was truly affecting and interesting to see with what anxiety and tenderness they tended and nursed the little creature. A struggle often ensued among them for priority in those offices of affection; and some would steal one thing and some another, which they would carry untasted, however tempting it might be to their own palates. Then they would take it up gently in their fore-paws and hug it to their breasts.

In his delightful account of Mme. Abreu's colony of monkeys in Cuba (*Almost Human*), Yerkes remarks that instances of generosity are not numerous. Yet, they happen: "Anuma has been known to give to his female companion, Minita, a piece of fruit of which he is very fond."

A chimpanzee's burst of affectionate concern in the presence of a suffering fellow-creature, especially when small and weak, would put to shame the callous indifference of many a human being. One of the younger and smaller apes of Professor Köhler's, Konsul by name, was sick. He had just been let out of the infirmary and was dragging himself painfully towards his fellows, engaged in eating green fodder some distance away. After a few steps his strength gave out and he fell to the ground uttering a piercing cry. Tercera, a female ape, chewing near-by, sprang up in great excitement, uttering cries of distress, and reached Konsul in a few strides. She caught hold of him under the arms, trying to set him on his feet, her face expressive of the utmost concern. The witness of this scene adds, "One could not imagine anything more maternal than this female chimpanzee's behavior."

These apes befriended and helped one another in all sorts of circumstances. When one was being punished the others showed not only passive sympathy, but they sought to stop the punishment. Little Konsul, whom I have just men-

tioned, would run up excitedly and, with a pleading countenance, stretch out his arms to the punisher. He would even try to hold his arm tight; and if the chastisement continued, growing exasperated, he would hit out at the big man! "Once," relates Köhler, "Konsul was in another place, where he could not see what was happening, but only hear something of it; he hurried at once by a roundabout way and fell on my arm." Not only Konsul, but all of these chimpanzees in varying degrees, showed this helpful interest.

When these apes had grown up and their awe of the big men had diminished, it became impossible to punish any of them while the others were in the same room. "At times the most insignificant episode between man and ape would arouse the whole group to a concerted attack."

The surprising interest of apes, both males and females, in small, delicate animals and children announces a tendency to cherish, to protect, to take care of the weak. In this they resemble human beings, especially women who, in the presence of a little helpless, living thing, become vibrant with a tender, helpful emotion: they want to take it in their arms, press it to their breasts. The organism of the higher apes responds in the same way to the same sort of objects. Köhler relates that when little children and infants were brought near the railings of the animals' house, one or other of the apes would come forward and look at it for a long time with interest, a good-natured, satisfied expression on its face. It would try to peer under the clothes encasing the infant, and nodded pleasantly from time to time in the direction of the child in front of it. We are told that not only the older females, but also young animals, long before sexual maturity, would behave in this way.

Of all the virtues displayed by the human species none is of greater consequence to its continuance and well-being than the devotion of parents to their children, and it is precisely in that rela-

tion that human altruism is manifested with peculiar intensity and single-mindedness. Now this type of behavior is also commonplace in the animal world, and it is nowhere more powerfully illustrated than among monkeys and apes. Of all the striking instances of it I choose the following because it was observed under entirely reliable conditions by Professor Yerkes, the distinguished animal psychologist of Yale University. A *Macacus rhesus* had brought forth a still-birth.

Repeated attempts were made to remove the dead baby, but they were all futile because Gertie either held it in her hands or sat close beside it ready to seize it at the slightest disturbance. Each day opportunity was sought to remove the body; no such opportunity came. During the second week, the body so far decomposed that, with constant handling, and licking by the parents, it rapidly wore away. By the third week there remained only the shriveled skin covering a few fragments of bone, and the open skull from the cavity of which the brain had disappeared. During a period of five weeks, the instinct to protect her offspring impelled this monkey to carry its gradually vanishing remains about with her and to watch over them so assiduously that it was utterly impossible to take them from her except by force.—"Maternal Instinct in a Monkey," *Jour. of Animal Behavior*, V, 1915, pp. 305-403. (Abridged.)

The urge to take care of the young is inferior in energy to that of no other innate tendency; it overrides even fear. The young of an opossum—usually a timid animal—had strayed away and was surrounded by a band of boisterous boys. The mother coming down a tree ran right into the middle of the group, regardless of the danger, and recovered her young.

I have no doubt that the will to separate at almost any cost the human from the animal world will prompt many to exclaim, "Yes, that is assuredly quite interesting. But the self-sacrificing behavior of animals is, after all, merely an instinct, it is nature's way of obtaining its ends. The mother monkey's

conduct is remarkable as much by its stupidity as by its devotion. Hers is an absolutely blind love; it does not know what it is for, it spends itself as willingly on a dead remnant as on the living young itself. As well speak of the 'parental love' of a certain cow whose calf had died. She was filling the stable with distressing lamentations. A practical joker, or a scientist, stuffed the skin of the calf with straw and placed it near the mother. She evidently felt that the lost child had been found; she ceased bellowing, and began to lick the calf contentedly. She licked and licked until in one place the hay was uncovered. Thereupon, she devoured the calf!"

To this argumentation it is proper to answer, Is not the human mother also moved by a blind urge to lavish care upon her child? Does she not to a marked degree behave as our monkey—cherish the inanimate remnants of her child; nay, even his clothing and his playthings? Does she not find it almost impossible to part with whatever has belonged to him? The truth of the matter is that the difference between the behavior of the average human parent and that of birds, dogs, and apes in the care of the newborn is not one of kind but of degree only.

No one can read the paper of Craig, on the voice of pigeons as a means of social control, without realizing that they are not altogether creatures of instinct: they are, to a degree not usually suspected, socially educated; they *learn* to behave in certain socially useful ways in response to the behavior of their fellow pigeons. "The few facts I have given," writes Craig, "are sufficient to show that the contentions between pigeons are settled, not in accordance with the will of the strongest contestants, but in accordance with certain principles comparable to our principles of right and duty." (*Amer. Jour. of Sociology*, XIV, 98.)

(4) That animal behavior in agreement with the golden rule is not always the irresponsible deed of instinct is obvious in the case of Konsul defending

his punished friends. It is perhaps even more obvious in the manifestations of gratitude occasionally observed in apes. Madame Abreu relates that when she did not put sugar in the milk of a certain baby chimpanzee he would try to throw it away. Then, when she added sugar, the animal would take it and offer to give her a kiss by way of thanks. One of the most surprising observations of Köhler is similar in its meaning: Two chimpanzees had been shut out of their shelter by mistake during a cold rain storm. They were standing dejected, water streaming down their shivering bodies, when Professor Köhler chanced to pass. He opened the door for them. Instead of scampering in without more ado, as many a child would have done, each of them delayed entering the warm shelter long enough to throw its arms about his benefactor in a frenzy of satisfaction.

Such kissing and hugging are obviously not blind innate reactions; they are learned by these apes in their life in common; they are blossoms of their social life, even as similar behavior is with us. And the learning of these amenities implies on the part of the learner an appreciation of the behavior to which the kiss or the hug is a response. It should be said that among Madame Abreu's apes kissing and, among Professor Köhler's apes, hugging were established ways of expressing affection, unusual joy and, it seems, thankfulness.

These last cited facts, and others reported in this paper, lead to the conviction that the higher animals rise to forms of conduct elaborated under the influence of their social relations—conduct which, among human beings, one customarily calls morally good.

Had it been our purpose to draw a complete picture of the emotional life of apes; i.e., to describe also their angers, their fears, their resentments, their jealousies, etc., the readers would probably have come to agree with the opinion of the psychologists who know these animals well: that they are nowhere

closer to mankind than in their affective life. This is, in truth, what might have been expected, since the emotional reactions are primarily dependent upon older portions of the nervous system than those with which intelligence is more directly related.

Should, then, the higher animals be regarded as moral beings and thus be united to man by this highest of all possible bonds? The answer to this question depends upon the meaning given to "morality." If it is defined as consisting of socially valuable forms of behavior born of instinct and social experience, then the term would apply to the animal world. But if morality is held to imply a consciousness of principles of right and wrong, and a voluntary submission to them for the good of the greatest number, then morality would have to be denied to animals, for they are unable to formulate principles. But, then, how much morality of this second sort is there among the lowest human societies, and how much among the lowest members of civilized societies?

Be this as it may, it seems in any case incontestable that a broad foundation of human morality is present in emotional responses made by the animal to his social milieu; it may even be argued that primitive man does not exhibit any new moral propensity. Affection, sympathy, mutual helpfulness, loyalty, courage, disinterested devotion, generosity, gratitude, righteous indignation—one may, perhaps, add respect for tradition—are observable in the higher animals.

The argument may be taken a step farther: Whatever the superiority of the social behavior of mankind, it need not have arisen from an improved emotional endowment; it may, instead, have been an extension, to new objects and situa-

tions, of emotional tendencies (egoistic and altruistic) present in our distant ancestors—an extension made possible by greater intelligence or greater knowledge and a more favorable economic situation. If, for instance, the tendency to take care of the young and immature has spread among us to the helpless adult, so that instead of killing off or neglecting the old and incapacitated we provide for them, it need not be because of a superior innate endowment in emotional reaction. Similarly, our humane management of prisons, factories, and schools need not be the expression of an innate disposition superior to the one present in the apes. It may be rather an extension to new situations of the original, animal reactions, under the influence of a fuller knowledge of the consequences of ruthless behavior and of a much softened struggle for life. If it should be so, our moral progress would be due to intellectual and economic processes. That this, and not an improvement in the innate foundation of morality, is what has taken place within humanity has been maintained by eminent sociologists.

The conclusion to which we have been led is this: The endowment of the higher animals constitutes a substantial foundation for human morality. If to that foundation be added language and tools, together with the higher intelligence they imply, it becomes easy to account for whatever superior features are exhibited in the social life of primitive man and—we shall venture to say—of civilized man also.

No sharp separation can be made in respect of moral endowment between the animal and the human world. Here continuity is as obvious as it is with respect to anatomical structure and physiological functions.



CUTTING THE HEART OUT OF GRATITUDE

BY JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

THE Japanese garden on the roof of the lofty Fifth Avenue apartment house in which my friend Worldly Wiseman is domiciled is the most secluded piece of aerial landscape gardening in the metropolis. One finds him at this season of the year at ease there after five of an afternoon in the midst of dwarfed foliage, stone lanterns, rock work, and fountains all in the best Nipponese manner. His privacy is inviolate, he says, since he is invisible save from an aeroplane and such echoes of traffic as penetrate the retreat but serve to italicize his isolation.

"Rather an opulent gesture for a Spartan," I remarked surveying the ornate plantation. "Half the price would have put that Y.M.C.A. drive over the top. Only the other day you declared that the multiplication of gold-plated dinner services in parvenu homes was a provocation to bolshevism."

"There have been so many stock dividends recently and bonds are so high that I had to do something for the birds," he replied a shade apologetically. "Besides, I don't buy first folios, keep a yacht or a chorus girl, and my limousines are hired by the month. Considering my services to the community, I'm entitled to at least one major luxury and an occasional inconsistency. I spent the whole morning with museum curators and attended two hospital board meetings this afternoon."

"Then you must be crammed to the eardrums with scandals," I remarked irreverently. "You assured me yourself that institutional trustees were the best gossips in town."

"A perverse distortion," Mr. Wiseman replied with a show of indignation. "I intimated that the type of distinguished men who devote their time and skill to the direction of our great charitable foundations, by reason of their position close to the hearts of things, know the facts of which newspaper reports are but the shadows. The information they exchange is authentic. Anyway, it's better than their tips."

"You have not been bitten?" I queried with mock alarm.

"Heavens no," he assured me. "I give tips and take only my own medicine. Besides, among real friends tips are out of date. If there is a good thing going, one is declared in and not always told until the check appears."

"And the losses?"

"In Wall Street, my young friend," said my host severely, "good things are sure things. Big bankers always clinch their profits before they part with their cash."

"It's a better world than I dreamed," I remarked sadly, helping myself to a smoking hot muffin the Japanese butler had just brought in. "If someone would confer on me a slice of that kind of easy money I should be forever grateful."

"Gratitude, how I hate the word," Mr. Wiseman protested in a tone of concentrated bitterness. "It's a relic of the Slave State and reminds me of my respectable childhood. Besides, there's no greater nuisance than being pestered with thanks. A year ago young Brown—he married old Grainger's daughter—asked me to speak a word for him to Howard of the Confectioner's Trust

when they amalgamated with the Sorghum crowd. He wanted a vice-presidency, and I got it for him. Well, the fellow has written me three letters of obligation and sent flowers to my wife on her birthday—since I've never been able to remember that date, I don't see how he knew it."

"I should interpret that as exhibiting decency and good feeling," I interrupted. "What did you expect him to do—complain because you had not made him president?"

"That would have been a stroke of genius and far beyond poor Brown," Wiseman explained, "but perhaps I'm a bit over your head."

"Not if it isn't where I think my feet are," I returned, "but what you say does sound like an amendment to the Constitution passed while I wasn't looking. You seem to have kicked a cherished virtue into the street. What ailed it? And why, if Brown had exhibited dissatisfaction, would it have amounted to genius?"

"The younger generation looks at life and doesn't see it go by," declared my host a bit pompously, taking a hitch in his backbone preparatory to oratory. "You know that big business has gone in for research and that we are now ahead of all other nations in the efficient application of mechanical power to large-scale production. In the last decade we have scrapped more old notions and antiquated plants than ever before in history. When a revolutionary development of this dimension sets in it can't stop halfway. The engineers and the chemists having done their job, we set psychologists and sociologists at work on a scientific investigation of that age-old riddle, human nature. Man is no less a power plant than an automobile, generates energy from food instead of gasoline and, though he seems to be self-directive, his performance is subordinate and related to natural law as is that of a dynamo or any other mechanism. Let us cut out cant, we said, and get down to the facts. We all have to work, and

there must be fundamentals the observance of which will yield synchronization of our several functions. Well, sir, we got more than we asked for."

"You discovered that human nature included you I suppose," said I, sarcastically. "That must have rocked your superiority rather painfully."

"It did," Wiseman responded ruefully. "Of course we could not apply at once the set of drastic findings unloaded on us in the true scientific spirit; but we have put a number of them into work, and you'll have to admit that the relations between employers and employees throughout this country have never been more harmonious."

"Coal mining seems out of sorts, not to mention plumbing," I ventured, "but otherwise some adjustment of greeds appears to have been effected. Admirable though it be, I don't get its bearing on gratitude."

"Our scientists applied laboratory processes to the set of shibboleths called morality and the virtues by way of getting at realities, and a number of our most pious beliefs had to walk the plank as superstitions," my host explained in the manner of a man bursting with important disclosures: "Truth they discovered had no basis in tradition, was not consensus of opinion, or even a majority vote; it was something one ascertained with a measuring rod, or a scales, or a test tube. Temperature and perspective figured in it. Honesty isn't merely ethical or even the best policy: it's smeared with mathematics and trotted out alongside gravity as a natural compulsion. Charity is perverted economics or confused optics; sin the consequence of biological maladjustment; faith is initiative and the basis of the credit system; hope, the self-starter; benignity and generosity discharges of an over-expanded ego. As for gratitude, it's the toll the superiority complex exacts from inferiority. Or the tribute a lower organism accords the higher—much of the same order as the wagging tail or the licking tongue of a hungry or

overfed dog. Anyway it's a survival of the feudal state."

"Is that all," I exclaimed indignantly. "Sounds to me like Judas Iscariot broadcasting."

"I haven't told you an eighth of the first half. It's a massacre." Mr. Wiseman rubbed his hands ecstatically.

I looked at him horror stricken.

"Am I to gather that these scientific rippers mutilated the entire fabric of human relations, hacked out all the kindly amenities and generousities that make life sweet and livable? Of course friendship is scuttled, and love—not to mention courtesy. And you wear an air of approval."

"There's a lot in what they say," Wiseman expostulated. "You'll have to admit yourself that courtesy and good manners are just lubricants, easers of social relations—equivalents to roller bearings. You seem unable to grasp the fact that it's a step in advance to get the foundations of human intercourse put on a sound basis. We've been carrying a terrible burden of false obligations for ages, and it's time the so-called virtues tasted the knife. Primitive man believed that thunder was the rage of the gods and a cyclone the visitation of their wrath. Now even the Fundamentalists accept the weather reports. The discovery that the moon is little more than a planetary encumbrance—trailing our earth like a tin can tied to a dog's tail—does not detract from her beauty. Proof that we are linked with the apes does not discount the marvel of our being. Sooner or later the Race had to look itself in the face and give its traditions the acid test. Why carry a lot of baggage that bows the back and encumbers the footing? All we have done amounts just to putting our civilization in the dry dock and scraping its bottom of accumulated barnacles."

"Thank heaven, the bitter truth has not affected your hospitality," I interrupted, munching a luscious caviar sandwich which the butler handed me as accompaniment to a suave cocktail.

"It's ages since I had as fine a Jack Rose. Surely this is traditional and not bootleg apple jack?"

"The contents of my cellar were not affected by the findings of our Commission," Mr. Wiseman assured me. "Indeed, they served to justify my conviction of the error of prohibition."

"Your views on that subject need no justification," I interrupted. "Tell me more of the new atheism and especially its bearing on the crime of gratitude."

My host drained his glass, took another and, balancing himself as nearly as possible on his shoulder blades, resumed:

"When I turned the microscope on myself in the light of the information that had been imparted to me," he said, "I tackled first my relations with my friends, my business associates, and the general run of humanity. I had always figured myself as a decent type of man, generous, helpful, and kindly in my dealings with all comers. Indeed, there are occasions when I felt I should be decorated for nobility or pure altruism. Under the lens the gallant structure collapsed, and I discovered that the actuating motive in all these lofty contacts with my fellows was just self-interest."

"Tokio riven and Yokohama in ashes," I scoffed.

"It was a shock," he admitted. "To get the point you must follow the reasoning. Let us take Vice-president Brown for instance—the chap who has been deluging me with his thanks. When I pulled the strings to get him the place he coveted it was not to favor him but to placate his father-in-law with whom I had been scrapping over policies in a beet-sugar property in which we are mutually interested. Brown's wife is my godchild and knew nothing of our squabble. Thereafter Grainger swung his stock to my view, and I was abundantly compensated for what poor Brown regards as my benevolence. So his gratitude puts me in wrong with myself. When I told you that if Brown had complained he deserved the top-hole

job, I'd call it a stroke of genius, I meant that his pretension would have excited my personal interest. Then I should have forgotten his connections and figured on him as a tool. Business is not done without hands, remember. Where you see a great corporation I see a hive of workers. When the *Leviathan* steams proudly down the river you think of a stunning spectacle; I am aware of a dead bulk of steel animated by trained professionals on whose skill depends the fate of thousands of lives and millions of dollars. The horsepower of every large institution is man power. Now my responsibility is in direction and management and my duty to find youngsters with speed and stamina to keep the concerns to which I am related making money. I am ever on the lookout for sound parts—men who will be good governors, fly-wheels, pistons, spark plugs, batteries, or what not. My contemporaries are saddled with similar liabilities and, as there is a community of interests, we keep track of and exchange our finds.

"Consider further the case of Brown. He is one of the group of vice-presidents of an enterprising corporation in which I have a block of stock. Who will do his work? Not I. He determines his own fate. If he shows scope and speed he'll be serving himself first and me laterally. He may make a career for himself but he cannot escape carrying part of my load. I did not endow him with brains, only with a task. My coal dealer does not confer an obligation on his teams when he picks them to deliver his tonnage—nor need they make obeisance to him when he fastens the feed-bags to their noses. When I contract with a grocer for food supplies for a hospital I take care to secure the lowest prices and to see the stuff is as specified. Emotion does not enter into the transaction. We close quits. It's straight business and clean thinking."

My host lowered his voice to a more confidential tone:

"You see the trend," he suggested.

"Once Brown records success he no longer derives from me. He is on his feet, an established identity functioning under his own power. Our positions are reversed, for his victory reflects credit on my judgment and incidentally ensures my dividends. Some day his boss will compliment me on my shrewdness as a man-picker and, as I pride myself on knowing a winner, I'll experience a spasm of self-satisfaction. The only kind of thanks that are worth while are those that help one to think better of oneself. Thereafter Brown becomes a face-card in my plays, and I shall see to it he has further opportunities to enlarge my own prestige by the exertion of his proven capacity."

"Camouflage the goodness of your heart until it is completely blanketed but the fact remains that but for your push Brown would never have risen from the ground," I argued. "He would be an abysmal brute not to be grateful."

Mr. Wiseman registered indignation. He spluttered:

"It is obsessions of that character we are being released from. The power is in the cartridge not in the trigger finger. It's its own motor that lifts an aëroplane. If Brown is a failure shall I accuse him of ingratitude? I shall be sorry but not affronted. If I buy coppers and lose my stake shall I take it as a betrayal of my faith? Nonsense—I shall blame my judgment—perhaps change my statistician or consult an alienist. Let us cut out sentimentality and all false quantities and face the facts. I preach to my associates that no one can do anything for anyone. Watches keep time, not watch-makers. Power is in the brain that generates it. Push and pull are only starters—electric buttons by which you switch energy into action. If the capacity is not there it cannot be evoked by invocation or complaint. The measure of my perversity or ignorance is the degree to which I credit myself for other men's performances. Half the world's woes are due to the hideous habit of adulterating business

with personality. I know no worse wreckers than directors who demand from their subordinates incense and flattery. The man who is a hero to his valet is getting more or less than he pays for. Why not deal with human entities in dynamic instead of emotional terms? It puts things on a basis of reality and cuts out all that infernal cant about loyalty and philanthropy which in truth are no more than wage sweaters. Loyalty yes—but to a cause or an institution which yields you a fair living, but not to individual foremen, general managers, or chairmen of boards.”

“If we were all confined to our deserts there’d be short shrift for most of us,” I argued, recovering from this cold douche. “The whole structure of human relations is based on mutual aid. Without good will, friendship, tolerance for one another we might as well be robots.”

“If you prefer charity to justice your points are well taken,” returned Wiseman. “Remember though that most self-respecting people want to stand on their own feet and not be beholden to anyone. Give them a square deal and insure that they get what they earn, and they’ll willingly dispense with your good-will or any other kind of patronage. Do you recall John Patterson’s experiments in uplift conducted at the Cash Register plant in Dayton? He fitted out his place with recreation rooms, gardens, gymnasiums, and all the other paraphernalia of philanthropy. His employees struck, and he denounced them as ingrates. In truth the uprising was not against the agreeable accommodations he provided but at the idea of being done-good-to. Be he ever so humble no man likes to be dry-nursed, and he suspects an employer who makes him presents of taking them out of his pay envelope. Give him a fair wage and he’ll provide for himself better amusements than you can fit him with. How much saner the methods of Henry Ford, who keeps his affairs on the sound basis of high wages for better work. For his employees there are hospitals and even

grocery stores but all on the cash-and-carry basis. Nothing for nothing. Above all, no gratuities.”

“What about the lordly bonuses that Wall Street distributes at Christmas or the pleasant practice of holiday gifts? Surely these are gratuities and in violation of the hardware principles you propound so eloquently.”

“Why not include profit sharing—or the practice of great corporations of inducting their employees into stock ownership at below market prices?” retorted Wiseman sarcastically. “Bonuses are not hand-outs but dividends on supplementary effort. If it were not for profit sharing, in lots of shops there would not be any profits to share. It’s the best device invented to reduce wastage. Employees who are stockholders are working for themselves as well as for wages and set up standards of output that keep their fellows on their toes; and they object to strikes. All these are points out of the new bag of tricks—to enlist more selfish self-interests in the general community of interests whose object is revenue. It’s the touched pocket nerve that makes the whole world kin. Incidentally, insurance against bolshevism isn’t to be construed as charity, is it? Reciprocal back-scratching discounts obligation. What you call love and friendship are kept alive by mutual service.”

“There is such a thing as service without hope of reward,” I countered. “I have known you, before this bitter draught paralyzed your heart, to go the limit to help friends and associates out of entanglements. What’s the new derivation of deeds of kindness and mercy?”

“I have a right to give myself a present—as long as I don’t fool myself as to the motive,” returned my host. “This garden is a gift to myself, and when I got the bills I was indignant at my generosity. I have a pension list, but it is only an admission that I owe to certain individuals who worked for me more than I paid them. Every sound business shoulders its derelicts without

looking to Carnegie for a medal. I appropriate a stipulated percentage of my revenues to putting certain picked youngsters through college, but that, as in Brown's case, is a speculation in brains. So far, such adventures have shown me a profit either in prestige or dollars. My gifts to the standard charities are in accordance with my social and financial position, and all such expenses are deducted from my income tax. In total a substantial tribute, dispensed by my Trust Company according to schedule and representing my subvention to the God of Things as they are. Nor can you term disinterested service the pleasant task of rescuing friends from the consequence of their rashness, credulity or folly. Digging someone else out of a hole into which you did not fall is the most ecstatic of self-indulgences. In fact my doctor compelled me to relinquish good-samaritanism last winter because my blood pressure had got out of bounds. When the superiority sense becomes over excited it unbalances the entire metabolism. Nature sets a limit on self-exaltation."

"Then John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are no more than philanthropic addicts and the world is thereby released from obligation to either for their magnificent endowments," I ventured ironically. "Exposing the several institutions for research, the General Education Board and the great foundations as no better than the discharge of over-stimulated benevolence glands is at least a strange viewpoint."

"Straight thinking is always a novelty," returned Worldly Wiseman sententiously. "You are not so simple as to imagine that John D. Rockefeller

seeks a gratitude bonus on his scientific or sociological investments. He is applying the same kind of genius as a disburser that he exhibited as a creator of millions, and his pleasure is derived from the exercise of the mechanics of an exceptional mind. His return is his identification as the world's greatest giver. There was a childish vanity about Carnegie and he was tickled by adulation, but the character of his endowments indicates his motive as higher and finer than any catering to contemporary praise. Rich gifts are the fruits of the trees that bear them. After all your obligation is to nature—not to the individual who is her instrument."

"If you drag in the cosmos," I complained, "I'm blocked. It may be true though I prefer to deny it, that the entire range of our actions is but the unfolding of our individual chemistries, but there's no authority for so banal a conclusion. Personally, I propose to be grateful to whosoever lifts his voice or his hand in my praise or aid. I shall adhere to the conviction that it is spontaneous goodness of heart that makes me give up my seat in the subway to a woman. If I help Roberts to find the job he is seeking I shall attribute it to my own nobility of soul; whether my boss likes it or not it entertains me to be loyal to him. I decline to adulterate my own pleasure in lending a hand to a friend or even loaning him money with filthy reflections that I am actuated by nothing better than self-interest. It is not true anyway. For instance what imaginable profit have you out of this conversation of ours?"

"Have I not aired my own wisdom and listened to myself talk?" replied Worldly Wiseman.



DIET YOUR MIND TOO

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT MAY be only through the working of the law of compensation that as soon as the dining table ceases to groan the library table begins, and that greed, denied to the body, seeks its new outlet in the mind. Perhaps gluttony must have a vent somewhere just to keep that respectable Deadly Sin in good standing. Certainly an outlet for it has been found. It may be a pleasanter world to look at since it is somewhat less of chin and thigh and stomach. But it is not, on the whole, a pleasanter world to listen to. For everywhere now are the fat minds, the over-weight intelligences that function so badly and confusedly, puff and sigh at any bit of uphill thinking, and yet keep on stuffing and stuffing themselves, with that false appetite which indulgence stimulates.

There has been no general criticism or fear of this condition. Popular psychology, on the other hand, has been entirely sympathetic with it. The great mental shame of the past few years has been "narrowness" and its running mate has been to be "uninformed." It hardly mattered whether one broadened into distortion or what information was picked up, just so there was plenty of it. A great and alarming variety of knowledge has been made available. Gluttony, either mental or physical, is possible only in the midst of abundance, and never have there been such opportunities for filling the mind to repletion.

The tremendous literacy of this country, spread so wide and so very thin, has built up almost overnight both a great clientele for knowledge and an uncounted number of brokers and dealers

in it. These last are of all kinds, honest and fraudulent, distinguished and tawdry, solvent and bankrupt, as is always true and, no doubt, inevitable when any want of a great public is to be served. Competition between them has been largely centralized on ways to make what they have to offer cheaper and easier to obtain, more attractive, or, since there are always dealers who prey on snobbery, rare and exclusive. The effect on the consumer has been the usual one. His natural effort in seeking what he wants and needs is minimized; his taste is confused by the variety of things offered him and the arguments of the dealers; and what restraint or sense of fitness he may have had in the beginning is gradually lost in the excitement of acquisition.

It is probable that many people begin to be bewildered and to learn to gormandize during their educational years. The school system is often enough based on a theory of broadening the individual, giving him a hint or a peep-show glimpse of each of many kinds of knowledge. The variety of subjects introduced either in the course of study or associated with it is amazing even in elementary schools, and in secondary schools, colleges, and universities the piling up goes steadily on. But that is not all. In cities of any size dozens of extra-curricular advantages are offered and pressed upon school children—concerts, glimpses of touring royalties and popular heroes, visits to factories and museums, lectures by visiting celebrities, exceptional motion pictures, all recommended and allowed because "it would be a pity to let the children miss them."

Subject to discipline and correlation by very skillful instructors, this may be very well. But it teaches no control of the mental appetite, and every year thousands of people are released from formal academic discipline into a world which proposes quite definitely to see that they add to what is already stored in their crowded minds. They have by this time acquired a taste for collecting information, and that is almost enough to stamp them as intellectual citizens in any commonwealth in which a great deal of time is devoted to asking and answering "another." The vague ideal just now in fashion is well enough expressed by the equally vague phrase to be "up on things," and here again the word "things" is just about as selective as the attitude which seeks knowledge concerning them.

Of course a great deal of machinery has been devised to do the selecting and distributing of knowledge. It is very modern, highly improved machinery, and you have to look at it piece by piece to realize its intricacy. Some of the parts are inter-dependent and some function by themselves, but they all serve a common end, which is to feed the human mind. The terrific, driving daily press, legitimate and tabloid, not only creating news but creating opinions by the million, with disaster, heroism, power, and corruption all dramatically materialized in people and events, comes first in importance. It is beyond doubt the greatest machine for distribution of facts, and it is always working, day and night. Other publications, the periodicals of all types, which analyze the significance of every happening, discovery, invention, and public mood, make another large and very expensive group of machines for arranging and distributing knowledge. There are motion pictures, hot-foot on the trail of events, vivifying the gestures and smiles of every prize fighter and statesman, making strange countries and peoples familiar, and vending, not always too honestly, methods and habits of life, morals and

sentiments with which it used to be impossible for the common mind to become acquainted. No adventure is too remote, no public man too great for the cinema to bring them visually to Main Street.

Books follow, thousands upon thousands, in such a liaison with publicity now that it is possible to taunt a million church-goers with *Elmer Gantry* overnight, or make bywords of a blonde or a green hat. There is the theater of the spoken drama, less potent directly but every now and then demanding the foreground of the popular mind by some *coup d'état*. There is that frightening piece of machinery which is not yet even equipped with controls, the radio. There is the recent popularization of travel, so extensive that every year junketing in foreign countries slips down a peg socially. There are uncounted lectures and lecturers, healers and philosophers, each with his little hand-operated machine for grinding out facts or theories of some sort. All of these, either singly or in conjunction with one another, have for their purpose the dissemination of information such as it may be. Their customers are the minds of men, and the dealers struggle with one another to build up a prosperous trade.

II

There is, of course, the hermit point of view, the reluctant, frightened vision which decries all these things as evil and retreats from them. But hermits have gained their dramatic value because of their essential rarity. There are only a few who would give up the modern world, swift, violently colored, and destructive as it is. We have recently learned a better way than giving it up. As bodily exhaustion began to be frequent and physical breakdowns at an early age rather alarming, as fatness began to creep over a nation which no longer sawed wood or did its own washing, we began to adjust our bodies to the world they lived in. Just when that

word "fit" crept into common use is unrecorded. But there it was one morning, and the nation was morbidly conscious of its surplus flesh and flabby muscles. This condition was taken quite seriously. All the machinery was set in motion to combat it. Newspapers, magazines, books, radios, music machines, all took up the matter of keeping the body healthy. There was a great deal of false and foolish information broadcast, but gradually, out of the chaos of advice, one idea became dominant—which was that control of the appetites and physical exercise are the true methods of keeping fit. Everyone said that in such an exhausting age the only safe thing to do was to take care of oneself. Bedrooms became gymnasiums, and spinach grew popular. Thousands of men walked to work in the morning or played golf after four o'clock, and fashionable luncheons became frugal. This did not affect the whole of the world, but it may not be exaggeration to assume that, in this country at least, it did affect those people who had been the most tempted by an age of plenty and who could most easily avail themselves of its abundance.

But while the hullabaloo went on about how dangerous the times were for those who were not in full control of their bodies and regulating their physical appetites, no one thought much about the mind. It rapidly became unfashionable to stuff the body, but it remained very much in fashion to stuff the mind. It is curious that fitness of the body should have become almost a religion and that the simple principles of restraint and control should be so ignored in regard to the intelligence. Perhaps it is because no one thinks of a mind as showing its shapelessness. But it does. Every conversation, every attempt at thinking shows it for what it is, or has become, reveals either fine and disciplined proportions or the lack of them.

Alarming often it is the lack of them. The number of people who are unable to

hold to one subject for an hour is appalling. But they cannot. It tires them too much. There are only a few who are completely informed on any subject. At a point far this side of conclusion, most conversations run into the darkness of ignorance, and the people who are talking cannot lead themselves or others through it. Through lack of energy and fitness they have never mastered the subject under discussion, and the facts they know concerning it are only a few stray pieces of a puzzle.

I cannot tell what the conversations of a former generation may have been. I have an idea that many of them were tedious at the time and vastly overrated afterwards. They seem, from what one can pick up from hearsay, books, and the slow-moving dialogue of their contemporary drama, to have been flowery, dogmatic, and cluttered with quotations. This generation has thrown away the flowers and scrapped the dogma. All it has kept is the use of quotations, and they are by no means the same quotations, unless they are used upside down. But however pretentious talk formerly may have been, it was at least coherent and directed, and the notable qualities of most of the conversation one hears now are incoherence and irrelevance. Irrelevance is one of the funniest things in the world in the hands and on the tongues of experts, who have a genius for amusing juxtapositions. But with most of the people who use it it is nothing but a symptom of the fatigue and incapacity of their brains when faced with the problem of making a mental connection between two thoughts. There is usually no connection offered. One thought is dropped, and the fat mind does not bend over to pick it up. It reaches out for another idea.

III

The overweight minds have all the usual defects of their condition. It is not only that they cannot sustain action or exercise, but they are often absurd,

for they are inclined to feel lighter and more graceful than they are. No person is so easily deceived as to his appearance as the fat one. The analogy goes better than ever here. Think of the last person you heard trying to do an Aldous Huxley or to amuse in the Max Beerbohm fashion with a mind that could hardly drag itself around—a mind bulging with travel in Africa, child-study, Halliburton, Eugene O'Neill, Robinson Jeffers, and the last good sex novel. That combination is not as fantastic as it sounds nor especially unusual.

It is the fat mind which often gets sleepy and cross, does not want to hear any more or see any more of anything, dozes off in apathy, and wakes up feeling sure that it wants more to eat. It has lost the habit of resistance. Sugar, of course, generates a hunger for sugar. So does sex, even mental sex, and most of the fat minds have far too much literary sex in them for health. But they cannot resist the next highly spiced book placed upon the library table.

The shocking library table! I know of two, at least, which are not gluttonous. One of them belongs to a person who is interested in only two subjects, and the books which surround him, the magazines he buys contribute something to those interests or they will not be in his house. The other library table which gives me satisfaction of a kind is certainly not my own, which is entirely deplorable. No, it belongs to a lady who says that her books must suit her rooms, and often buys them for their charming or decorative jackets. She gets some excellent effects, and no one ever reads in her house anyhow, so it may be fair enough. All the talk in her house is also arranged to suit the rooms, for—one might say—the jackets. No doubt the guests are, too. It is a stringent point of view, to be respected, if not emulated.

But that is not the common case. In the library or living room of the average person who is called educated, look at the array of things spread for the greedy mind. There are a dozen periodicals:

the blue one because everyone seems to be buying it, the pink one because of the amusing story in it, the white one for politics, the checked one for smartness—all jumbled together. There is a stray book of poems, that saga of the prairies that one must not miss, the book prescribed by the book club, the one which says that everything is hereditary, the one which says that nothing is hereditary (one must know both sides), the novel in the worn cover which goes just a little farther than any novel has gone before. It is an ill-balanced, greedy, almost hysteric collection.

This is not caricature. It is not putting the matter half strongly enough. If one leaned to caricature one could mention the painful incongruity of certain books in the hands of certain people, books placed there by the forces of advertising, fashion, or gossip, or picked up through mere lack of control. One could ridicule the general fumbling rush after history, religion, psychology, and philosophy, not singly, not successively, but with a vague desire to know something about everything all at once. No one tries to eat everything all at once or have every kind of thing on his dining table. The analogy is becoming altogether too tempting and has to be kept strictly in hand. For, quoting a certain James Ward, who, as far as I am concerned, takes his immortality simply and securely in the dictionary, "an analogy is a good servant but a bad master; for when master it does more to blind than it has previously done to illuminate."

So with my analogy. The point must be re-stated at once to keep it in proper servitude. There is just one way to get fat, if your system is normal, and that is by taking more food into the body than is needed for its maintenance and growth. If the mind takes in more than it needs for upkeep and development apparently the same thing happens, and thousands upon thousands of people are consuming far too many facts and too many opinions.

There is one explanation offered me which is illuminating. It is, to be sure, says my friend, an age of plenty, but such times are comparatively recent. Hard times and pioneer years preceded them. Perhaps in those days a hunger developed which has been passed on to a succeeding generation, a hunger to broaden the horizon at any cost, a hatred of the narrow outlook, a pathetic physical and mental desire to find out about things irrelevant to one's own life. There are all the people who have heard of an artichoke and want to taste one just once, even if they do not eat it all up, even if they do not like it. They hear of gay ladies and want to see one in the same restaurant in which they are eating. Though God-fearing, they want to read just a little of what that man has said who defies the Bible. These things have nothing to do with their regular lives. But they are tired of restrictions and eager to find out about what lies beyond them. And having tasted and satisfied one curiosity, another springs up. This may be what an artichoke is like, but what is bread sauce?

Well, kindly or irritated as your point of view may be, it does not shake the facts. If the principles of control of the appetite and of exercise do not reach the mind soon, we shall have not only a great many ill-shaped minds and many lazy ones, but a shocking number which are really in poor health. There are more than a few now in everyone's acquaintance. The dangerous symptoms are obvious if you come to look for them, there for anyone to diagnose.

Usually the discomfort of the fat minds shows in their discontent, their eagerness to discard the old idea for the new one, and the new one for a newer one. They want to feel satisfied and, since they do not and cannot feel satisfied, they keep on stuffing themselves. Mental exercise becomes more and more impossible with the mere weight of the facts they have to carry around, and soon they stop thinking for themselves. They are sluggish and often depressed.

They try patent cures of various kinds, always diagnosing their ailment as any other than the right one, or they go to specialists and ask what is wrong with life that it cannot manage to please them. And eventually comes invalidism or some breakdown of the nerves which try to keep pace with intemperate minds and cannot.

IV

There is no more use in fighting your generation than your luck, but there are all sorts of ways to get around it, especially if you see your times for what they are, conditions in which you are the more variable and adjustable factor. It used to be that knowledge was difficult to acquire and the pursuit of it developed mental muscle. That period has apparently passed, and nothing and none of us will bring it back. Certain functioning in education is still necessary, but not the former struggle, nor great personal effort. Knowledge is offered everywhere in cheap and super-convenient forms. There are delicatessens, cafeterias, automats of it. You can pick up a tray of facts, take home a paper boat filled with a salad of history and opinion, put in your quarter, and a new philosophy will slide out of the automat. Up and down every Main Street are brilliant and provocative displays of the things you should know, and their advertisements confront you everywhere. There are chain book stores and magazines not only for a bourgeois public but for the self-knighted literary aristocrats, and a growing number of clinics which offer the final luxury—to choose books for a lazy public, to select (with a guarantee of satisfaction) the books one must not miss if one is to be well-informed. The ghosts of the books come out in the cinemas for those who will not read. Writers and thinkers boil down their ideas into an essence which can be contained in sixty minutes and serve them in a lecture room. For a dime—a dollar—ten dollars, and up you can

find out all about history, psychology, religion, heredity, glands, and the sex indulgences of those above and below your station. Why should anyone go hungry? Nobody does. How can people keep from putting on mental flesh? Few do.

And yet, when we come to look at facts, all the great thinking of the world has been done by those who kept themselves on a mental diet. Great athletes, great fighters have never applied the principles of control or restraint more strictly than have great thinkers. Such men and women have never been greedy, never gluttonous. It did not occur to them that it was necessary or advisable to try to know something about everything. Much learning they went without. They knew what their own minds needed and went after that regardless of the welter of other knowledge. They were specialists. They were men and women of ideas.

That past tense is a blunder. I hardly know why I used it, for it is manifestly unfair. There is no real dearth of clear controlled thought yet. But I think it slipped into the sentence rather bitterly because it is such a common sorrow to see minds which should be fit and active fall a prey to this terrible broadening. The past tense is only their epitaph.

It is not the part nor the ambition of every man to be a great thinker. But as the best physical diets pattern themselves somewhat after the regimens advised by those who get men into physical condition for great exploits, so the mental diet can get some idea of how it should be shaped by considering the habits of those whose thinking commands respect. In nearly every case one finds no great diffusion of interest. One does find direction and strict limitation of the mind again and again and a clear consciousness of what it individually needs.

For well-being is a personal business. Nearly everyone knows now that the remedies prescribed for his neighbor may not suit his ailment, and will not take a chance on them. We know that

the food we need for maintenance varies, from person to person. We have been taught by doctors and dentists and dieticians that we are physical entities. Yet by some curious lack of logic we seem to assume that our minds are cut from one piece. We are still not convinced that we are mental individuals. When we hear someone say that "everyone should read this" or "see this" or "hear this" we are apt to bow our minds and obey. Before we diet we must learn better than that. We must learn to say "it doesn't suit my case" with the same pompousness with which we speak of our bodily needs.

V

This matter of diet never becomes really interesting until it resolves itself into a discussion of methods. I have tried a good many on myself, having the kind of mind that fattens easily, is nearly always overweight, and needs to be under constant discipline. It can be done by taking an enormous amount of exercise, by writing or teaching, lecturing or concentrating on some special interest to the point of exhaustion. It can be done by entering classes, a kind of thyroid way of keeping the mental weight down. But neither way is very satisfactory. In the first case the work done has to be more than is normal or healthy and the reduction is slow and not permanent, for the first vacation sends the weight up again. The second method has the usual dangers of drug-ging, of introducing into the system elements which do not belong there. Most of the classes which do the work of mental reduction for you leave you in a dangerous mental state. You are apt to rely on them and be unable to get along without them.

The final way, and no doubt the best, is to cut down on the amount of sustenance taken into the mind and to do it scientifically. Even at the risk of letting the analogy get its head again, there is another comparison which must be made. The sugars and starches are

the serious things to consider in physical diet. In mental diet sex and new philosophies are quite as important. They are the things to be limited first. The quantity taken in must be cut down.

There are plenty of people who will say at once that they have no interest in sex. Refer them to their bookshelves, to their motion-picture houses, to their popular magazines, and see if they can repeat the assertion in cold blood. I sometimes think we have no notion how drenched our entire thought is with sex, how great the preoccupation of the majority of the world for the past few years has been in this one interest, how great our mental if not physical indulgence. Its harm is definite. It is the most fattening of all mental foods. It vitiates the natural appetite for life and it creates a taste which only more of itself can satisfy. Some of it is necessary to understanding of life. But we are getting far too much, the majority of us.

Too much of sex and too many new philosophies. It is high compliment to call them philosophies, for they are really only rules of living touched up by novelty or daring or both. They are new religions, new governments, new ways of making marriage safe, or at least plausible. People who would shrink from a potato and have forgotten or never known the taste of pie consume these mental starches in great quantities. They need some of them, no doubt. Enough new ideas to keep the mind alert are essential. But if there are too many the mind ceases to be alert and soon becomes sluggish. It simply collects new ideas and does nothing with them. They go into fat.

In any form of diet the question always is when to begin and how much to cut down, and the answer is to begin at once and to cut down gradually but consistently until the proper normal weight is attained. There are no scales subtle enough to weigh the mind. But I think sometimes that it is possible to watch your mind in conversation or even in its thought and see if it seems

overweight. It is possible, if you can regard it dispassionately and without vanity.

A temporary diet, at least, would do no harm to most people. Each person must figure it out for himself according to his age, his mental habits, and his natural interests. For it is those interests whose fitness should and will be increased by a diet. They are, often enough, imbedded in a mass of other people's ideas which must be sloughed off before the individuality moves easily.

The big problem—at least during the first diet—is the one of control. The things denied never seem so tempting or so omnipresent as during the period they are put aside. The displays of desirable things are maddeningly seductive. There is nothing to do except to go without and to do no tasting. So much knowledge you can allow yourself for maintenance and no more can you permit yourself to take in. You alternately feel absurd and abused, and nothing but will power will see you through. At first you will be hungry more than once and often you will be irritable.

There is also the matter of exercise. With the prevalence of street-cars and automobiles few of us need to walk. But even if we can ride, many of us have learned to choose to walk. If we want to go to a place we can either be taken there by machinery or we can walk to our destination and thereby keep our bodies in condition. If we want to arrive at a mental conclusion we can either get someone else, in print or person, to take us there, or we can think the matter through for ourselves, stretching every mental muscle as only hard thinking will do. It is tiresome in the beginning. It is laborious, and the unused mind will ache sadly for a time.

But, after a little, when you begin to feel lighter in your mind, it is worth it. The loose fat, other people's ideas, goes first. Irrelevant ideas of your own, half-developed ones, useless ones, disappear, and one day you find your mind working

faster, feeling younger, more as it did before you began to know so much about so many things. That sensation is entirely worth the severe discipline.

It does not matter in the least what you find your mind, with its new lithe-ness and spring, turning to. It may be cabbages or kings, humor or philosophy, to painting the lily or writing a new novel. The diet will not make your mind a remarkable instrument unless it was one in the beginning. But it will make it competent and fit, according to its capacities. It is sure to increase its health.

Of course that is not the end. We all know. We diet once and then we have to do it again. The age of plenty is our

joy and our undoing. But there is great satisfaction in being able to pick and choose in an age of plenty, to become, without excessive indulgence, an epicure of a sort, who can make even a diet a pleasure. Not too many new ideas; not too much sex; not more than one major interest; all the humor we can find, for that has no mental calories—a limited amount of everything else you like—that is the balanced diet for the average mind. And, in the end, when control has become to some extent automatic, it means the possession of a mind which is not “afraid to go home and think,” a mind so lithe that it can bend over and touch its toes twenty times without stopping.

EVANESCENCE

BY GEORGE STERLING

I *MUSE upon the passing of the days:
Sunset has fled, and all the gracious land
Lies in a trance of twilight, as I stand
Before the evening star's uplifted rays.
It floats above the purple ocean-ways
As pure, as lone as thou. But here the strand
Bears not thy footprints on its glimmering sand—
The very star is drifting from my gaze.*

*Love, all things pass—tell me thou wilt not go!
For what is life without thee? What am I?
Ah! Sweet! within the lost Hesperides
To walk with thee where winds of sorrow blow,
When harps to unreturning sunsets cry
The loneliness of stars, the grief of seas!*

The Lion's Mouth



AND HOW ARE THEY ALL?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"I SAW Jimmy Barnard to-day," said I brightly to my wife one evening last winter.

"Really?" said she. "And how is Helen? And did little Tommy get over the whooping cough all right?"

"I don't know," I confessed. "I forgot to ask."

"What!" exclaimed my wife. "But surely you remembered that Tommy had whooping cough and that Helen Barnard's mother had to come and live with them and help look after things. Is she still with them? You must have found that out."

I hung my head. "I don't know," I repeated meekly. "I forgot to ask."

"But what on earth did you talk about, then?"

"Well," said I, "we talked about Al Smith's chances, and about the rate of production on the new Ford, and—let's see—Jimmy had sprained his back playing squash, and we discussed injuries and muscles, and that got us around to doctors. I told him about a case I knew—"

"And you never even thought of asking about Tommy's whooping cough?" said my wife severely.

I hung my head again. I was always forgetting to ask after people. In my shame it seemed to me that this was a private and personal weakness of mine.

But that was on a Thursday night. On Saturday I met Helen Barnard on Fifth Avenue.

"Hello," said Helen. "How's the family?"

"Flourishing, thanks," said I.

"Did Jill get over the flu all right?"

"Yes," said I. "She's in fine shape now."

"And how's your Aunt Gertrude?"

"She's all right, thanks."

"Oh, and where are you going this summer? I want to know all about your plans."

I told Helen all about our plans. Then I remembered my wife's admonitions. I was just opening my mouth to say, "And how are all *your* family?" when Helen went on, "I'm so glad I saw you. Jimmy said he had lunch with you the other day, but I couldn't get a thing out of him about you. I asked him how Jill was, and he said he hadn't inquired. I asked him whether you were going to Cape Cod again this summer, and he said he had forgotten to find out. Isn't Jimmy funny?"

"Jimmy's a scream," said I.

So there were two of us.

Since then I have made a discovery. There aren't just two of us. By diligent inquiry and observation I have arrived at the conclusion that there are millions of us. A whole sex, in fact. Every evening, I have figured, hundreds of thousands of good American men come home and report that they have seen So-and-So, are asked how all the other So-and-So's are, and confess that they didn't find out.

How marked is this failure of men to accumulate personal data, and how great is the corresponding prowess of women, may easily be demonstrated by performing a very simple experiment which requires no apparatus but a tea-table and two cigars. Place two women

acquaintances beside the table, and at the end of an hour the experimenter will note that they have learned everything about each other's families, servants, and friends, and about all tonsils, adenoids, school programs, wage-problems, and misdemeanors pertaining thereto. Place two men acquaintances at the working ends of two cigars in the next room, and in an hour they will have learned nothing about each other except each other's opinions about the stock market, the campaign, and Gene Tunney.

It is an appalling discovery. Manifestly something should be done about this masculine failure. I am making a small beginning myself. Every morning when I leave home I say to myself, "To-day I must not forget to ask, 'How are they all?'" Once in a while I actually remember to ask it. But it's uphill work. And, I argue with myself, what shall I accomplish if I make over one member of the sex in this respect, leaving the rest still unregenerate? Sometimes it seems hardly worth while.

Perhaps it would be wiser for us males simply to sit in passive admiration. Women excel us conversationally in so many ways. In getting off from a standing start, for instance.

Every now and then I find myself seated at dinner next to a woman whom I have never laid eyes on before, whom I don't know a thing about, whose name I have forgotten, and whose place-card is lying upside down behind her soup plate. The awful moment arrives when we must engage in badinage. How to begin? My mind immediately becomes a whirling void. The weather? It's too obvious. The identity of that funny-looking man at the other end of the table? Too obvious; besides, he's probably her husband. Literature? Art? Companionate marriage? Everything I can think of is too obvious. I open my mouth and close it again. . . . By this time I feel as one feels when confronted with an ear-trumpet: clearly a rather brilliant epigram is the least that the situation calls for.

Then the woman speaks. "Have you been to the theater lately?" she asks.

Nothing more epigrammatic than that.

How easy! It is so easy that I should never have thought of it. That woman was under no silly illusions about avoiding the obvious. She knew what every woman knows: that the first requirement is to get things going, no matter how. Well, she gets them going, and me with them. Pretty soon she has learned what plays I have seen, why I don't go to the theater oftener, how a commuter lives, how many children I have, and what we did when the children got ivy-poisoning. And I have found out nothing about her. It's a gift, strictly feminine.

Women, I submit, are the master-mechanics of conversation. They can always start it, no matter how faulty the ignition. My only criticism would be that some of them think their job is done when the conversational car moves out of the garage hitting on all six cylinders.

Take Mrs. Benson, for example. Mrs. Benson is what they call a model hostess, meaning that she is a super-mechanic. She is like one of those expert mill operatives who can look after a lot of machines all at once. She listens to the general hum, and when her expert ear tells her that one machine is slowing down she attends to it with her oil-can and then moves off and leaves it. A remarkable feat, but sometimes annoying to the machine.

Mrs. Benson turns to me at dinner and gets out her figurative oil-can. "You're just the person I'm looking for," she says. "Can't you tell me what all this Mexican business is about?"

I tell her that it's a pretty complicated business and that I wish I knew more about it.

"But you know ever so much more about it than I do," says she. "And I'm so interested. Do explain it."

Amazed at Mrs. Benson's thirst for information, I begin. For a moment she

is all attention. Presently, however, her eye wanders. There are other machines to listen to and mine has got up a satisfactory momentum.

"Oh, *do* have some more fish, Mr. Sprague," she suddenly puts in, just as I get to the framing of the Mexican Constitution. "Mary, please pass Mr. Sprague the fish. . . . Mr. Sprague, I know that Mrs. Turner is just aching to hear all about your new play—oh, it's a novel, is it? . . . Excuse me; do go on."

I go on. I get to the end of a sentence and pause to take breath.

"Ella, you simply must give us all the inside information about Geneva," cries Mrs. Benson before I can begin again. Another machine has stopped, you see, and must be oiled. She turns to me as if the Mexican problem were comfortably settled and draws me into this new topic. "Ella Nash has been spending *weeks* at Geneva studying the League and has just got back. (Fill the glasses, please, Mary.) Ella, is it really true that the League has outlived its usefulness?"

There is nothing to do but fall to and discuss the League of Nations. This we do for about two minutes, while Mary fills the glasses and is asked to open the window a little if Mrs. Sprague doesn't mind. "You're sure you'll tell me the minute you feel it, Mrs. Sprague? Go on, Ella; and do tell us, too, what you think of Mussolini."

So it goes all through dinner. Mexico as a topic has perished in early youth; the League joins it among those untimely slain; Mussolini is good for five minutes. But what cares Mrs. Benson for Mexico or the League or Mussolini? To her they are merely tools with which she can get conversational machines started. She has other tools, a whole kitful of leading questions like "Do you think standardization is the curse of American life?" and "Would you regard Eugene O'Neill as the hope of the American theater?" She isn't interested in the answers; she never pays attention to more than the first few sentences of

them; she's a mechanic pure and simple, and her machines must be kept running.

Sometimes I wish some of these feminine mechanics were a little less restless with their tools. Suppose six or eight people are dining together. After a few preliminaries the conversation becomes general. Now a good general conversation to which half a dozen diverse minds contribute is something to live for; but it will never get anywhere unless you give it its head. It is also lamentably true that in a general conversation there is never more than one person speaking at a time. This is what gives the born mechanic her dreadful opportunity. Just as the talk begins to take wings, she looks about her and discovers a man who at the moment is doing nothing more than listening. "Why, hello," she seems to say to herself, "here's a perfectly good machine lying idle! This will never do." And she turns to it solicitously, "What have *you* been doing with yourself lately?" The poor man is helpless. The general conversation falters, goes to pieces. But what is that to the mechanic? She has started up an idle machine with her little oil-can, and she knows that she has done her womanly part.

But this, after all, is captious criticism. What would any machine do without a mechanic to get it moving, and what right has a hopelessly unmechanical male to talk about conversations taking wings when he can't even remember to ask how other people's Aunt Gertrudes are? Manifestly he had better attend to the beam in his own conversation.

Well, as I said, I am making a start. In fact, I am progressing. The other night we had Jimmy and Helen Barnard to dinner. Here was my big chance to show that even a male could make the proper personal inquiries. The talk turned to weddings.

"Ours was an ordeal for Jimmy," said Helen. "You know what an enormous lot of cousins I have. Jimmy told me afterwards that he'd never shaken so many family hands in his life. We

figured out that he had met two hundred relatives of mine."

"Two hundred relatives!" I murmured in awe. Then I saw my opening. "And how are they all?" I asked.

Two hundred. That ought to do me for a while.



FUGUE OF A SATISFIED HOUSE GUEST

BY DEARING WARD

WHEN I was left facing the world the day after my graduation from boarding-school, with only a large week-end case full of clothes, a wrist-watch, several bar pins, and some silver picture frames, there arose the old question: what to do? In the morning mail that very day there came a large square envelope from one of the girls. I answered it, and that was the beginning of my career. I became a house guest.

Guests have come away even from week-ends of late and written so slurringly—especially in the humorous weeklies—that it seems pertinent to offer a few ideas, or tried plans, of one who has found the house-guest racket full of busy, happy days. Often I have lain in pleasant guest-rooms, consuming delicate breakfasts, and read bitter, accusatory accounts of being a guest, and wondered: Why? It is all so simple, so delightful—the one occupation still open to the Untrained Woman. It is hard to think of any mode of life requiring less unpleasant effort, when rightly understood.

The main querulous complaint is often made that one is constantly dragged into fatuous chat, but this may be easily dismissed as it can be avoided with a little precaution. One good way is to jot down while on the train a few of the best things you have ever said.

(Some people include in their regular repertoire things other people have said, but I always feel that this is a little Latin, as distinct from being British and, therefore, not quite correct.) Work in all these good remarks at the first meal after arriving. At luncheon six or eight will do, but for dinner ten or twelve should be managed. This will establish you as a witty, or at least very, very alert person, and after that you can relapse into dumbness and even snub people who do not appeal to you, without loss of prestige, for the rest of the visit. Nothing further will be necessary, you will find, and hence only a spontaneous animation need come into play—manifestly a delightful situation.

The house guest as far as material comforts are concerned is in a position second only to that described in Plato's *Republic*. Everything but the physical functions of life becomes automatically somebody else's responsibility. What delicious naps I have had on early golden afternoons under pink guest-room comforters, drifting off to sleep just as the distant voice of my hostess came faintly, telephoning to a fourth bridge player or pathetically describing an impending trip to a relentless automobile mechanic. For the guest there are the same excitements, the same parties, but no trouble, no arranging, no efforts. Just have a few clothes on by the time the car comes around to the front or soup goes into the dining-room—that is all.

It is well from first to last to avoid showing too much respect to any older people who may be in the house. This would seem a needless platitude, but it is surprising even now how many people will revert to type and begin showing deference to older women. It creates unpleasant feeling at once. And very little thought is required. Some people of course have a firmly ingrained tendency to spring forward and light cigarettes, pull up chairs, etc., for older people—even of their own sex—which cannot be too severely condemned; but

the old method of counting ten will be found to be a gradual corrective if persisted in. And, at any rate, in ten slow counts the oldest will have lighted their own cigarettes, or someone else will have dashed forward and incurred their faint dislike or lasting hatred.

Finally, in the event that any tiresome and annoying people really cannot be avoided, the ruse of a wire calling one away can always be used. It is old, familiar; but so are Birth and Death, etc. The big, natural instincts hold in every generation.

Personally I have employed the telegram method of departure even after a week or more. It is especially valuable with relatives who insist in an informal way on one's staying; and in these cases doubtless comes as a relief to both sides. I have no doubt that the time will come when the Western Union will have forms for Being Called Away in addition to their present Greeting Messages. Then it will be a simple step to call up the nearest telegraph office, mention a form number and a plausible sending address to be inserted in the proper place, and within half an hour and without risk of complication receive a well-phrased wire for the sympathetic perusal of one's hosts.

In any such cases the plainest wording is safest, and all maudlin temptations to give the telegrams dramatic effect should be curbed. Wires such as "Aunt Martha ill. Return at once" only store up future difficulties, and even mental strain. Much better is something like: "Return by first train. Imperative. Will explain at station." Then all *you* have to do is to show it and get your bags packed, lightly turning over the whole thing to your Subconscious.

The first moment of responsibility comes in getting your bags off. The old idea handed down by our ancestors that if you leave things behind in your room it will put your hostess to a lot of trouble sending them to you is altogether wrong. If you have anything you want to keep it is best to be sure it is

in your bags when you go. But this is trifling, especially when you consider that it is the sole instant of effort. It is even possible to leave without tipping any of the servants, except of course the chauffeur if your hostess accompanies you to the station. It is unthinkable that the servants in decent houses should report on this kind of thing, and I have always thought that an occasional sharp surprise would make them enjoy the next tip they do get all the more.



THE DECLINE OF CREDULITY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

IT IS a hackneyed boast that we, the children of the twentieth century, are living in the most wonderful age which mankind has ever known. With the telephone at our elbow, the radio at our ear, and the mail-plane throbbing at our city's doorstep, we are encouraged to pity those ancestors of ours who, through innumerable generations, wrung their living from a hostile earth, while they raised dull eyes to an unattainable atmosphere, and died at last in ignorance of all the secret forces that had surrounded them. Theirs was a prison life, we are assured, hedged in by walls that have vanished for their children. Science, it is complacently affirmed, has opened infinite horizons to the mind of man. Revelations of archæology, of biology, of astronomy, of psychology, and of all the other studious activities of digging, peering, calculating men have sorely strained our powers of believing; but strength has followed strain, and science has taught us that nothing is too marvelous for belief. Ours is, preëminently, the age of wonder.

So say the prophets of progress, the apostles of enlightenment. But their glowing story may be opposed by a sad,

true tale—the tale of how humanity has been pilfered of a precious heritage, of how our imaginative powers have been crimped and cabined, lopped and trimmed, until the faculty of credulity is at a woeful pass.

Science has taught us that nothing is too marvelous for belief? What poppycock! The first men on earth learned that lesson, and their descendants have been gradually unlearning it. What was there that the savage could not believe? What is there that he will not believe? Science has really commanded that we have faith in only a few things while denying us the pleasure of credence in a million and one alternatives. Every *fact* that it has fished from the sea, dug from the earth, or plucked from thin air thrusts itself as a barrier across a dozen avenues of speculation which were previously open and inviting.

But human credulity has fought a noble though a losing fight. The victory of knowledge—that arch-enemy of belief—has been won in a slow war of attrition. One by one, mankind has been ravished of its cherished faiths; but in every generation the soldiers of knowledge, while laying about them doughtily, have been guilty of unconscious treason by accepting and disseminating convictions that another age was to demolish. Pliny's *Natural History*, for example, reveals an experimental passion that was dangerous to the credulity of its author's day; but it also perpetuated for some hundreds of years a mass of highly imaginative misinformation. Pliny had a sneering way with other people's magic, but he was thoroughly in earnest about his own. He was skeptical regarding the powers of basilisk blood, but he was quite certain that when a physician employed the peony in one of his compounds it should be gathered at night "lest the woodpecker of Mars try to pick the digger's eyes out." And of course there was no doubt that bedbugs, properly employed, were an antidote to nocturnal fever.

Yes, it has been a shifting war. The

multitude has stoutly defended its beliefs, and it has secured startling though temporary victories. It was a great day for human credulity when eight hundred victims perished at the stake in the bishopric of Würzburg. Their crime was witchcraft, and their guilt was plain. Picture the wonders of that age. In every city, town, and hamlet, in every home and every shuttered room the forces of light and the forces of darkness were waging an implacable warfare. The man who doubted the existence of evil spirits was a fool; life would be a poor thing indeed without them. Had not all the philosophers of old, save only the hopelessly optimistic Epicureans, admitted their existence? What family could boast that no one of its members had ever been possessed by a devil? What family would be proud of such a record? No man could tell when the mumbled charms of some withered crone might bring swift death to his favorite cow, ruin to his cherished sister, or destruction to his home. And as for vampires, what a marvelous history they had. We find them appearing in the United States as late as 1875.

At this point certain persons may protest that the world is well rid of such troublesome wonders. But what of the more diverting creatures, beliefs, and experiences of which science has defrauded us? Elves, fairies, nymphs, and dryads have had their hosts of mourners; but they were only small inhabitants of a whole world that is lost. Transatlantic flights thrill us to-day over our morning coffee; but we have been robbed of the ocean above the earth that was familiar to our forefathers. We hear no more of that marvelous land of Magnonia, whence aerial seamen once sailed their ships far and wide over the cloud-littered sea.



Yet, regarding that ocean and those ships, there was once no doubt whatsoever in the minds of ordinary men. Had you lived in a certain English village early in the twelfth century you might have relied on your own senses in this

matter. For Gervase of Tilbury relates (according to a later authority) that "as the people were coming out from a church in England, on a dark cloudy day, they saw a ship's anchor fastened in a heap of stones, with its cable reaching up from it into the clouds. Presently they saw the cable strained, as if the crew were trying to haul it up, but it still stuck fast. Voices were then heard above the clouds, apparently in clamorous debate, and a sailor came sliding down the cable. As soon as he touched the ground the crowd gathered round him, and he died, like a man drowned at sea, suffocated by our damp, thick atmosphere. An hour afterwards, his shipmates cut the cable and sailed away; and the anchor they had left behind was made into fastenings and ornaments for the church door, in memory of the wondrous event."

Can our feats of aerial navigation compensate us for losing the seamen of Magnonia? Remember that Gervase recorded no isolated incident. Centuries earlier, Agobard of Lyons had seen three men and one woman who had fallen from these aerial ships; and more than four centuries later, the inhabitants of Pains Town, in Ireland, witness "divers most strange and prodigious apparitions seen in the air," which were thereafter attested by no less than sixteen reliable persons. It is true that we may still see apparitions in the air, and anyone who was fortunate enough to glimpse the silver dirigible that floated serenely over New York City, early one morning after voyaging from Germany, is not likely to forget the vision. But knowledge robbed the phenomenon of half its wonder; wireless had announced the ship's departure, wireless heralded its approach. We knew precisely how the great contraption worked; we knew its gas capacity to a cubic inch; we knew the first names of its crew. Imagination was throttled by fact.

Miracles cannot survive explanation, and the scientist is determined that no miracles shall go unexplained. So gradually he is denuding both nature and invention of their wonders. He explains the gorgeous plumage of tropical birds in terms of utilitarian functions; and his elaborate description of how photographs may be transmitted by radio is so dull as to kill any amazement that the process might naturally evoke. Havelock Ellis has somewhere lamented that insistence upon uniform orthography has destroyed the "grand manner" in spelling among all save the illiterate. And in the same way science has destroyed the grand manner in believing; for individual beliefs, like individual systems of spelling, are forbidden. "When the Emperor Tiberius inquired of the grammarian what song the Sirens sang," writes Compton Leith, "he asked to prove his wit and was gratified when no man answered." But in that age, at least, everyone was free to repeat the imperial query for himself, and each could hazard his own "wide solution." To-day not even the bare question is allowed us, for science has long since numbered sirens among ancient lies.

There remains but one comforting thought for those who deplore the passing of credulity and all its wonders. It is possible, just possible, that some future generation will look back enviously upon our own as one in which imagination had full play. Living amid the "facts" of inter-dimensional space, familiar with natural laws that would astound an Einstein, and accepting a cosmography that would bewilder all our professors of astronomy, the people of that generation may gaze wistfully upon us as the inhabitants of credulity's golden age. To them our world may seem as wonderful as Ptolemy's. It is a meager hope, to be sure, but in it there is consolation.



Editor's Easy Chair

UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THEODORE DREISER has been to Russia. He was a good man to go because he is intelligent, observant, articulate, and not any too well pleased with the world that now is. To that extent he is sympathetic with the efforts now making in Russia to develop a new civilization, the chief aim of which is improvement in the life and intelligence of the great mass of the Russian people.

It is an enormous job and has not been overdone in times past. There are said to be one hundred and forty millions of Russians spread over an expanse of country in Europe and Asia that makes most of the other geographical divisions of those countries look puny. These hundred and forty millions are the job. Most of them live by agriculture, which is the way that civilization begins. Animals roam in the prairies and forests and flourish as long as they get enough to eat. Primitive men do much the same and record progress by coming to be farmers. The mass of the Russians have got that far. They are farmers. They seem to be mighty tough, hardy people who can stand a lot of dirt, cold, exposure, vodka, and bad religion without succumbing. They are going to stay, and doubtless stay in Russia, but the Soviet government does not propose that they shall be mentally static. On the contrary it is pouring new ideas into them sixteen to the dozen by all the most modern means of advertisement and instruction.

What one gets out of Dreiser's pieces and reports from other people is the im-

pression that the Soviet rulers are making rapid progress with their job of developing in Russia mass production of thought and capacity for serious world-disturbance. Dreiser, though not the first, is the latest outsider to penetrate Russia. He seems to have been well received and allowed to go around and see what he could. He saw a great deal and was profoundly impressed with the strength of the effort now proceeding there and its very considerable accomplishment. The vast activity of the proceeding seems to have impressed him—the colossal aims of the successors of Lenin to carry education and the reasonable comforts of life to the Russian people. He reported Russia as crammed with propaganda—the scene of an intense effort to make over the minds of a race and imbue it with Bolshevist and Communist principles. He found some improvement in the condition of industrial life but not much yet in agricultural life. He does see a great new spirit, a new activity of mind, new hopes, new incentives running through the Russian people. He also confirms reports from other sources of military preparations. They impressed him deeply. Everywhere he saw soldiers, on all the Russian frontiers on land and sea. To him they looked like pretty good soldiers, well clothed, well armed, and equipped with all the modern improvements in military destruction. He found constant dissemination by every possible modern means of the idea that the capitalist

countries were out to bite off the head of Russia and that the whole adult Russian population must be organized to resist them. He found a condition of nervous military excitement even beyond what existed in Germany before 1914.

All these observations are very provocative of reflection. While Dreiser's stories were in the process of publication the emissary of the Soviets at Geneva proposed universal disarmament. That suggestion being rejected, he made it again in a modified form. The trouble with such proposals is that nobody trusts Russia's rulers. They have seemed in a way to reject all political morality. Their great aim is to destroy capitalism throughout the world and make all civilizations subscribe to the maxims of Karl Marx. Universal disarmament then would seem likely to leave Christendom bare and open to a vast and active force constantly practicing to destroy it. Of course the powers cannot accept Russia's disarmament proposals. They will not dare to.

IN all negotiations of the powers of Western Europe between one another and with the United States the condition of Russia and, indeed, of all Asia and part of Africa, are great factors. A writer in the *Round Table* discusses the fizzles of the naval conference between the United States and Great Britain. He thinks it was a profound mistake for the two governments not to have consulted each other about what they have been doing. "If London," he says, "had said to Washington, 'we are building these ships because Europe is still a potential volcano and we must secure our communications in view of what other powers are building,' it would have prevented the legend growing up that these cruisers are being built against the United States." True enough it is absurd that in the present condition of the world Great Britain should build against the United States or the United States against Great Britain. There are other fish to fry than that. The great fact, as the *Round Table*

writer says, is that Europe is a potential volcano, that Asia is full of rumblings, and that in Africa too there are serious problems, notably just now in Egypt.

These things are not hidden. They are plain on the map for anybody to see, and that they affect more and more the counsels of Europe is plain enough in the news. The European house is trying to set itself in order. One reads of impending measures to get the war debts on a more definite and feasible basis. France seems to be in a better case, much stronger on her fiscal side, less apprehensive, better to work with in the effort to secure peace in Europe, in which indeed M. Briand is the prime mover.

Government is passing into new hands. It is fourteen years since 1914. Men who were thirty in that year are forty-four; men who were sixty are seventy-four. All that implies emergence of new strength, as well as the passing of some oldtime reliances. Control of mankind, so far as it is effected by government, is passing to minds that have developed in the new era which began with the World War.

It may be the conclusion of our children and grandchildren that the greatest, the most important man the Great War produced was Lenin. Of course that is the opinion in Russia now. The whole Marxian program may go to pot in Russia and still leave the statue to Lenin as much respected as ever. As an instrument to make the Russians think, to get their minds out of static, he was tremendous and, of course, in spite of all the horrors that he was associated with, he was immensely useful.

Mr. Lamb's story of Ghengis Khan is a timely book reminding us as it does what ruthless genius has sometimes accomplished in Asia. Recounting what happened seven hundred years ago, it helps the imagination to grapple with the possibilities of our own time. We don't know how great a man Asia may produce, but the notion that that great continent is harmless because it has not sufficient industrial development to wage modern

warfare grows less impressive every year, and Dreiser's reports make their contribution to dispel it.

The upshot of all of which is that it becomes thoughtful people whose minds run on international problems to take large views, and when they discuss such things as agreement about naval construction, to think less about their immediate neighbors and more about the more remote ones. In these times one has to think about the whole world, so close are continents and countries to one another and so involved and implicated are their destinies.

JUNE, when all the colleges are commencing, is particularly the month in which to discuss education. Nobody seems satisfied with the kinds we are getting now, which is probably a good sign. We go on more or less with our educational processes because they are a habit, but discussion of them is candid and continuous, and probably knowledge of what they ought to be is increasing.

The most important thing for us to acquire seems to be the understanding of life and, if it is concrete, so much the better. Christ evidently had understanding of life. He knew all about it and when he spoke, clarification of human existence came from him readily and always. He did not have to think about it, it was in him. Various great men have had such an understanding of human life as was necessary for their several jobs. Ghengis Khan understood the life of his time and environment. He knew what to do under such circumstances as he met, and he always did it. It is evident that he was a tremendous person with a first-rate mind, and courage and energy equal to any predicament that he had to meet. It is a little early to make confident assertions about Henry Ford, but he seems to have had understanding of life sufficient for his purposes at any given time, and it has been an understanding which has seemed to increase as he went along. One cannot doubt that Henry's mind is a very

good one, and his courage and his energies and his powers of direction and application have so far been equal to what he had to face. In all that he is like Ghengis Khan.

Young people are not sent to school primarily to get understanding of life. Incidentally, they go for that, but the immediate job is to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic and so much of what are called the higher branches, as Latin, trigonometry, football, salesmanship, and advertising as is convenient. There is also nowadays in the schools, colleges, and universities a vast amount of technical knowledge some part of which most pupils must assimilate, and on branches of which some of them may profitably concentrate the main parts of their efforts. The big universities and some of the colleges undertake nowadays to ground students in such pursuits as chemistry, physics, biology, and any other kind of knowledge that one can think of, and fit them to go on farther in the great laboratories that are now maintained by some of the big industrial corporations. That is all right, necessary, timely, and important, but it remains that the greatest subject of all is man, and though even that subject may be studied to advantage in books, the laboratory practice which is so necessary to achievement in it must be got in the open, in contact with one's fellows and with the practical problems of life.

Intelligent educators nowadays are pretty well agreed that the main purpose of education should be to teach students to think. Criticism of current education is considerably directed to the limited success of contemporary education in achieving that result. One such critic observes, "The schools and colleges of to-day do not educate; they simply prolong a period of acceptance in the minds of young men and women; wasting valuable years. Acceptance is something that people should avoid unless the propelling fact to be accepted comes from within through conviction. In other words, schools should not organize

memory classes, but in giving boys and girls opportunity to think along organized lines, make possible the ideation which must come from within out. Any fact which comes to a person from without is knowledge; applying this knowledge makes it wisdom, and that comes from within. The whole system of cramming knowledge down throats of unwilling students is detrimental. Moreover colleges to-day are post graduate high schools. College training should be a privilege that few rightfully enjoy and which they can only receive as a result of their own endeavors."


If nobody could achieve that education which is the understanding of life except by perfect methods, our world would be in a bad case. There are no perfect methods. Some are better than others; that is as much as one can say. Getting understanding of life is a catch-as-catch-can job. No doubt capacity for it is in some degree inherited, though in a good many cases where the exploit seems to have been performed the inheritance is very obscure. For rich boys the contact with actual life seems rather more difficult than for poor boys, nevertheless, both kinds win it and both kinds miss it. President Coolidge, for example, is something of a mystery. What he has and what he lacks have been much discussed without general acceptance of any conclusion. The truth probably is that he has understanding of life in the particular domain in which he operates—that, being what he is, knowing what he does, he knows what to do under the circumstances which confront him. So many people think that his sagacity lies mainly in keeping off the ice until it is strong enough to bear him, that his advancement is often attributed by the near-wise to luck; but there is Mr. Morrow, in whose career luck is seldom thought of as a determining factor, who even in his college days had the sort of understanding to see the something in Calvin Coolidge which encouraged a large expectation.

There is a lot of mystery left in this


world. Let no one suppose that humanity has lost its propensity to cut up capers, or that knowledge is more than at the beginning of unfoldment. When Genghis Khan was whooping it up in Asia, beating out the Mussulmans, conquering everybody including the Chinese, it was the conclusion of the Mohammedan authorities, as also at Rome, that the jig was pretty well up and that the Almighty had lost patience with mankind and the end of the world was imminent. We are quite likely to feel a little that way in our time when jolts so much abound and expectation is so precarious, but the world is probably going right along. There is a new theory in science that it constantly receives infusions of energy from other planets, which keep it stimulated and refreshed, and that the idea that it is playing out is not worthy of practical consideration.

Certainly our world is likely to last out the mundane existence of everyone alive on it, so that it behooves us all, just for our personal advantage, to try to understand as much of its behavior as we can and to revise previous understandings in accordance with the newer and better views, if we can get any, or even with older ones if we find them applicable; for while many new facts are brought to our attention, new thoughts about human life do not so much abound. We live considerably by conceptions thousands of years old and as to which our best hope is that we may live in closer accordance to them than did our predecessors when they were new. When we feel ourselves most up to the date we are usually merely catching up with the more thoughtful of our precursors. These lines that follow are not absolutely new, but they seem to fit our times pretty well:

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.



Personal and Otherwise



EVERY now and then the gentlemen whom Elmer Davis calls the whither-are-we-drifting boys announce with consternation that morality is bound for the scrap-heap. Science is destroying it, they inform us. But perhaps science is doing something quite different—contributing the basis for a new moral code. If so, what may we expect of it? For an answer we turn to *J. B. S. Haldane*, one of the ablest of the younger British scientific investigators and interpreters of scientific thought. Mr. Haldane, a nephew of the former Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Haldane, is reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge. Many readers will recall "The Last Judgment," his remarkable account of the end of the world and the colonization of Venus, which was published in *HARPER'S* for March, 1927, and has subsequently appeared in book form. Mr. Haldane is also the author of a new Harper book entitled *Possible Worlds*.

After completing the manuscript of *Meat*, which ran serially in this Magazine from November through March, *Wilbur Daniel Steele* went to Charleston, South Carolina, for the winter. He has now begun work on a new novel; but in the interval he wrote two short stories for *HARPER'S*, the first of which appears this month. Mr. Steele's record as the winner of several O. Henry Prizes for short fiction is by this time too familiar for repetition.

Eight years ago conservative Harvard graduates were berating President Lowell for his refusal to discharge or discipline a young Harvard lecturer in history, a "dangerous radical" named *Harold J. Laski*. At that time Mr. Laski was only twenty-six years old but had already written two significant books, *The Problem of Sovereignty* and *Authority in the Modern State*. Since then he has returned to his native England, has

become professor of political science in the University of London, vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education, and member of the Council of the Institute of Public Administration, and has written *A Grammar of Politics* and other books. As one of the most brilliant of English political philosophers we have asked him to survey our American political system.

Harvey O'Higgins, playwright and novelist, whose *Julie Cane* appeared serially in *HARPER'S* three or four years ago and who has subsequently written *Clara Barron*, is very closely acquainted with the Mr. Anderson whose impressions of the fierce light that beats upon European thrones are recorded in his article.

Frankly and with a fine humility the Reverend *James Brett Kenna* sets forth the dilemma in which he and many other ministers of this day find themselves. Born in Mississippi, Mr. Kenna took his A.B. degree at the University of Tennessee; studied also at Garrett Seminary in Evanston, Illinois, at Northwestern University, and at Union Seminary in New York; had pastoral experience in East Texas, in East Tennessee, in Illinois, in New York City, and in Newark, New Jersey; and in 1926 became pastor of the First Methodist Church of Wichita, Kansas. No one who is aware of the range of Mr. Kenna's experience will dismiss his article as representing merely conditions in one local field.

Everyone, we believe, does well to be reminded now and again of what the realities of modern warfare are, stripped of the sentimentalities and evasions of propaganda and censorship. *Peter Gething* tells the story of the landing at Gallipoli exactly as he saw it and lived it. Here is his war record in his own words: "Served in the Australian Imperial Forces from August, 1914, until the end of the war; winding up as a senior officer

in the Machine Gun Corps. Was present at the landing and fought through until the evacuation of the Dardanelles campaign. Served as a member of the Australian Light Horse through the Sinai Peninsula campaign from January, 1916, until February, 1917, and from this time forward served in France and Flanders, thus completing a splendid Cook's Tour, and collecting a few more holes in my body than I have use for just as souvenirs."

A distinguished American critic and man of letters is the author of the third and last of our series of anonymous articles on the future of America.

Ruth Suckow, author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, is owner and manager of the Orchard Apiary of Earlville, Iowa, and writes with quiet understanding of the rural and small-town Iowa life which she has observed at close range. Her most recent HARPER story, "Midwestern Primitive," appeared last March; it was the little tragedy of a tea-house-keeper whose guests from the city preferred her mother's uncouth genuineness to her own painful efforts to appear well-bred and up-to-date.

Who needs to be reminded that *André Maurois* is the author of *Ariel, or the Life of Shelley*, and of *Disraeli*?

Daniel Gregory Mason is one of the leading American composers and music critics. Last winter his symphony was performed by Mr. Koussevitsky's orchestra in Boston and by Mr. Gabrilówitz's in Detroit, and his "Songs of the Countryside" were performed by the Friends of Music. He has written several books of musical history and criticism, and will bring out a new volume next fall, *The Dilemma of American Music*. Mr. Mason is now in Europe on sabbatical leave from his position as head of the music department at Columbia University.

After many years of experience in retail business in Newport News and San Antonio, *Jesse Rainsford Sprague* settled down in New York not long ago to write about business. In a series of recent HARPER articles (including, among others, "Big Business on Trial," "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," and "Putting Business Before Life") he has drawn attention to many of the absurdities

and exaggerations of American business methods. This month Mr. Sprague shows what sometimes happens when everybody tries to beat last year's sales record.

Two or three years ago *C. E. Montague* closed a term of distinguished editorial service on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* and settled down in the picturesque village of Burford in Oxfordshire to give his time to writing. His novels include *A Hind Let Loose*, *Rough Justice*, and *Right Off the Map*.

What sets man apart from his relatives, the animals? *James H. Leuba*, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr College, thinks it is not that supposed monopoly of the human race, a sense of moral values; and many a reader will find himself able to parallel from his own experience with animals the evidence which Professor Leuba draws largely from the observations of professional investigators. A Swiss by birth, Professor Leuba came to this country at the age of nineteen, was appointed professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr only two years later (in 1889), in due time secured his doctorate at Clark University and studied in Germany and France, and has subsequently contributed a number of important books in his special field.

John O'Hara Cosgrave, born in Australia, educated in New Zealand, and trained as a newspaper man in California, was for some time editor of *Everybody's Magazine* and later was Sunday editor of the *New York World*.

The HARPER audience is well acquainted with *Margaret Culkin Banning's* short stories, a number of which have appeared in this Magazine, and many will recall her article calling to account "The Lazy Thirties." She has also written several novels, including *The Women of the Family* and *Pressure*.

The poets of the month are *Elizabeth Morrow*, member of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of Smith College and wife of the Ambassador to Mexico; *A. E. Johnson*, of Syracuse, a newcomer to the Magazine; *Granville Paul Smith*, Charleston schoolmaster, whose verse often appears in our pages; and *George Sterling*, whose recent death robbed Cali-

ornia of one of her most distinguished men
letters.

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The *Lion* is sustained this month by *Frederick Lewis Allen* of the editorial staff of *HARPER'S*, whose "Psychology to Order" appeared last month; *Dearing Ward* of Lynchburg, Virginia, a new contributor; and *Ben Ray Redman*, author of a book of verse and a volume on Edwin Arlington Robinson, translator of many French novels of importance, and occasional contributor to the *Lion's Mouth*.

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There are many connoisseurs who place *Arthur B. Davies* second to none among the American artists of our day. Neither conservative or modernistic in the accepted sense, he has developed a highly individual style, drawing inspiration from the designs of the Greeks but applying it in his own romantic way. We are glad to have him represented in *HARPER'S* by a reproduction of one of his newest etchings.

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Professor *Frederick G. Detweiler* of Denison University takes issue as a sociologist with the anonymous author of the biological precast with which we began our series of studies of the future of America:

Your first article in the April number, the one called "The Future of America," contains much with which we all will agree. Yes, we ought to have eugenic marriage laws; yes, we ought to go on restricting immigration.

I regret to say, however, that the author, like many other men interested in biology, has not sufficiently informed himself of certain social facts. When he says, "It is estimated that there are 6,000,000 mental defectives in the United States who need institutional care," he is taking a very high estimate. Not only this, but one wonders what that "good evidence" is that American intelligence has been declining. If he bases his conclusions on *Brigham's Study of American Intelligence*, the book that is most often referred to in this connection, it would be well to read that book again and with a more critical eye. Its fallacies have been pointed out more than once.

It is, however, more important to note in this

article the rather confident assertion that the immigrants we have received in this country belong generally to an inferior race-stock. So much has been written lately by our American anthropologists against this idea that nobody who has not gone over the evidence carefully should make this statement so confidently. To be sure the author quotes some statistics, but he is apparently unaware of the great mass of statistics that contradict his conclusions. I should like him to tell us, for instance, what nationalities in America show the greatest incidence of insanity, which ones show the greatest amount of drunkenness, which ones are longest-lived, which ones predominate in the numbers of public paupers, and so on. Also, what happens in the second generation of immigrants? Do they have the standards of their parents or of the native-born population?

America is in the position of a house that should not receive any visitors because we have all we can do now to keep our family in order. But this is not to say that we should despise the people already in the house. We ought to restrict immigration without unnecessarily accusing the immigrants we already have here. They may be cheap labor in the sense that they have been willing to work for a low wage. But they are not cheap in any real sense. The minister or college professor who works for a low wage is not thereby a cheap man. It may be said with greater truth that the American employer who pays only a bare subsistence wage to foreign labor is a cheap man. The laborer is not cheap.

Doubtless the author of this article would repudiate the view that those who are poor are necessarily of inferior stock. There were too many poor people among our original colonists for him to say that—he believes that they were superior! But in some subtle, insidious way, the feeling that recent immigrants are poor stock because they are poor economically underlies the whole drift of popular opinion about the immigrant. America has gone a long way in the direction of aristocracy when it takes for granted that the rich, who limit the number of their children, are still the most desirable race-stock!

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Sigmund Spaeth, who expressed a low opinion of primitive music in our March issue, is vigorously supported by an American reader in Japan who confesses that he had been wondering whether he lacked "some subtle quality that enables one to appreciate what would otherwise be called noise":

It seems that there is something esoteric about any kind of a squeak as long as it comes from a race that does not live in trees and throw cocoanuts, and I for one am more than fed up with the bilge that has been pumped into primitive music by the worshippers who tiptoe about in silent admiration of a noise that would not be tolerated for a moment in a civilized gathering.

Here, in the so-called flowery kingdom (another piece of unadulterated hooley) I am asked to listen to, and be mystified by the *samisen*, a three-stringed banjo that has all the tone of a kettle drum that has been soaked over night. I am told that it takes thirty years to master one and that the tones are capable of great range of shading, etc., and yet if my kid brother could not make exactly the same tones after thirty minutes' practice, I would throw him to the lions.

They have a bamboo flute, the *shakuhashi* (literally 19.90 inches) which is capable of a full tone but at times gives out a wail which I am asked to believe is something very beautiful and difficult to produce, but I know that it is merely the performer's lip slipping into neutral, and if there is a singer holding forth at the same time she sustains a nasal tone until the flutist can get his lip back into gear.

The final argument to my mind is that the more intelligent persons, the minute they become even slightly educated, are bored to death with their native music and devour Occidental music.

The same hocus-pocus has been packed into the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, archery and what not. These things all have an element of beauty, but the sooner the Occidental ceases to be hornswoggled by the false whiskers the sooner something really worth while will come from them.



It is clear from a number of letters which we have received from parents that the lot of the American child in foreign schools is not always as hard as Hesper LeGallienne found it to be. Here is an excerpt from one representative letter sent us by the mother of a ten-year-old boy who was placed for a year in the *École Alsacienne* in Paris:

The first afternoon a very discouraged boy came back to the French home where we were living. The boys had jeered at him and had walked on his

toes. They were all in the close-cut French "shorts," and Dick's baggy knickers looked to them like girls' wear. Our kind, quick-witted Madame comforted him with a bit of good advice: "Never mind, when recess comes to-morrow, and the boys begin to tease, grin at them, and say '*Cochon, cochon!*'"

So next morning he set out, carefully repeating "*Cochon!*" and came home at five, radiant. The boys had thought it a great joke. The next week I was glad to make a concession to a boy's natural longing for conformity and in shorts and a beret he quickly found his place as one in a crowd.

But to his teacher, M. de St. Etienne, the little American was never lost in the crowd. By his rare gift of sympathy and insight he made those first hard weeks a joy to a bewildered youngster. Without a word of English, he established a happy fellowship with Dick from the first day, and to see Dick finish the year's work third in the class was a genuine delight to him.

At the end of the year Dick was asked to go with a troop of French Boy Scouts for four weeks' camping in the Jura. Only one other boy in the troop of over sixty could speak English, and Dick emerged with a large and varied stock of argot and an understanding and liking for French boys that will last all his life.

The Council fire at which my boy took his oath as a Scout will always stand in my thought as a most beautiful expression of international goodwill and brotherhood. The Scout-leader, a splendid young student of twenty-two, spoke to his boys of what Dick's coming into the troop meant to them, and turning to clasp Dick's brown young paw, "You will be our interpreter," he said, "when you go home to help the boys over there realize that we are all brothers."

This letter can give only a small suggestion of the constant courtesy and helpful friendliness which made our year in France unique in our lives. Nowhere have I found more sincere kindness. We came back more than ever sure that it is we, in our "splendid isolation" in America, who have most to learn—it is we who are insular and narrow.

Immediately on our return to the States, we visited a New England town, and we went for a walk one morning, Dick wearing shorts and beret. Passing a high school at recess, we were very thoroughly booed by the young Americans, who probably supposed they were greeting a French boy. Dick's comment was, "I never got anything like that in France!"



GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDDAUGHTER

By Valentin de Zubiaurre

Courtesy of the Dudensing Galleries



Harpers

Magazine

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH PREACHING?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE might think that such a subject would presuppose preachers as an audience and that an article on it should appear in a magazine devoted to their special interests. On the contrary, there are only about two hundred thousand preachers in the United States, but there are millions who more or less regularly enjoy or endure their ministrations. Whatever, therefore, is the matter with preaching is quantitatively far more a concern of laymen than of clergymen. Moreover, if laymen had a clear idea as to the reasons for the futility, dullness, and general ineptitude of so much preaching, they might do something about it. Customers usually have something to say about the quality of goods supplied to them.

Of course, there is no process by which wise and useful discourses can be distilled from unwise and useless personalities, and the ultimate necessity in the ministry, as everywhere else, is sound and intelligent character. "You cannot carve rotten wood," says a Chinese proverb. Every teacher of preaching

sometimes feels its truth when he tries to train his students. Whether the grade of intelligence now represented in candidates for the ministry is lower than it used to be cannot easily be determined. As we grow older we tend to idealize the state of things in our youth and to suspect the progressive deterioration of the human race. One theological professor, aged seventy, obviously did this when he told his classes that each new generation of students had known less than their predecessors, and that he was curiously hoping to live to see the next one, which he was certain would know nothing.

The best brains to-day are naturally drawn into occupations other than art, literature, music, education, and religion. These spiritual interests are not the crucial and distinctive concerns of our era. We are magnificent in scientific and commercial exploits but mediocre in affairs of the spirit, and one result is the draining of most of our virile minds into scientific invention and money-making. The ministry of religion suffers along with other kindred callings which serve

the souls of men with goodness, truth, and beauty. This relative and, I think, temporary inferiority of spiritual callings, however, does not necessarily mean an absolute decline in the intellectual quality of religious leadership; and there is no reason why we should not have much better preaching than we ordinarily get.

One obvious trouble with the mediocre sermon, even when harmless, is that it is uninteresting. It does not matter. It could as well be left unsaid. It produces this effect of emptiness and futility largely because it establishes no connection with the real interests of the congregation. It takes for granted in the minds of the people ways of thinking which are not there, misses the vital concerns which are there, and in consequence uses a method of approach which does not function. It is pathetic to observe the number of preachers who commonly on Sunday speak religious pieces in the pulpit, utterly failing to establish real contact with the thinking or practical interests of their auditors.

Even in the case of a preacher poorly endowed, this state of affairs is unnecessary. No one who has any business to preach at all need preach uninteresting sermons. The fault generally lies, not in the essential quality of the man's mind or character, but in his mistaken methods. He has been wrongly trained or he has blundered into a faulty technic or he never has clearly seen what he should be trying to do in a sermon, and so, having no aim, hits the target only by accident.

No bag of tricks can make a preacher, but if I were to pick out one simple matter of method that would come nearer to making a preacher than any other, it would be the one to which this paper is devoted.

II

Every sermon should have for its main business the solving of some problem—a vital, important problem, puzzling minds, burdening consciences, distracting lives—and any sermon which

thus does tackle a real problem, throw even a little light on it, and help some individuals practically to find their way through it cannot be altogether uninteresting.

This endeavor to help people to solve their spiritual problems is a sermon's only justifiable aim. The point of departure and of constant reference, the reason for preaching the sermon in the first place, and the inspiration for its method of approach and the organization of its material should not be something outside the congregation but inside. Within a paragraph or two after a sermon has started, wide areas of any congregation ought to begin recognizing that the preacher is tackling something of vital concern to them. He is handling a subject they are puzzled about, or a way of living they have dangerously experimented with, or an experience that has bewildered them, or a sin that has come perilously near to wrecking them, or an ideal they have been trying to make real, or a need they have not known how to meet. One way or another, they should see that he is engaged in a serious and practical endeavor to state fairly a problem which actually exists in their lives and then to throw what light on it he can.

Any preacher who even with moderate skill is thus helping folk to solve their real problems is functioning. He never will lack an audience. He may have neither eloquence nor learning, but he is doing the one thing that is a preacher's business. He is delivering the goods that the community has a right to expect from the pulpit as much as it has a right to expect shoes from a cobbler. And if any preacher is not doing this, even though he have at his disposal both erudition and oratory, he is not functioning at all.

Many preachers, for example, indulge habitually in what they call expository sermons. They take a passage from Scripture and, proceeding on the assumption that the people attending church that morning are deeply con-

cerned about what the passage means, they spend their half hour or more on historical exposition of the verse or chapter, ending with some appended practical application to the auditors. Could any procedure be more surely predestined to dullness and futility? Who seriously supposes that, as a matter of fact, one in a hundred of the congregation cares, to start with, what Moses, Isaiah, Paul, or John meant in those special verses, or came to church deeply concerned about it? Nobody else who talks to the public so assumes that the vital interests of the people are located in the meaning of words spoken two thousand years ago. The advertisers of any goods, from a five-foot shelf of classic books to the latest life insurance policy, plunge as directly as possible after contemporary wants, felt needs, actual interests and concerns. Even moving picture producers, if they present an ancient tale, like *Tristan and Isolde*, are likely to begin with a modern girl reading the story. Somehow or other, every other agency dealing with the public recognizes that contact with the actual life of the auditor is the one place to begin. Only the preacher proceeds still upon the idea that folk come to church desperately anxious to discover what happened to the Jebusites. The result is that folk less and less come to church at all.

This does not mean that the Bible has either lost or lessened its value to the preacher. It means that preachers who pick out texts from the Bible and then proceed to give their historic settings, their logical meaning in the context, their place in the theology of the writer, with a few practical reflections appended, are grossly misusing the Bible. The Scripture is an amazing compendium of experiments in human life under all sorts of conditions, from the desert to cosmopolitan Rome, and with all sorts of theories, from the skepticism of Ecclesiastes to the faith of John. It is incalculably rich in insight and illumination. It has light to shed on all sorts of

human problems now and always; and, as for the personality of Jesus, if Rodin, the modern sculptor, could feel that Phidias, the Greek sculptor, could never be equalled—"No artist will ever surpass Phidias—for progress exists in the world, but not in art. The greatest of sculptors . . . will remain forever without an equal"—it is surely open to even the most radical of Christians to adore Christ as Master and Lord.

What all the great writers of Scripture, however, were interested in was human living, and the modern preacher who honors them should start with that, should clearly visualize some real need, perplexity, sin, or desire in his auditors, and then should throw on the problem all the light he can find in the Scripture or anywhere else. No matter what one's theory about the Bible is, this is the effective approach to preaching. The Bible is a searchlight, not so much intended to be looked at as to be thrown upon a shadowed spot.

That much insight into contemporary human problems which almost all preachers use in thinking about the practical applications at the end of their sermons might do some good if it were used, instead, at the beginning of their sermons. Let them not end but start with thinking of the auditors' vital needs, and then let the whole sermon be organized around their constructive endeavor to meet those needs.

III

An increasing number of preachers, too modern by far to use the old, authoritative, textual method which we have just described, do not on that account light on a better one. They turn to what is called topical preaching. They search contemporary life in general and the newspapers in particular for subjects. They discover that in comparison with dry, textual analysis there is such attractive vividness in handling present-day themes, such as divorce, Bolshevism, America's Nicaraguan pol-

icy, the new aviation, or the latest book, that they enjoy their own preaching better, and more people come to hear it. It is at least a matter of contemporary and not archeological interest.

The nemesis of such a method, however, is not far off. Most preachers who try it fall ultimately into their own trap. Watch the records of any considerable number of them and see how large a proportion peter out and leave the ministry altogether. Instead of starting with a text, they start with their own ideas on some subject of their choice, but their ideas on that subject may be much farther away from the vital interests of the people than a great text from the Bible. Indeed, the fact that history has thought it worth while to preserve the text for so many centuries would cause a gambling man to venture largely on the text's superior vitality.

Week after week one sees these topical preachers who turn their pulpits into platforms and their sermons into lectures, straining after some new, intriguing subject; and one knows that in private they are straining after some new, intriguing ideas about it. One knows also that no living man can weekly produce first-hand, independent, and valuable judgments on such an array of diverse themes, covering the whole range of human life. And, deeper yet, one who listens to such preaching or reads it knows that the preacher is starting at the wrong end. He is thinking first of his ideas, original or acquired, when he should think first of his people. He is organizing his sermon around the elucidation of his theme, whereas he should organize it around the endeavor to meet his people's need. He is starting with a subject whereas he should start with an object. His one business is with the real problems of these individual people in his congregation. Nothing that he says on any subject, however wise and important, matters much unless it makes at the beginning vital contact with the practical life and daily thinking of the audience.

This idea that we are applying to preaching is simply the project method, which is recognized as the basis of all good modern teaching. The old pedagogy saw on one side the child, as a passive receptacle, and on the other side a subject, like mathematics or geography, waiting to be learned, and, so seeing the situation, proceeded to pour the subject, willy-nilly, into the child. If he resisted, he was punished; if he failed to assimilate it, he was accounted stupid. No good teacher to-day could tolerate such an idea or method. The question now is why the child should wish to know geography and what practical interest in the child's life can be appealed to in the endeavor to have him desire to know geography. Modern pedagogy starts, not with the subject, but with the child. It adapts what is to be learned to the learner rather than vice versa. Even the food which the child eats for breakfast, coming from the ends of the earth, is used to fascinate his interest in other lands; and we find our children getting at their mathematics by measuring the cubic space of the front parlor or estimating the distance per second which they have walked in an hour.

All this is good sense and good psychology. Everybody else is using it from first-class teachers to first-class advertisers. Why should so many preachers continue in such belated fashion to neglect it? The people often blindly know that there is something the matter with the sermon although they cannot define it. The text was good and the truth was undeniable. The subject was well chosen and well developed but, for all that, nothing happened. The effect was flat. So far as the sermon was concerned, the congregation might as well have stayed home. It may have been a "beautiful effort," as some kindly woman doubtless told the preacher, but it did no business in human lives. The reason for this can commonly be traced to one cause: the preacher started his sermon at the wrong end. He made it

the exposition of a text or the elucidation of a subject instead of a well-planned endeavor to help solve some concrete problems in the individual lives before him. He need not have used any other text or any different materials in his sermon, but if he had defined his object rightly he would have arranged and massed the material differently. He would have gone into his sermon via real interest in his congregation and would have found the whole procedure kindling to himself and to them.

IV

The meaning of this method can best be seen in some of its corollaries. For one thing, it makes a sermon a co-operative enterprise between the preacher and his congregation. When a man has got hold of a real difficulty in the life and thinking of his people and is trying to meet it he finds himself not so much dogmatically thinking for them as co-operatively thinking with them. His sermon is an endeavor to put himself in their places and help them to think their way through.

The difference in tone and quality which this makes in a sermon is incalculable. Anyone accustomed to hearing preaching must be aware of two diverse effects commonly produced. One type of minister plays "Sir Oracle." He is dogmatic, assertive, uncompromising. He flings out his dicta as though to say to all hearers, Take it or leave it. He has settled the matter concerning which he is speaking and is not asking our opinion; he is telling us. This homiletical dogmatism has its own kind of influence on credulous and impressionable minds. Such minds are numerous, so that such preaching can go on for years ahead. As Jesus said about the Pharisees, such preachers have their reward.

Their method, however, has long since lost its influence over intelligent people, and the future does not belong to it. The future, I think, belongs to a type of

sermon which can best be described as an adventure in co-operative thinking between the preacher and his congregation. The impression made by such preaching easily is felt by anyone who runs into it. The preacher takes hold of a real problem in our lives and, stating it better than we could state it, goes on to deal with it fairly, frankly, helpfully. The result is inevitable: he makes us think. We may agree with him or disagree with him, but we must follow him. He is dealing with something vital to us and so he makes us think with him even though we may have planned a far more somnolent use of sermon time.

Here, too, we are dealing with preaching in terms of good pedagogy. The lecture method of instruction is no longer in the ascendent. To be sure, there are subjects which must be handled by the positive setting forth of information in a lecture, but more and more good teaching is discussional, co-operative. The instructor does not so much think for the students as think with them. From the desire to use some such method in religious instruction has come the forum in modern churches and the questionnaire group after the sermon, where those who wish can put objections and inquiries to the preacher, and discussion groups of all sorts where religious questions are threshed out in mutual conference. The principle behind such methods is psychologically right. We never really get an idea until we have thought it for ourselves.

A good sermon should take this into account. A wise preacher can so build his sermon that it will be, not a dogmatic monologue but a co-operative dialogue in which all sorts of things in the minds of the congregation—objections, questions, doubts, and confirmations—will be brought to the front and fairly dealt with. This requires clairvoyance on the preacher's part as to what the people are thinking, but any man who lacks that has no business to preach anyway.

Recently, in a school chapel, so I am told, the headmaster was only well started on his sermon when a professor mounted the pulpit beside him and offered a criticism of what he was saying. Great excitement reigned. The headmaster answered the objection, but the professor remained in the pulpit, and the sermon that day was a running discussion between the two on a great theme in religion. To say that the boys were interested is to put it mildly. They never had been so worked up over anything religious before. It turned out afterward that the whole affair had been prearranged. It was an experiment in a new kind of preaching, where one man does not produce a monologue but where diverse and competing points of view are frankly dealt with.

Any preacher without introducing another personality outwardly in the pulpit can utilize the principle involved in this method. If he is to handle helpfully real problems in his congregation, he must utilize it. He must see clearly and state fairly what people other than himself are thinking on the matter in hand. He may often make this so explicit as to begin paragraphs with such phrases as, "But some of you will say," or "Let us consider a few questions that inevitably arise," or, "Face frankly with me the opposing view," or, "Some of you have had experiences that seem to contradict what we are saying." Of course, this method, like any other, can be exaggerated and become a mannerism. But something like it is naturally involved in any preaching which tries to help people to think through and live through their problems.

Such preaching when it is well done always possesses an important quality. It is not militant and pugnacious but irenic, kindly, and constructively helpful. How much the churches need such discourses! We have endless sermons of sheer propaganda where preachers set out by hook or crook to put something over on the congregation. We

have pugnacious sermons where preachers wage campaigns, attack enemies, assail the citadels of those who disagree, and in general do anything warlike and vehement. But sermons that try to face the people's real problems with them, meet their difficulties, answer their questions, interpret their experiences in sympathetic, wise, and understanding co-operation—what a dearth of them there is!

Yet not only is such preaching the most useful; it is the most interesting. This is the only way I know to achieve excitement without sensationalism. Constructively to state the problem of meeting trouble victoriously, or of living above the mediocre moral level of a modern city, or of believing in God in the face of the world's evil, or of making Christ's principles triumphant against the present international and interracial prejudice is surely not sensationalism, but it is vitally interesting. A breathless auditor came up after one such sermon saying, "I nearly passed out with excitement, for I did not see how you possibly could answer that objection which you raised against your own thought. I supposed you would do it somehow but I could not see how until you did it." There is nothing that people are so interested in as themselves, their own problems, and the way to solve them. That fact is basic. No preaching that neglects it can raise a ripple on a congregation. It is the primary starting point of all successful public speaking, and for once the requirements of practical success and ideal helpfulness coincide. He who really helps folk to understand their own lives and see their way through their spiritual problems is performing one of the most important functions in the modern world.

V

No method of preaching is without its dangers and, of course, this one which I am espousing has perils in plenty. I presented it once to a group of experi-

enced ministers and collected a galaxy of warnings as to its possible perversions. They thought of times when they had tried it with disappointing results. They had endeavored so precisely to deal with a real problem that Mr. Smith had vexatiously waked up to the fact that they were talking about him, or they had wanted to be so fair about objections to their thought that they had overstated the opposing side and then had neither time nor ability to answer it, or they had been so practical in thinking about some definite problem that they had become trivial and had forgotten to bring the wide sweep of the Gospel's truth to bear in an elevating way on the point at issue, or they had been so anxious to deal with felt needs in the congregation that they forgot to arouse the consciousness of need unfelt but real. All these dangers are present in the method which we are suggesting. It can be offensively personal, argumentatively unconvincing, practically trivial, and narrowed to the conscious needs of mediocre people. But these perversions are the fault of just such unskilled handling as would wreck any method whatsoever.

The best antidote to making a wrong use of the project method in the pulpit is to be discovered in the ideal of creative preaching. The danger involved in starting a sermon with a problem is that the very word problem suggests something to be merely debated and its solution may suggest nothing more than the presentation of a helpful idea to the mind. But we all want something else in a sermon than a discussion even about one of our vital problems, no matter how wise the discussion or how suggestive the conclusion. The best sermons, I still maintain, are preached on the project method but, after all, in the preacher's hands it means something more than the same method in a classroom. It is the project method plus.

What this plus is can easily be seen. When a preacher deals with joy, let us say, he ought to start, not with joy in

the fifth century B.C. nor with joy as a subject to be lectured on, but with the concrete difficulties in living joyfully that his people actually experience. He should have in mind from the start their mistaken ideas of joy, their false attempts to get it, the causes of their joylessness, and their general problem of victorious and happy living in the face of life's puzzling and sometimes terrific experiences. This is a real problem for everybody, and the sermon that throws light on it is a real sermon. But that real sermon must do more than discuss joy—it must produce it. All powerful preaching is creative. It actually brings to pass in the lives of the congregation the thing it talks about. So to tackle the problem of joy that the whole congregation goes out more joyful than it came in—that is the mark of a genuine sermon.

Here lies a basic distinction between a sermon and an essay. The outstanding criticism popularly and properly launched against a great deal of our modern, liberal preaching is that though it consists of neat, analytical discourses, pertinent to real problems and often well conceived and well phrased, it does nothing to anybody. Such sermons are not sermons but essays. It is lamentably easy to preach feebly about repentance without making anybody feel like repenting, or to deliver an accomplished discourse on peace without producing any of that valuable article in the auditors. On the other hand, a true preacher is creative. He does more than discuss a subject; he produces the thing itself in the people who hear it. As an English bishop said about Phillips Brooks, "He makes one feel so strong."

Obviously, personal quality is the major factor in producing spiritual power. There is a real reason for the halos which the painters have put about the heads of the saints. They are symbols of something intangible but real—an effluence that ordinary men do not possess, a radiance that is not the less powerful because it is ineffable.

Nevertheless, even a moderately endowed preacher, who never would suggest a halo to anybody, may have some of this power to create what he discusses. Whether he does or not depends a great deal upon whether he sees the objective clearly enough to head for it with precision. If he thinks of his sermon merely as a discussion of somebody's problem he will play with a series of ideas, but if he thinks of his sermon as an endeavor to create something in his congregation he will play on motives. There is where much of our modern preaching fails. The old preachers at their best did know where the major motives were. Fear, love, gratitude, self-preservation, altruism—such springs of human action the old sermons often used with consummate power. To be sure, they sometimes outraged the personalities of both adults and children by the way they did it but, for all that, they often showed an uncanny insight into the springs of human action. I often think that we modern preachers talk about psychology a great deal more than our predecessors did but use it a great deal less.

One often reads modern sermons with amazement. How do the preachers expect to get anything done in human life with such discourses? They do not come within reaching distance of any powerful motives in man's conduct. They are keyed to argumentation rather than creation. They produce essays, which means that they are chiefly concerned with the elucidation of a theme. If they were producing sermons they would be chiefly concerned with the transformation of personality.

This, however, brings us back to our major issue. If a preacher is to use the project method, as a preacher should, not simply to discuss the real problems of real people but to create in the people the thing that is discussed, his chief interest must be the individuals in his congregation. He must know them through and through, not only their problems but their motives, not only

what they are thinking but why they are acting as they do. Preaching becomes thrilling business when it successfully achieves this definite direction and aim. A sermon, then, is an engineering operation by which a chasm is spanned so that spiritual goods on one side are actually transported into personal lives upon the other.

VI

Throughout this paper we have held up the ideal of preaching as an interesting operation. That is a most important matter, not only to the audience but to the man in the pulpit. The number of fed-up, fatigued, bored preachers is appalling. Preaching has become to them a chore. They have to "get up" a sermon, perhaps two sermons, weekly. They struggle at it. The juice goes out of them as the years pass. They return repeatedly to old subjects and try to whip up enthusiasm over weather-beaten texts and themes. Their discourses sink into formality. They build conventional sermon outlines, fill them in with conventional thoughts, and let it go at that. Where is the zest and thrill with which in their chivalrous youth they started out to be ministers of Christ to the spiritual life of their generation?

Of course, nothing can make preaching easy. At best it means drenching a congregation with one's lifeblood. But while, like all high work, it involves severe concentration, toil, and self-expenditure, it can be so exhilarating as to recreate in the preacher the strength it takes from him, as good agriculture replaces the soil it uses. Whenever that phenomenon happens one is sure to find a man predominantly interested in personalities and what goes on inside of them. He has understood people, their problems, troubles, motives, failures, and desires, and in his sermons he has known how to handle their lives so vitally that week after week he has produced real changes. People have habitually come up after the sermon, not

to offer some bland compliment, but to say, "How did you know I was facing that problem only this week?" or "We were discussing that very matter at dinner last night," or, best of all, "I think you would understand my case—may I have a personal interview with you?"

This, I take it, is the final test of a sermon's worth: how many individuals wish to see the preacher alone?

I should despair, therefore, of any man's sustained enthusiasm and efficiency in the pulpit if he were not in constant, confidential relationship with individuals. Personal work and preaching are twins. As I watch some preachers swept off their feet by the demands of their own various organizations, falling under the spell of bigness, and rushing from one committee to another to put over some new scheme to enlarge the work or save the world, I do not wonder at the futility which so often besets them. They are doing everything except their chief business, for that lies inside individuals.

If someone utterly "sold" to our American worship of size and our grandiose schemes for saving the world should protest that this means individualistic preaching, he would only reveal his own obtuseness. In one sense, all good preaching and all good public speaking of any kind must be individualistic—it must establish vital contact with individuals. Even if one were speaking on the rings of Saturn one might as well not begin unless one could cook up some reason why the audience should wish to hear about them. The failure to recognize this fact explains why so much of our so-called social preaching falls flat or rouses resentment. A man who on Sunday morning starts in to solve the economic question or the international question as though his people must have come that day of a purpose to hear him do it deserves almost any unpleasant thing that can happen to him. He may be a Ph.D. in psychology but I doubt whether he knows enough about the way

men's minds do actually act to be a successful grocer's assistant.

His special business as a Christian preacher with economic and international questions is profound and vital, but in so far as he sticks to his last his interest as a minister is distinct from anyone else's and it calls for an approach of his own. The world's economic and international situation is not alien to our personal problems. It invades them, shapes them in multitudinous ways; it undoes in us and around us much that the Christian should wish done and it does much that the Christian most should fight against. Let a preacher, therefore, start at the end of the problem where he belongs. Let him begin with the people in front of him, with what goes on inside of them because social conditions are as they are, with the economic and international reasons for many of their unchristian moods, tempers, ideas, and ideals, with their responsibilities and obligations in the matter, and in general with the tremendous stake which personal Christianity has in those powerful social forces which create the climate in which it must either live or die. Such preaching on social questions starts, as it should start, with the individuals immediately concerned, establishes contact with their lives, and has at least some faint chance of doing a real business on Sunday.

Every problem that the preacher faces thus leads back to one basic question: how well does he understand the thoughts and lives of his people? That he should know his Gospel goes without saying, but he may know it ever so well and yet fail to get it within reaching distance of anybody unless he intimately understands people and cares more than he cares for anything else what is happening inside of them. Preaching is wrestling with individuals over questions of life and death, and until that idea of it commands a preacher's mind and method, eloquence will avail him little and theology not at all.



THE EMERALD

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

THAT evening Monsieur Georges and his little friend Kiki had one of their weekly disputes. It always angered Kiki that she was never able to anger Monsieur Georges; and it was in vain that she hurled astounding epithets at his boyish, blond head—epithets that she had learned during her school days in the gutters of Montmartre. Monsieur Georges remained unmoved—contemptuous and a little disgusted, but without a trace of temper in his voice or on his cherubic, pink-and-white face.

In her exasperation she called him a swine, a camel, a mackerel and, perhaps anticlimacterically, a thief. Then, protesting that he loved her no longer, she began to cry; and she cried noisily and dramatically for she had Spanish blood in her.

At that, Monsieur Georges shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and departed to his dressing room. When, at the end of half an hour, he returned, he was in evening clothes.

"I am going out," he told Kiki briefly.

Her answer was a moan, interrupted by a hiccuppy sob. She was leaning over a table, her face buried in her hands.

He contemplated her not unkindly, but he had had enough of her for that evening.

"I shall doubtless be late," he said, "and I shall possibly be drunk."

She lifted her head and saw the magnificence of his attire. Rarely had she seen him dressed in anything but the loose corduroys of the typical stage Apache.

"You're not working to-night?" she asked. "Working" was the euphemism she employed to express any and all of his illegal operations.

"No," he answered, "I intend to mingle for a while with respectable people."

She flamed up again at this. "You're going to play the gentleman, are you?"

"Oh," he said airily, "I shan't have to *play* the gentleman. I shall merely be my normal self. You know well enough, my sweet, that this is not my true *milieu*."

"And that I'm not of your class!" she suggested angrily.

"Precisely—and that you are not of my class."

He moved to face the cheval glass and busied himself with his white tie.

"You are a barbarian," he observed. "You are uneducated, you have no self-control, you employ a scurrilous vocabulary, you are motivated entirely by your senses rather than by reason. In short, you greatly resemble a pretty black and white cat—except that your lips are redder. When you cry you even make noises like a cat."

"*Salaud!*" she spat at him. "If you are so grand, so much above me, why do you stay with me? And if you are a gentleman why do you live in this quarter and mix with thieves? And why are you, yourself, a thief, and, for all I know, perhaps a murderer?"

"No," he said serenely—"not a murderer. A thief, yes, but not a murderer. And the reason that I am a thief and mix with thieves and live up here with you in

the Montmartre is, gentle one, absolutely none of your business. And so, good-night. I trust you will not stay up for me and I trust, too, that blessed sleep will restore your equanimity—smooth down the angry fur on your back, if you will permit me to revert to my comparison of you and the cat.”

He went out of his surprisingly beautiful apartment and descended the dark, dank stairs to the street. It was May and there was a moon and an army of stars blinking behind the chimney-pots. Behind and above him the dome of the Sacré-Cœur shouldered the sky.

He walked aimlessly down the hill in the direction of the Place Pigalle, where he knew he should find gayety. As he walked he heard the bells of a hundred churches announcing midnight.

“I am a little early,” he thought, “but better the cheerful streets than Kiki’s hot Spanish tantrums.”

At the Rue Lepic the sign of a small Russian cabaret, of which he had heard scandalous reports, caught his eye.

As he was on the point of entering, a taxi drew up at the curb and two men and two women descended. Even before he heard them speak he knew them for Americans—loud Americans out to see the lascivious sights. He stood on the sidewalk, watching them with idle amusement. One of the men was having an altercation with the chauffeur about the fare. He was trying to call the chauffeur a thief, but his French was apparently inadequate. Monsieur Georges did not offer his assistance until he perceived that one of the women was young and very pretty and a little frightened; then he promptly stepped forward and said in his ultra-correct English, “Is it possible, monsieur, that I could be of service to you? These chauffeurs rob strangers without shame. It is a disgrace.”

The American said, “Thanks awfully. Awfully good of you. The fellow wants a *supplément* or something, and I’m damned if I’ll give it to him. I’ll give him what’s on the meter and not a cent

more, and no tip either now that he’s tried to get away with murder.”

Monsieur Georges nodded in agreement, said a few quick, sharp words to the driver, gave him exactly the sum that the meter indicated, told him he was a *voyou*, and waved him away.

“Much obliged to you, I’m sure,” the American said, and the women murmured that he was very kind indeed.

They mounted the stairs to the restaurant together.

“Say,” said the American while they were leaving their coats with the *vestiaire*, “say, if you’re alone, how about joining us? I don’t know much about this joint, but they tell me it’s pretty rough—eh? I’d like to have you with us—I mean you’d be doing us a favor if you would. My name’s Hardy—James B. Hardy, of Des Moines.”

He paused expectantly, his hand already laid in a friendly fashion on Monsieur Georges’ shoulder. Monsieur Georges hesitated perceptibly. Then he said, “It will give me pleasure to join you, monsieur. My name is Vicomte de Chenavard—Georges de Chenavard.”

Instantly he regretted having said it. He had not used his name or his title during the last four years, for the very good reason that during most of those years the police under the able leadership of Monsieur Javel were, he knew, eagerly searching for the young Vicomte. Why, he asked himself, had he now been such a reckless fool? He answered his own question instantly, for he was always very honest with himself.

“You did it because you wished to impress the young American girl, triple imbecile that you are. You wanted to see her large brown eyes grow larger at the sound of a title. Well, you have succeeded. The large brown eyes are larger. They are like wet brown saucers. Are you now satisfied?”

As he looked at the girl he was not, at least, dissatisfied. She was undeniably pretty in the rather vivid, brazen way of the American *jeune fille*. Her hair, the color of antiqued gilt, was short and

studiously waved; her lips were violently red; her arms and her legs were slender, and her figure was fashionably flat. Her gown was striking but not quite first class.

"Copied by some clever little dress-maker from a Patou model," thought Monsieur Georges shrewdly.

He was aware that he was being introduced—first to the older woman.

"Emma, I want you to know the Veecount—the Veecount—er—"

"De Chenavard," supplied Monsieur Georges.

"Thanks," said Mr. Hardy jovially. "You'll have to excuse my French, eh? Well, anyway, Emma's my wife, Mrs. Hardy; and this little flapper here's my niece, Doris Simmons; and this young rummy's Ned Fowler. Now, I guess we're all set. Let's go."

The next morning Monsieur Georges awoke late and with a headache. He heard Kiki puttering about in the little kitchen and he called to her to bring his coffee and *brioques*.

"These barbarous Americans," he said to himself, "drink too much champagne," and he groaned a little and rolled over in the bed and closed his eyes.

Presently Kiki appeared, bearing a breakfast tray in a holier-than-thou manner.

"*Et b'en, mon ami,*" she said, "*tu as pris une belle cuite hier soir—hein?* You're content, I hope."

"I warned you that I should probably be late and drunk," he reminded her placidly. "At that, I was not as drunk as my host. What is the sacred hour?"

It was half-past twelve, Kiki told him.

He sprang out of bed with a cry.

"Half-past twelve, and I who have an appointment at half-past one! Make haste, Kiki, and lay out my morning coat while I bathe."

In three-quarters of an hour he was in a taxi, flying down the hill toward the Madeleine and the Restaurant Larue.

He was five minutes late for his

appointment with Doris Simmons, but she was five minutes later than he. She was fresh and radiant in beige, with gardenias at her shoulder.

"Not extremely rich or she would not economize on her clothes," he decided. "Not rich, but spending more than they can afford on their first trip to Europe."

He bent to kiss her hand and was amused to see her pleasure at the gesture.

"She likes that," he thought. "One must be as Latin as possible."

He conducted her to a table at the back of the restaurant.

"I adore this place!" Doris said. "I suppose you think I'm horribly unconventional to come here to lunch with you like this, especially when—well, we weren't exactly formally introduced, were we? Uncle is so funny! And he has *such* a hangover! He's actually not out of bed yet."

"And the young man, Fowler? Is he, too, not out of bed yet?" ventured Monsieur Georges.

"Oh, Ned? No, he's all right. He snaps back quicker than uncle."

"He loves you," observed Monsieur Georges placidly. "Shall you marry him?"

She fluttered her eyelashes over her splendid brown eyes. "Well, now, Vicomte, I must say—aren't you rather curious?"

"No," he disclaimed, "not curious—interested. I am interested in everything that concerns you. I find you adorable, you see, and I am very jealous of your young Monsieur Fowler. Moreover, I do not find him worthy of you—he has not your *finesse*, your fineness. He is, if you will pardon me, crude where you are subtle."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, flattered. "Ned's all right, only he's not seen the world."

"He is very rich, I suppose," said Monsieur Georges, and he glanced surreptitiously at her rings—inexpensive stones but genuine.

"Well, not very. He works for Uncle James, out in Des Moines."

She had to spell it for him before he understood.

"Ah," he exclaimed!—"Des Moines! *La ville des Moines*—the city of the monks! I understand. And you—are you, perhaps, a little pink and gold nun?"

She giggled. "Well, not so you'd notice it," she said.

He took her hand beneath the tablecloth and pressed it gently.

"I trust not," he said. "Nor am I a monk."

Yes, she was very pretty—and not at all *difficile*. She was a blessed breath of air after the hot-house atmosphere of Kiki.

Doris found both the luncheon and her companion delicious. By the time the salad was served he was making open but expert love to her; and he was just audacious and improper enough to be exciting.

"He's nice," she thought, "and he says nice things, but I don't suppose for a moment he's thinking of marriage. They say the French never do with an American girl unless she's terribly rich. But wouldn't it be grand to be a vicomtesse!"

He was paying the check when two men entered the restaurant and chose a table near the door. Although they were at the other end of the room and scarcely visible, Monsieur Georges did not fail to notice them, for one of them was Monsieur Javel, the Prefect of Police.

"Come," said Monsieur Georges quickly, "if you have finished let us go. Do you not find the air stifling in here?"

They left by the private entrance in the rear.

"You *are* a little pale," said Doris as she put her arm through his.

She suggested that he accompany her "window shopping" if he had nothing better to do, and so, inevitably, they presently found themselves on the Rue de la Paix, in front of Cartier's.

Now, in one of the windows there lay cushioned against black velvet, an emerald pendant. It was a large oblong

emerald set with small diamonds and hung, as if it were a thing of no great value, on a simple black cord. At sight of it Doris uttered a long, rapturous "ooo!" and was instantly its slave. Monsieur Georges who, in his profession of thief, had acquired the eye of an expert, regarded it closely and pronounced it good—not flawless, of course, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

"That, as you say in English, makes one's mouth water, does it not?" he said, amused at the covetousness so plainly expressed in her face. "What would you not give the man who could hang that about your whiter than ivory neck?"

"Body and soul," she replied promptly, and only half jokingly.

He smiled down at her. "At least," he said, "you do not hold yourself cheap. Shall I buy it for you?"

At this she came back to earth.

"Yes," she laughed, "please do. Buy two or three of them, won't you?"

"No," he said, "I am serious. I can afford but one. And that only if you want it very much."

She now became embarrassed. These Frenchmen, she said to herself, were "funny." You never could tell what they would say next, and when they said it you never could tell if they meant it or not. If this young man was not only a vicomte but rich—why, gracious, wouldn't the girls in Des Moines be envious! Still, as she had told herself before, he probably didn't mean marriage. His intentions, as her uncle would have said, were doubtless dishonorable. She didn't know, even, whether he was married or not.

"No," she said, moving reluctantly away, "I'm sure you'd better give it to your wife."

She saw all trace of amusement go out of his eyes, and she was vouchsafed the information she had so crudely angled for.

"I am separated from my wife," he said gravely.

For want of anything better to say, she said she was sorry; and they left the

pendant for other eyes to covet and sought treasures less precious but less unsettling.

Monsieur Georges saw Doris thereafter daily. Occasionally he was forced to see also Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Ned Fowler, between whom and himself little love was lost. But usually Doris arranged that they should be tête-à-tête, for, of course, it was only then that he could make love to her. She found his love-making strange but fascinating—passionate but noncommittal. He never spoke to her of either his relations or his friends; she never saw him nod to an acquaintance; and she early discovered that he avoided going with her to places where they would encounter well-bred crowds. He refused, for example, to take her to the races or to the opera or the theater.

"They bore me," was the only excuse he made.

It was the same with society. "*Je déteste le monde soi-disant chic.*"

"But your own family," she protested. "Do you detest them?"

"We do not speak," he answered shortly. And then he added, "You see, I can do nothing for you socially. All I can offer you is my poor heart and the emerald pendant."

Daily they stood before Cartier's window to admire the pendant. She desired it so intensely that at the very sight of it her pulses quickened. And daily he calmly offered it to her.

"Tell me," he would say, "when will you accept it from me? I beg of you not to delay or someone else may purchase it and then—"

"Well, and then—?"

"Ah, and then, why, you will not have your pendant and I shall not have my Doris, and that would be a very great pity."

This should have shocked her, but somehow it did not. In Des Moines they would have said that she was playing with fire. She admitted it. Of course she was. But she enjoyed

playing with fire far more than she enjoyed playing, for instance, with Ned Fowler, whose technic of love-making she now considered primitive and gross.

She told herself constantly that she had no intention of accepting the emerald, much as she lusted after it. Two or three hundred thousand francs it must be worth at least. Even the gallant Vicomte Georges de Chenavard would not think seriously of paying such a sum to satisfy a transient whim.

In this last conjecture she was correct. Monsieur Georges had no intention of paying for the emerald; but Monsieur Georges' agile brain was busy devising a possible method of stealing it. Difficult; ah, most difficult! It is not the work of a child to steal an emerald from Cartier's window on the Rue de la Paix.

Fortune, which did not always favor Monsieur Georges, made on this occasion nothing short of amorous advances to him.

He was standing one late afternoon contemplating meditatively the emerald and instinctively counting and appraising the diamonds in its setting. He had counted as far as twenty-three when a black-clad arm was thrust into the window and the carefully tended fingers of a salesman seized the pendant and removed it from its couch of velvet.

Monsieur Georges said "Ah?" interrogatively to himself, waited half a minute and then entered the shop. The emerald lay imperially on a little plush mat on top of a little table, and it was guarded openly by two suave young gentlemen in morning coats, and not so openly by a rather burly fellow who was no gentleman. Seated in front of the table was an exquisite woman. Monsieur Georges promptly chose a chair two tables away and asked to be shown cuff-links.

"A man can never have too many pairs of cuff-links," he assured himself gravely.

The salesman in attendance found him difficult to please. Indeed, he was almost as long in making up his mind as was the lady near him in making up hers.

It was not difficult to perceive that the exquisite lady was well known in the shop, and that she would not be forced to pay for her purchase in cash. Wealth shimmered about her like an aura—was stitched into her gown, was aglow in the rings on her fingers and the buckles over her toes. Monsieur Georges had eyes and he saw, and ears and he heard, but he failed to hear either her name or her address. He dallied over the assortment of cuff-links which was laid before him until he was assured that madame had made up her mind that life was not worth living without the emerald pendant, and that she would take it with her around her slim, proud neck. Then he, too, decided on his purchase, entered the price of it under the item of "overhead," and preceded the lady from the shop. He hailed a taxicab and waited for her.

She came out with a becoming flush of excitement on her face and stepped into a tremendous limousine. Monsieur Georges had a fleeting glimpse of the emerald adequately pillowed on her breast.

"Follow the Hispano," said he to the chauffeur.

"*Chouette*," said the chauffeur with a libidinous gleam of understanding.

The Hispano led the way down the Rue de la Paix, across the Place Vendôme to the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde. Then, as Monsieur Georges had prophesied to himself, up the Champs-Élysées.

"It will be a rich neighborhood without doubt," he thought. "Probably the Etoile district."

He was right. The sleek limousine stopped in front of a large, new apartment house on the Avenue Marceau. The taxicab stopped a little beyond it. The lady alighted. Monsieur Georges alighted. The lady entered, and Monsieur Georges was there to hold open the door for her. They passed the glass door of the concierge's room, and the lady nodded and smiled at the concierge's wife, and Monsieur Georges, behind her, was at pains also to nod and smile. He

bowed her into the lift as if she were a queen entering the royal box. The lift, being French, was operated by a series of electric push-buttons.

"I go to the top," said Monsieur Georges. "And you, madame?"

"The fourth floor, monsieur," she said, and looked at him for the first time. She had damp, dark eyes. He pushed button number four. The tiny box of an elevator shuddered and wheezed and bore them aloft in a cloud of—yes, it was jasmine that she used.

She was not very young but she was very beautiful and, unlike the little American girl, *soignée*. The little American girl, thought Monsieur Georges, would have appeared uncouth beside her. After all, nobody as splendidly approached perfection as his own countrywomen. Even so magnificent a thing as the emerald pendant was at home on her breast.

The lift clicked and sighed and stopped. Monsieur Georges manipulated doors. The lady thanked him with a smile that was friendly without being provocative and, taking a huge iron key from her bag, inserted it in the lock of the double door directly opposite and disappeared. Monsieur Georges, the scent of jasmine still pleasant in his nostrils, ascended to the top floor, where he pressed the requisite button to dismiss the lift. Then, very cautiously indeed, he returned on foot down the stairs to the double door that guarded the lady and the emerald.

The lock, as he had suspected, was a simple, old-fashioned one that he could probably have opened with his pocket-knife.

"Why," he questioned himself, "do they guard such precious things so carelessly? Behind that flimsy lock lie two great temptations—a beautiful woman to tempt a lover and a beautiful emerald to tempt a thief. It is a pity that I cannot permit myself to be both at the same time."

It was fortunate for Monsieur Georges' health that the night was clear and warm

for he had laid out for himself a program which involved a great deal of standing about in the open air. At seven o'clock he had begun to patrol his beat opposite the apartment in the Avenue Marceau. At five minutes to eight he had seen a motor drive up to the door, and a middle-aged gentleman with a top hat and white gloves alight. At eight o'clock the lady appeared dressed for the evening, the emerald no doubt beneath her opera cloak. She drove off with the gentleman.

"It is as I thought," Monsieur Georges said to himself. "She goes to dine and then, perhaps, to the theater—a revue, probably, since they are dining late. In that case she will not return until midnight at the earliest. Moreover, it is reasonable to suppose that there is no husband living in the apartment with her. If there were, why has he not shown himself—why is he not now in attendance on so beautiful a woman and so valuable a jewel? No, there is no husband. She is doubtless a rich divorcée. So much the better."

Abandoning his vigil for a while, he wasted a few hours at the Folies Marigny and returned to the house on Avenue Marceau at half-past eleven. The windows of the fourth floor, he noticed, were dark. Madame was not yet home.

"It is quite probable," he thought, "that she will be taken somewhere to supper, and in that case I shall be forced to wait here beneath her balcony like an uninspired and unrewarded Romeo until dawn."

Uninspired, he had said, and unrewarded. That was not like him when working at his profession; but in this case he almost regretted the necessity of separating the emerald pendant from so adequate an owner in order to hang it on the fashionably flat breast of the little American girl.

It was typical of him that as far as the theft itself was concerned he foresaw no great difficulty. He had in his pocket a skeleton key, a flashlight, a revolver, and a few small simple tools. The lock

was old-fashioned, the lady was unprotected save, perhaps, for a timorous maid or two. The task was so easy as to be actually unexhilarating. But, decidedly, he was not in the mood.

Shortly after midnight the lady of the pendant arrived with her escort, who bade her good-night, kissed her hand solicitously, and drove away. Presently Monsieur Georges saw shaded lights make orange rectangles of three windows on the fourth floor.

"*Madame est chez elle*," he murmured. "But madame is not aware that she is receiving to-night. Let us hope that she will not linger over her toilet, for this waiting becomes wearisome."

It was more than half an hour before the lights on the fourth floor were extinguished and the façade of the building became once more an uninterrupted mass of darkness. Five minutes later Monsieur Georges rang the concierge's bell. The door clicked ajar, and Monsieur Georges passed through to the lift, muttering an imaginary and unintelligible name as he did so for the benefit of the concierge, half asleep in his hermetically sealed room off the vestibule.

The lock, as he had foreseen, presented little difficulty, and he had it open in thirty seconds. He entered noiselessly into a long, narrow hall that offered him three doors from which to choose. Of these, one, directly facing him, was a double door, one wing of which was open. That, he surmised, led to the living room, and the emerald, he knew, would probably not be there. No, the emerald would be in the lady's bedroom, in a safe if she were a cautious lady; in a jewel box on her dressing table, if she were a careless one. Experience had taught Monsieur Georges a great deal about the likely location of articles of value.

He turned, at a guess, to the right down the hall. He flashed his light briefly on the door and turned the knob, very slowly, very quietly. Then, with his flashlight and his revolver both aimed toward the center of the room, he entered.

It was a small room, furnished as a boudoir, with a chaise-longue and a multitude of silk cushions, and hangings and a carpet of old rose. At the left was a second door, screened by old rose portières. A faint scent of jasmine lingered like a souvenir.

And now Monsieur Georges made a momentous mistake: he replaced the revolver in his pocket while he examined the room closely with the aid of his flashlight.

"If she possesses a safe for her jewels," he said to himself, "it might well be here."

He knelt before a cabinet that stood beside the chaise-longue, and almost at once perceived that it contained a small safe, not too cleverly concealed behind a rosewood door. This door he had opened and he was engaged in experiments on the combination when, with no warning, the boudoir was flooded with light, and a woman's voice said a little tremulously, "If you move I swear to you that I will shoot."

Now the very fact that the voice was unsteady gave him cause for anxiety, for he knew very well that a nervous, frightened woman is far more likely to pull a trigger than is a calm and reasoning one. And so, solicitous of his safety, he said reassuringly, "Please do not be afraid, madame. I have no intention of injuring you, except perhaps financially. May I not turn my head in order to see the person upon whom I have intruded?"

"You may not," she said decisively. "And," she added, "besides, I am behind the portières. But I have you covered with my gun and—and what impudence you have to tell *me* not to be afraid! I shall telephone at once for the police, my good man."

"Precisely," he agreed, "but how are you going to telephone without coming into the room? The telephone, I observe, stands on top of this cabinet, before which I am so uncomfortably kneeling."

She appeared to think this over, and

then she said triumphantly, "Yes, but there is another instrument beside my bed."

"How fortunate," said he. "I shall be sorry to have you leave me even for an instant; and I am sure that you would be sorry if I were not here when you returned."

"I had not thought of that," she admitted.

"No," he said reprovingly; "it seems that I have to do the thinking for both of us. You have, by your folly, placed yourself in a very awkward position, madame, and me in a very uncomfortable one. May I, at least, straighten my legs out a little?"

"I'm not sure," she said dubiously, "that I ought to let you do that. I cannot afford to run the risk of your getting at your revolver."

"But," he pointed out, "I do not reach for my revolver with my legs."

There was a silence. Then she said reluctantly, "I think that I must come in and search you."

"Why not?" he inquired. "That is according to rule."

"Well," she said, "for one thing, I have nothing on but my nightgown."

"*Multum in parvo*," he murmured.

There was another silence. Perhaps she was mystified by his Latin.

"That means, 'much in little,'" he explained cheerfully.

"I know it does," said she, and he thought he heard her laugh.

"I beg of you not to laugh," he urged—"you might pull the trigger by mistake and the noise, besides upsetting you horribly, would rouse the entire house."

"I am coming in to disarm you," was her answer to this.

He heard a swish of silk portières and the whisper of light footsteps on the velvet carpet. The scent of jasmine became more intense. Still, obedient to orders, he remained motionless on his knees, his head turned away from her.

Two hands went awkwardly through his pockets. When she found his revolver she exclaimed, "Ah!" trium-

phantly, and her breath was on his cheek and her fragrance about him.

"Now," she said, "you may get up, but you must not turn around until I say so."

As soon as she gave the word he turned and saw that she had installed herself on the chaise-longue and that she had wrapped a quilt about her. Her revolver was pointed in the general direction of his heart. His revolver she had hidden somewhere.

"You may sit down over there while I telephone," she said, and then, scrutinizing him closely, she cried, "But you are the man who was in the lift with me this afternoon!"

He bowed. "I had that pleasure," he said. "Also I was in Cartier's when you bought the emerald. I venture to felicitate you on your good taste, madame. It is an exquisite stone."

"Isn't it!" she exclaimed, almost friendly in her enthusiasm. "Isn't it just adorable!" Then, remembering, she added in a tone of sorrow and of reproach, "And so it was for the emerald that you broke into my apartment. It is the emerald—my new emerald, bought only a few hours ago—of which you would have robbed me! You should be ashamed of yourself. You seem to be a person of some—some culture, let us say, and yet you are brutal enough to be willing to rob a woman of something that she has coveted for weeks and only now acquired." She grew indignant. "I shall have no mercy on you," she said. "I shall telephone for the police."

"The instrument," he said, "is at your elbow, madame. I have nothing to say in my defense except that there is another woman who also has been coveting the emerald, and it was to her that I intended to give it. It is, however, perhaps as well that I have failed, for she is a blonde, and emeralds are not as becoming to blondes as to brunettes. The pendant, madame, will lie more beautifully on your breast than on hers."

That she was not deaf to flattery was evidenced by the fact that her hand—

the hand which did not hold the revolver—paused on its way to the telephone instrument. There was a moment of silence during which she contemplated him with a dubious interest.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I am known as Monsieur Georges."

She tossed up her head, a little vexed.

"That means nothing to me. I don't care about your—your *nom de guerre*. I am asking you who you really are."

He raised his shoulders and his eyebrows.

"For that matter," he said, "who, madame, really, are you? A maid, a wife, a divorcée, or a widow? A *virgo intacta* or a tarnished dove? A saint or a sinner, an anarchist or a royalist, or, that amorphous thing, a stanch believer in the Republic and in the laws devised by majorities of ignorant scoundrels to be executed by corrupt officials?"

She suddenly laughed—so musically that he was rejoiced, so heartily that he was surprised.

"You truly don't know who I am?" she asked. "You came to rob me, not knowing who I am?"

Unable to resist the infection of her mirth, he smiled back at her and said, "I am utterly at a loss, madame. For all I know, you may be the wife of the President of the Republic."

She shook her head at that.

"No," she said, "I am not the wife of the President of the Republic, but I *am* the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris."

"*Bon Dieu!*" he cried, and slapped his forehead and stared at her. "In that case, you are—let me think a moment. Whom did the daughter of Monsieur Javel marry? Ah, I have it! You are Madame Félix Simonet, are you not? And your husband is—" He stopped abruptly and then said, "I beg your pardon, madame," for he remembered having read in the newspapers that Madame Simonet was divorcing her rich and rather outrageous husband, the Félix Simonet who manufactured bathroom fixtures à l'Américaine. His re-

luctance to be divorced had unfortunately resulted in a deal of unpleasant publicity for the daughter of so conspicuous a man as the Prefect of Police of Paris.

She accepted Monsieur Georges' apology with a gesture of her hand.

"It matters nothing," she said. "My private affairs have become public through no fault of mine. I told you who I was merely to impress upon you the height of your impudence. It is not every thief that would have the audacity to attempt to rob a member of Monsieur Javel's family. . . . What—what is it? Sit still, or I swear I will fire!"

Monsieur Georges had leaned suddenly forward in his chair—so suddenly that she feared he was about to attack her.

"Hush!" he commanded. "I hear something."

She listened, but could hear nothing but the beating of her heart.

Presently Monsieur Georges spoke in a whisper. "There is somebody standing in the hall outside your door. I heard his footsteps approach and I did not hear them pass. Is it possible, madame, there should be another thief with the audacity to attempt to rob the daughter of Monsieur Javel?"

He saw her face go paper-white. She gave a grievous little moan and threw her arm across her eyes with the gesture of a tired child about to cry.

"He is trying the lock," said Monsieur Georges, quietly. "I suggest, madame, that, if you can trust me, you give me the revolver. I am less reluctant to pull a trigger, perhaps, than you. But I recommend that you be quick about it."

"I am frightened," she faltered—"I'm so frightened! Not of a thief—but of my husband. It may be he. Don't you understand? He has come before at night. He spies on me—to prevent my divorce."

Monsieur Georges had climbed high in his profession mainly because of an agile brain, and he grasped the drama of the situation in an instant. The setting,

a lady's boudoir; the time, one o'clock at night; the characters, a lady in her nightgown and a strange man who was obviously a gentleman, sitting beside her. There could be but one interpretation possible unless he could conclusively prove himself a thief and not a lover.

"Give me both the revolvers at once," he commanded, and without waiting for her consent, he rose and crossed to the chaise-longue and took them from her—one from her unresisting hand, the other from beneath the cushion. As he did so they heard the lock of the hall door click, and the stealthy scraping noise of the door opening over the rug.

"Appear as distressed as possible—as if it was I who had had the upper hand—as if I had brutalized you—dragged you about by your hair—twisted your wrists—tortured you—threatened to kill you."

He had time for no more admonitions. With a revolver in each hand, he moved rapidly over to the door that led to the vestibule, flung it open, and found himself face to face with a fat man in evening clothes. Monsieur Georges placed the muzzles of the revolvers against the fat man's shirt-front.

"Now—you—" he began in the vernacular of his Montmartre friends—"species of fat white slug—march a little into the room where I can examine you."

The man obeyed, sputtering but terrified—an unpleasant object. He saw his wife, sobbing heartbreakingly, on the chaise-longue. There could not be the least doubt in the world that she was terrified—but of what? he asked himself. Or, rather, of whom? His little, suspicious eyes darted from his wife to the good-looking young man who handled the two revolvers, and back again to his wife.

"Giselle," he said, frightened but malevolent, "what does all this signify?"

She moaned convincingly. Then, unexpectedly she sat up straight, and answered him.

"Isn't it quite plain what it means? This scoundrel—this brute—broke into

my apartment to steal my jewels. I tried to shoot him with my revolver, but he wrenched it from my hand before I could fire. And then—then he twisted my arm so that I almost fainted from the pain. For God's sake, Jean, can you not do something? Can you not cry for help?"

"If he does," asserted Monsieur Georges brutally, "I'll put a bullet in his paunch. I've a gun in each hand, remember, and I shoot as well with my left as with my right. What's more, I've wasted a lot of time on you two beauties—too much time. If the little lady—the pretty little lady in the pretty little nightgown—will give me the combination of her safe, I'll take what I want and clear out and you can both go happily to bed. Come on now—out with it, or I'll do a little more arm-twisting."

The "pretty little lady" cried "Oh!" covered her face with her hands, and murmured between sobs, "The numbers are seven and three."

"Ah," said Monsieur Georges, "as simple as that? A mere toy for a child."

"Why in the devil did you tell him the numbers?" demanded Simonet of his wife. "Have you no courage?"

"Have you, you lump of flesh?" asked Monsieur Georges, and he pressed the muzzle of one of the revolvers against Simonet's shirt-front.

"Bandit!" was all the man could find to say, but he took care to say it softly.

"And now," continued Monsieur Georges, "I don't want any disturbance while I'm at work—see? It oughtn't to take me long, but I'd rather not have to do any shooting. So remember to keep still and to keep your mouths shut. And you, beautiful species of pork, stand over there by your wife, if she *is* your wife, and if she is you don't deserve her. *Allez—heup!*"

Monsieur Simonet obeyed. His face was a mottled purple and he was breathing hard and sweating.

Monsieur Georges, as he had promised, was not long in opening the little safe.

He took from it only the emerald pendant, which he flourished before their eyes before putting it carelessly in his trousers pocket. Then, with both revolvers again in his hands, he backed slowly toward the outer door.

"Good-night, m'sieu', m'dame," he said cheerfully. "I hope you won't make any noise until I'm out of the house, but if you do I'll run right back up the staircase and put a bullet into each of you. Your wife is adorable, m'sieu', but you—you are a useless piece of fat that encumbers the earth. A religious man like myself can't help wondering what *le bon Dieu* was thinking about when he let you be born."

By now he was at the outer door. He bowed, threw a kiss with one of his revolvers instead of his finger-tips, sprang out into the hallway, slammed the door behind him, and ran down the stairs with the speed and agility of a cat.

On the following day a note was delivered to Madame Félix Simonet.

"Madame," it read, "I regret that the arrival of your husband forced me to do something which I had just made up my mind not to do. I mean, of course, stealing your emerald pendant. You will understand that if I had not done so, it is very possible that your husband could have prevented your divorce by bringing a counter-suit. I chose what I believed to be for you the lesser of two evils. It is my desire, now, to return the emerald to you. If you should find it convenient to join me this afternoon at the *Thé-Dansant* in the *Place Vendôme* at five o'clock, I shall consider the pleasure of your company ample reward for the return of a 'lost article.' I regret that I may sign myself only as Monsieur Georges."

Madame Simonet read the note with feelings compounded of surprise, interest, doubt, amusement, and pleasure. Then she read it again. Then, although her eyes were still puzzled, she smiled. Then she began to consider what dress she should wear for the *rendez-vous*.



THE MOCKERY OF AMERICAN DIVORCE

BY STEPHEN EWING

FOR the past twelvemonth a rather unpleasant nightmare has been disturbing the slumbers of the guardians of our people. That nightmare, evoked so rudely by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, is the vision of a society in which childless couples would be as free to divorce as they have been to marry. Now the reaction to any nightmare must be—the Freudians to the contrary—as symptomatic as the nightmare itself. It is of interest, therefore, that society should have taken this one seriously, instead of rubbing its eyes and laughing at the incongruity of the picture. Indeed, it is hardly the kind of nightmare which can be dispelled by the strong light of reality; for any person of common sense can see that, although we may not have divorce by mutual consent technically speaking, we have something very akin to it in actual practice. Why is it, then, that the pillars of our society—and by them we mean not only the pillars of the churches, but the greater part of those citizens who concern themselves in one way or another with the public weal—should have delivered themselves of the unalterable opinion that *the enactment of such a law would cause a cataclysmic change in our social mores, if not morals?*

It is true that divorce by mutual consent presupposes an entirely different conception of marriage than our Anglo-Saxon laws have ever countenanced. Indeed, it is a harking back to that Roman system of “free marriage” which was wiped out by the establishment of Christianity and the Church’s gradual assumption of control over

every aspect of man’s temporal life. For many centuries, as Mrs. Bromley has already pointed out, the dogma prevailed in western Europe that marriage was an indissoluble state, St. Jerome himself having pronounced: “So long as the husband lives, whether he be an adulterer, or a sodomist, or be steeped in all manner of crime and the wife has left him on account of those crimes, he is still to be regarded as her husband and she is not to be allowed to marry again.” As the Church lost its temporal power, however, this theory of marriage gave way in western Europe—and later in our own country—to civil laws which permitted divorce when *one party had seriously injured the other*. That is to say, an overt act, an offense on the part of husband or wife, was the only thing which could break the bond.

This theory has never been superseded by any other, either in this country or in England. It follows, therefore, that when two people deliver themselves up to the church or to the civil authorities to be united in wedlock they forfeit forever their fundamental freedom of action so far as their relationship with each other is concerned. The law becomes the final arbiter of their marital destiny, determining, if called upon to do so, whether an alleged offense on the part of one spouse is sufficient to entitle the other to an absolute divorce and the corresponding privilege to remarry, or whether the so-called innocent party should be allowed only the relief of a separate existence. If there is no alleged offense, and the two have simply discovered that their union is a grievous

mistake, devoid of positive values—then the law, paradoxically enough, denies them a divorce. The law married them upon their mutual desire, treating them as adults who knew their own minds; but it will not divorce them upon their mutual desire, for it now presumes that they no longer know what is good for them.

Obviously the law—or society—has maintained this strangle-hold upon marriage for the same reason that the Church maintained it for centuries—to ensure its own preservation. Society claims, however, that its responsibility in the matter is somewhat more ideal: it must create an ordered existence for its members and it must protect the fate of helpless children—for humanitarian as well as for biological reasons. These ends are justifiable, and yet we beg leave to inquire whether society has chosen the best means to attain them.

II

Interesting sidelights on the experience of other peoples might be gained from an exhaustive study of the Roman "free marriage" system and its social effects as mirrored in the literature and history of the period. For to Rome belongs the honor of having been the first civilization to evolve the theory that marriage was an equal partnership between husband and wife, depending for its inception and continuation upon the free will of both parties. This "truly high and altogether worthy conception of the institution"—to use Lord Bryce's phrase—gave rise to a splendid type of marriage based upon mutuality of interests and lifelong affection. But by permitting divorce with no legal restrictions whatsoever, the system later encouraged a rapid succession of divorces among the wealthy and ambitious, who came to use marriage solely as a means to a life of pleasure and worldly advancement. For as Lecky puts it, "A vast wave of corruption had flowed in upon Rome, and under any

system of law it would have penetrated into domestic life."

We cannot, therefore, judge the validity of divorce by mutual consent from the experience of the Romans. For they are too far removed from us in both race and era.

Of the countries which to-day allow divorce by mutual consent—Russia, Austria (for non-Catholics only), Belgium, Roumania, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Japan, and certain provinces of Mexico—the Scandinavian nations would seem to offer us the most fruitful field for inquiry, since they are inhabited by a Nordic people like ourselves, and since they have made an exhaustive study of the problem in the light of modern conditions.

Divorce probably never wore the same sinful aspect in the Protestant Scandinavian countries as it did in other sections of western Europe where the Church held the reins of temporal power for many centuries and was consequently able to enforce the doctrine of sacramental marriage. Be that as it may, these nations display to-day a far more realistic attitude toward the institution of marriage than we Anglo Saxons have ever attained. It was this realistic attitude, no doubt, which led to the formation in 1910 of the Scandinavian Commission for the Reform of the Marriage and Divorce Laws. Unlike the Royal Divorce Commission appointed the same year in England, the Scandinavian group very logically put the horse before the cart, and first attacked the problem of marriage. After long and exhaustive study they drew up a new code based on the twentieth-century idea—as well as the Roman idea—that marriage is "a union between two free individuals with a mutual duty to respect each other's needs and desires." The laws of the code were framed to create "complete legal equality between husband and wife," in contradistinction to the old laws which accorded the husband indisputable control over the wife's property and services, as well as over the

children. The new code, incidentally, not only gives the wife "a married right" in the common property, but at the same time makes her jointly responsible for the support of the family—her contribution to be made in work if not in money. By such even-handed justice the law-makers sought to minimize marital discord.

The code further safeguards marriage by requiring, first, that all candidates for matrimony present birth certificates to prove that they are at least twenty-one years of age or, if under that age, they must show that they have the consent of their parents; second, that every marriage be announced by the publication of banns in church or in the official gazette at least two weeks before the ceremony; and third, that every candidate make a solemn declaration in writing that he or she is not suffering from epilepsy or a venereal disease.

The divorce code allows for divorce to be granted not only on grounds of adultery, desertion, cruelty, etc., but also for reasons of "deep and lasting incompatibility" i.e., by mutual consent. But in the latter case the law requires that a couple first discuss their differences with either their parish minister or a designated government official. Then if they cannot be reconciled, and if they have reached an agreement on the division of their income and children, they will be given by the state a decree of legal separation for the period of one year (in Denmark, a year and a half). At the end of that time, if they have consistently remained apart, they may petition for an absolute decree and obtain it without further ado. Thus there is necessitated no humiliating publicity, no vilification of one by the other in open court, no payment of large legal fees.

If only one of the parties wants the divorce he or she may follow the same procedure on the ground that mutual good relations no longer exist; for the law is based on the assumption that "it is morally indefensible to maintain a

marriage relationship by legal statute where all the bonds between the parties have been broken"—to quote ex-Premier Zwahle of Denmark. In such a case, however, the decree of divorce will not be granted until two years have elapsed (in Denmark, two and a half). Thus it never becomes necessary for husbands and wives to attack each other in order to gain their freedom.

Curiously enough, this divorce code which seems so radical to Anglo-Saxon law-makers, has resulted in no cataclysmic changes in the Scandinavian social order. Having been the law in Norway since 1910, and having been enacted into law by Denmark and Sweden not long after the Commission made its report in 1918, the code may now be said to have stood a fair test of time. In none of the three countries has it materially affected the divorce rates, which are incidentally very low as compared with ours. Sweden, for instance, had in 1926 only .29 divorces per thousand of the population as against our rate of 1.52. Norway shows an even lower rate—.21 per thousand; while Denmark, with its larger urban population, shows .57 to every thousand—which is only a little more than one-third of our percentage.

But more significant than the figures is the fact that divorce is not looked upon as a great social problem in any of the three countries—according to the testimony of a number of ex-residents. They say that divorce is less frequent among the lower and middle classes there than here, for the reason that thrifty couples are loath to divide their property. Among the well-to-do classes it is said to be no more prevalent than here—if as prevalent. For one thing, their society is not honeycombed with "gold-diggers" and adventuresses, for the wife is seldom given the lion's share upon the dissolution of a marriage. In fact it is not the custom for either party to penalize the other greatly, no matter whose the fault. If, for instance, a husband has been unfaithful and wishes to marry

the other woman, the wife, instead of suing him in court and getting as much money as she can, will accept a reasonable settlement and join him in an application for divorce by mutual consent. On the other hand, if the wife is the one who wants her freedom, she will be given her share of the marital property, as well as the guardianship of some or all of the children, depending upon the circumstances. Indeed, reason would seem to prevail to a remarkable degree in these Scandinavian divorces. When a well-known man in Norway, for instance, learned that his wife was about to bear another man's child, he used his influence to obtain for her an immediate divorce by special permission from the king, so that she could marry the other man without delay and without publicity. This story reads very differently indeed from the widely advertised and scandalous suit of a well-known New Yorker who openly accused his wife of having foisted an illegitimate child upon him. Norwegian society expects a man and woman "to do the thing decently," and it would be quick to ostracize a couple who accused each other in court of cruelty or adultery instead of coming to terms privately and then waiting a year for their final decree. Indeed not more than thirteen per cent of all divorces granted in Norway are the outcome of suits in court, while the remainder are obtained by mutual consent.

Nor, we are told, has divorce by mutual consent led the Scandinavian young people to look upon marriage as a trial affair, despite the fact that they are as free to choose their own mates as young Americans are. On the contrary they approach the business quite soberly, and generally delay marriage until they have the wherewithal to set up a small establishment. It is interesting, too, to hear that the children of divorced parents are as a rule well-trained, seemly young people who are anxious not to repeat their parents' mistakes.

All in all, one gathers the impression

that the mutual-consent law has not materially affected the number of divorces, but has merely established a highly civilized procedure. Most of the Scandinavian divorces of which one hears occurred as the result of some fundamental antipathy or continued infidelity, rather than from the whim of the moment. For we are assured on all sides—M. Maurice Bedel's recent novel to the contrary—that the Scandinavians do not look upon divorce lightly, or as a mere means of changing partners "after this dance." On the contrary, they consider divorce a regrettable and painful operation, but one that frequently cannot be avoided; for they firmly believe that if two people are loath to live together intimately it is immoral to force them to remain married. Whether such a romantic attitude toward marriage leads to as stable a social order as does the realistic attitude of the French who tacitly recognize extramarital unions, is still another question—although our American moralists would consider the French system no less an evil. The Scandinavian and the French agree, however, that one's reasons for divorcing are as much one's own business as one's reasons for marrying. The governments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark accordingly supervise the granting of divorces with the same scientific detachment that they regulate marriage. Thus far, and no farther, do they deem that they have a right to interfere with the individual's private life.

III

How different the situation in this country! Here we have a much greater percentage of divorces, many of them obtained by fraud and perjury, few of them devoid of unpleasant publicity, and all of them based on the technical assumption that one party has wilfully or maliciously wronged the other. In a number of our states, furthermore, divorce can be obtained with much greater despatch than it can in the Scan-

dinavian countries—provided that one can afford to pay the piper.

To begin with, it may as well be admitted that in a great majority of instances the decree is acceptable to both parties—if not actually desired by them. There were, for example, in this country in 1925 as many as 146,069 uncontested cases, or 84% of all divorces granted. Even if one were to subtract those cases in which the defendant was not actually notified, or was such a derelict as to have no defense, it would still leave a large percentage of suits in which the defendant did not care to contest the issue. In this connection Judge C. W. Hoffman of the Domestic Relations Court of Cincinnati, found from an investigation in his court that at least 75% of the defendants had valid grounds for a defense, but did not choose to stand upon them. The inference to be drawn is that the majority of divorces are the result of either a tacit or an open understanding between husband and wife. Furthermore, many judges tell us, when suits are contested it is for the sake of the property and the children, and nothing else, in nine cases out of ten.

It would seem rather fortunate that a husband and wife can at least agree to disagree. Yet if they agree to divorce they must create between them the necessary evidence, and that in itself constitutes the crime of collusion. They may go about committing this crime in a number of ways. The husband may allow himself to be caught in an act of adultery, or one spouse may "desert" the other, or the wife may accuse the husband of failing to support her—it being understood in any event that the offending party will not deny the allegation.

Collusion of an especially flagrant variety is rampant in New York State, where a divorce can be procured only on evidence of adultery. The law, it is true, will permit a husband to confess to an act in the past and to supply his wife with the necessary witnesses. But such witnesses do not grow on rosebushes,

for when a man departs from the straight and narrow path he will in all probability seek the greatest possible degree of privacy. It is generally necessary, therefore, for the husband and wife to come to at least a tacit understanding. He may, for instance, conspicuously leave in his smoking-jacket an addressed letter to a lady-love making a rendezvous with her on such and such a night, at such and such a hotel. The wife finds it, notes the facts, and sends detectives to apprehend the pair. Later she turns over the evidence to a lawyer, and, if he is not too scrupulous a member of the bar, he starts suit without inquiring very closely into the methods whereby she obtained the information.

In due time the case is heard as one of many on a crowded calendar; the plaintiff makes her formal complaint by answering a series of routine questions put to her by her lawyer, and *by swearing that she has not connived with her husband to obtain the divorce*; the detectives recite their evidence; the husband puts in no appearance; the plaintiff's attorney makes a request for alimony and counsel fees (already agreed upon by the husband's and wife's attorneys), and the judge must perforce grant the decree since the lawyer has presented a case that is technically perfect. The procedure appears to be a very simple one, and yet it should be noted that it called for collusion between husband and wife as well as downright perjury by the latter.

Or if the husband has no lady-love, or does not care to compromise the one he has, he may procure through a firm of detectives a paid co-respondent to appear with him in a shocking situation. Or he may fall into the hands of a firm of shyster lawyers who will cut corners by hiring several professional perjurers to swear to the necessary facts.

This, then, is the divorce law on which the Empire State prides itself, the law which has kept the divorce rate down to .41 per thousand, as compared with the national rate of 1.52. Yet it is hardly

surprising that New York's rate is comparatively low, since most decent people, with the amazing exception of certain figures in society, shrink from resorting to such methods, as they likewise shrink from the ugly publicity which follows. As an alternative they much prefer to obtain their decrees in some other state if they can spare the necessary time and money.

Of the various grounds specified by the laws of the other states desertion is the least offensive and accordingly one of the most popular—32% of all divorces in 1925 having been obtained on this ground. The percentage would probably run still higher if there were more than twenty-one states which granted divorce for one year's desertion, or more than nine which granted it for two years' desertion.

Yet even when a suit is based on this simple ground a couple automatically break the law if they agree beforehand that the husband is to desert and the wife to sue him later for that act. Furthermore, when the case comes up the wife will have to swear falsely on the witness stand or by affidavit that the desertion has been "wilful" or "malicious" and that it has been prolonged for the specified time. The writer knows of one case, heard in Chicago, in which two women friends of the plaintiff's testified that her husband had deserted her two years previously. That happened to be a fact, but it was also true that the couple had lived together subsequently. That matter was not inquired into, however, and the decree was granted in less than five minutes. In another Chicago case the pair had agreed beforehand to separate, and the wife's father, being the only witness, testified merely to her residence.

Chicago, as everyone knows, is famous not only for its machine-gun politics, but for its swiftly whirring divorce mill, inasmuch as the Illinois law now waives the one-year residence requirement when a suit is based on two successive acts of cruelty which have been committed

within a short period of time—from three days to three weeks. In these cases very slight evidence is required, the witnesses as a rule being members of the plaintiff's family. Furthermore, the evidence presented is often of a very tenuous nature. One witness, for instance, testified that she had seen a man strike his wife, when she had only been told that such a thing had happened.

Despite the widespread perjury in Chicago divorce courts it is the rarest occurrence in the world for a judge to detect perjury or collusion, we are told by several reputable attorneys of that city. A judge himself, Judge Joseph David, recently expressed the opinion in print that at least 50% of the divorces granted involved perjury; while Judge Harry A. Lewis, who hears a great many cases in Chicago, declares that 50 to 60% of all decrees are obtained through fraudulent testimony, generally on the fictitious grounds of cruelty, "while as a matter of fact there was nothing but incompatibility which had become so unbearable that the wife would perjure herself in order to get relief."

Certain counties of Pennsylvania also offer attractive features to the divorce-seeker, inasmuch as the one-year residence can be easily simulated, and all cases are heard in private by a special master, so that little or no publicity results. Recently one of the New York newspapers made an exposé of a divorce mill that has been running full tilt in Bradford County, just over the state line from New York. There the special masters appointed by the judge to hear the various cases are also practicing attorneys who try their own cases on other days; so that it is *noblesse oblige* all along the line. As a result, out of three hundred cases heard in 1926 and 1927 all but one were reported favorably. In a number of suits the plaintiff alone was the sole witness to the cruelty or desertion alleged, while in the majority of cases the only witnesses heard were blood relatives of the plaintiff, and the

offenses named were of the most tenuous nature. One husband, for instance, testified without corroboration that the sound of his wife's voice so irritated him as to injure his delicate health, while another claimed that "his wife was disagreeable in words, although she didn't fight."

In this county of Pennsylvania, as in other states where the divorce laws are laxly administered, residence has been proved in the most sketchy fashion, the testimony of rooming-house landladies being generally accepted as sufficient evidence—just as in Paris. A case in point was that of Mrs. W. who sued for divorce in Bradford County, stating in her affidavit that she had lived there for the past year, that her husband had deserted her wilfully and maliciously two years previously, and finally that "the complaint for divorce was not made by collusion between her and her husband." The decree was granted, with no further evidence of the desertion or of her residence required. It was subsequently revealed that during the two years of the supposed desertion Mrs. W. and her husband had been living together in New York State—at least according to his income tax return—and that, furthermore, he had gone with her to see the lawyer about the divorce.

The Nevada laws, when all is said and done, necessitate a minimum of fraud. In the first place only three months' continuous residence is demanded, but that requirement is now strictly enforced. In the second place the judges demand very slight evidence to prove mental cruelty. A woman may obtain her freedom on the ground that her husband has been intolerably cool to her, or told her to go to hell once too often. On the other hand, a husband may complain, as one did recently, that his wife has worn him out by making him get up five or six times every night to look after her cat—or that she nags him in public. Such stories of petty irritation may be literally true, so that the plaintiff need commit no perjury in swearing to them. In

short, the Nevada legislators appear to have reasoned that since people are bound to get divorced in one way or another, they might as well expedite matters for them—and incidentally line the pockets of the business and lawyer folk of the state.

Indeed, it is the lawyers who profit the most from our divorce laws—despite the fact that they run the danger of disbarment if they handle collusive cases with full knowledge of the facts. A canny lawyer, however, will accept evidence at its face value and not encourage his client to go into details. He is then at liberty to arrange an amicable settlement between husband and wife without technically violating the law. Some lawyers are more cautious and scrupulous than others, and many of the firms of high standing fight shy of all divorce business. But there are plenty of lawyers to be found who know how to steer their way between the shoals of collusion. In certain jurisdictions they dare to be very bold, as in Chicago, where a famous divorce lawyer, now dead, was wont to ask a new client when the latter inquired about the fee, "Will you supply the evidence, or shall we?" In this connection Justice Callaghan of the New York Supreme Court remarks that, "it is almost impossible for a judge to prove collusion even though he strongly suspects its existence, for the attorneys are always careful to satisfy every technical requirement of the statute."

It is true that there are certain jurisdictions, especially in the East, where the divorce laws are more strictly administered. But the fact remains that a couple determined to be divorced can secure relief in one state or another—if they have the necessary means. Furthermore, by basing their suit on any ground but desertion they can obtain their freedom practically immediately in a number of states which grant final decrees without imposing an interlocutory period.

To sum up, the divorce laws of our states would seem to work a hardship on

two classes of people only—those who are too poor to migrate into another jurisdiction, and those who would prefer not to sacrifice their sense of honesty and decency.

IV

If we are going to have laws that work a hardship upon the self-respecting minority who have reason to believe that they are capable of directing their own lives, we must at least make sure that these laws are beneficial to the great run of people. Indeed, that is the big argument advanced—justifiably or otherwise—in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Can it be advanced in favor of our divorce laws?

A number of eminent jurists in the East answer emphatically in the affirmative. Even while admitting the necessity of divorce in many instances, they insist that marriage would go to wrack and ruin if people were allowed to part by mutual consent. Nor are they particularly scandalized by the wholesale corruption which goes on in our divorce courts, nor by the fact that the law forces self-respecting citizens to perjure themselves. Indeed, one jurist went so far as to say that if he himself felt entitled to a divorce he would not hesitate to take the necessary steps to get it. All such evading of the law is considered a minor evil. For the jurists think we must have laws that will at least fool the people into thinking that marriage is more difficult to get out of than it really is.

Yet there are numbers of judges, especially in our Middle-Western and Western states, who hold quite opposite views. From long experience they have learned that the law serves neither society nor the family by forcing two people to remain together when all concord has gone out of their lives. Furthermore, they have seen with their own eyes the wholesale perjury, the frantic dashing from one state to another—in short, the inflexible determination of individuals to free themselves of irksome

bonds. They have seen, too, the tragic results of hundreds upon hundreds of hasty matings, and they know that marriage could not be approached much more lightly than it is to-day. And so they have arrived at the conclusion that divorce is often a necessary remedy and that, furthermore, no manner of divorce laws can hold marriage together.

For one thing, the realists among the judges have come to believe that incompatibility justifies divorce beyond the shadow of a doubt. "Indeed," says Judge Grier M. Orr, of St. Paul, "I know of no better reason for the granting of a divorce than deep and constant discord. For I consider that there is no physical cruelty to the human body greater than that of mechanically carrying on the marriage relationship after all feeling is cold." He goes on to say quite frankly that when a couple come before him whose chief plea is incompatibility, mental or physical, he satisfies himself that the facts are as presented, and grants them a divorce on the technical grounds of mental or physical cruelty.

Of a similar opinion is another Middle-Western judge who says that in cases which are obviously based on incompatibility he overlooks the perjury of witnesses attempting to prove cruelty, because he knows the situation and has made every possible attempt at reconciliation.

Undoubtedly the trend among judges is to interpret the divorce laws more and more broadly to conform with changing public opinion. In this connection Judge C. W. Hoffman of Cincinnati, who has probably made as thorough a study of the sociological aspects of marriage as any judge in this country, declares that to-day "the divorce codes are not administered so much in the light of the laws prescribed by the statutes as in the light of the prevailing philosophy of the bench, the bar, and the community, concerning marriage."

As long ago as 1910 the President of the Cleveland Bar Association made this same point, in addressing a com-

munication to the Royal Divorce Commission in England. He said:

"I believe it is the view of the majority of people in this city that where husband and wife cannot live in some degree of harmony they are better divorced. This leads to a loose interpretation by the courts of the statutes on the subject. For the most part suits are uncontested, and I believe that practically anyone who wishes for a divorce can obtain it."

More and more judges are coming to look upon divorce as an individual problem, each case to be decided as seems wisest, regardless of the dictates of the law. For this reason conscientious judges make very earnest attempts at reconciliation. Judge Sabath, who is a leading exponent of the method, firmly believes that no complaint should be filed until the pair have discussed their differences with the judge in his chambers. For he has observed that it is often the charges made in a moment of anger by the husband or wife on the bill of complaint that alienate the other and destroy all possibility of reconciliation. He has, therefore, taken the time to interview in his chambers all plaintiffs who have children, and he reports remarkable success in reconciling them with their spouses—although it is impossible to tell whether they have subsequently remained together. In any event Judge Sabath feels very strongly that couples should first discuss their differences with a tolerant judge rather than with lawyers who too often whet a husband's and wife's resentment against each other.

Judge Hoffman's Domestic Relations Court in Cincinnati has also done remarkable work along this line, for it is equipped with an Adjustment Department that has a psychological clinic and a trained staff of experts attached. Miss Mary Edna McChristie, who is the Referee in charge, reports in a recent article in the *Survey* that, out of 400 men and women who came into court threatening to sue for divorce, only 36 actually went ahead with their suits. Most of these cases, it is true, involved poor people who

were living in too cramped quarters and were harried by economic worries, which the court helped them to remove in one way or another. But Miss McChristie also tells of a cultured college couple whose marriage was fast going to pieces merely because the husband liked to philander innocently and the wife had never developed the technic necessary to hold his interest. Miss McChristie came to the rescue and taught her a little feminine psychology, with the result that the man was actually brought to the point of fearing that he would lose his wife's affection! Their marriage today is quite sound and intact, and the children are enjoying the privilege of living with both parents.

Other judges, however, are a little more pessimistic about the possibilities of reconciliation. Judge Orr of St. Paul has found that in the majority of instances the cause of infelicity has become so chronic that it cannot be forgotten. However, when the grievance is based on adultery, he has occasionally been able to convince the husband or wife that the offense was only a passing one and that it has not fundamentally harmed their relationship. In Chicago Judge Lewis, despite a few very gratifying successes, has found most couples unreconcilable—especially those who have been married five years or more. He has found, too, that there is a very real danger in reconciling couples with children, for in many instances the home breaks up later anyway, and then there may be three or four children instead of one or two to bear the brunt of the tragedy.

Judge Orr stresses this same point when he declares, "The children are decidedly better off with either one parent or the other than in a home where the husband and wife clash openly and often. The latter is one of the worst moral environments a child could be raised in. In fact in such a case it is practically the parents' duty to divorce in order that the child may be brought up to some extent in the peace and harmony to which he is entitled."

V

With a vast deal of evidence at hand, the realists among the judges have concluded that tragic marriages are the result, not solely of selfishness and materialism as the moralists are fond of asserting, but to a large extent of *early and hasty matings*. They also blame the appalling ignorance of young people regarding the functions and responsibilities of marriage; but this presents a problem in education that is outside the domain of the law.

The judges complain that our marriage laws are shamefully lax. The marriageable age without the consent of parents is eighteen for a woman and twenty-one for a man in most of our states. But this is easily circumvented, since no birth certificates are required to prove the candidate's age. It would seem, too, that the girl should be twenty-one, as she must be in the Scandinavian countries.

Then again there are twenty-six states that require no delay whatsoever after the license has been issued, and only eleven states that require as long an interim as five days for residents. In this connection Judge Sabath inveighs bitterly against the night-club marriages which take place in Chicago.

"A couple meet each other," he explains, "on a dance floor and imbibe several drinks of gin or bad whiskey. They hunt up a Justice of the Peace who marries them in his pajamas. The newly married couple go back to the dance hall and when the sun rises discover that they are actually married with no place to go. Such hasty marriages are an everyday occurrence in Chicago."

The judges are convinced that marriage must not only be slowed up, but that something must be done to prevent the spread of venereal and mental diseases. Judge Hoffman, for one, believes that either physical or mental unfitness lies at the root of most disastrous marriages; and there are a number of judges who agree with him. Judge Orr would

have the law require a health certificate from both the man and the woman, while Judge Lewis would also require a Wassermann test. They do not believe that a mere affidavit such as the State of New York requires is sufficient, for affidavits, as we know, are all too easily sworn to, especially in as large a country as this where a man may be totally unknown in a strange city or state.

Our marriage laws cry out for revision. How they should be revised, what effective safeguards could be set up to prevent undue haste and to forestall the marriage of the physically, mentally, and financially incompetent might well be made the subject of exhaustive study on the part of a national commission of sociologists, judges, and experts of all kinds. Until they have been so revised we must expect to see the divorce rate mount higher and higher.

VI

But quite apart from a revision of the marriage laws, we obviously need a more civilized divorce procedure—one that will put a premium on decency rather than on perjury. Whether we should follow the Scandinavian system and impose a "cooling-off period" of one year or so; whether the granting of divorces should be left entirely to the discretion of the judge; or whether each divorce court should be equipped with a highly organized Adjustment Department such as Judge Hoffman's in Cincinnati are questions calling for profound study.

Judge Harry A. Lewis of Chicago, however, has the following concrete suggestion to make:

"I believe all charges for divorce should be eliminated, allowing the complainant to file her bill setting up her reasons for wanting a separation, and to appear before the chancellor to whom it is assigned; and if he thinks there is sufficient reason for the two to be separated he should sign a decree. This would do away with all fraud entirely,

and as a court has power to marry two people upon their mutual request, it should have the power to separate them. Such a system would mean less legal tangle, less expense, less difficulty and sordidness."

This would be an excellent system if we could be sure that all judges would be both wise and human. Whether the law should go a step farther and automatically grant the privilege of divorce to two people, after they have submitted themselves to a reconciliation session and have lived apart for a given period of time, is a matter for debate, perhaps. It seems to the writer, however, that such a system would not greatly increase the number of divorces being granted to-day, except among the poor who cannot now afford the expense involved. In fact, it is quite possible that the great run of divorce-seekers would have to be educated to wait a year and get their decrees by mutual consent rather than sue their spouses in open court; for it is a sad commentary that even in those states which allow for divorce on grounds of one year's desertion, there are still a great many suits based on charges of cruelty. Perhaps divorce by mutual consent would eventually set a more civilized standard.

For the good of society men and women must not be forced—or allowed—to recite before the public all the intimate facts of their married life and personal distress. It is nothing short of barbarous to cut open people's hearts and expose them to the public gaze. And it is nothing short of race-suicidal to fill our newspapers with columns and columns of unhealthy divorce scandals. Private hearings under the present laws would hardly solve this particular problem, for they would only open the door to even greater corruption and perpetration of fraud by one party on the other, as happened in Bradford County, Pennsylvania.

Certainly no system of divorce should be countenanced which allows a husband or wife to obtain a decree without the

knowledge of the other—as occasionally happens to-day when the plaintiff goes into another state, and the defendant is served by publication. If only one spouse wants a divorce the law should at least make sure that the other has been personally notified of the impending change in his or her marital status; and perhaps it should also, as in the Scandinavian countries, impose a still longer waiting period than it does when the two are agreed.

Divorce by mutual consent does not necessarily mean that both parties are equally anxious for the decree, but it does mean that they have not parted angrily or furtively. Yet the latter is the technic prescribed by law. It would almost seem as though our lawmakers delighted in putting a premium upon indecency and cruelty. Which action, for instance, is the more decent: for a man to "light out" without warning to his wife, leaving her perhaps without sufficient funds, and exposed to the pity of all the neighbors, or for him to discuss his plans with her and break up the home in a dignified fashion?

The current legal theory seems to be that divorce is not to be allowed until one party—the presumably innocent one—shall have been deeply wounded. The underlying Puritanic principle would seem to be that no human being shall find his salvation in freedom until he has walked through the valley of the shadow of death. But is it not pitifully apparent that every man and woman—with the exception of the very shallow—who feels his marriage going to pieces, walks through the valley of the shadow of death? Why must the law, like a heartless surgeon, drive the knife still deeper?

And why must the law, too, destroy our respect for it, by forcing us to break it at every turn? That is one important consideration which the framers of the Capper Bill for a national divorce law have completely overlooked. They consider that they have made their proposed law very liberal, by including one year's desertion as a ground. Yet desertion, if

agreed upon as it so often is, involves collusion and dishonesty before the law.

We are told that our present divorce laws serve the great purpose of preserving marriage. Yet the judges tell us that many marriages are not worth preserving, and Judge Orr even goes so far as to say that it is sometimes the parents' *duty* to divorce each other for the sake of their children; while Judge Hoffman says that "we can no longer, without danger to society and the state, penalize for life a man and woman who are guilty of proven incompatibility." Furthermore, such an authority as Edouard Westermarck considers that a high standard of marriage can be evolved only through liberal divorce laws. He says, in Volume II of the latest edition of his *History of Human Marriage*:

"It would seem that a contract entered into by mutual consent should be dissolved by mutual consent. We have seen that such a law has been introduced by some modern states and it is not

known that any evils have resulted from this concession. . . .

"I look upon divorce as the necessary remedy for a misfortune, and as a means of preserving the dignity of marriage by putting an end to unions which are a disgrace to its name. The existence of marriage does not depend upon laws. If marriage is not an artificial creation, but an institution based on deep-rooted sentiments, conjugal and parental, it will last as long as these sentiments last, and should they ever cease to exist, no laws in the world could save marriage from destruction."

Fifty years ago Herbert Spencer voiced the same truth when he wrote, "There will come a time when the union of affection will be held of primary moment and the union by law as of secondary moment."

When that time comes to America, the divorce laws of to-day will seem as barbarous to our descendants as the old English law which inflicted the death penalty on child thieves now seems to us.





GROUP PRACTICE IN MEDICINE

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

“**B**IG Business” has been in the saddle in this country for more than a generation. It sits tight and steers straight and, thanks to its mount, it makes goal after goal. It was hoisted into the saddle by organization. Were it not for organization neither the United States Steel Corporation nor the Roman Catholic Church would be what it is or where it is to-day. Nearly every industry, every great institution, every profession has been subjected to organization save medicine. Every forward movement of civilization has been initiated by individuals and effected by groups.

Organization in medicine at first sight would seem to deny the rule of the jungle, the hovel, and the palace. But in reality it makes not only for the self-preservation of the physician but for his self-betterment. An individual can practice medicine successfully but not satisfactorily. In the first place, the field is too extensive for him to survey alone and the equipment required for its cultivation is too varied and complex for one man to operate, even though he be as versatile as Albrecht von Haller was. In the second place, the price the patient has to pay for individual medical service is a hardship for the majority, and particularly for those of the so-called middle class.

It cannot be denied that man's right and duty to be healthy and happy can be facilitated and enhanced by organization. That makes it the more difficult to understand why the medical profession has not organized. Some will say that it has, and cite the American Medical Association to prove their case. But

the primary object of that guild has been the improvement of medical education and the elevation of the whole profession. Though much altruism has seeped into it in latter years, we must admit that it was founded and fostered for the benefit of the physician and only indirectly for the good of the patient. The sick, to be sure, have profited from it enormously, for the doctor of to-day is in training and equipment quite unlike his predecessor. When the passing generation of physicians took up the study of medicine no scholastic equipment was necessary save ability to read and write; and the student could have the degree of doctor in medicine conferred upon him without ever having attended a clinic, lecture, or demonstration. All he had to do was to sign up with a preceptor, pay for two courses of lectures, each of four months' duration, and pass an examination. Now he has to have a definite amount of schooling before he can register as a medical student; he must work in college, clinic, and laboratory for thirty-six months; and to feel really qualified for his job, he must supplement this with eighteen months' residence in a hospital. The American Medical Association helped us to realize the lamentable inadequacy of our medical training and brought about this reformation. To-day physicians are as well trained in this country as they are anywhere; but they persist in practicing medicine individually, and the result is increasing dissatisfaction on the part of the public and growing discontent on their own part with the rewards of their profession. There are few other fields of human ac-

tivity, save teaching, in which the material reward is not greater from the display of similar energy, industry, and intelligence. No one ever succeeds in medicine unless he has some native ability, and few succeed unless they have also a dominant urge to work and great strength to permit them to do it. No other profession makes such demands upon time and vitality. Hence, comparatively few physicians make what is called a great success, or in other words, make sufficient money to be able to loaf and invite their souls occasionally and to put their children on the high road to self-realization.

One hesitates to say again that only the rich and the poor get proper medical service. Like all popular sayings, it contains an exaggeration. It is only a portion of the poor who receive appropriate treatment, those who are prudent and intelligent enough to go to a hospital when they are ill or to a clinic when they are indisposed. The rich choose their physicians so often for their bedside manner that they frequently get second- or even third-class service. The bedside manner is not inconsistent with intuition, insight, and judgment, but they rarely go together.

Yet it is true that the man who is neither rich nor poor—the self-respecting, self-supporting, substantial member of the community—is often denied the medical service to which he is entitled because he cannot afford it. The trouble is not that the physician exacts a fee beyond the patient's means, but that the patient must go to so many physicians before he can find out what is the matter with him, and then to so many more, or their subordinates, to get cured. If the first physician consulted by him combines insight with experience, he may be able to make a right diagnosis, but it will often be little more than a shrewd guess. This is not because modern medicine is ignorant; it is because a single individual can know so little of what medicine has learned. We frequently hear it lamented that the good old family physi-

cian exists no more. It is as easy to get sentimental about the family doctor as it is about the pangs of despised love. He would be as much out of place to-day as the two-wheel gig that he used to ride in. One of the great glories of medicine is that it has been able to conquer so many devastating diseases; another is that it has made the majority of painful experiences painless; but not the least of them is that it has taken its practice from the realm of guesswork to the realm of certainty. We have not traveled the whole road yet, but we are well under way, and we can hasten our arrival by rational organization which will enable us to do team work expeditiously and efficiently and thus serve the patient better than any individual possibly could.

We physicians might add to our prosperity by taking a look at other professions, and the first one that we should scrutinize carefully is the law. All lawyers, who are neither obese nor indolent, achieve material prosperity if they are temperate in everything save work and if they become associated with well-organized firms. One member of such a firm makes himself competent in corporate law, another in the trial of cases, another in the drawing of mortgages and contracts, another in trusts and wills, another in finance and its vagaries. A client who goes to such a firm to get a divorce is not turned over to the corporation expert; if he goes to have his will drawn he does not meet the trial lawyer. And when he goes there to have the articles of incorporation of a company or a consolidation written and submits his request to the corporation specialist, he does not expect to get information and instruction immediately. In such an instance the matter is turned over to juniors for investigation. When their work is done, it is submitted to the Chief. He acts upon it with or without conferring with his associates, and in due time the client gets what he is after or is denied it.

On the other hand, a man who is ailing goes to see a physician and expects to be

examined on the spot and immediately told what he should do to feel well again. It is preposterous. The physician is constantly given credit for insight and knowledge that no one individual can possess. Fortunately for him, there are methods of examination that reveal or deny the existence of disease with such accuracy that he can rely upon them. The trouble is that he alone is neither competent to make them nor to pass upon them. He would have to have several lives to acquire such competency.

II

As an illustration of the point I am making, let us take the patient who consults me as I write these lines. His complaint is of dizziness and disturbed equilibrium, followed by nausea and vomiting, occurring at irregular intervals. I know that this association of symptoms is frequently due to encroachment upon the contents of the small semi-circular canals which are carefully packed away in one of the most protected portions of the skull and whose function is to maintain bodily equilibrium. I hear his story and make what is known as a physical examination, which reveals that a constant accompaniment of the disease which his symptoms seem to indicate—namely one-sided deafness—is lacking. Moreover, he tells me that there seems to be a relationship between the condition of his digestion and the occurrence of attacks. I note also that his face is lacking in symmetry, one side being distinctly larger than the other.

I think I know the nature and seat of the lesion that is causing his symptoms, but before I am justified in sharing that knowledge with him and advising him to submit to the only treatment that holds out a prospect of relief, I have to get the report of a physician competent not only to examine the hearing apparatus but to make a test which requires much skill and elaborate equipment. I must also have an X-ray of his head, and if this is to be of any value, it must be done by a

man who is expert in making plates and interpreting them. I must likewise have chemical and microscopic examinations of his blood and spinal fluid and complete analysis of the gastro-intestinal tract and its contents. In other words, this patient must spend two or three hundred dollars and perhaps much more before he can find out what he should do, and all because I am incompetent to make the necessary examinations. Why do I thus parade my limitations? Because they are shared with me by every member of the medical profession, and because I am convinced that we can surmount them.

This patient is a man of letters. He considers himself fortunate when he earns eight thousand dollars a year. He has a family, and he is ambitious to see that they are properly cared for. Had he twice as many fingers and toes as he has they would not suffice to count the number of physicians he has consulted. The experience that he should have when he seeks medical advice is somewhat as follows:

He should go to the consulting rooms and laboratories of Smith, Jones, Brown, and Levy. Here he would be received by a discerning, affable person who would seek to get enough information about his symptoms to lead him to the appropriate hopper of the medical mill. Before he is taken there it should be ascertained whether he is a wage-earner or a wage-payer. If he is a wage-earner, the firm should then and there collect the equivalent of one week's salary. If he is a wage-payer, one hundred dollars should be collected with similar dispatch, and he should be told that he may anticipate supplementary charges should his case require extensive investigation. Then the patient should be given an appointment with a member of the firm in whose province the symptoms would seem to be, who would examine and pass him on to as many others as are necessary to get a complete report. The patient is now ready for the verdict. The man who gives it to him should know not only the disease but the diseased, and he

should always have in mind that man's fears are magnified by illness, his hopes minimized.

When it has been decided what treatment the patient should follow the person who effects it should have nothing to do or say about what it will cost, nor should he profit by the payment save as it increases the revenue of the firm and thus his percentage of the receipts. There should be one charge for the wage-earner, a minimum, and a maximum for the *rentier*.

The surgeon should have his percentage of the firm's revenue just as the trial lawyer has. He may say that he consults his own interests by practicing individually. Doubtless this is true but, save in exceptional instances, he is dependent upon other doctors for his clientele. Bricks are even more essential to the house than bricklayers. If the needs of patients are properly and masterfully met by the surgical members of medical firms, the surgeon who insists on practicing individually, unless he be possessed of unique skill and great resourcefulness, will sooner or later find it to his advantage to do team-work.

At present the golden apples of medicine are within the reach only of the surgeon and surgical specialist. Possibly that is a reason why there is an excess of them and a dearth of physicians and therapeutic specialists.

As things are arranged now it happens frequently that the physician who should get the lion's share gets the lamb's. A man seeking relief from headache goes to an eye specialist who, finding certain changes in the optic nerve, makes the diagnosis of brain tumor and sends him to a neurologist who locates the tumor and advises that its removal be attempted. The ophthalmologist and the neurologist get twenty-five dollars each—the surgeon gets twenty-five hundred. It may be said that the surgeon could also have made the diagnosis himself. There is one man, possibly two, competent to do this in a country of one hundred and twenty million inhabitants.

It is an old story that the physician has the little end of the stick, the surgeon the big; but that is no reason why this state of affairs should not be changed. Were it done properly, the kind of group-practice I have in mind would do away with fee-splitting. It is unethical for a surgeon to hand a percentage of the fee he gets for an operation to the physician who brought the patient. When one meets, on the street or in a club, a surgeon thus addicted it is good form to see him first. The worst feature of fee-splitting is that it promotes bad surgery and precipitates unnecessary operations. But those who get most wrathful and indignant when fee-splitting is discussed are those whose pockets are well lined, just as the harshest judges of the over-sexed are those who have no sex urge and those who have it but have been denied opportunity to display it.

It may be said that group practice is adapted to ambulatory patients, but not to those who are seized suddenly and even violently with illness. It should be peculiarly adapted to them. There are three reasons for diagnosing acute disease correctly and promptly: that the patient may be submitted to operation; that he may be immunized; or that he may be segregated. The diseases that require segregation may be diagnosed by the individual; but satisfactorily to detect and interpret the majority of those who require operation or immunization one must have the services of a laboratory. The municipality or private enterprise provides it, but it would make for the patient's advantage were it provided by the firm.

Suppose one has a chill followed by fever, pain in the abdomen, violent vomiting or a splitting headache, what would be the procedure? The same firm of physicians or one like it should be called on the telephone, and the affable person who answers should be told what the symptoms are. She will send a diagnostician who will know not only how to examine a chest and palpate an abdomen, but to puncture a vein or prick a finger; not only

how to take a culture or tap a spinal canal, but how to examine the specimen. Or if it is not in his province to do all this, he will have a colleague who makes a specialty of doing what is outside his field. The man who makes the examination may be the one who should take care of the patient, and he may not be. The case may turn out to be one of pneumonia. Then what must be found out as soon as possible is the variety of organism called pneumococcus that has caused it. The ideal doctor to take charge of the patient, then, is one who can foresee danger signals before they are apparent to the average eye, and who has a wholesome distrust of drugs but knows how to use them when necessary.

There is nothing new about this plan. The most successful medical organization in the world, the Mayo Clinic, is conducted in this way. It is a huge affair now, with scores of physicians and hundreds of assistants, but a few years ago it was a very small group. One of the reasons it has taken on such vast proportions is that the quality of service which it renders is unexcelled.

No one, I fancy, maintains that the Mayo Clinic has injured the reputation of American medicine and surgery or that it has stolen the bread and cake of the profession. I venture to say that every physician of that institution receives just compensation. If such an ornament to our profession and our country could be developed in a climate and location not particularly attractive or convenient, why could it not be done elsewhere? It can be. All that is needed is head and heart, the former for administration, the latter for co-operation.

The training and experience of the physician seem to unfit him for team-work. It is easy to see that such work deprives him of something which nourishes his vanity. As team-workers, men must share praise, adulation, appreciation; and their individual skill, discernment, intuition, sense, and judgment do not stand out so conspicuously. There

are many men in the Mayo Clinic who are either in Class A, or on the way to it, and are known only to the profession. Yet they have no clamor for the approbation of the laity; their hands are not weak, and their work is rewarded.

Team-work encroaches also upon a privilege that many of us seem to enjoy, that of being a dictator, but it transfers the bulk of our work from the realm of guesswork and conjecture to one in which certainty and exactitude may be at least approached. And above all it insures that patients shall be thoroughly examined. It is probably no exaggeration to say that seventy-five per cent of those who seek medical counsel receive it without having had to remove their clothes. It is still considered an indication of common sense to remove the pig from the poke before making the purchase, but we seem to imagine that abnormalities of concealed human organs can be detected, not only through their natural covering, but through clothing!

The chief obstacle to successful group practice is the temperament of the doctor. The more of a "prima donna" he is, the less desirable he will be as a member of the firm. Physicians come to power so early in life that it often takes longer for them to acquire a salutary amount of humility than it does for others whose work is "checked up" from the beginning. For this reason candidates for medical firms should be caught while still plastic and malleable. Group practice, they will find, will tend to correct some of the physician's deformities such as jealousy, envy, and covetousness. It is a great culture medium for humility.

III

Group practice will accomplish another thing sadly needed in this country. It will develop doctors who know how to care for sick people—theraputists they are called. We have our share of keen and reliable diagnosticians, but in the field of treatment we do not make

such a brilliant display. The number of physicians one encounters in a lifetime who are skilled in the use of water, heat, light, electricity, massage, exercise, and diet, and who know how to utilize the fundamental principles of psychology is astonishingly small. Yet if these measures are put in one pan of the therapeutic scales and drugs in the other, the drugs kick the beam promptly. The more experienced and expert one becomes in the practice of medicine the fewer drugs one uses. Aside from immunizers, antitoxins, and parasite killers, a man may practice medicine satisfactorily to himself with two drugs, opium and digitalis; and if he knows how to use properly the physical measures I have just enumerated he can practice it satisfactorily to patient and public.

One of the commonest complaints I hear as I go among physicians throughout the country is that the osteopath and masseur, the irrigationist and vibrationist, the hydropath and the naturopath, the new thinker and the old doer are bidding for their patients and in many instances getting them. My colleagues have only themselves to blame.

Osteopaths and chiropractors have an erroneous conception of disease, but their ministrations help nature cure disease. No one who has had opportunity to see water used to combat disease will deny its potency, and the benefits that result in chronic disease from the proper use of massage, active and passive, and manual and mechanical movement are often enormous. Something good may be said for all the non-medicinal therapeutic measures. But the physician must know how to use them, and he must tell the world, not with immodesty and vainglory as the quack tells it, but with dignity and assurance, that he knows not only their virtues, but when and how to use them.

A few months ago an able young lawyer addicted to overwork and overeating developed paralysis of one side of the face. Inflammation of the sheath in which the motor nerve of the face is en-

closed had practically severed its continuity. He consulted an eminent physician who advised him to apply heat to the face, to protect with a shield the eye whose lids would no longer close, to take salicylate of soda, and to have electricity applied. There being no improvement after three months, he was easily persuaded to go to a chiropractor, who promised to cure him in a few treatments. The promise not being fulfilled, one of the partners of the firm which employed him took him to a young doctor trained in an institute where non-medical therapy is taught. The doctor put him on a diet that took off twenty pounds overweight, submitted him to daily application of massage and electricity, made him practice grimace-making before a looking glass (aiding the crippled side of the face with his fingers), and advised him to put a support in the sagging corner of the mouth while he slept. The result is that to-day the function of the nerve is fifty per cent restored. Three months hence the patient will have gained another thirty per cent, and if neither patient nor doctor falters he is likely to make a satisfactory recovery.

Had this patient remained under the care of a physician who gave him medicine and desultory directions about electricity he probably would carry a profound facial deformity to the grave.

The treatment of disease is the art of medicine. As in all arts, a certain proficiency in it may be acquired, but to become a virtuoso one must have a genuine flair for it. The therapist of the medical group should be selected with great care. The essential qualities for him to possess are personality and a logical mind.

The ideal doctor-group should have as many trained assistants, not physicians, as it can use. The more the assistant knows about what is popularly meant by "medicine" the less fitted he will be for the job. The men and women who use water and massage most expertly in Aix-les-Bains are peasants who work in the fields when the "cure season" is over. The men and women who give carbonic

acid, baths, fango applications, resistance movements, zander exercises, and various other applications in scores of the cure places of Europe know nothing of physiology and pathology; but as a result of their contacts some of them become experts. They are trained attendants who are humiliated rather than puffed-up if someone, seeking to engage their favor, addresses them as "doctor"—a ruse which works here with chiropodists, bath attendants, masseurs, and irrigationists. The therapist of the doctor-group would have to teach most of the assistants himself; for aside from a few sanatoria there is no place in this country where adequate and proper training is given. It is enormously to the credit of Yale University that it has taken steps to remedy this state of affairs. The department of therapeutics of any university that does not compel its students personally to experience the application of non-medicinal remedies does not fulfill its duty. The only way to learn how to use such measures is to try them out on one's self. The therapist of the group should spend one holiday in Marienbad, another at Nauheim, another at Aix, another at Lourdes, another at Salssamaggiore, and so on. Should he choose to help patients to expiate some sin of youth he should pass a few weeks in Lamalou.

After he has familiarized himself with European spas, he should remind himself that his own country has at least one, and probably more, that is unexcelled. Until the potentialities of Saratoga Springs are transformed into actualities we shall be nationally humiliated.

It is strange with what indifference, even antipathy, many of us look upon the restorative powers of light, heat, water, electricity, and the different forms of active and passive exercise, and stranger still how little we know or strive to know about what is meant by "diet." Medical schools are silent about it, and in hospitals it is in the hands of a person called a "dietitian." Therefore, the young physician must get information about it

by his own effort. The first thing he should do is to provide himself with a rosary of different shaped beads. On the round ones he should say every morning, "One man's meat is another man's poison." On the square ones, "According to the life one lives depends the variety and amount of food." On the triangular, "Some do and some do not eat too much. Those who overeat and under-exercise—women—outlive men." And on the flat beads he should pray twice a day, "Let me not be tempted by fad or faddist."

He will now be ready to find out for his patients what they should find out for themselves were they not indolent or stupid: namely what kind and amount of food agree with them. "Yes," says the patient goaded by the accusation, "but how do I know that my blood pressure won't go up if I take salt?" No one knows. Sodium chloride agrees with some persons, not with others. When I hear a confrère extolling the virtues of a salt-free diet I remind him that the man in New York who practiced medicine most successfully both from a material and scientific standpoint during the earliest years of this century gave patients almost as a routine measure salt and soda every morning, from a half to a whole teaspoonful of each.

To be successful as a dietitian, a physician has to know what the man who tends a furnace or stokes an engine knows. Some fuel burns rapidly, some slowly. Some has far greater heat-producing capacity than others. Some produces ash and clinkers, others not. Then there are questions of draft, of stoking, of removal of ash, of banking, of smothering. Some furnaces burn more than others and produce less heat; some require much attention, others little. It all resolves itself into a matter of the furnace, the coal, the draft, the clinkers, and the ash. The stoker must know about them for his house, the doctor for his patient.

It is too much to expect that a man shall be abreast of the times in his knowl-

edge of the causes and symptoms of disease and at the same time be a psychologist with a predilection toward telling persons who have lost their health how and where to find it. The born diagnostician is never a resourceful therapist, and the more deeply versed one becomes in pathology, the more pessimistic one becomes about the potentialities of treatment. The specialist needed now by the medical profession is the therapist. He should know something about disease and everything about its possessor. Above everything, he should realize that hope is man's friend and fear his enemy, and that we all have the same desire: *Vivere ardendo e non sentire il male*.

IV

When the group replaces the individual the public will get better medical and surgical service. It will be within the means of all save the poor, who—it is universally admitted—are cared for now in every self-respecting community. The rich, I suppose, may continue, if they wish, to have individual doctors who “understand their constitutions,” who are “such a lamb” or “such a comfort,” and who are more skilled in finding out what the patient wants than what he has, more determined to see that he gets it than to make him learn the rules of health and conform to them.

It is difficult now for people out of health to know how to find a “good” doctor. It will be easier to find a good group than a good individual, and when it has been found the seeker after health may be satisfied that a bad doctor will have little chance of getting into it, or that if he should get in he will not stay long. Few stupid men are taken into partnership in the greatest of our banking houses, and one cannot imagine that an incompetent lawyer would be tolerated for long in an equally great firm of corporation lawyers.

Individual doctors are often chosen for their manner; groups will be chosen

for their matter. When a patient sets out for the Mayo Clinic he does not know which of the one hundred and thirty-seven doctors he is going to see. The one who will finally minister to him is the one who is most capable of dealing with his particular disease.

When group practice becomes popular, a man falling ill in a hotel, a newcomer to a community, a stranger to disease will not have to rely on the subsidized room clerk, the interested drug store, the wily advertiser, or the nepotistic clergyman to find a competent doctor; nor will the absence of an individual doctor on holiday or on duty cause consternation among apprehensive parents. The sick man will be able to get the address of a medical group from the telephone central, just as one can now report a fire or call the police; or Academies of Medicine and County Medical Societies will provide the information. It would, of course, be testing the truth to say that every group will be competent, for a number of medical crooks or incompetents might organize. But that would simply be another of life's hazards which we have to endure.

Group practice would also do away with the hokum and buncombe, the pretense and esotericism of medical practice. There would be fewer people “threatened with pneumonia” and fewer patients with a “touch” of typhoid fever. There would not be so many doctors who “just saved my life,” but there would be a vast increase in the number of those to whom the detection of disease is a problem to be solved like any other physical problem.

A sick person wants to be made well, or as nearly well as possible; not only to have life prolonged but to have it free from pain. If he has confidence that this can be done, his improvement is facilitated enormously. Thorough examination is a great confidence-inspirer; few things destroy confidence more quickly than to be told, “You will be all right in a few days” when the statement is not based upon searching examination.

The day of the oracle in medicine has gone; the day of the investigator has dawned. Competency is what patients want in a physician; if they can get it blended with kindness, culture, and understanding all the better. They get it thus blended from "born" doctors and from doctors who have experienced shattering illness. If the group-doctor selects his coadjutors prudently, they will get it from the group.

If a patient wants a doctor to coddle him he should go to an individual; if he wants one to cure him he should go to a group. The reason why hospitals and pay clinics are so successful is that they practice group medicine. The reason why such a small proportion of physicians are successful and affluent is that they have not fully emancipated themselves from being mystics and medicine men.

Organization has thrust efficiency upon medical education, and now it should do the same for practice.

V

I admit that group practice is not the ideal method of practicing medicine. The ideal way—and I wish it were not generally impracticable—would be for the physician to have his own laboratories and as many assistants to make examinations and investigations as necessary, leaving for him that upon which so much of the success of practice depends, namely the personal relation with the patient.

One can take care of a patient without caring for him, but there never was a good doctor who did not find something in a sick person that aroused his sympathy, excited his admiration, or moved his compassion. The good doctor is interested in humanity. Every candidate for the profession should be asked before taking the Hippocratic Oath, "Do you like children and dogs?" If the answer is in the negative administration of the oath should be delayed while the candidate is told that his chances of becoming

a good clinician are slim. The person who likes children and dogs will be tender to those who suffer or fear, and this tenderness brings the physician greater rewards than money or position; it earns him the affection, esteem, and confidence of his patients. Not of all of them, but of enough to compensate him for the time, sympathy, and understanding which he lavishes upon them.

If the practice of medicine consisted only in detecting disease and applying measures to combat it, group practice would be ideal; but frequently the person, not the disease, needs examination and treatment. To accomplish this the physician must have a heart as well as a head.

There is no reason why the therapist of the group should not have them. But it cannot be denied that the chief objection to the group system is that it might minimize the personal relationship of patient and physician. If we are to have the group system for efficiency's sake—and I believe we must have it—group physicians must be always on their guard against impersonalizing their service.

They must remember that a considerable proportion of the physician's work is not the practice of medicine at all. It consists of counseling, orienting, extricating, encouraging, solacing, sympathizing, understanding. There is nothing in his education that prepares him for this work. To do it successfully he must have a natural inclination for it; and he must learn from experience and from intuition. It is not only the malign microbe that the physician has to combat; it is the unclean spirit. The successors of the twelve disciples ought to have power over the latter, and doubtless if clergymen were able nowadays to win the confidence of human beings to the degree that physicians do, success would attend their efforts more frequently than it does. But although clergymen are often consulted by the cripples of fate, ignorance, and misrepresentation, so many of them look upon the source of

the sufferer's symptoms as sin that the confidence of the patient is alienated rather than gained.

The chief reason why physicians are consulted so frequently about matters seemingly beyond their province is that there is a tradition that they are deserving of confidence, and one of the glories of the profession is that its members seem to be deserving of it. What they are told in darkness they do not speak in light, nor are they commanded to preach upon the housetops what they hear in the ear. One of the hardest tasks of group physicians will be to maintain this high tradition, based as it is upon the personal relation between doctor and patient.

Even so, I believe that the advantages of group practice will heavily outweigh its possible dangers. One of our great national assets in this time of prosperity is that there is comparatively little dis-

content in the brawn of our nation. There is discontent, however, in its brain. Anyone who wishes to perpetuate his name and at the same time contribute enormously to dispel this discontent may do so by endowing hospitals and clinics to which persons able to pay fifty dollars a week may go when they are ill or threatened with illness and get complete, competent medical and surgical service. There should be at least twenty such hospitals in New York City alone, and the physicians who serve them should be adequately compensated, not by the patient, but by the hospital. Such a plan would do away with the baneful financial relation of physician and patient, promote the personal relation, and give the man of moderate means what he is entitled to when he falls ill: the most competent medical and surgical care that the community he adorns or encumbers can provide.

GRANDFATHER

BY JACQUELINE EMBRY

O *PODDY*, of the piercing sapphire eyes
 Under snow-stormy brows, the straight thin nose,
 The sharp mustache, blue-white, worn Kaiser-wise,
 The gorgeous swearing—all the thundering pose
 That fooled your tall sons never once fooled me.
 Your lamp burned steadily those old nights through,
 Lest chased by my dread Chinaman I'd flee
 Down the dark hall to creep in bed with you.
 You're probably the Golden Streets' best sight:
 Swinging your long blue cape and looking vain!
 Is Heaven's coffee hot? The spoon-bread light?
 Do angels fly fast when you pound your cane?
 And have you found a small red-headed lass
 To feed the sugar from your toddy glass?



THE MURDER AT MOOSETAIL

A STORY

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"I CAME up here with you," he said, "to *kill* you," and he said it, thrown forward across the little table, holding to the sides of the tabletop with both hands and glaring with a drunken venom; but there was a maudlin moisture in his eyes, as if his very rage were exasperated to the point of tears, or the horror of his murderous confession had made him sorry for himself.

His brother smiled at him, comfortably alcoholic. "Yes, I know," he said. "That's why I wouldn't let you get behind me with a gun."

They were both dressed in sweaters and leather shooting jackets. They had been eating supper on a rustic table, before an open fire, in the living room of a little hunting shack. Two stuffed birds eyed them glassily from the mantelshelf, and the head of a deer watched them from the chimney wall. Outside the windows a cold moon was shining on the sparkle of a mountain lake and on the pine and white birch of the Maine woods.

The first man leaned farther across the dishes, his chin thrust forward, stretching his neck. "You *ought* to be killed!"

"I guess that's true enough," the other replied tolerantly, "from *your* point of view."

He was a handsome wreck of a man with regular fine features much wrinkled and deeply lined, so that he looked keen and shrewd; yet he smiled so easily and so often that he gave a general effect of irresponsible sagacity, of being mischievously wise. He was perhaps forty years of age, but he had evidently been

athletic in his youth, and he wore his sweater, his canvas trousers and his shoe-packs with as much lean power and grace as if they were a military uniform. He sat leaning back in his chair, at once erect and relaxed, just drooping his head a little to look out from under his eyebrows humorously at the tearful malevolence of his brother Martin.

And he made Martin seem ridiculous, too fat, too bald, too colorless, too weak with his scanty eyebrows and his little enraged eyes and his plump cheeks that were pale and trembling with murder and emotion.

"You think I haven't the nerve to do it," Martin said hoarsely.

"No," he replied, "I think you merely realize it wouldn't do you any good to do it."

They were evidently both aware of the terrible seriousness of the situation, though they spoke without any melodramatic gestures and in low and guarded tones, because they could hear a murmur of voices through the closed door of the kitchen, where their cook and their chauffeur were finishing supper. Neither of them was trying to belittle the shocking gravity of the moment. But, with mankind's incurable gift for being human, they accepted this horror, too, as a part of the day in which it had arrived, and they subdued it to the color of the commonplace as they would have subdued any other reality that had to be faced.

Martin struck a blow on the table. "You *ought* to be killed! You're no

good to anyone, alive. You're a drunken loafer and you always were. If it hadn't been for the War you'd've been in the gutter by this time. All you could ever do was shoot."

"And be shot at," his brother said. "You forget that a lot of Germans have been after me in my day, and they were better shots than you are."

Martin continued pounding the table, working up his rage, but he struck weak blows, fat blows, guarded blows that were not too noisy; and though he was evidently trying to keep himself screwed up to the thought of murder, he looked astonishingly like a naughty child beating on the table with a chubby fist. "You've always hated me. You've always taken everything away from me. Always. Always. Even with mother and dad. And you tried to take Connie away from me before we were married, and you never forgave me because she turned you down. You were jealous. You kept on trying to make trouble. And now you've helped her to leave me. You've got her to go. *You* did it. I know you did. You did. You *did*."

The other merely shook his head. "No one could've got Connie away from you if she hadn't wanted to leave. She came to me for help, and I helped her. That's all there is to *that*."

Martin stopped pounding the table. He clutched the edges of the table-top again with both hands. "Why did you help her? Why? To get her away from me. That's why. You were in love with her from the first. You wanted her. You wanted her and *I* got her. You hated me for that. You've hated me ever since. That's why you helped her. To hurt me. To disgrace me. To take her away from me."

He clung to the table-top, lying on it as if he were trying to drag himself across it towards his brother who sat back watching him. A bridge lamp had been arranged to shine on the supper, and the shade had been adjusted so that the light should not glare in their eyes; but with Martin sprawling forward on

the tablecloth, the lamp shone full on his face making a naked exposure of his rage and his hatred.

His brother turned the lamp aside on its standard, so as to put Martin's face in the shadow—in case a servant should come in. "I was never in love with Connie," he said. "She was in love with me."

"You damned liar!"

"I'm as damned as you please, but you know I'm no liar."

It was evident, from the change in Martin's expression, that he knew this to be true. He glared at his brother silently, as if he were refocusing his mind to a new point of view.

"She was in love with me," the brother went on, "but I never liked her. She's not my type. She has no loyalty. She's a crazy little egotist. She showed it when she married you out of pique and because you hated *me*. She's probably told you all sorts of lies about me. Certainly someone has. Someone's kept you stirred up against me." He nodded to himself. "Well, that's all right. I didn't mind. I was sorry for her. At first, when she came to me for help—a year ago—I sent her back to you, but she made me feel responsible for her because she accused me of having ruined her life, and I realized there was a certain amount of truth in that, so I undertook to help her out. That's all there is to it."

Martin began to pound the table again. "She's lying. She's lying. Her life wasn't ruined. Not by marrying me. Suppose she'd married you, where'd she be? With you drinking and gambling and living around with any damn' woman who'd have you! How could she be in love with that? How could any woman? She knew you. She knew what you were. How could she be ruined by not marrying *you*? You'd have driven her crazy."

"Well," the other said cheerfully, "that's the way women are."

Martin stormed ahead, uninterrupted, "How have I ruined her? I've given

her everything. I've done nothing but work for her. Every day. All day. And worried all night. Getting those damn' investments on their feet. Getting them there and keeping them there. For her. So we'd be rich. So she could have everything she wanted. So I could give it to her. What did *I* ever get out of it? What have I had for myself but clothes and food and a place to sleep? Who was I working for if it wasn't for *her*?"

A servant tapped on the kitchen door and entered. It was the cook, the wife of the chauffeur, and she came with a tray to gather up the dishes. Instantly, Martin straightened up in his chair, his face composed in an expression of drunken dignity. He became Martin J. Beekman, president of the Camford Woolen Mills, the Camford Trust Company, the First National Bank of Camford, the Camford Union Traction Company, and so forth. His brother did not have to look so dignified. He was merely Major Lawrence Beekman, commonly known as "Captain Larry," a man of leisure on a small income, a citizen soldier with no military duties since he had been demobilized. He rose from his chair to give the servant easy access to the table, and he began to walk up and down the room, holding the lapels of his coat with both hands, his shoulders squared, the weight of his arms drawing the coat collar tight against the back of his neck, his head bowed thoughtfully.

In the silence the whole scene had become domestic, peaceful, snug. In the huge fireplace of field stones the flames and the smoke were released rejoicing up the chimney from a pile of blazing pine logs, and their dancing light glowed through the room in a happy animation. That light warmed and comforted the easy-chairs in figured cretonne, the lounge and its cushions, the tables and their lamps, the rugs on the floors and the hunting pictures on the varnished ship-lap of the walls—all turned as gratefully to the hearth as if they were basking in its radiance, and the framed

glasses on the pictures twinkling as they watched the fire. Martin Beekman at the table, and his brother pacing up and down the rugs, looked like tired hunters after a hard day, contentedly silent in the sheltered warmth of their wood-lodge; and there was no more the atmosphere of murder about them than there was about their servant, a plump and motherly little woman in a neat apron.

Larry stopped, once, to ask her, "Has Tom got the fire going in your cabin?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, "he has."

"Better air your bedding in front of the fire," he said, "before you try to sleep in it."

"Yes, sir," she replied. "We've been doing that."

"All right," he ended. "That's all for to-night."

He resumed his meditative pacing up and down. She had cleared the table and loaded the tray and covered the dishes with the folded tablecloth. She put back on the bare table a bottle of rye, a siphon of water, and two glasses. "Good-night, sirs," she said, with a furtive glance at Martin.

He remained silent. "Good-night, Mary," the Major answered. "Breakfast at eight."

"Yes, sir."

She bustled out nervously and closed the door. He took a log from the wood-box and threw it on the fire. Martin reached for the whiskey bottle.

"If you were a drinker," the Major said, "you'd know that whiskey'll never help you to do what you can't do without it."

Martin grasped the bottle as if he were about to throw it. "What do you mean by *that*?"

"Why," Larry answered, sweetly, "I mean just what I say. Whiskey doesn't change a man. It steps up his weaknesses as well as his strength. You'll not kill me on whiskey, Mart, because you can't kill me without it."

Martin hammered the bottom of the bottle on the table, egging himself on again. "I'll kill *you* or I'll kill *her*. I'll

kill somebody. I'll kill you both. Some way or other. I'll work up a case against you. I'll ruin her. I'll sue for divorce and name you as co-respondent. I'll swear you admitted she was in love with you and you helped her to run away. I'll get detectives to swear anything I damn' please about you both. I'll disgrace you with every decent person that ever knew you."

Larry shook his head, unworried. "No decent person'll believe a word of it."

"Won't they! Won't they! I'll show you where you get off with this community. You drunken loafer! There isn't a politician in the state that I can't handle, and there isn't a judge that doesn't play with the politicians. No, nor a newspaper. I'll frame you good. I'll show you that it pays to be a part of the community you live in. I'll set these people after you as if you were a mad dog. I'll have them throwing things at you in the streets. I don't care if it costs every penny I've got in the world. I'll put you both in the gutter and keep you there. I'll do it. As sure as you live, I'll do it."

"I believe you would." He sat down to confront his brother, with a soft and smiling intentness, studying him.

Martin was exultant. All the tearful weakness had gone out of his expression. He looked fiercely spiteful.

"It's just occurred to you," Larry said, "but I believe you'd do it. It's just the sort of thing you *would* do."

"You're right I'll do it." He thrust forward the face of an enraged boy, grimacing, showing his teeth. "Yah!" He all but stuck out his tongue. "You're damned right I'll do it."

Larry laughed. "Well, then," he said, "I guess the murder's up to me. I'll have to make it look like suicide, so there'll be no scandal, but I can't let you leave here alive, can I? It'd be no use killing you after you'd done it, and I couldn't trust any promise you'd make not to go through with it if I gave you the chance. We'll have to end this

thing, up here, and the only way to end it is to end you."

He proposed it as cheerfully as if it were some sort of spirited prank. Martin made a contemptuous gesture. "You can't scare me."

"It makes me feel like old times." Larry folded his arms on the table. "I never talked to you about the War, did I?" he asked, a little shyly. "I served part of my time as a sharpshooter. I used to take food for a couple of days and crawl out, at night, through the German lines, and start pot-hunting them at dawn. After I'd picked off two or three, they'd get a line on me and the fun'd begin. You know, Mart, there's no hunting like man-hunting. There's no other animal as cunning or as dangerous as a man. He makes even big-game shooting feel like target practice. I couldn't tell, half the time, whether I was the hunter or the hunted. It has a great kick, and I'd like to get it again, so I'm going to take you over to the woods below Moosetail Mountain to-morrow morning, and give you a gun, and go after you, eh? You'll have all the best of it, because you can lie low and wait for me to come and get you, and whatever way it ends, it'll be one of those accidents that are always happening to deer hunters. 'I saw something moving in the bushes and I thought it was a big buck. He wasn't supposed to be off in that direction.' You know. And, either way it ends, the survivor'll have a good conscience, because he'll know he killed in self-defense."

His manner had grown pleasantly jocular. The wrinkles of his smile were amiable wrinkles. His alcoholic geniality was almost affectionate. As he leaned forward, more and more confidentially, on the table, Martin drew farther and farther back from him, blinking, as if he were trying to keep him in focus.

Larry went on, "I don't understand why people are so afraid of getting killed. I've been over the edge twice myself, and it's a lovely feeling. It's

like falling asleep when you're so exhausted that you can't keep your eyes open another minute. It's the perfect escape. You realize that all your worries are over and done with, absolutely. I can't describe it. You feel like a tired baby that's got back to his mother—to be tucked into his cradle. I'm sure that half the boys I saw die felt just that way about it. They curled up and snuggled down in the mud as if it were a feather bed, as peaceful as an infant full of warm milk. It's a great sensation, Mart. You'll like it."

Martin said palely, "You can't scare me."

"Whereas, if you kill the other man," said Larry, "you'll find yourself sitting on the top of the world. It's immense. Here's a man who's been worrying you and worrying you till the whole world seems to be full of him, and you take up a gun, and—puff!—he vanishes. You wipe him right out, and you wipe out every worry that came with him. You own the whole world again and you've put him out of it. It makes you feel like a god. You say to yourself, 'It took all Creation thirty years or more to make that guy, and I flattened out the whole job in a split second.' You've chopped down trees, haven't you, Martin? You know the feeling you have when a hundred-year-old oak comes crashing down in front of you? Well, that's nothing to the sensation you get when it's a man that falls. Talk about a sense of power! Boy! It's tremendous."

Martin had stiffened back against his chair for support, and Larry held him there with a gaze that was kindly, candid, and hypnotic. Martin said weakly, "You can't scare me."

"I'm not trying to," said Larry. "I'm trying to reassure you. I'm trying to tell you that if you get killed, you'll like it, and if you kill *me*, you'll feel like a king. Not that I think you'll kill me. I don't want to deceive you. I don't believe you have a chance. I'm sure I'll get you, and I'll tell you why. I

don't believe you really want to live any longer, Mart. You're struggling against some sort of impulse to kill yourself, and you think it's an impulse to kill me or Connie. You've ruined your life, and you know it. Connie was about the only thing you had left, and you've lost her, so you've got nothing to live for any longer. That's what's the matter with you, and you might as well face it, old-timer. Here. Take a drink. You're going to need it."

He poured his brother a stiff glass of whiskey and water benevolently and slid it across the table to him. "What're you trying to do to me?" asked Martin.

"Well," he said, "I don't suppose I'm trying to do anything but tell you about yourself. You should've been told long ago, and it would've helped you, but nobody liked to do it, because we were all more or less sorry for you. I remember, when mother died—even as long ago as that—we talked you over, and she asked me to bear with you and try to help you, because it wasn't your fault that you were such a mess. She blamed herself. She said she'd never been able to like you from the day you were born. She hadn't wanted you. And she didn't nurse you. You were brought up on a bottle, and you were a frightened cry-baby from the beginning. She believed that was why you grew up to be such a timid boy and such a little liar. She couldn't help but despise you, and she tried to hide it from you, but she knew you realized it, and it made you worse."

"You took her away from me," Martin broke in hoarsely. "You took them both away from me—dad, too. They did everything for you and they never did a thing for me. They sent you to college and I had to go to work. They left you every cent they had and they left me nothing—"

"Now, now, Martin," Larry soothed him, "try to be fair. You know they left you nothing because you didn't need it. You were already getting rich. And they couldn't send you to college because you wouldn't go to college,

You wanted to make money. Even then, just out of school, you wanted to make money because you were afraid to be without it. That's been your trouble all your life. You've wanted security. You've wanted to feel safe against every chance in life. And, unfortunately, that's one thing nobody can get in this world—security. I found that out, years ago. I went after adventure because it's the only thing life is sure to give you, and I wanted to get used to it, maybe. Anyway, that's why I jumped into the War. I knew I was afraid to die, and I wanted to get used to *that*. You've been timid and frightened and afraid of life, and that's what licked you."

Martin had taken a gulp of whiskey. "Licked!" he cried, in a voice that cracked. "I'll show you whether I'm licked or not."

"Yes, licked." Larry wagged his head, sagely smiling and pitiful. "Life has licked you in every way, old dear. You've no friends because you wouldn't take a chance on anyone, and you've no children because you were afraid to have children. At first, Connie tells me, you felt you couldn't afford to, and then, when she got ill you were afraid it might kill her. That's the excuse you gave her, anyway. As a matter of fact, Mart, I believe you were so jealous of her that you didn't even want her to have a baby to love. You've spent fifteen years trying to make a sort of hermit crab of her and keep her shut up with you in your shell. You couldn't feel safe about her any other way. You've tried to wall her up in a little domestic prison of your own, and she's ended it by climbing out forever. She'll never come back. She hates you. She says you're timid and crooked and cruel and yellow in every way."

"You go to hell," Martin said.

"And you're licked even in your money-making. You can't fool me, Mart. I've been watching you too long. When you started in, the safest things that you could see in Camford were ice

and lime. They'd always made money, so of course you figured that they always *would*; and by the time you got a hold on the ice export, artificial ice knocked the bottom out of the whole business, and by the time you got well landed in the lime, your pits were so deep it scarcely paid to work them. It was the same way with lumber. You started playing safe. You cut the timber nearest the mill first, and now that you have to compete with the South and the West, you have to go the farthest for your trees and make the longest haul. You got control of the street railway about the time that the automobile cut out all your real profits. You've starved your woolen mills for new machinery till you can't compete with the modern mills that're putting you out of business. If you're not bankrupt already, you soon will be. You've always bought with your eyes on the past instead of the future. It's a surprise to me that you don't own a carriage factory, Mart. These smart boys are always loading you up with a safe old business that's just about to become extinct. You'll never take a chance on a new one."

Martin had listened to that unmoved, his eyes on the table. "Don't you worry," he muttered thickly. "I got the whole town in so deep with me they can't let me sink."

Larry shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not worrying, but I think it's time *you* were. Judge Gaffney's begun to."

"Gaffney?" It was as if the name had stung Martin. "What do you know about Gaffney?"

"Well," Larry said, "I had to see him about your wife's affairs. She gave me the key of her deposit box so I could get out her securities for her, and when Gaffney heard what those securities *were* he realized that you'd been protecting yourself by carrying all your sure things in her name. He also realized, little one, that you'd loaded up the trust company with a lot of deadwood that wouldn't be worth the match to set fire to it if things went wrong with you, and

he decided to take advantage of your absence up here in order to trim the boat."

Martin had partly risen from the table. It was with a dry mouth, in a very small voice, that he asked, "What do you mean by 'trim the boat'?"

"Evidently, by trimming the boat," said Larry, "he meant throwing you overboard."

Martin sat down as if his legs had failed to support him.

"He was to call a meeting of the trust company directors the day we left. They were going to sell their stock in your woolen mills to Chisholm on condition that he took their street-railway holdings too. Then, if that deal went through, they were going to turn over their part of your lumber company to a syndicate, with Connie's stock added to give the syndicate a controlling interest. That's all I heard; but if you're counting on these people to keep you afloat, Martin—"

"You've ditched me!" Martin said. "You've sold me out, you and Connie!"

"No. I'll tell you what happened. When Gaffney went through those papers of yours in Connie's box he found that you'd been double-crossing the trust company. I don't understand the details, but he declared there was enough to base a case on. Well! If they were going to prosecute you they had to get you first where you couldn't cut their throats, so Gaffney decided to clean you out to the point where you couldn't fight, and then start an action to put you in jail. They've probably got it all rigged for you by this time, and they're just waiting for you to come back to Camford."

Martin had begun to rub his forehead, with fumbling and drunken hands, in a desperate effort to clear his befuddled brain; and evidently something became horribly clear to him, for drawing both hands down his cheeks, he covered his mouth with his fingers and stared ahead of him, transfixed. He was looking right through Larry, without seeing him,

pale, his mouth open behind his fingers; and after a moment Larry rose softly, watching him, and moved aside as if he were afraid of obstructing Martin's view of whatever horror he was confronting.

"Here," Larry said. "Here are the keys of my rooms in Boston. Take the canoe and paddle across the lake to Patchin Point. The road comes in there to within fifty yards of the shoreline. You can walk to Derry in two hours—if you make any sort of time—and catch the midnight to Boston. They'll never think of looking for you in *my* place. The bank stock you put in Connie's name's enough to take care of you both. I'll see that she sends you a check every month. We'll get you abroad some way. I'll arrange all that when I join you in Boston. But beat it now. They're liable to be up here, after you, in the morning."

Martin did not move. He answered only with a shuddering flutter of sound in his throat, as if he had been holding his breath, and now drew a stealthy inhalation, terrorized and grief-stricken.

Larry took an automatic from his hip pocket and slowly slid it across the table towards him. "Better take that with you. You may need it."

Martin did not look at it, and Larry began to back away quietly toward the varnished staircase that came down in one corner of the room beside the kitchen door. The wood fire steamed and chuckled to itself in the silence, and he could hear the subdued click of dishes from the kitchen where the servants were washing up. He waited, his foot on the bottom step of the stairs, looking back over his shoulder, till he saw Martin's eyelids flutter and his gaze fall on the pistol in front of him. Then he mounted the steps, two at a time, noiseless in his shoe-packs, with a swift stealthiness.

He had his coat off before he reached his bedroom door and, having locked himself in, he continued hastily to undress, without striking a light, in the dim radiance of the reflected moonshine.

His room overlooked the lake, and a glass door opened on a sleeping porch that overhung the water. Standing at that door, he could see the canoe tied at the landing place below him; and he undressed there, like a boy beside a swimming hole, balancing on one foot while he raised the other to unlace his shoe-pack, watching for Martin to appear and listening alertly for any sound from the room beneath him.

Nothing happened. He got into slippers and a dressing gown, threw back the clothes on his bed, punched his pillow, and roughened up his hair with both hands. Then, having established that appearance of having been disturbed in his innocent repose, he went back to his post of observation at the porch door, standing aside in the shadow, stretching his neck, crouching a little.

He heard, from below stairs, a muffled thud of sound.

He stiffened and threw up his head like a startled animal that scents danger.

Someone screamed.

He walked quite slowly to his bedroom door, unlocked it and drew it open. "What was that?" he called.

A confusion of frightened voices answered him from the foot of the stairs—the voices of the cook and the chauffeur at the kitchen door. When he came to the turn of the stair-landing he could see them, clutched together in the

open doorway, staring at something that was hidden from him in the living room. He descended calmly, his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown, with an air of military composure—till he could see Martin at the supper table, fallen forward on his face, his arms folded under him as if he were hugging something to his breast. Without moving his eyes from that still figure, he said, "Tom, get your car. Bring Doctor Roberts from Derry. Mary, fetch me that first-aid kit from the bathroom." He spoke with the authority of an officer in the huddle of a night alarm, and they hurried to obey him.

He crossed the room and stood beside Martin, looking down at him. He did not take his hands from his pockets. He leaned over to put his ear to Martin's back, between the shoulder-blades, and he was still in that position when Mary returned, running, with the bandages.

"Is he dead?" she cried, under her voice, as if she were afraid that Martin would hear.

He did not answer. He did not need to. When he straightened up, she saw his answer in his face. He was saying to himself, "He's found it. All his life he's been looking for it, and he's found it at last."

He turned to her with a strange smile. "Security," he said.



SHALL WE FLY THE ATLANTIC?

BY CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

ONCE more the clamor of airplane motors is rising on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite the sober warnings that came last year when plane after plane tumbled into the sea, we are likely to witness this summer many another attempt to follow the year-old Lindbergh trail. Popular enthusiasm for transoceanic flights is enormous; apparently the public is convinced that only through such attempts can aviation come into its own. Yet perhaps this is an appropriate time to consider soberly and without prejudice the whole question of the hazards and value of such exploits.

It may be that behind our present fervor for long-distance, non-stop flights over water in land ships there is a sincere and commendable desire to enhance the prestige of the airplane and to hasten a new era in transoceanic communication. But the fact remains that most of the responsible authorities in aviation are opposed to undisciplined attempts; that the industry foresees more disasters and a weakening of the public confidence built up at such a cost; and that if the coolest heads in the aeronautical world had their way they would call for control.

Colonel Lindbergh, who has never been known to talk too much, advises caution. It is still hazardous, we are reminded by Commander Richard E. Byrd, whose flight to France was one of the toughest battles ever fought in the air. It can be dangerous, advises the sober-minded Clarence Chamberlin.

When Lindbergh flew three thousand six hundred and ten miles and reached his precise objective the heavier-than-air

land plane justified the wildest promises of the Wrights. When Chamberlin, two weeks later, carried a passenger to Germany to a new distance record the justification became more certain. And when Byrd's tri-motored Fokker, with four men aboard, pushed through fog and storm for nineteen hours and held brilliantly to its course we were offered the final evidence that an airplane can be successfully navigated to its goal under the most distressing conditions.

Yet in spite of these successful crossings and that of the *Bremen*, the industry sanely recognizes the limitations of the heavier-than-air craft for such long journeys. It concedes that the hazards still remain and that for some years to come, at least, any non-stop flight across the Atlantic in a land plane, particularly a single-engined plane, must be considered *spectacular*.

Charles L. Lawrance, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, a calm and dispassionate critic, called attention to the unbridged gap between the heavier-than-air craft of to-day and its perfected successor of the future when he said:

"The equation between motors and men has not yet been adequately balanced to justify a repetition of long-distance non-stop flights over water in land planes. It is unwarranted, of course, to criticize motors alone for failures. It is equally unwarranted to blame the pilot.

"But somewhere between the two lies a problematical area of failure—you might prefer to call it a factor—which must, in the interest of public confidence

and passenger safety, be replaced by a known quantity of safety.

"This can only be done by sound, careful fact-finding and experimentation."

The more articulate men in aviation take the attitude that the first flights—and here, of course, the emphasis falls on Lindbergh—were necessary. Pioneer effort is necessary in any new field. These flights proved spectacularly to the public the possibilities of the heavier-than-air machine. The fact that not once, but six times since 1919, this type of craft covered the one thousand nine hundred miles of ocean, in uninterrupted flight between Newfoundland and England and the Continent, demonstrated that such flights are feasible.

But just as spectacularly, too, the successful flights, as well as those that failed, demonstrated the manifest limitations of the airplane for such a dangerous venture. Before it can hope to take its place as a commercial competitor of the steamboat it must be brought to the stage of development where reasonable safety can be guaranteed.

Therefore, aviation looks with growing disfavor upon new attempts which, it is contended, can add little more to what the pioneers have already shown, and are altogether too likely (the chances of failure being what they are) to destroy public confidence. It believes that we should engage in more research before we think seriously of establishing commercial service across the ocean.

II

Probably the question most frequently put to any authority in aviation is "What happened to those poor devils?" What happened to Nungesser and Coli? To Bertaud, Hill, and Payne? To Hinchliffe and the Hon. Miss Mackay? To the seven Pacific flyers? And to half a dozen others? Such questions come into the mind of any layman when the future of transoceanic air service is discussed.

I have asked the question half a

hundred times, and as many experts have tried to answer it. Not always have the answers been the same. Some blame the motors. But the motor builders deny that there is any basis for indictment. The messages that came from missing planes which carried wireless sets, they point out, never complained of motor trouble. No, they say, the fault must be elsewhere. Perhaps the plumbing (the gas and oil lines) broke. Perhaps the pilots were at fault. Perhaps the planes were too heavily loaded. After all, any answer must be speculative. Only one plane that failed last year—Miss Elder's Stinson-Detroiter—ever was rescued, and not too much was to be learned from that.

But from all the speculative replies it is possible to build up a sound and comprehensive hypothesis in which not only the motor builders but the flyers concur. It is that the failures cannot be traced exclusively to one source, but that the blame must be distributed among many factors—the weather, the pilot, the motor, and perhaps the plane itself.

There was altogether too much excitement last summer to permit a scholarly study of the facts. Success overlapped failure and failure, success so rapidly that the calm detachment so necessary to fact-finding was impossible. Much that was significant escaped notice, and much that should have been told, I dare say, never came out in the newspapers.

For one thing, the Lindbergh legend was so firmly rooted in the minds of the newspaper editors that any "pointing with alarm" would have been repudiated as high treason. Lindbergh had made the crossing! Within a day and a half he had endowed the airplane with infallible resourcefulness. Not even the failures could dim that legend.

Even that sober young man, whom no praise can rob of a proper judgment of values, found himself fettered by it. When the Dole flyers were lining up at Oakland Beach, California, for the race which was to glorify the pineapple, he

sadly remarked to a friend, "Some of those fine fellows are going to kill themselves. They don't know what they are up against." But naturally he couldn't come out with this publicly. How would such a statement have sounded, coming from the man whose feat was responsible for the legend?

What Lindbergh knew then—what Byrd, Chamberlin, Noville, Balchen, and Acosta knew—was that ambition and courage are not sufficient to guarantee success. These men had poured months of labor and study into meeting the problems of their flight. But at best it proved little more than primer book-learning when they confronted the actualities of an ocean crossing by air: the ear-deafening, mind-deadening harmony of the motor; the unending fight to keep sleepy eyes upon instruments hour after hour; the strain of holding to a course and watching, ever watching, the half dozen vibrating needles that bridge the gap between life and death; the pitiless cold and the threat of ice-forming sleet. They learned how all-important was the human element in the equation. Even a perfect motor could not alone bring success if the human mind failed in its terrific task.

III

The transatlantic flyers and Maitland and Hegenberger, who made the first flight to Hawaii, experimented carefully. None of these men took off until he had tested every part of his ship—motors, instruments, and plane. But still they recognized unplotted gaps in performance. For one thing, there was the question of load.

Newspapers made a great deal of ballyhoo over "load tests" during the preparations for flight, but it is doubtful if many readers realized what they involved. By load is meant the weight the motors are forced to carry. In its broadest sense, the term includes everything—plane, motor, pilot, gas, oil, supplies, and equipment. Naturally, the efficiency of the motor, or rather its

capabilities, vary with the amount of load carried.

Only by careful testing, by calibration of motor performance at increasing loads, could the flyers estimate how much fuel they would have to carry to complete the trip; and, above all, whether or not their planes could lift from the limited runway at Roosevelt Field such heavy loads as were required for the Atlantic crossing.

It was a comprehensive study of the problem that they made, and it necessitated correlating a whole system of aeronautical learning; they had to take into account the need of special protection for motor and fuel lines against vibration, the meteorological conditions that the loaded plane might meet, and a thousand and one seemingly obscure but vital details.

Yet for all this planning, Lindbergh could hardly have foreseen the difficulty that attended his take-off on May 20. To those who saw it and who could imagine themselves riding with him in the cramped cabin of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, it will always seem like a terrifying dream.

Out of the mist, from the far end of the runway, like a ghostly, dust-tossing bird, came the tiny monoplane. It seemed preposterously slow. Its tail skid clutched the ground. It slithered past the first danger point—the man who crouched beside a fire extinguisher; it trundled past another, and another. It looked as if it could never get up in time to escape crashing into the fifty-foot mound Byrd had built for the *America's* take-off.

It did—but barely in time to clear the stack of a steamroller by ten feet, a row of telegraph poles by twenty feet. Then the plane lumbered out toward the sea, fighting for altitude.

That picture gives an idea of what the problem of load means to the flyer. Nature has decreed that in the airplane the load cannot exceed a certain limit. The "power loading," as it is technically called, cannot exceed twenty-five pounds per horsepower without sacrifice of

maneuverability, speed, and safety. Loaded much beyond that, the plane cannot fly at all. The greater the load, the greater the power required to lift it and sustain flight. The power output remaining constant, naturally the load must be limited.

Now for the transatlantic flights, because of the great distance to be covered, the great volume of load capacity had to be allotted to fuel and oil; not only enough fuel to make the flight, but also a margin of five or six hours' worth in the event of unfavorable storms or winds. As a result, these planes took off with a power loading which touched the last thin rim of safety.

If Lindbergh's start was exciting, Byrd's was no less so. Even the added advantage of the start from the crest of the mound, which was calculated to add a theoretical distance of five hundred feet to the runway, failed appreciably to diminish the hazards. By not more than five feet, the eight-ton plane cleared the gully into which had plunged Rene Fonck's tri-motored Sikorsky the year before.

Dramatic, yes. But the full drama was not known until several days later when it was vividly documented by Noville. He told how he had crouched behind Acosta and watched for the snap of the pilot's elbow which was to tell him to dump the fuel supply—a gesture, he knew, that would come when a crash was inevitable.

But Acosta's hands never wavered from the controls. With that dare-devil skill for which he is famous, he guided the Fokker from the ground, although a ground speed of ninety miles an hour was needed to do it. It is not difficult to imagine what might have happened within another second. The fate of the Sikorsky is not forgotten.

Whether it was excess load or faulty handling that brought Fonck's ship to its untimely end has never been satisfactorily determined. With its three 425-horsepower Gnome-Rhone-Jupiter motors straining against a load of 28,000

pounds, it bumped down the runway, laboriously gathering speed. Half-way down one of the rudders gave way with a crash. The motors were wide open, but the plane couldn't gather enough sustaining wind under its 101 feet of wing spread to get off. It scaled over the crest of the gully, flopped to the ground and, when its right landing gear collapsed, slithered on its wing and burst into flames.

The question of load, then, remains a pressing one if land planes are to continue long-distance flights without stops for refueling. To achieve increased distance, they must carry more fuel. And the greater the fuel loading, the greater the strain on motors. The proportions are fixed.

But the problem of excess loading does not end at the take-off. For many hours during the flight, while the plane is working off a percentage of its fuel load in actual consumption, the mechanical and mental hazard continues. Here, it seems, is a source of danger to which not a few of those who attempted transatlantic flight failed to give proper attention.

Most of the planes which took off last summer were admittedly loaded to the critical point. Naturally, during the first ten hours at least, while the motors were disposing of a quantity of fuel and oil, they were sluggish to the controls. The climbing speed, controllability, and horizontal velocity of the plane vary in inverse proportion with the power loading.

This sacrifice of maneuverability for maximum fuel loading is particularly dangerous in view of the peculiar meteorological conditions generally prevailing over the North Atlantic, and may have tended to bring disaster to several of the planes. I refer specifically to the dangers of meeting storms or ice-forming temperatures.

Byrd's experience is worth citing. While three hours east of Newfoundland, with one thousand four hundred miles of its journey behind it, and preparing to

plow into the night and fog, the *America* was still struggling with its heavy load. Fighting for every inch of altitude, it was pushing ahead under full throttle in a desperate effort to hurdle an impending storm. But it seemed slow and sluggish to the four men in her cabin.

A chilling storm at that juncture, bringing with it a critical temperature, while the *America* was physically unable to climb clear of it, might have brought the flight to an end. Hours later Byrd did see the first warning encrustations on the wing and fuselage, and he ordered Acosta to climb clear.

One is reminded of the circumstances of the loss of *Old Glory*, the Fokker mono-plane, powered by a Bristol Jupiter motor, in which Lloyd Bertaud, "JD" Hill, and Philip Payne went to their deaths. For some reason a fatal premonition always hung over that plane. For weeks it waited at Roosevelt Field for a down-the-runway wind to assist the take-off. Finally it was flown to Old Orchard, where the beach offered a two-mile runway, and winds were generally favorable for a take-off. That the plane was loaded to the breaking point was generally admitted. Indeed, it was doubted whether Payne could be carried along. The additional weight that he represented, it was feared, might mean the difference between success and failure.

"She's loaded to the hilt," Hill told a friend just before the take-off. "And a bucket of ice will bring her down." How near right he was is a matter of conjecture.

Like the other eastward-bound flyers, Bertaud had counted on a generous amount of altitude by the time he reached the "corner" at Newfoundland, to capture the benefits of the prevailing westerly winds which would sweep them toward Europe and save fuel. But toward nightfall on October 6, *Old Glory* lumbered over the steamer *California*, a few hours from Halifax, not three hundred feet over her decks.

At 4 A.M. the next morning *Old Glory's* wireless sputtered "SOS. Three

hours east of Newfoundland." Then came silence. Perhaps storm brought the plane down, or ice, or even motor trouble.

The experience of Mrs. Grayson's Sikorsky amphibian is equally to the point. The two 220-horsepower Wright Whirlwinds were called upon to lift a maximum load. Three times, last fall, it started from Old Orchard. Each time, after a fruitless struggle to gain a reasonable altitude, Stultz, the pilot, ordered the fuel dumped and returned. The plane was loaded beyond all reasonable expectation of safety, he insisted. He resigned.

Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Grayson took off from Roosevelt Field on Christmas Eve, with Oskar Omdal, a Norwegian flyer, at the controls, on a non-stop flight to Newfoundland, where the plane was to be refueled and was to start again for Copenhagen. Into the plane she loaded several hundred pounds of personal belongings.

Like the others, it vanished. Perhaps load brought it down, or perhaps it was Omdal's lack of experience at night flying and in a ship that was new to him. At any rate, its hull did not prove sufficiently staunch to survive and tell the story of what happened.

IV

There is no intention here to indict the pioneering impulse that motivated these particular flights. Still it must be remembered that even in 1927 there was plenty of precedent to show the dangers of flying with a maximum load. In the excitement of the past year we have been inclined to forget the lessons so painfully learned in the first transatlantic attempts in 1919: in the first crossing of the Atlantic by the *NC-4*; the subsequent non-stop flight by Alcock and Brown from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Ireland; the abortive attempt of Captain Hawker, whose miraculous rescue in mid-sea was similar to that of Ruth Elder and her pilot, George Haldeman, in 1927; and

the failures of the single-motored Martinsyde scout and the four-engined Handley-Page bomber.

In that year aviation, flushed with its war reputation, decided to exhibit its wares in a broad front window, and chose Newfoundland as its show-place. The reason for the choice was principally geographic. It was the nearest point to Europe on this continent.

The British, Canadian and American teams, with a common goal, lined up on the Newfoundland coast within a hundred miles of one another.

Let us review what happened in 1919, bearing in mind the parallel with what happened in 1927. These men were flying with 1919 motors. They were true pioneers. The two bombers, Alcock and Brown's twin-engined Vickers-Vimy and the Handley-Page, seemed to have the best chance. It was felt that they could be counted upon for thirty hours of flight without refueling. But the single-engined planes were considered a "long shot."

The three American naval flying boats, the *NC-1*, *NC-3* and the *NC-4*, which were planning a series of hops to Lisbon with stops in the Azores, made their base at Trepassey. Only by desperate resort to load-trimming were they able to take off from the water. Of the four which started from Far Rockaway, only Commander Read's *NC-4* actually reached its journey's end.

Then Alcock and Brown in their open-cockpit bomber, a strangely antiquated ship beside the modern stream-lined cabin planes, hopped off from St. John's and, after a battle with fog and storm, came down in a crash in a desolate bog in Galway, Ireland. Hawker's single-engined Sopwith descended in the mid-Atlantic, its engine burned out by a clogging of the water-cooling system.

Load—it was as critical a problem in 1919 as it was in 1927. The heavy, water-cooled Rolls-Royce engines used by the British flyers, and the Liberties used by the Americans carried a maximum horsepower loading.

Scarcely by ten feet did Alcock and Brown clear the row of trees at the end of the runway; a man who was there tells me that a spectator beside him, in the excitement and fear of watching the start, bit his lips until the blood ran.

We seem to have forgotten, by the way, that it was Alcock and Brown who made the first non-stop transatlantic flight, and that their two 375-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines drove them across the water in sixteen hours and twelve minutes, at an average velocity not since surpassed in a transatlantic trip. We seem to feel, too, that only a fluke carried these men through—that they took a gambler's chance, and were fortunate enough to win. Ironically enough, many of the safety devices used by the latter-day transoceanic flyers, and generally considered new discoveries, were conceived by these men. Their plane carried a detachable gravity fuel tank, equipped with a dump valve, to be used as a raft in the event of a forced landing. It carried a radio sending and receiving set, flares for navigation, and rockets.

Let it be recognized now that these men were the pioneers among transatlantic flyers, and that their flight served as a model for those that were to come. They did not gallantly place their destinies in the hands of the gods; with such weapons as science at the moment equipped them, they planned their flight carefully and intelligently; and they met the same odds which flyers must meet to-day.

To meet the problem of load, Hawker and Grieve dropped their landing gear immediately after taking off. If their flight was to be successful, it meant a crash on landing, anyway. In 1927, Nungesser and Coli, with the same problem, followed the same method. It was excess load, too, which brought about the two crashes of the single-engined Martinsyde in 1919. Unable to get off on the first try, Raynham and Morgan reduced their gasoline load from 370 gallons to 350—the irreducible minimum

on the basis of engine consumption—and tried again. Again the plane crashed.

No more successful was the Handley-Page, a monster bomber with a 127-foot wing-spread and four 250-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines. Empty, the plane weighed 16,200 pounds; the fuel estimated to be necessary weighed 12,240 pounds. But with that load Brackley, Grant, and Kerr could not get off. By heart-breaking sacrifice of weight—and here it was a matter of critical pounds, not hundredweights—the flyers succeeded in reducing the total load to 27,000 pounds. Then they gave up; by that time they had jettisoned too much fuel to have a reasonable expectation of reaching Europe.

The immediate limitations of the airplane and the uncompromising limits of power loading were as clearly shown in 1919 as in 1927.

V

Important as it is, however, as a factor of danger, excess loading should not receive all the blame for failure in transoceanic flights. Three other factors undoubtedly have contributed. We may call them the meteorological, mechanical, and human factors.

I have already pointed out the decrease in maneuverability imposed by over-loading, the sacrifice of climbing power and speed for fuel. Not until it has flown for ten or twelve hours and worked off thirty per cent of its gasoline cargo does the transatlantic plane have a safe and practical margin of control.

Now suppose the plane meets a heavy storm, as the *America* did. For one thing, the fight against the storm necessitates a wide-open throttle and a costly consumption of gas. Again, if the wind is strong enough, it may force a heavily loaded plane out of control. Clearly, then, the plane must have speed and power enough either to climb out of the storm or circle around it.

So, too, in the matter of ice-forming sleet. All the transatlantic flyers encountered sleet, probably the greatest

menace of all. It solidifies on the wings, changes the wing curve, adds resistance and, in time, will bring a plane down.

How many were brought down by sleet alone we can, of course, only guess; but this would seem particularly likely to have happened to Hinchliffe and Miss Mackay, and to Nungesser and Coli. They set out in the face of unfavorable weather conditions—storms and freezing temperatures. Even if the motor functioned perfectly, storm and sleet, according to Dr. James H. Kimball, government meteorologist and authority on Atlantic conditions, might have been enough to bring them down. He is supported in this opinion by the majority of flyers.

There is too, of course, the possibility of motor failure, but the facts do not altogether support the indictment of the motor builder in newspaper headlines which speak of "motor trouble" as probably responsible for any and every airplane disaster.

As a matter of fact, says Kinkade, the Wright engineer who tuned up Byrd's, Chamberlin's, and Lindbergh's motors, any one of a dozen things can cause what is commonly known as motor trouble. The most common is a failure of the "plumbing"—or in other words the fuel and oil lines. Unless these are in order, no motor—and by this is meant the operative mechanism as distinct from the accessories—can function.

An airplane motor being a high-speed unit, there must be a certain amount of vibration which affects the less solidly fixed accessories. Naturally, the slender gas and oil lines come in for an unavoidable amount of strain, and under transatlantic flight conditions, the danger of breakage or stoppage is fairly high.

For instance, Chamberlin took the precaution of encasing all oil and fuel lines with tape and rubber hose. Not only did this serve to strengthen them, but it also insured a minimum amount of seepage if the line itself should give way. Byrd followed the same principle but carried it farther. He installed

a system of parallel lines by which the motors could be fed from all tanks or from each tank separately; and a dual system of lines insured an emergency reserve in the event of one line being stopped or broken.

Brock and Schlee, the round-the-world flyers, ripped out the entire feeding system on their Stinson-Detroit before they started. A stock model, it came to them directly from the factory with the main gas line hanging in a great loop beneath the wing. They buried the line within the wing, thereby cutting down resistance and the tendency toward vibration.

Not so wise, it seems, were Tulley and Medcalfe. They accepted their plane as it was delivered, put it through a series of load tests, and hopped off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on the same day that steamers were looking for *Old Glory*. Ruth Elder's *American Girl*, a sister-ship, was forced down by the breaking of an oil feed pipe.

While it is obviously unsound to blame the motors for such failures of plumbing, the motor builders make no claim that motors are infallible under all conditions or that the fool-proof motor has yet been created.

"For all the advance made in aeronautical engineering," declares Mr. Lawrence, "the equation to-day remains about sixty per cent motor and forty per cent pilot in a given flight. The recent endurance flights, for example, have proved that, provided a pilot knows his business and recognizes motor limitations, the airplane power plant can be counted upon for perfect performance up to fifty-three hours, uninterrupted, at least.

"But a motor is like the heart mechanism. It can stand so much punishment. Pushed beyond a reasonable limit, something must go."

VI

What of the human factor? What is transatlantic flying like to the man in

the cabin of the plane? What sort of a strain is it?

Bert Acosta, admittedly one of the greatest pilots in the country, a man with the physique of an ox, crumpled under the strain after piloting the *America* through nineteen hours of storm and fog. It was a dramatic incident that never has been adequately told.

The *America* soared over Brest at one-hundred miles an hour, and Paris was only three hours away. Another storm came in its path, bringing the torment of rain. Acosta, fatigued after unbroken hours of piloting through dense fog, was at the controls.

Fog and rain had so drenched the glass that vision was impossible. For the same reason, he couldn't wear goggles. In a desperate effort to see, he had slid open the window on his left, and a hundred-mile-an-hour wind was howling through it, tearing at his eyes. He would duck his head out the window for a minute or two at a time, hold it there as long as his eyes could stand it, then draw back.

Byrd stood behind him, his eyes on the instruments. Byrd was worried. Two hours had passed, and they should be nearing Paris. But in the midst of that storm he could see nothing. He checked his compasses.

"Acosta," he cried, "You are off your course; you are flying in a circle."

The pilot turned. His eyes were swollen and red.

"I can't see, Dick. I'm going blind," he muttered. His voice carried even above the roar of the motors. His last bit of strength gone, he suddenly toppled from his seat and fell to the floor. The burden of piloting that heavy ship, and the punishing beat of the rain against his eyes had been more than human endurance could bear. Balchen was at the controls when the ship finally landed off the French coast.

Brock tells of the utter weariness that comes from watching the instruments, the bank and turn indicator, the compasses, the tachometer, and half a dozen

others. The eyes grow fatigued tracing the movement of flickering needles. The rise and fall of the engine becomes a sing-song. Yet wakeful attention to the instruments is imperative. In the night they alone show where the horizon is, how high the plane is flying, how far it has gone. Little can be distinguished in the blackness outside the cabin window.

On his second night of flight Chamberlin turned over the controls to Levine while he tried to get a few moments of sleep on the top of the gas tank. He had scarcely closed his eyes when he felt the plane gathering a breath-taking momentum. He scrambled down, glanced at the instruments, and grabbed the controls.

They were dropping at two miles a minute—in a tailspin.

I doubt if Chamberlin got very excited, but he says he got the Bellanca under control in a hurry. A few moments more and the plane would have plowed a hole in the German landscape.

Byrd, too, recounts a similar instance in which the *America* fell out of control. Alcock and Brown had one of the narrowest escapes of all. Spinning through a fog bank in which they had become lost, they flattened out barely fifty feet above the water.

Here, it must be conceded, is an element in transoceanic flying which has been underemphasized. The conditions require not only a high technical knowledge, an ability to fly "blind" in fog and storm, but a finely attuned physical and mental mechanism.

It was for this reason that the industry protested against the preparations for the Dole flights to Hawaii last August. But not even the rigorous measures of the Bureau of Aëronautics of the Department of Commerce could temper with reason the ambition of some of the flyers. It was accused of meddling when it compelled contestants to submit their planes for examination as to fitness.

One man was ready to take off al-

though his plane couldn't carry enough fuel to carry him within three hundred miles of the goal. Three of the entrants had done little flying since the War. As for navigational equipment, most of the compasses were found to be defective. Only a few of the flyers had done much flying at night.

Yet they were about to meet one of the most difficult navigational problems which an aviator could possibly face: to fly over two thousand four hundred miles of open sea and find an objective seventy miles wide in the middle of the Pacific.

Certainly it cannot be said that the race contributed much constructive information to aviation. Three flyers were killed before the start. Of the fifteen planes entered, only eight started. Two reached Hawaii, two disappeared, and the others either failed to get off or turned back.

But the negative lesson taught by the Dole flight was a sweeping one. The importance of the human factor in night flying was vividly suggested in the radio messages from Captain Erwin, who set out in the *Dallas Spirit*, a Swallow monoplane, a day later, to look for the missing flyers.

"SOS—SOS," his radio called from the Pacific darkness. "We are in a tailspin." A moment later came a reassuring message that they were out of it. Then another distress call followed, only to be cut short—presumably by the crash.

VII

To some extent the meteorological problem can be solved. Doctor Kimball sees no reason why the hazard of unexpected weather changes should continue provided certain suggested facilities for the gathering of weather data are created. A meteorological organization made up of properly distributed ships and land stations could easily furnish to a central headquarters enough data for the plotting of a serviceable weather map for flyers.

This information is, and should be, a

most important part of the transatlantic flyer's equipment. But if flights across this stormy area are to be continued with reasonable assurance of a safe crossing, it will be necessary to provide pilots with a more comprehensive weather chart than was available to the pioneers.

Few people realize the difficulties that beset Doctor Kimball and his assistants last year. They had to adapt a skeleton machinery to their difficult task. Yet it is to be said to their credit that they performed wonders. Every flyer who sought their services found weather conditions on his course pretty generally what had been predicted.

For instance, when Doctor Kimball reported to Lindbergh clearing conditions over the Atlantic, he had received specific reports on wind velocities, barometer, sea, and visibility from five ships. Although all were south of the Great Circle course, they were sufficiently scattered to give a fair picture of what weather prevailed over the sea, and what was impending.

But at best the method was haphazard, and there remained of necessity great gaps where unknown conditions prevailed. If the day is to come when passengers and valuable freight are to be transported by air across the Atlantic a more thorough method of meteorological fact-finding must be established.

As a matter of fact, a recommendation has been made at Washington, I have learned, for the establishment of seventy-five ship weather stations, made up of ships regularly plying the Atlantic, which will be required to furnish a daily report of conditions along their course. At least twenty to twenty-five of these ships would probably be at sea at a time—enough, if uniformly spaced, to provide a broad daily report on air and sea movements.

But it would cost about one hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain this service; and while steamers would benefit by it as much as airplanes, it is doubtful whether the budget-makers will approve it at present. For the mo-

ment pilots will have to make the best of very limited facilities.

Contrary to the general impression, Doctor Kimball does not believe that prevailing conditions over the Atlantic militate against the inauguration of a regular service, provided some latitude be allowed in the choice of routes. As a general rule, Doctor Kimball says, the winds and temperatures are fairly propitious for a flight between Newfoundland and Ireland between May 15 and October 15. It is a rare day when they are perfect, for storm and fog can usually be found any day in some part of the North Atlantic. But with proper equipment, he believes, these can be located and the pilot shown how to avoid them—if his plane has sufficient fuel and is not too heavily loaded.

What is more important, the fuel requirements being what they are, is the fact that twenty-five days out of thirty-one, the prevailing wind is westerly. To the east-bound flyer, this means a following wind and a proportionate saving of fuel. Lindbergh and Chamberlin benefited by an average of more than fifteen miles an hour and Byrd by more than twenty-five. At times, Byrd estimates, the tail-wind must have lifted their speed as much as thirty-five miles an hour.

By the same token, the west-bound flyers on the Great Circle course must accept a proportionate handicap. The west wind becomes a head-wind for them. Estimating a flying speed of one hundred miles an hour over the approximately two thousand mile course, a twenty-five-mile-an-hour wind would reduce the actual speed twenty-five per cent. It will, therefore, require five hours more flying—and enough additional gas to last those five hours—for the west-bound flight than for the east-bound.

"In my opinion, weather conditions during the summer months," Doctor Kimball says, "constitute no insuperable barrier to transatlantic flights. With a reasonable amount of patience

at the take-off and proper safeguards, the flyer can get flyable weather.

"But between October and May, any attempt must be considered dangerous. Storms, fog, and freezing temperatures prevail along the Great Circle course, and I would advise against such a flight, at least until we know a great deal more about weather conditions in the upper atmosphere and have developed better technic in transoceanic flying."

VIII

With these facts before us, we face the question: what is the future of the heavier-than-air plane as a commercial transatlantic carrier? Can we reasonably expect the inauguration of a fast and efficient passenger and freight service over the Atlantic?

For all the tall talk of optimists, it seems doubtful for some time at least. The fundamental requisites of practical transportation are assured and consistent performance, plus a reasonable guarantee of safety. Besides, the uncompromising laws of power-loading fix the limit of the "pay" load—or passenger and freight capacity—and, naturally, limit the margin of profit of the heavier-than-air vessel as a potential carrier.

Not one of the transatlantic planes of 1919 or of 1927, with the single exception of the *America*, took off with an excess pound of weight. Like old ships of line, they were cleared for action. Only Byrd took what might be regarded as the equivalent of "pay load." His half ton of equipment, which included radio, rubber boats, and supplies, might have been translated into taxable freight. But surely it cannot be expected that passengers would undertake the flight, as a regular thing, without similar safeguards! Byrd's own experience proved that. The multi-motored plane, then, facing the same power-loading limitations as the single-engined craft, does not promise a spectacular future as a transoceanic vehicle. Though three times as powerful as the Bellanca, the *America*

actually had a smaller cruising range and carried little greater proportional load.

In the face of these facts, if transatlantic service by air does come—and I am convinced it ultimately will—it most certainly will not begin with non-stop flights. The more logical course will be one with stops at fueling stations at Newfoundland, the Azores, and the Continent. At no time will the plane following this course need to carry fuel for more than twelve hours of flight. The smaller the fuel load, the greater the allowance for freight. And if the service is to be economically practical and efficient, freight, or passengers, must be carried.

But even if such an interrupted flight is economically practicable, what guarantee is there that the flight will be safe? In flight there can be no compromise. Unlike the steamship, the land plane cannot float in its element when its motor breaks down. Its propelling force must give unbroken performance. This alone, it would seem, would rule out the land plane as a reliable carrier in transatlantic service.

Proponents of the amphibian and the seaplane argue that their vehicles will solve the problem. If the motor fails, very well, the plane will come down, and the radio will bring help. Locatelli, the Italian flyer, floated for eighty hours in the North Atlantic when fog brought him down on his attempted non-stop flight to Greenland in 1924. But the seaworthy hulls with which the amphibian or seaplane must be provided mean added weight, and this means less margin for pay load.

Possibly a solution is provided in the seadrome invented by Engineer Armstrong of the Du Pont de Nemours Company. He proposes to establish a chain of landing stations, eight in number, across the Atlantic. They will be staunch enough to withstand storms, he says, and will be equipped to handle planes and passengers. Stops can be made to permit passengers to rest and planes to be refueled. It is an ambitious project and no less than forty million

dollars, it is estimated, will be needed to put it into operation; yet a number of practical men, including Captain Fonck, believe it to be the soundest plan yet advanced.

But in all the recent ballyhoo over the airplane we seem to have lost sight of the possibilities of the dirigible as a long-distance transoceanic carrier. Have we forgotten that the British dirigible *R-34*, under command of Major Scott, flew from England to Mitchel Field, New York, in four days, and safely returned home in three; and that five years later, the Zeppelin *ZR-3*, subsequently named the *Los Angeles*, was flown from Friedrichsafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, a distance of 4,060 miles, in 81 hours and 18 minutes?

Within the past few years, the governments have awakened to the broad promise of the lighter-than-air vessel, and their technical departments are expending much study and vast sums of money in experiment upon it. Germany is now building a 774-foot Zeppelin which is intended to circle the world in thirteen days; Great Britain is building two with a gas capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet each, designed to carry one hundred passengers; and Congress has ordered the construction of two in this country,

one-fifth as large again as the British vessels, and more than twice as large as the *Los Angeles*.

What is to prevent these lighter-than-air craft from challenging the airplane as the great commercial carrier of the future? Of course they are not so fast, but their unquestionable superiority in endurance and reliability (over great distances) are more impressive economic factors. That the airplane will rise to the challenge is inevitable; but no matter what the brilliant exploits of the heavier-than-air vessel may be in 1928 and 1929, it is doubtful whether they will overturn the already established conclusion: that the airplane, with its present definite limitations, is more eminently qualified for fast, efficient overland service.

Perhaps unseen inventions of the future—the invention of a super-power plant, the discovery of a more energetic fuel—may effectively overcome the limitation of power-loading. It is risky to try to circumscribe the future. But in the meantime, in view of the facts, it would seem more reasonable to develop the airplane in its obvious field, overland service, than to call it into the more spectacular and hazardous service to which its enthusiasts are directing it.





IN DEFENSE OF CYNICISM

BY ERNEST BOYD

IT IS commonly assumed that cynicism is the mark of embitterment and that a cynic, in consequence, is a man who cannot enjoy life. Women, for some reason, are never credited with being cynical, but it would be rash to assume that they get more enjoyment out of life on that account. On those rare occasions when the mere male gets a momentary glimpse of a woman's real conception of life, when he is shown the world about him as it appears to the feminine eye, he usually thanks God that the struggle for existence does not seem to him quite so fierce as that—that is, if he is a cynic. If he is not he probably spends the evening at his club in the company of unhappy sentimentalists like himself. Women, apparently, can take refuge neither in cynicism nor drink; they are pure realists.

Thus, at the very outset, one is confronted by the first tangible evidence of the advantages of cynicism: it is the secret of true masculine happiness, of that happiness which women once imagined they could attain by voting, wielding a latchkey, and refusing to call themselves by their husband's name. A man—cynically—would be perfectly willing to call himself by his wife's name in the circumstances, since he would derive a sardonic pleasure from the thought that, in so doing, he was supposed to be imperilling his personality (if any). The true cynic, so far from resenting, welcomes all opportunities of cheerfully sacrificing the shadow for the substance. He is probably the one person in the world who really enjoys and appreciates the society of the other

sex. The cynicism of men is the only moral equivalent of the realism of women.

No man is born cynical, nor—contrary to the popular belief—can cynicism be thrust upon one: it must be achieved by experience. Yet at the same time it is not a conscious aim; one cannot speak of the pursuit of cynicism as one speaks (so ingenuously) of the pursuit of happiness. A cynic if asked to account for himself would have to reply, like Topsy, "I just growed." To the right kind of temperament it is a benign, painless, and almost insensible process whereby the corrupting influences of idealism are lost, the fierce intolerance of youthful optimism is softened, the unprincipled arrogance of constructive thinking makes way for a sweet and natural disbelief in human nature. A beautiful serenity is the skeptic's reward as he views without indignation the ever-charming spectacle of human folly, while on his happily deaf ears fall the appeals which have immemorially stirred hapless men to futile action. Not for him the facile tears, the wasted emotion, the puerile hopes, and the childish despairs which are the sum of that vicious circle known as the story of mankind. It is unnecessary to address to him that warning which Diderot uttered against Rousseau, "Beware of that man, he believes every word he says."

That is the instinctive attitude of the cynic who has realized the deadly perils of sincerity. On the whole, society knows how to deal with the patent charlatan: we throw him to the mob for

its solemn delectation or put him out of the way if his charlatanism appears to be inopportune. But it requires all the highest resources of cynicism to deal with that subtlest of menaces to life, liberty, and happiness—the absolutely sincere man. It is he who has a constructive program, or is the frenzied supporter of one. It is he who will selflessly labor for the good of his fellow-men, while they groan in helpless resentment, and the immortal gods laugh sardonically. He is the male counterpart of the good woman, whose devastating righteousness is more obvious, but less fatal, because it is practiced in the more restricted field of domestic and personal conduct. Where the good woman may wreck a family or two, the sincere man will cause rioting, civil war, and the desolation of continents.

The cynic knows well the monstrous egotism of selfless devotion and the ruthless cruelty of pure idealism. He has looked with clear eyes on the victims of the hallucination which prompts these phenomena, and prefers the product of a generous and tolerant skepticism. He applies in the realms of ideas, morals, and conduct a code which is almost universally accepted as a matter of superficial social routine so long as it is restricted to matters of passing convenience. The humblest purchaser of the book of etiquette knows that social life would be impossible if everyone were perfectly honest and truthful, and that one must be prepared not to take certain conventions too seriously, or to seek behind them for eternal verities. But people who are willing to make a garden-party a success on those terms will make existence unendurable by ignoring them, as if it were more important and more intelligent to put up with the conversation of a bore at dinner, or to refrain from asking indiscreet questions, than to be as detachedly polite in the presence of the facts of life itself.

Cynicism teaches that it is as naïve and ill-bred to expect a solution to most human problems as to query the white

lies with which we ease the machinery of social life. The fanatical truth-seeker, bent upon reform, believing that progress is anything more than an improvement in plumbing, presents to the cynical mind a picture as distressing as that of a guest insisting that the hostess's hair is false, or insisting that her husband state the exact amount of his income, or where he actually was the last time he telephoned that he was detained at a board meeting. The cynic feels, with Judge Brack, that "people don't do these things," but the contemplation of many metaphorical and actual Hedda Gablers has convinced him that they alarmingly do, thereby providing the *raison d'être* of cynicism, which is the recognition of precisely that fact.

At bottom it is a species of intellectual tact, a feeling that it is slightly indecent, and certainly dreadfully bad manners, to believe too earnestly the usually unbelievable things which engage the attention of the credulous sentimentalist. History and one's own experience show that more tangible good has come of smiling tolerance than from fanatical zeal. If Pontius Pilate had had his way the history of the Western world would have been changed. Horace and Montaigne and Voltaire and Anatole France are nearer to the civilized man's heart than Savonarola, Cotton Mather, or Dwight L. Moody. At their worst they did no positive harm but were charming companions; at their best they did more to make life endurable for others than the solemn altruists. They accepted the fantastic rules of human existence because they were not tortured by that fundamental pessimism, that profound discontent, which can alone explain the actions of those who set out to reform the world.

II

It is always a peculiarity of professional optimists that their own lives are miserable. They can never seize the day, enjoy the hour, accept unreservedly the exquisitely fleeting mo-

ments of pleasure which come to one as irrationally and as unexpectedly as everything else in nature's far from divine plan. Nor do they experience that Nirvana-like condition when, in the absence of positive enjoyment, there is a general sense of well-being as each day dawns and finds the human race as ridiculous and as amusing as ever. Oh! that daily reassurance as one unfolds the newspaper and discovers that one wasn't wrong, that the circus is going on as it has from the beginning of time, with perhaps an extra ring or two added each century. No wonder the serious thinker, whatever his professions, is depressed by the evident futility of his hopes, even though his retort is to plunge still deeper into the labyrinth of progress and reform!

It is obviously impossible to hurl oneself during a lifetime against the jagged rocks of reality and feel happy about it save on the same principle as ascetics flagellate themselves, sadists inflict pain, and masochists beg to be hurt and humiliated. While the pleasure of these perversions is admitted, we know the pleasure to be pathological and do not take it as a normal index of enjoyment. Similarly, while martyrs invariably—their admirers tell us—rejoice in the torture inflicted upon them, their doing so is merely a reflection upon their inability for normal rejoicing, their unhealthy satisfaction in substitutes for the pleasures and satisfactions of this world. As well argue that a girl would not prefer to know that she was pretty than to hear herself acclaimed the foremost authority on cuneiform inscriptions in South Dakota. The wish to be both would, of course, be sheer idealism at its worst.

Every cynic knows that his optimism dates from the moment when he began to lose his youthful belief in human perfectibility and his youthful conviction that he was born to help to improve it. In the anguished years of one's nonage, armed with a highly plausible and unscrupulously optimistic theory of the universe, one's own personal feelings

were pessimistic. If it takes the ingenuousness of youth to be a theoretical optimist, it takes the cynicism of later years not to be a practical pessimist. Nature, with characteristic malignity, saddles one at that age with the crushing burden of an optimistic philosophy of life in general, without supplying the fortitude requisite to reconcile it with the brutal facts of which one is all too conscious. Hence the deep-seated melancholy of a young man with a scheme for peopling the earth with supermen or establishing a reign of justice and freedom amongst men.

It is a curious fact that, while convention pretends that youth and happiness are more or less synonymous, we have embodied in the proverbial phrase "if youth but knew" our profound conviction of the contrary. What are the implications of the proverb? Obviously, that knowledge and experience are essential to a proper understanding and enjoyment of life, and that the average man usually acquires these too late to enable him to profit by them. In the circumstances his existence falls into two periods of frustration—when he is too young to know any better and too old to do any better. It is the cynic's good fortune to have avoided that fate; he knows in time to take the fullest advantage of his knowledge. Hence the resentment of the sentimentalists and Utopians, expressed in the current superstition that cynicism is a manifestation of bitter rage, and in Bernard Shaw's statement that every man over forty is a scoundrel—which, being interpreted, means that he is then best equipped to resist the persuasion of the soothsayers.

When we are young we are unhappy because we believe too many things which are either untrue or unprovable. In disillusionment lies true happiness if one has the good luck to become disillusioned gracefully, that is, cynically. Indignation and cynicism do not properly belong together; in fact, the latter excludes the former, and the reason why

cynicism is so widely misunderstood and mistrusted is that so many people either refuse to grow up intellectually or are unable to stand successfully the shock of disillusionment. A person troubled by morbid fears and terrorized by superstitions is seen at once to be a pitiable object by people not similarly affected. One man's beliefs are another man's superstitions, yet only the cynic is capable of drawing the obvious conclusion that the fewer one's beliefs the greater one's peace of mind.

Here and there occasional exceptional individuals are found who can be trusted with an idea, a belief, but it is evident that these things were never intended for general consumption. They are bad for the average human being, both individually and collectively. Personally he is miserable when the weight of an idea affects his consciousness; in the mass he is dangerous when he rallies his fellows to action on behalf of it. What is history, after all, but the record of the periodical crusades for or against some bogey which believing men have evolved out of their credulity and fear? Sometimes it is an idea, sometimes a person, sometimes a nation, sometimes a race, but at all times it is a phantom, usually inexplicable to posterity, and often to the crusaders themselves, once they have recovered from the stampede.

A cynic can be trusted neither to make his own life nor the lives of others miserable on principle. His social agnosticism is his salvation. He does not and cannot prevent others from bemusing themselves and bedevilling their existence, but he is temperamentally unable to join in. He can be trusted with even the most explosive ideas, for his attitude towards them is comparable to that of a book-collecting connoisseur who handles the most priceless volumes without damaging them, whereas the earnest student returns his dog-eared volume to the library in even a worse condition than before. Like many an honest bibliophile, he may not even open them. Cynicism is, therefore, conducive

to peace, to urbanity, to all the virtues which spring from a skeptical feeling of neutrality in the thousand and one matters over which the mass of men groan, exult, and—fight. It will hardly be denied that Copenhagen and Barcelona were more agreeable places of residence in 1915 than Rheims or Cologne. Cynicism is a species of benevolent intellectual neutrality. Neutrals, of course, are always scoundrels in the eyes of the combatants.

However, as a matter of realistic fact rather than sentimental fiction, there is no doubt that a soldier on leave who could have gone to a good hotel in Barcelona, instead of London or Paris, would have enjoyed his leave much more, and have taken a somewhat different view of the question of Spanish neutrality than the eminent statesmen who so bitterly resented the existence of any unviolated spot in Europe. On the same principle, one would instinctively turn to a cynic for understanding and guidance in time of trouble, for his help would be forthcoming without tracts and sermons. It was not the cynical but the pious father who drove his erring daughter into the streets, when a little common sense and knowledge of the world might have saved her from a life of shame and playgoers from many a heart rending scene.

A vast amount of trouble in the world could be avoided if we were only blessed with the gift of cynicism. If it were the business of a cynic to make converts and outline a program with which to lure customers one might dwell on some of the manifold advantages which would automatically follow conversion. Death would lose its terrors because it would be accepted without the faintest thought or hope of reward, punishment, or survival. Life would lose some of its horrors, for no army could be enlisted from recruits cynically convinced that militarism and pacifism were equally absurd and a hero's grave the most undignified imaginable; no politician could orate, because cynical laughter would greet his

preposterous rodomontade; no government could be elected along popular lines because cynicism and adult suffrage are incompatible terms.

Minor amenities resulting from a world inhabited by convinced cynics are too numerous to mention. The marriage problem would be solved without the aid of Judge Lindsey, because jealousy and domestic sentimentality are emotions unknown to the disillusioned affection of cynicism. Follow-up letters, sales talks, fraternal orders, Mother's Day, publicity agents, radio programs, law enforcement, non-refillable bottles—but why enumerate all the varied and variegated strains upon human credulity which are so profitably used to beguile the tedium of the average life between one slaughter and another, between the unwanted cradle and the unremembered grave? Seek ye first the serenity of cynicism and all these will be added unto you.

III

One unconsciously adopts the evangelical manner and steps out of character in thus preaching the cynic's gospel. Of course, he has none. All he can say, speaking for himself, is that he is unmoved by most of the things that seem to disturb his fellow-men, and he concludes that if there were no demand for buncombe there would be no supply. That is why he has no remedies to suggest, no discipline to enforce, no great moral truth to vindicate. He has never discovered that life has any particular meaning, and he strongly suspects the meanings read into it by ingenuous people who are patently incapable of drawing a sound conclusion from the obvious facts before them. He has noticed that the kind of person whose lips move when spelling out a tabloid newspaper has no difficulty in settling the profoundest questions which have engaged the best minds of history.

If he had a gospel and were uncynical enough to imagine he could get converts, his cynicism would restrain him, for how

could a cynic be cynical if there were no material for his cynicism to feed upon? If the infinitesimal minority of civilized and, therefore, skeptical minds became a majority, the cynic would have a rude awakening; something would have to be done to restore his disbelief in humanity. He knows, however, that his fears are groundless. Nature began her work well, but we have improved upon it. Whatever illusion may have been possible when the masses were inarticulate, it is now humanly impossible for any but the professional optimists to believe that civilization is the aim of mankind. Save in its plumbing implications, the word grows more and more meaningless, and in due process of time, when every bedroom is equipped with a radio and inspirational talks in Moscow can be heard every night in Pittsburgh, when go-getting salesmen can telephone to Tokyo and see one another's intellectual countenances through television, when airplanes leave for Paris every hour on the hour, when every theater is a movie and every basement in New York a speakeasy—when the triumphs of progress are even more manifest than now, the very memory of what was once and for so long understood as civilized will be a vague memory.

In the approaching synthetic civilization new values will be substituted for old, and people will no more understand what the term really connotated than a post-Prohibition flapper can realize what was once meant by drinking. Graduates in How to Build Up a Mail Order Business courses will doubtless assume that such were the preoccupations of the scholars of Oxford or the Sorbonne, and a hip-flask culture will be the logical sequel to the hip-flask alcoholic initiation of the rising generation. In such a world of live wires and exponents of Service there is little danger of too much cynicism. It may be hard boiled and corrupt, but it will be sentimental, not cynical. The decline of cynicism corresponds roughly with the rise of industrialism, and the eighteenth cen-

ture saw its last and finest flowering in literature. It is an ornament, perhaps the chief ornament, of a civilization that is on the wane.

There will be, presumably, unless they have been lynched, a remnant of the old order, and in that dwindling number the cynics of the future will be found. By that time the pleasures of cynicism will have become so acute and exquisite that these survivors will be to the cynic of to-day what a thoroughbred is to a Clydesdale, both fine animals, but one of a more refined quality. That is as it should be, for the most delicate instrument will be required to measure the complacent and barbarous ignominy of the absurd spectacle. One sighs cynically for the privilege of being present and of seeing one's worst suspicions confirmed. The show will be on the grandest scale, and that ridiculous biped, man, will have surpassed himself. The mountain of industrial and scientific progress will bring forth its mouse; and it will be a little tame, white mouse, running around in its cage, not even the sturdy household variety which still adventures in search of cheese, at the risk of encountering the feline enemy. It will eat out of its master's hand.

It is not easy in advance to measure the density of cynicism nor the volume which will be provoked in that surviving remnant, but a cynical guess may be made by estimating the effect of modern civilization upon Swift or Voltaire, upon Horace or Juvenal. Swift at the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, Voltaire in the League of Nations Council, Horace in conference with an efficiency expert, Juvenal writing the Sixth Satire in terms of Hollywood—of such stuff the dreams of cynicism are made. With the relatively meager material at their disposal, they have left us records that are imperishable, while the vast wealth of our accumulated imbecility lies unexploited. The reason probably is that the cynic of to-day has no longer even the illusion that his cynicism can help. He keeps it to himself, a refuge in his daily hours of need, and the last stronghold of masculine privilege which has not been invaded by women. When that invasion takes place, the cynic's occupation will be truly gone, for the end will be in sight. Life will not go on.

But, the cynical mind reflects, that would mean progress in the best sense of the word. A truce to such pretty, sentimental daydreams.





MUSSOLINI AND THE VATICAN

IS PEACE AT HAND BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY?

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

A FEW hundred feet from the Porta Pia, in the wall which the Emperor Aurelian built to protect Rome from the barbarians, are three marble tablets marking the spot where, on September 20, 1870, the cannon of King Victor Emanuel II breached the fortification permitting his army to enter and occupy the city in the name of the new Italian nation. Every year thereafter for more than half a century, on the anniversary of the event, the national government and the municipality of Rome held formal commemorative services before these tablets.

Last year no such ceremony was observed. The few persons who gathered about the spot were individuals—cautious, even furtive suspect members of the proscribed Masonic orders. This break with official tradition was Mussolini's announcement to the world that his government intends if possible to heal the breach which has existed between Church and State—or, as it is more commonly phrased, to "solve the Roman Question."

Long before he came to power Mussolini publicly proclaimed the necessity of a restoration of cordial relations with the Church. Even in the days when he was suspected of republicanism, and even of a kind of "national Bolshevism," he asserted in parliament that it was absurd that a state should remain at enmity with the church which ninety-five per cent of its citizens regarded as divinely authorized. Promptly after his accession to power he took several

steps to make evident his government's regard for the Church and its appreciation of the part of religion in the national life. He restored to the schoolrooms the Crucifix which previous laical governments had removed; he restored religious instruction as a regular (instead of merely supplementary) part of the curriculum of the public schools, and placed it again in clerical hands; he increased the stipends paid by the government to the parish priests as an offset to the seizure of Church property by the government in 1860 and 1870; and (while not interfering with the free exercise of other cults) reaffirmed the Catholic faith as the national religion of Italy.

Then for fully three years he carried on unofficial and informal "conversations" (never publicly authorized) with the Vatican, mainly through the intermediation of a Jesuit priest, Father Tacchi-Venturi. Finally, some eight or ten months ago, it was discreetly made known simultaneously through the official press of the government and of the Vatican that an informal understanding had been reached on some of the more difficult points, providing a basis of discussion for any future negotiations.

Here, for the moment, the matter rests. It is premature to say, as newspapers have on occasion announced, that "the Roman Question is virtually solved," or to predict that it will be solved in the near future. All that can safely be said is that these informal conversations have provisionally cleared

away most of the difficulties which formerly made the Roman Question, as was commonly said, "insoluble."

II

Much of the popular difficulty in understanding the present situation is due to a misconception of what the Roman Question is. It does not arise out of any claim on the part of the Vatican for the restoration to it of the territories which it ruled politically before 1860 or 1870. The Roman Question is not a territorial question in the ordinary sense of the term. Rather, it is a question of the *quality* of the relation which should subsist between the Holy See and the secular power in general, and the Kingdom of Italy in particular.

On the morning of September 20, 1870, when the Italian armies were at the gates of Rome, Pius IX ordered his generals not to resist attack, but not to surrender the city except in face of an overt act of war. This gesture was not, as is sometimes supposed, intended to convey that the spiritual arm may not fight the secular with its own weapons. The armies of Pope Pius had actively resisted the King's troops when they invaded Romagna in 1860. Neither in 1870 nor at any other time has the Vatican acknowledged that it is intrinsically improper for the Pope to have, and to use, armies, police, and the other paraphernalia of civil authority. In this case Pius of course saw the hopelessness of military resistance and wished to avoid bloodshed. The reason for his refusal to surrender the city before it was attacked was that this act might be interpreted as a voluntary renunciation of his *rights*. He wished to make it evident to the world that his position as temporal sovereign had been taken from him by force and without his consent.

It would have been difficult for any Pope to acknowledge that the Holy See cannot rightfully exercise temporal sovereignty. The States of the Church—a broad belt of territory stretching from

Rome to Ancona and cutting the Italian peninsula in two—had been definitely under the political sovereignty of the Roman pontiffs since they had been consolidated by the "fighting Pope," Julius II, in the early sixteenth century, and for centuries before that the claim of the popes to political jurisdiction over Rome and adjacent territories had been more or less formally recognized. Pius IX could hardly be expected to acknowledge that his predecessors had ruled unlawfully.

The settlement contained in the Law of Guarantees of 1871 was, from the government's point of view, extremely generous toward "Italy's distinguished guest." It granted the Pontiff free and unrestricted enjoyment of the Vatican Palace and adjoining edifices; of the Chancellery in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; and of the villa of Castel Gandolfo on the shore of Lake Albano.* Although all ecclesiastical edifices were declared national property, the Church was granted unrestricted use and administration of them for purposes of worship. The government further granted a large annual sum to the Pontiff to compensate him for his loss of direct revenue from the territory seized.

But as is well known, Pius IX refused to accept the Law of Guarantees, or to admit that the Italian government was rightfully and lawfully in possession of Rome. He asserted that the Law was a "unilateral instrument" imposed by one of the parties to the controversy, not agreed to by both, hence without juridical validity. He refused to touch the money which the government offered, and which ever since has regularly figured in the government budget, only to be paid back into the treasury as unclaimed after the legal five-year period. He refused to set foot on the soil which,

*In connection with the last named, it is amusing to note how a pleasantry has given rise to many a solemn newspaper canard. There is a legend that Pius IX, in his "voluntary imprisonment" in the Vatican, observed that if he was to "enjoy" Castel Gandolfo he would have to fly there. Now that flying has become a commonplace, the sensational press frequently carries a news item to the effect that on such and such a night the Pope secretly took an airplane from the Vatican grounds to spend a few hours at his countryseat.

he asserted, had been illegally seized, for by so doing he would be accepting the protection of the Italian government and thus acknowledging its sovereignty.

The Pope has thus remained a "voluntary prisoner" in the Vatican Palace. Within its confines he maintains, so far as convenient, the appurtenances of worldly sovereignty—an army in the form of the Swiss Guard,* a personal escort in the Noble Guard, and what might be called a police force in the Palatine Guard. His public functions have their full quota of court ceremonial. And he continues to grant patents of nobility. (Not a few Americans hold Papal titles.) In short, temporal sovereignty is not only asserted, but, in a symbolic way, maintained.

It may be that in the mind of Pius IX the restoration to Papal sovereignty of the city and province of Rome was an essential act of restitution on which he must insist. For many years the "black," or Vatican party, reflected the Vatican's attitude toward the new government. They went about in mourning on every September 20 and draped their windows in black. Socially, they refused to mingle with the "governmentals," and it was the supreme social error to invite a "black" and an "Italian" to the same dinner party. Even to-day young ladies of the "black" set affect distinct fashions and a distinct code of etiquette.

But conditions have changed greatly since the time of Pius IX. The popes do not pretend, and the Vatican has never formally maintained, that the dignity of the Holy See is dependent upon the exercise of political power over certain specified territories. What is essential, in the Vatican's view, is the recognition of the Pope's *sovereign status*. The Pope may be a sovereign almost without territory, so long as it is recognized that he is a sovereign. The claim

is based upon practical necessity, as will be shown later. But primarily it is a claim for the regularization of an anomalous legal situation. The Pope might, conceivably, renounce all temporal claims. But he cannot, in the Vatican's view, be deposed by an act of violence and a unilateral decree from the position which the entire world for centuries acknowledged as pertaining to the Pontiff by right.

The City of Rome was taken from the Pope by an act of war—Pius IX insisted on putting this into the record. There has never been a treaty of peace agreed to by both parties. In strict technicality, the relation between the Vatican and the Italian government is still that of a state of war. On what terms the two parties shall mutually agree to end this state of war is the nub of the Roman Question.

III

It is the territorial aspect of the dispute which has chiefly occupied the attention of writers. Before the War, and even recently, various schemes of settlement were proposed. There was the famous "corridor" to the sea which was to permit the Pontiff and his emissaries free access to foreign nations without crossing Italian soil. There was a proposal that the Pope be granted unrestricted sovereignty over the "Borgo di San Pietro," lying between the Vatican and the Tiber, or over the "Leonine City."

All these and similar schemes evaporated not only because the Vatican refused to sponsor them, but also because no Italian government would consider ceding territory to a "foreign power." "Not a single Italian citizen, not an inch of Italian soil" became something like a sacred refrain in Italian politics. And Mussolini himself has recently repeated very nearly these words.

To evade this difficulty, it was once proposed that the Pope be granted unrestricted sovereignty, *pro forma*, over the Vatican which he now merely "enjoys." To this suggestion Benedict XV

* But not without a sense of humor. There is an anecdote, apparently authentic, to the effect that Pius XI, passing through the Vatican halls, discovered one of his Swiss Guards asleep at his post. He nudged the sleepy trooper and said, in a stage whisper, "Wake up. The enemy is coming."

is said to have replied, "Ah, but the Vatican is a palace, not a territory."

For although the territorial aspect of the question is *almost* indifferent to the Vatican, it is not *quite* so. Or rather, it is not important *how much* territory the Pope is to rule over as sovereign, but it is essential that there be *some*. For, argues the Vatican, it would be absurd to accord the rank of sovereign to the Pope and then deny that he has a right to exercise it anywhere. And besides, a certain amount of territory is absolutely necessary to enable the Pontiff to exercise his spiritual dominion free and unhampered. The Vatican formula is that the "liberty and independence" which the Pope claims must be not only "real and perfect," but also "manifest to the faithful of the whole world."

Between these two claims—that the Vatican must have *some* territory and that the Italian state cannot cede an inch—there would seem to be a hopeless deadlock. This deadlock has been provisionally resolved, in a most ingenious manner, in the course of the informal conversations of the past eighteen months.

Behind the Vatican, to the west and southwest, there lies a large tract of land which is almost uninhabited. A portion of this land, perhaps of four or five square miles, is, according to the present tentative plan, to be added to the Vatican territory and constitute the material evidence of the Pontiff's "liberty and independence."* But it need not be ceded by Italy in a political sense. It can first be cleared of its Italian inhabitants, technically speaking, by permitting them to take up legal residence elsewhere. Then it can be purchased outright by the Vatican. Since, in the meantime, the Italian government will have acknowledged the

Pope's sovereign *status*, it will not contest his right to exercise its functions over what belongs to him. But these functions need never become the occasion of a clash of political authority. There could be no clash over fiscal matters, for the State has never taxed Church property. There can obviously be no question of military affairs. Policing, care of roads and sewers and such like, could continue to be maintained by the Italian state; this would introduce no legal difficulty into the situation, since the Italian carabinieri frequently keep order during functions in St. Peter's (which is an "edifice contiguous to the Vatican" and hence reserved to the Pope under the Law of Guarantees) although they never pass beyond the Bronze Door which symbolically separates the Kingdom of Italy from the domain of the Pope. If, then, there can never be an occasion for the Kingdom of Italy to contest the rights which the sovereign Pontiff exercises over this territory, his temporal status will be intangible, while Italy's sovereignty will not have been diminished by an inch or a citizen.

This is not offered as a prophecy of the form which the ultimate material settlement will take. Many new factors may arise to modify it. But it presents, in broad outline, the type of settlement which at the present time is actually accepted by both sides as offering a practicable basis for further, and formal, negotiation.

IV

But it was not for the discovery of this formula that the solution of the Roman Question has waited these many years. What has made any approach to agreement seem so difficult (and to many students impossible) is the immaterial, imponderable factors involved.

For the first three or four years of Mussolini's rule it seemed to many observers uncertain how long he would last. It is a fundamental of the Vatican's policy that it cannot make agreements of first importance with individual

* It is to be noted that the words "temporal" and "sovereign" are being muted in the current discussion of the Roman Question. This is not because either concept has been officially repudiated by the Vatican, but merely because the words retain the connotations of other, and more acrimonious days. The words "manifest" and "independent" convey, in the Vatican's view, the essence of what was formerly meant to be conveyed by "temporal" and "sovereign."

statesmen, nor even with governments merely, but only with the nation itself, through a stable state truly representing the nation.

Once Mussolini's political survival seemed reasonably assured, it was necessary to discover what his concrete intentions toward the Church were. The Duce has a reverberating anti-clerical past, and is the author of impassioned pamphlets in praise of Giordano Bruno and other rebels against ecclesiastical authority. Further, he had inherited the policy of the Nationalist Party, which had fused with the Fascists just after the "March on Rome." The Nationalists were ardent proponents of a reconciliation with the Vatican, but for purely political and nationalistic reasons, which they did not always explain with the requisite discretion. Their aim was popularly interpreted as being that of "hitching the Vatican to Italy's chariot wheel."

This fact aroused the misgivings of other nations. It is commonly understood in Rome that there were diplomatic efforts on the part of several governments to prevent a solution of the Roman Question. It required some time for Mussolini to establish the doctrine that no third power might exercise any pressure, direct or indirect, in any future negotiations between himself and the Vatican. The reaffirmation some eight months ago in the official Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, that the Roman Question was exclusively a matter between the Italian Government and the Holy See was rightly taken as indicating that a decisive stage in the informal negotiations had been successfully passed.

A further difficulty, and one which has bulked most largely in the daily news, arises from the fact that a solution of the Roman Question almost necessarily implies the negotiation of a concordat between the Vatican and the Italian Government. Although the two treaties are technically distinct, they are naturally under discussion contemporaneously.

The rather vivacious debates which have on two or three occasions been carried on by the press of the two parties have had as their subject matter topics connected with the concordat rather than with the Roman Question as such.

A concordat, of course, is merely a diplomatic agreement between the Church and a government specifying rights and privileges to be accorded and guaranteed. In the case of the anticipated Italian concordat, many of these points are already decided or implied by present practice, such as the status of religious education in the public schools and the right of religious orders to own corporate property. As for the appointment of bishops, it is a principle of the Catholic Church that such appointments are made by it alone; but when cordial relations subsist between it and the civil authorities it desires to make appointments acceptable to the latter and may give informal notice of its intentions. This will presumably be the practice in Italy under the expected concordat. But it is still early to speculate concerning such details.

The greatest difficulty appears to have arisen over the broad question of the position of the Church in the new Italian state, and the division of authority, especially in regard to education. The Vatican and the Fascist Government are two absolutisms facing each other, each ruled by a very firm willed and energetic man. Moreover, each is constantly being pushed from behind by partisan zealots. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the negotiations have sometimes been difficult, and indeed on several occasions have come to a temporary impasse.

The Pope has shown little desire to complain of the present educational system in Italy in practice. But he has several times denounced Fascism's theoretical assumption of a state monopoly over the education of the young, and the Fascist doctrine that the individual exists for the State. The doctrine of the

V

Church, on the other hand, is that the individual exists for the glory of God; that the unit of society is not the State but the family.

Mussolini has put his theory into practice by absorbing into the machinery of the State or of the Fascist party nearly all social and educational organizations such as labor unions, co-operative societies, charitable organizations, athletic clubs, and the like. Pius XI has apparently not objected to the process as such. He gave a kind of formal blessing to the Fascists' nation-wide children's organization, the Ballila, when he permitted the diocesan authorities to appoint priests as spiritual advisers to the clubs. But the Vatican will not concede that the State—perhaps some future anti-clerical or frankly atheistic state—has an inherent right to a monopoly of the education of the youth to the exclusion, conceivably, of Christian agencies. To concede this would be equivalent to a renunciation, on the part of the Vatican, of the Church's ancient claim to be a divinely authorized teacher; and further, might constitute a precedent which could be used against it in some future dispute with an unfriendly government.

When, recently, Pope Pius made a vigorous public statement to this effect, Mussolini startled the world by promptly ordering the absorption of the few score thousand remaining Catholic boy scouts into the Ballila. But this incident was in truth only one more of those occasions upon which two parties to negotiations, faced with an apparent impasse, publicly re-state their positions and the limits beyond which they cannot make further concessions. The *Osservatore Romano* hastened to explain that the Pope's statement "was confined solely to a moral plane, and was in no wise politically inspired and did not constitute intervention in the affairs of the state." The informal negotiations have accordingly been resumed, although no hint has yet been given as to the formula which will eventually be found in this particular difficulty.

There are numerous incidental but far-reaching advantages which might accrue to the Italian government as a result of the settlement. Millions of devout Catholics will no longer be taught by their priests that the Italian State is a "despoiler of the Church." Missionary schools throughout the Near East and the Orient may place additional emphasis on the Italian language, and on Italian history and literature. And the dissemination of a nation's language opens the road for its merchants. Again, one may guess that Mussolini has his eye on the coveted privilege, now enjoyed by France, of defending Christian interests in Syria and Palestine—a privilege which incidentally gives its holder a good deal of political leverage. If some future French government were to offend the Vatican, the latter might well transfer the privilege to the friendly Italian State.

But what is the Vatican going to do with its little plot of ground to the southwest? In what way will the Pope's liberty and independence be made manifest to the faithful of the whole world? Any answer to this question must be based on speculation. But this much can be said of the measures suggested below: they have been discussed by responsible persons in the course of the recent negotiations; and they would be consonant with the known policies and intentions of the Vatican.

It has always been asserted by Italian anti-clericals that the Pope's liberty and independence are in no way limited under the Law of Guarantees. It is, they say, true that he no longer has his own posts, telegraph, and railroads. But he may use the Italian mails, wires, and trains freely. He may send and receive emissaries to and from foreign lands without hindrance. His diplomatic pouches transported over Italian soil are respected as scrupulously as would be those of any sovereign on earth.

True, the Vatican replies. But these facilities are granted as privileges, not

acknowledged as inherent rights and, therefore, are revocable. Who can say that they might not be limited by some future unfriendly government, or revoked in time of war?

In point of fact, it is not on record that in the last War the Pope's diplomatic correspondence was interfered with, although there were incidents and mistakes capable of two interpretations. The famous Papal peace appeal, of which the Italian government strongly disapproved, was carried out of Italy in the Vatican diplomatic pouch by a courier traveling on the Italian railways. Although the German and Austrian ambassadors to the Holy See were withdrawn, emissaries from and to the Pope went to and from enemy countries (via Switzerland) as freely as to and from the Allied nations.

All this is true (overlooking the not very important "mistakes") yet it might not be true another time. And anyway, as the Vatican has doubtless observed to Mussolini in the course of the recent conversations, there was during the War a deal of recrimination and partisan accusation due precisely to the fact that the Pope's international status had not been clearly defined. Exactly because he was exercising his diplomatic functions by courtesy of the Italian government, it was never certain what his rights were, or what they would be to-morrow. In the heat of war passion, the Vatican was constantly being accused of overstepping the proper limits of neutrality, whereas, because of the anomalous situation, no limits had ever been defined.

Once admitting that on his five square miles of territory the Pope enjoys unrestricted sovereignty and intangibility, many things become possible. On this ground all embassies and diplomatic missions to the Holy See might be housed and lodged. In case of war in which Italy was engaged, the ambassador of a hostile country would remain as a matter of course. His person and archives would be inviolable simply because they were located on inviolable territory.

But this is not all. Modern science has strangely altered some of the fundamental terms of the Roman Question. Although, even in the event of war, the Vatican would normally send its diplomatic pouches out over the Italian railways, in extraordinary cases the Pope might prefer to radio his secret instructions to his nuncios in code. Pius XI has already accepted from John Hays Hammond, Jr., the gift of a moderately powerful transmitting apparatus (he has long had a receiving set in the Vatican) for scientific experiment. There is nothing to prevent his installing on the new territory a high-power station for practical and diplomatic purposes. There might also be on this five square miles of territory a commodious aërodrome. The Vatican's diplomatic pouches and the Vatican's diplomats might travel to their destination in Vatican airplanes. True, it is technically possible for such planes to be shot at by anti-aircraft guns. But such an attack would be nothing short of an act of war. And if the Pope's claim to inviolable liberty and independence had once been solemnly acknowledged, such an act of war would evoke the condemnation of the entire world.

To sum up the Vatican's case in the Roman Question, one may fairly say that the Pope claims spiritual (and disclaims political) authority over Catholics throughout the world; but whereas political sovereignties are geographically compact, his is scattered and universal. The Vatican bases its case upon the right of the Pope at all times to exercise his spiritual authority over this widespread and diversified empire, and upon the necessity of his possessing whatever is juridically and materially essential to its exercise.

One need not be surprised to find the radio and the airplane some day included among these essentials. For although the Roman Church is one of the most conservative and perhaps the oldest of living institutions, it is in the world, and, in many of its outward manifestations, changes as the world changes.



COLD DEATH

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

MAMMY CLO grumbled and fussed when Babe lifted her, chair, crutch, and all, and carried her from the dinner table to the shade in front of the cabin. But her protesting, "I kin wawk, gal; don't go totin' me round like I was a baby" lacked some of its usual vigor.

Mammy Clo, chair and crutch, weighed less than a hundred pounds. Years—so many of them that no one remembered the exact number—had toughened and dried the split-hickory chair, the leather-tipped crutch, and Mammy Clo.

"You's awright, mammy, hunh?" Babe asked as she placed the chair in the shade. "You's feelin' awright?" Babe was Mammy Clo's granddaughter, and Babe herself was a grandmother since Little Henry's baby had come.

"Cou'se I's awright, gal," declared Mammy Clo. "Ain't nothin' de matter wid me. You totin' me round! I swear! Whyn't you git yo' hoe and git out yonder in de field? I ain't rose you up to stay round de house axin' me is I awright. I swear, gal!"

"Yeah, you's awright," grinned Babe. "Long as you kin grumble, well you's bound to be awright. Now d's you want anything befo' I goes to de field?"

Mammy Clo considered. The cedar bucket with its gourd dipper had been filled with cool water and was setting within easy reach of her chair. "Bring me out dat quilt I been piecin'," she decided. "De Star er Bet-ly-ham. In dat big box. On top."

The quilt was brought and spread in the old woman's lap. "You sho' you's awright now, mammy?" Babe pressed.

"Don't I look awright?" demanded Mammy Clo. "Gawd er mighty, gal! Whyn't you git to de field?"

As soon as Babe disappeared down the path Mammy Clo grinned proudly. "Dat chile jest won't do," she chuckled. "I sho' rose her up right." She laughed softly. "Waitin' on me like I was de Lawd, or somebody!"

A robin, playing among the moss tufts in the live oak, broke into a saucy little song, and Mammy Clo hummed a wordless accompaniment to it as she sat with half-closed eyes, enjoying the peaceful rest that follows a wholesome meal. Time slipped by so easily, these nice clear days when she sat in the shade. The first thing she knew the "cool of the evening" would be upon her, and with it would come Rucker to read his Bible and discuss the works of the Lord.

Day after day Mammy Clo had spent in the shade in just such idleness. Day after day she had planned to "hitch her crutch under her arm" and work about the house while Babe was in the field. But mid-afternoon breezes and Rucker slipped on her.

Rucker was the preacher. Mammy Clo had "raised" him. She did not remember, offhand, whether he was her own child or the child of some other woman about the place. It did not matter, however. All the negroes and half the whites in that part of the

country she counted among her children. And none of them ever grew up, white or black. She helped them into the world and nursed them through the dangerous months of infancy. Parentage and race meant nothing to her. A baby was a baby and had to be treated just so. "And hit ain't a natchal one of 'em," she declared proudly, "which wan't riz up right. Don't mind de work. Love de Lawd, and ain't skeered er nothin' but sin."

She sat in idle reverie for another minute and then she remembered the quilt. "And hyar me," she reproached, "lazin' round and dis quilt ain't done yit. Rucker'll be hyar terreckly and when he gits to argyin' 'bout how skeered he is to die, well I might jest as well lay hit down and quit, cause I can't sew and listen at Rucker argy."

She spread the quilt, untied a bundle of cloth scraps, and began piecing them into a general pattern. Her fingers, old and stiff, wriggled and twisted, and the needle went back and forth with lightning speed, making fine, even stitches.

The quilt was Mammy Clo's masterpiece—no less. In the center was a large star fashioned from white silk. Around that star, stitched with cunning neatness and prim accuracy, were smaller stars of various colors and sizes. It was a difficult design and had to be executed exactly right or it would be a failure. And it took time, Lord, a long time.

Mammy had hoped to have it completed in time to give it as a "cradle present" to Little Henry's baby, her great-great-grandchild. But time slipped up on her, and Little Henry's baby received a Paul and Silas in Prison quilt instead. Not that the Paul and Silas designs were not beautiful and appropriate cradle gifts. Mammy Clo's old fingers had stitched hundreds of them while sitting by the cradles of fretful babies, and had brought them to other babies as cradle presents. White and black babies, grown old by now, treasured Mammy Clo's Paul and

Silas quilts as they treasured the love of the old nursewoman herself.

But this Star of Bethlehem was to be a very special quilt. Mammy Clo had conceived it and started it in time, she hoped, to have it ready for the arrival of Babe, her first grandchild. But it proved tedious work, and then too, there were babies to be brought into the world and nursed to health and strength. The quilt was not finished. Babe got a Paul and Silas quilt for a cradle present.

Then, when Babe married, Mammy Clo took out the unfinished quilt and set to work again, getting ready for Babe's first child. She got considerable work done on it, but about that time Rucker began preaching and he took up much of her time, discussing the Scriptures and going over his sermons with her. Time slipped by, and a Paul and Silas quilt went to Babe's baby, Little Henry.

The quilt was almost forgotten until suddenly Little Henry grew up and married. The very day he married Mammy Clo got out the quilt and set to work, determined to have it ready for Little Henry's first baby. But it seemed like she would no more than get settled down in her chair before here came Rucker to talk about the ways of the Lord. She tried to work while Rucker talked, but Rucker was so interested and argumentative over his own ideas that her stitches were bad and had to be removed. Nothing but a perfect stitch could stay in that quilt.

"Whyn't you quit wearyin' me wid dat tawk about cold death?" she complained. "I ain't studdin' cold death. I ain't studdin' nothin' but de Promise' Land."

"Dat's jest yo' trouble," Rucker replied. "You got yo' haid in de air and yo' eye on Glory. But yo' foots still is on de ground. You knows all about livin' hyar on de yearth and you knows all about how you gonter live when you gits to heab'm. But you got to grabble wid Cold Death befo' you gits dar. And what er you know 'bout dyin'?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dyin', and I don't keer nothin' 'bout dyin'," Mammy Clo retorted. "All I know is—"

"Well," interrupted Rucker, "you got to die. I don't keer how much you don't keer. When you quits livin' you got to die befo' you kin git Over Yonder."

"Dat's all right," Mammy Clo assured him. "De Lawd gonter take keer of all er dat. Me and de Lawd been wawkin' side by side for goin' on I don't know how long and de Lawd love me too good. I ain't wearied. I been too good to de Lawd."

Rucker accused her of being proud and the argument waged—for months.

And then, before she knew it, Babe told her Little Henry and his wife had a baby.

There was nothing else for Mammy Clo to do. The Star of Bethlehem quilt was not completed; and when they placed her chair in the spring wagon for the ride over to Little Henry's, she carried a Paul and Silas quilt on her arm for the cradle gift.

"And hit ain't done ontwell yit!" she chided herself. "Me settin' hyar dozin' like a preacher full er possum ain't gonter git hit done, too." Her bony old fingers moved faster and faster, and star after star was woven into the mosaic of varicolored cloths.

She worked diligently for what seemed to her a very short time. Then she heard the hinges on the picket gate squawk, and she knew without turning her head that it was Rucker. In a minute they were exchanging their habitual greetings.

"Hy-dy, mammy. How you comin' 'long?"

"Poo'ly, thank Gawd. And you, son?"

"Tole'ble. Jest tole'ble."

Rucker seated himself in the shade near Mammy Clo and began fanning himself with his old woolen hat.

"What you doin', mammy? Makin' a quilt?"

"Yeah," said Mammy Clo. "Ain't hit purty?"

"Mighty," agreed Rucker. "Got stars and things in hit, ain't hit?"

"Don't dey look like stars and things?" demanded Mammy Clo.

Instead of replying, Rucker fanned himself vigorously.

"And don't come botherin' me wid fool tawk," added Mammy Clo. "I got to git dis quilt done, and I can't work wid you settin' round hyar, droolin' at me."

"Yeah?" grinned Rucker. "Well, ef'n I didn't drool at you, well you wouldn't have nothin' to grumble about. Den, whar'd you be?" He chuckled with the old woman at his retort. Then he added seriously, "Mammy, you needs tawkin' to about yo' proudfulness. I aims to change yo' mind befo' you has to grabble wid Cold Death."

"Hyar you goes!" exclaimed Mammy Clo. "Shet up till I gits dis quilt done, will you? I ain't got no time to listen at you now."

"How come you so sot on gittin' dat quilt done?" Rucker wanted to know. "You got mo' quilts made up now den you kin shake a stick at."

"I needs dis quilt in my business," she explained. "I got somethin' to do wid hit."

"Which is—?"

Mammy Clo stopped sewing and looked at Rucker.

"Son," she said, solemnly. "I'm gittin' along in de years. My time is mighty nigh out."

"You ain't so young," Rucker agreed.

"Well," the old woman continued, "seein' how dis is a mighty purty quilt, I kind er counted on takin' hit to Glory wid me and givin' hit to de Po' Little Jesus for a cradle present."

"Humph!" snorted Rucker. "Don't you know dey got all de quilts dey needs Up Yonder?"

"I don't keer how many quilts dey got," defended Mammy Clo. "I got some manners. And hit ain't manners to go nowhar empty handed. I ain't

gonter put up on de Lawd and not bring a little somethin' along for manners." She fingered the fine stitches lovingly. "And dis is a fine quilt too." She hesitated dubiously and then continued defiantly, "I don't speck dey got no quilts in heab'm any purtier den dis. And maybe not as purty!"

For a moment Rucker was shocked beyond speech.

"Proud-tawkin'!" he exclaimed finally. "And you wid one foot in de grave, right now. Mammy, dat ain't no way for a good woman to tawk!"

"Hit's de natchal truf," defended Mammy Clo, doggedly. "I seed a heap er quilts in my time and I ain't never yit seed one no purtier den dis."

"I don't keer what you ain't never seed!" Rucker's amazement was giving way to indignation. "You ain't got no call to go braggin' 'bout yo' quilts and proud-tawkin' de Lawd when ole Cold Death ready to grab you ev'y minute. Braggin' ain't humble, I don't keer how purty de quilt is. And you got to be humble do you want to die right." Rucker paused in his outburst and calmed. "De Book say so," he added.

"Humph!" snorted Mammy Clo.

"Don't go humphin' de Book," cautioned Rucker. "De Book—"

"I ain't humphin' de Book," Mammy Clo corrected. "I'm humplin' yo' fool tawk. Cause you know I ain't studdin' 'bout dying. De Lawd gonter look after me when my time is out. I ain't wearied. De Lawd love me too good."

Rucker was puzzled. Mammy Clo always had been a contradiction—to him and to the Scriptures. He could not understand her attitude. "Mammy," he said gently, "you's a mighty good woman but you's a mighty proud woman."

"Proud in de Lawd, yas," she agreed.

"But proud," insisted Rucker. "And proudfulness is a sin. De Book say. And de proud die hard."

Mammy Clo stitched nervously for several minutes. The last star on the

quilt took shape under her flying needle. Rucker had told her virtually the same thing a thousand times, and she never had paid any attention to him. But as the last stitch was made she was seized with a strange feeling. It was as though Rucker at last had unsettled her peaceful mind.

"Rucker," she said, "what do you know 'bout dis cold death you been carryin' on about?"

Rucker considered for a minute. "Nothin'," he admitted. "Not nothin'." He sat in serious, silent study for a while. "And dat's de p'int," he added. "Hit's a mystery. A mighty mystery."

Rucker's words agitated the strange feeling that was upon Mammy Clo. It was as though she were standing in sand and the sand were giving way from under her feet.

"What do de Scriptures say about hit?" she pressed.

Rucker cast about uncertainly in his mind. "De ole song," he explained, "say, 'Death ain't nothin' but a robber in dis land.' Dat what de ole song say. But de chune don't say dat. De chune say like a nigger in de graveyard. De nigger say, 'Dem ha'nts ain't nothin' but de tombstones.' But whilst de nigger sayin' dat, de chune say, 'Maybe not, but all de same, I'm gonter reach up and git my hat and git along down de road.'"

"Unhunh," agreed Mammy Clo. "De chune don't say what de words say."

"Now," continued Rucker, tackling it from another angle. "Dat 'Deep River' song don't say so much, but de chune say a heap. De song say, 'Deep River. My home is over Jurdin.' But de chune say, 'Yeah? I know yo' home is over Jurdin, all right. But what about dat deep river? You got to cross dat river befo' you kin git home. Deep river!'"

Mammy Clo shivered. Something like a panic was taking place within her. "But de Scriptures, Rucker?" she pressed. "What do de Scriptures 'low?"

"De Scriptures," Rucker explained in a hushed voice, "don't 'low. Dat's what makes hit a mighty mystery."

Mammy Clo clutched desperately at one straw of hope. "Maybe hit ain't—"

"Oh, yes, hit is," Rucker interrupted. "Dat's de p'int. De Scriptures allows by a parable. De Scriptures allows dat de Lawd led de Hebrews round de wilderness fawty years gittin' 'em humble so dey c'd git to de Promise' Land, and de ones which wouldn't git, well de Lawd struck 'em down."

"Hmmm," groaned Mammy Clo. "Hmmm, hmmm."

"And when de Lawd got 'em humbled," continued Rucker, "well he led 'em to Jurdin and *showed* 'em de Promise' Land on de yuther side." He paused dramatically and repeated, "*Showed* 'em de Promise' Land. And den, de Scriptures say, *dey crossed over*. De Lawd didn't cross 'em over, like at de Red Sea. Dey done dey own crossin'."

Mammy Clo's head bobbed from side to side. Her eyes closed, and weird, twitchy whines came from her troubled lips.

"And," continued Rucker, "dat's de mystery of Cold Death. De Lawd lead you round hyar on de yearth, and he show you de Promise' Land. But you got to do yo' own dyin'. . . . and de Scripture say de proud die hard."

Mammy Clo's hands shook as if in palsy and she tried to speak. Her mouth opened, but only a dry rattle came from her throat. For a moment she was terrified. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the feeling of terror left her and she was calm and serene. She grinned. "Rucker ain't nothin' but a chile wid a heap er tawk in his mouf," she told herself, "and hyar me listenin' at his fool tawk. Humph!"

Even as the realization came to her she vaguely heard Rucker calling nervously "Mammy Clo! Mammy Clo!" and she vaguely felt him tugging at her arm. Some childish prank of his, no doubt. Well, Rucker was such a

child, anyway. He never would grow up!

While the thoughts moved gently and comfortingly through her mind she heard the hinges on the yard gate creak again, and she turned to see who could be coming in at that time in the afternoon. It was a tall straight man with a horn in his hand.

"Looks like Ole Gab'l, hisself," she commented.

"Dat's zackly who he is, too," the tall man grinned.

"Well, drag up a cheer and set," invited Mammy Clo. "Hit's cool water in de bucket and de gou'd is handy."

Gabriel helped himself to a drink of water and drew up a chair. "I'm kind er in a hurry, Clo," he said, seating himself comfortably. "I ain't got much time. I jest drapped by to—"

"Sh-h-h-h-h," interrupted Mammy Clo, raising her finger for silence and cupping her hand to her ear. "Sh-h-h-h-h."

"I jest drapped by to—" Gabriel started again, but Mammy Clo's old ear caught the sound distinctly. It was the cry of a tiny baby.

"Hand me my crutch," she ordered briskly and, without waiting for Gabriel to explain his business, she adjusted the crutch under her arm and hobbled toward the house.

Mammy Clo was not surprised when she walked into the room where the baby lay in its crib. Rather, she was disgusted.

The room was big and richly furnished. A huge table heavily laden with fine cradle gifts stood at the side of the cradle. But Mammy Clo was accustomed to going into fine houses. The big mansions of rich white folks and the lowliest cabins of the poorest negroes all looked alike to her. A baby was a baby—white or black. The surroundings did not matter.

The first thing that caught her eye was a woman dressed in white. A white cap, white apron, white stockings, white

shoes. The garments were stiffly starched and shining where the iron had passed over them too many times. Mammy Clo knew exactly what she was up against. She had encountered trained nurses before. "Too much starch and not enough brains," was her estimate.

The nurse was heating milk over an alcohol stove and toying with a thermometer. Meanwhile the baby was crying pitifully in the crib.

The cradle was a fine one—made of solid gold laths joined together an inch apart. The head and foot boards were set with a huge star of clustered diamonds. But the baby lay writhing in pain on the bare slats of the crib.

"Well, befo' Gawd!" exclaimed Mammy Clo. "Layin' hyar naked as a jaybird! And no mattress! And in a cradle built like a jackass ought to be eatin' hay out'n!" She turned threateningly to the nurse. "Gal!" she exploded. "How come diserway?"

"Now, aunty," protested the nurse. "The doctor has everything exactly as he wants it. The baby must have ventilation, and the doctor—"

"De doctor, hunh?" snorted Mammy Clo. "Well, I ain't studdin' what de doctor say de baby got to have. What I'm studdin' 'bout is what de baby got. He got de colic. Dat's what he got!"

The nurse tried to interrupt, but Mammy Clo drowned her out.

"Now drag yo'se'f on out in de gyarden and bring me some catnip. Dis baby need some catnip tea."

"But the doctor—"

"I ain't studdin' de doctor," Mammy Clo broke in. "And you too! Dis chile got de bellyache and he got hit bad. Now git out and git dat catnip! You hyar me! And some hot water!" She unhitched her crutch menacingly. "And make tracks," she added, "befo' I wrops dis cretch 'round you!"

The nurse left and Mammy Clo lifted the baby tenderly from its crib, holding it in one arm while she adjusted

the Star of Bethlehem quilt into a pillow mattress with her free hand.

"Now you git back in dar, suh," she said, placing the infant tenderly in the cradle. "De doctor, hunh? And you mighty nigh got de epizoodics right now!"

The baby continued to cry, but its cries were softer, and soon they were little more than troubled whimpers that fitted into the wordless tune which Mammy Clo hummed.

Presently the nurse returned with the herb and water, and the baby was given the tea.

"The doctor will be awfully put out about this," the nurse declared.

"Listen, honey," said Mammy Clo, "lemme ax you a question: Did de doctor ever had a baby?"

The nurse snickered at the idea.

"And you neither, I bet," grinned Mammy Clo. "Now you git over yonder by de lamp and jest let me alone." And the nurse surrendered.

The baby, soothed by the tea, slept peacefully. Mammy Clo sat by the cradle, rocking back and forth, watching every move of the child. Toward morning the expression of pain faded from its face and the baby opened its big, round, blue eyes. There seemed to be a knowing, understanding glance in them as it saw the old woman, sitting with head bent, at the side of the cradle.

"You rascal you!" she accused fondly. "You jest puttin' off on me! Dat's what you doin' suh!" She shook her tightly braided head close to the baby's face and gurgled, "Goodly-goodly-goodly-goo," and the baby's face muscles contorted in a manner that only Mammy Clo could have interpreted as an expression of merriment. She beamed.

"You scound'el, you," she said. "Look at you laughin' at ole mammy! Jest as mannish! I swear! Laughin' right out loud like a grown-up man! I bet you gonter be raisin' up and axin' me to please give you a chaw'er 'baahker, fust thing I know!" She smoothed the

quilt gently and added, "Now you git to sleep, suh, and rest dem purty eyes some mo'. And de next time you wakes up mammy gonter have a sugar tit for dat boy to suck on. Now, git to sleep!"

The baby soon was in a quiet, peaceful sleep, and Mammy Clo instructed the nurse to bring a piece of clean, white cloth and some sugar. Then she fell asleep in the chair by the cradle.

When she awoke it was light and she was quite rested. Both the baby and the nurse still were asleep, but Mammy Clo noticed the "sugar tit" had been knotted properly and placed on the table near the cradle.

After a few minutes Gabriel opened the door wide, holding it back and bowing low. Almost immediately the Lord walked in.

The Lord looked exactly as Clo imagined he would look—exactly six feet tall and straight as a ramrod. And proud, too. With his shoulders drawn back and a heavy crown on his head. His stride was majestic—just short of a swagger. The sight of him was enough to fill one with awe.

Clo got up immediately and bowed, and the Lord opened his mouth as though to speak. But Clo interrupted him just in time.

"Sh-h-h-h, Lawd," she whispered. "De baby's sleepin' now, and he need dat sleep powerful bad. He was mighty sick last night. Mighty nigh had de cholly-nawhuses."

The Lord looked shocked for an instant and then he smiled indulgently. "That's mighty fine, Clo," he said in a surprisingly soft whisper.

"Yeah, Lawd," put in Gabriel. "Clo do ack mighty handy around de babies."

Clo was embarrassed by the bald praise. "He jest need sleep," she repeated, "and some tea and stuff. He's awright, now."

The Lord turned and tiptoed out of the room, and Gabriel and Clo followed. Outside Gabriel began talking, apparently resuming a conversation that

had been started before he and the Lord entered the room.

"Bout dat time," he said, "she hyared de baby cry and she lit out twarge de cradle like a hawg after cawn."

"What! And you didn't explain, suh?" The Lord thundered the question more like an accusation.

"Explain?" repeated Gabriel. "Lawd, how anybody gonter explain anything at her when she hyars a baby squallin'? Me and you bofe couldn't explain her nothin' when she hyars a young'n holler."

Clo did not understand exactly what they were talking about but she knew it had to do with Gabriel's arrival the afternoon before, and that the Lord was displeased with it. She hastened to Gabriel's rescue.

"You see, Lawd," she amplified, "I and Gab'l was jest fixin' to pass de time er day and I didn't no mo'n give him howdy, to I hyared de baby squallin'. And quick as I hyared dat, I knowed hit wan't nothin' but de bellyache make a baby holler like dat. So I jest lit out."

"Yeah," supplemented Gabriel. "She been tawkin' to Rucker, and Rucker, he say Clo ain't humble enough."

"Rucker," put in Clo, "don't think my Star er Bet-ly-ham quilt is purty, and Lawd, dat is a mighty purty quilt."

They had been walking along, Gabriel and Clo slightly in rear of the Lord, who was swinging his arms and stepping higher with his left foot so that his stride was one of majesty. Clo paid no attention to where they were going until suddenly she realized that she was in the box elder grove back of the orchard, where she used to come to funerals.

"Dog gone!" she exclaimed. "Hit's de fust time I been hyar since I don't know when. I used to never miss a funeral, but lately hit's been hard to git around . . ." She looked about and saw a pile of freshly dug earth, just off to the left. "Look like a new grave, too!"

she exclaimed. "Must gonter be a funeral to-day."

"A big 'n too," Gabriel assured her, with a knowing grin.

"Well, I be dad blame!" Mammy Clo's old eyes sparkled. "I ain't been to a funeral in a month er Sundays! Le's watch hit!"

"You're mighty right, we'll watch it," the Lord declared importantly. "That's what I had in my mind when I led you out here. I want you to watch, and listen too. Gabriel got to drinking water and chinning with you and forgot to . . ."

"Aw, Lawd," protested Gabriel, "don't be so hard on me. I done tole you she hyared dat baby yellin' befo' I c'd git my mouf open to tell her."

Before the Lord had time to reply the procession came into view. Rucker, Bible in hand and head bowed, walked in front.

"Rucker gonter preach, too," Clo explained. "Rucker preaches a powerful good funeral, too, Lawd. I rose him up to be a preacher."

Behind Rucker six husky negroes carried a rosewood casket that was banked high with flowers. Then came more than a hundred men, women, and children—white and black. They were straggling slowly, singing in ragged time, "When the Saints Go Marchin' on."

"Ev'y last'n one of 'em is my chilluns, Lawd," Mammy Clo explained proudly. "Love de Lawd. Don't mind de work. And ain't skeered er nothin' but sin. Dat de way I rose dem chilluns."

The casket was rested by the side of the grave. Rucker took a position at the head and the others formed a semi-circle at the foot. Rucker raised his hand and a hushed silence fell.

"People," he said huskily, "most generally when I preaches a funeral, well I preaches hit. But I don't feel like preachin' much to-day. So we gonter sing dis funeral."

"Now jest watch, Lawd!" Mammy Clo explained jubilantly. "Rucker do git right at a singin' funeral. When his

wife died and he didn't feel like preachin', well, we sung de funeral. Den all at once ole Rucker got hot and he got up and whupped de devil to he wan't no bigger'n a guat!"

Rucker raised his hand again. "Somebody h'ist a chune," he commanded, "while de body er dis cawpse is bein' lowered in de grave."

An uncertain baritone voice began tunelessly:

"Befo' dis time another year, I may be gone—"

The others straggled along after the baritone. When time came for the second line, a shrill—too shrill—soprano had seized the lead:

"And er my body a layin' in de ground, Lawd knows how long."

Rucker shook his head. "Dat's rotten," he declared.

"Well, I believe you," Mammy Clo agreed heartily. "Plum rotten."

There was a moment of tense silence and then a rumbling bass began:

"Deep river! My home is over Jordin.

Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over into Camp Ground."

"Dat's mo' better," Rucker admitted, and soon the song was rolling along, now gently and soothingly, now wild and rumbling.

"Oh, won't you come to de Gospel Feast,

In de Promise' Land whar all is peace?

Deep river! My home is over Jordin.

Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over into Camp Ground."

The pallbearers placed cotton ropes under the casket and lifted it over the gaping hole. The song droned weirdly, wistfully. Rucker addressed the casket as it was being lowered into the grave:

"Ashes might be unto ashes and dust might be unto dust, but hit ain't a natchal man kin put you in de ground. And dat's a fack."

"Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over—"

The song rose higher and higher while Rucker struggled not only with words

to express his feeling, but against the din of wailing voices. Then, when the last note of a line was dying out, he raised his own voice with the swing of the song and led the next verse himself:

"Oh, de news f'm heab'm which is gone
around,
She crossed over Jurdin on dusty ground."

Gabriel leaped excitedly to his feet. "I be dag gone, Lawd!" he exclaimed, "listen at Rucker!"

"I made him say that," said the Lord. "I wanted Clo to hear from Rucker's own lips that she was dead. Now,

listen at this one, Clo, and you'll find out all about that mystery!" But Clo was not there.

She was hurrying away, grumbling to herself. "I ain't got no time to pleasure myse'f at nobody's funeral," she was saying. "I got to mind dat baby. Dat sassy scound'el! All r'ared back on my fine quilt, jest as buckish! I swear!" She giggled deep down in her throat. "He gonger git dat sugar tit de minute he open dem purty eyes er his'n. R'ared back, laughin' at me! He jest won't do!" And she hurried on to the side of the cradle.

LIEBESLIED

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

I'M GLAD her eyes are dark and rather shy.
She rarely lifts her lashes very high.
I'm glad her mouth, though red, is rather small.
The words she might have said are quite as tall.
I'm glad her ears are delicate and quick.
She can hear my quiet heart beat every tick.
But most of all, I'm glad she's rather shy.
I feel our whole life move behind her eye.

I'm not so glad my sight is rather blind.
Nor is my ear as true as it might be.
My tongue is slow, it lags whole miles behind
Whatever my heart cries out inside of me.
And yet within this old nearsighted eye
I see we'll love each other till we die.



AN APOLOGY FOR THE PURITAN

BY BRENDAN LEE

AS THE poet Dante was being led through Inferno he met drab and dreary souls who had been damned, he was told, because they had no color of humanity. Then said Vergil his guide, "Let us think no more of such wretches, but look and pass on."

The Puritan, having been consigned by historians to hell, as the killjoy of our human comedy, might be allowed to rest in torment; but no, every new writer must show us how well he deserves damnation. "Think no more of such wretched souls," say our guides; "seek not to understand them, but throw a stone and pass on." . . . The only thing lacking in the whole poetico-historical record is the little parenthesis found at the bottom of an Arabic story: *This is all a lie.*

"But wait," you exclaim, "surely our historians present some pretty damning facts from original Puritan sources!" So they do, to the exclusion of many other facts, thereby giving color to Voltaire's discovery that the one thing which history proves is that you can prove anything from history. A score of learned examples might be given; let two suffice, since they are typical of all that we read or hear about Puritanism.

One of the latest and most quoted chronicles of early New England begins with the bold dedication, "Truth, and Truth only, is our aim." After that fine start, however, the chronicler seems to say, "Go to, now, these Puritan fathers were bad eggs; let us smell out their rottenness." Was there any evil or scandal in that olden time, any mephitic whiff of skunk or sulphureted

odor of stillborn chick? Behold! such is the Truth of history. By the same selective method some future historian may consign this Age of Enlightenment to a darksome place in Purgatorio, at least, by proving from our divorce courts that marriage was a kind of merry-go-round, with a Woman's Exchange in every town; or from our newspapers that partisan politics was our main interest and criminal trials our chief delight. Indeed, our future judgment is already anticipated by Trader Horn, who writes, and he is separated from us only by an ocean, "Americans, aye, a moral people, except when it comes to murder and so on."

Another portrayal of the New England fathers is so fearful and wonderful that it might be given place in a standard text of social history. This appeared during a recent gathering of educators in a Western state, when I dropped into a lecture room, lured by the announcement that a professor of sociology would speak for an hour on "The Blight of Puritanism."

Now it happened that I had just been reading some old letters which laid bare the very heart of the fathers, their hopes, their far-seeing plans, their practice of charity as the chief of virtues, their soul-searching to know whether they were in tune with the Infinite—in a word, the unseen springs or motives of their visible action.

Such records, nobly sincere, acquaint us with people of faith, of courage, of high purpose; but if the schoolmen had any such generous idea, it was knocked galley-west when the professor handled

the Puritans without gloves, as he said, and perhaps believed. He not only called them bigoted aristocrats (which is partly true; they believed in aristocratic government), but roundly accused them of fathering most of the evils which still abide in Church or State. The Dayton trial, the meddling of some religious bodies in politics, the fanaticism of the Volstead Act and the ferocious futility of its enforcement, the hypocrisy of legislators who vote "dry" at the crack of a League whip and then obey the Scriptural injunction to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—these and sundry more afflictions were all attributed to the lingering blight of Puritanism.

How the Puritans, who were temperate drinkers, could or would blight us to intemperate aridity was not quite clear; but let that pass. As I followed the professor, suddenly my mental ship was brought up standing, canvas thrashing from jib to spanker. He told us, and proved it by court records, that certain officials in their zeal for other people's righteousness have been known to employ loose women, who lure men into suspected places, and drink with them, and thus get information for the authorities. "What better can we expect," asked the lecturer with fervent heat, "since the first Puritan governor used to send his own wife, under pretense of a friendly call, to spy on the neighbors?"

That last is half true, and wholly typical of our credulity. John Winthrop was the first governor; his wife Margaret was, soul and body, a beautiful woman, and she did spy on the neighbors. Hear now the other half of the truth:

During an uncommonly severe winter a shipload of immigrants arrived at Boston. The original Puritan company was well provided with all things needful for comfort; but some of these newcomers were poor. Though they lacked many necessities in their rude cabins, they suffered in silence, being too proud to accept the charity that was freely offered. On such a family lovely Mar-

garet would call, always at supper time, and as she talked she used her eyes. If a man were sick, or a woman discouraged, or a child cold and hungry, lo! Christ would come in the gray dawn to leave food or wine or warm clothing at the door, and knock and vanish silently. And the poor never learned, until Winthrop was dead, upon whose human feet Christ had walked through the snow of the winter morning.

Many other such half-truths were bombarded as the lecturer sailed on, all his guns thundering. He riddled the Blue Laws, apparently without knowing that they were invented as the mean revenge of a Church of England clergyman, a Tory, who was banished for opposing Patriots who were fighting the Revolution. And, of course, he poured hot shot into witchcraft, ignoring, as do all textbooks, its most notable feature: namely, that New England had only one small outbreak of the delusion, while Europe had its fearful affliction every year; or that, at a time when foreign countries killed witches by the thousand and no man dared lift his voice against it, New England was the one place in all the world where witchcraft was openly denounced and the first place where it was stamped out. As he thus peppered the fathers for faults they never dreamed of, my mind was busy in making for the Puritan what Cardinal Newman called an *Apologia pro vita sua*, somewhat in the following wise.

II

Be assured, first of all, that our New England fathers were able men. That first historian who called them a chosen people was not using a Biblical figure of speech; he referred to the fact that the original company had been selected from the best stock in old Lincolnshire. That they should be guilty of half the evil we now attribute to them is *a priori* out of the question: breed does not change quality by crossing an ocean, and the Puritan fathers were men of good breed-

ing. The Royal Society (then as now the most famous of scientific bodies) once planned to move its headquarters to New England, as offering the best field and the best-trained scholars for scientific research. Cromwell and Milton also planned to come, and would have come in 1635 but for the lingering hope that Stuart despotism might be overthrown. During the war against that despotism many New Englanders went over to help, saying that it went against manhood to enjoy liberty here while their brethren were fighting for liberty in England. There are records of eight such men, five soldiers and three ministers, who sailed from Boston Town alone. Of the soldiers, two became colonels in rank, and three major-generals. Of the ministers, one became Cromwell's private chaplain, one was called to the largest free church in London, and one was content to serve the Church of England.

This last fact may indicate that New England fathers were broad enough to tolerate wide differences of creed or religious conviction. That they were open-minded enough to welcome scientific truth appears in their libraries, which included the latest works in philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and physics. It appears more specifically in the younger Winthrop, who was in correspondence with more than eighty of the world's leaders; not churchmen alone, but statesmen, princes, generals, astronomers (Galileo among others), physicians, mathematicians, architects, and engineers. So catholic was his knowledge that it is doubtful whether any modern professor could interpret half the letters which were found in his study when he passed on. Even so, he regarded himself as inferior in scholarship to many New England ministers.

Being educated men, the fathers were of necessity widely different one from another. Thomas Hooker, for example, was the outstanding Progressive of his age. At a time when the British Constitution was a vague, limitless, shadowy thing, he had the revolutionary idea that

the first need of a state is a constitution, as definite as Euclid, to limit the power of rulers and define the plain man's rights. Finding that Boston Puritans were then too conservative to accept his idea, he led his flock down through the wilderness to plant the Hartford Colony, and to guide it by his *Fundamental Orders*, the world's first written Constitution, and the original source of American democracy. John Davenport, another scholarly minister, found the same Boston Puritans much too liberal in their ideas, and led his conservative flock away to plant the New Haven Colony. To both Hooker and Davenport the Puritans bade a hearty God-speed, offering help in the way of manpower or money-power to establish the new enterprise; which was hardly an intolerant proceeding, if you look at it with frank eyes.

And the moral is, that if Progressives of our own day would only follow Hooker's example and betake themselves to a suitable wilderness, their senatorial brethren might gladly bid them an affectionate farewell. Unfortunately, your modern Progressive elects to be solitary in the midst of society. He agrees with no man but himself, and not always that; yet he insists, before anything can be rightly reformed, that we all must conform to his way of thinking; which is manifestly impossible.

Did I say *modern* Progressives? There are no such birds under the sun. Two thousand years ago they were called Bell Clappers in Alexandria. New England fathers knew them well, and got rid of them without resorting to steam-roller methods, as Sir Harry Vane might tell you, sorrowfully. He was the original Bull Moose to exalt his horn over his discovery of the moral law. There is no room to doubt that his Puritanism alone was simon-pure, because he said so himself, quite frequently. When the Bay Colony was divided over Anne Hutchinson's evenings-at-home, he used this charming but talkative woman to further his own ambition. Trumping

up a charge that Governor Winthrop was too lenient and that the Commonwealth needed vigorous treatment, he offered a reform platform which glittered with promise like a Christmas tree. To the joy of insurgent young Puritans and the despair of old, he won the governorship in 1636. When reminded of his pre-election pledges, he doubtless answered, as did Governor Ben Butler in the same place at a later date, "Gentlemen, those promises which I find I cannot keep, I will renew."

Of the governorship Sir Harry made a rather turbulent sideshow, with plentiful ballyhoo; and he would have won again if Pastor Wilson had not flown the Progressive coop and cackled as he flew. This silver-tongued minister (a warning to clergymen to keep out of politics, lest the devil lure them into foolishness) had worked under the Vane banner, only to discover that the new idol was "but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Chance to redeem his error came on the day before election, when the cohorts of Sir Harry gathered to celebrate their victory by anticipation. Seeing them thus assembled, Pastor Wilson praised the Lord and climbed a tree. Perched like a song bird where the cohorts might see him, he made "such a sweet speech" that he captured enough votes to turn the election back to Winthrop, who had thought himself licked.

In the peevishness of defeat now, Sir Harry proclaimed to all and sundry that he would demand a passport to England, where his genius was better appreciated. That was a bluff, and Winthrop called it. Before Sir Harry could find an excuse to change his mind, the passport was put in his hand, and Winthrop had ordered as a mark of special honor that "his departure be speeded by diverse volleys of shot." So he went, angry but unrepentant, to a stormy career on the other side. It is written in English history that Cromwell cried out in Parliament, "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" That is true; but no American

history records that Winthrop said it first, and more effectively, by what he called "one of my little jokes."

This elder Winthrop was a very courteous gentleman, of such exquisite manners that, it was said, he pleased men even when he must refuse to grant a favor. His first deputy, Thomas Dudley, was like a watchful bulldog, as threatening in aspect, as gruff in speech, and as loyal as to what he thought his duty. Winthrop, who was no theologian, found Anne Hutchinson too much for him when she enlarged on the Antinomian doctrine that the devil can indwell with the elect; but Dudley stopped her short by quoting from Aristotle that "Silence is the glory of a woman." Herein he ran counter to St. Paul, who declared that the glory of a woman is her long hair. Obviously, this may now be disputed since bob-haired females engage in wordy politics, and it remains for the next married philosopher or bachelor saint to tell us what *is* the glory of a woman.

Poor Anne! She was banished to the colony of Roger Williams, and could not stand him either, but went off to be killed by Indians in Pelham Manor. Better that, no doubt, than to be argued to death.

III

This unhappy woman is but one of many who are now quoted as victims of Puritan persecution; but nothing is said about Catholics who lived in the Puritan colony, and who were not persecuted. The simple fact is that no man was punished because of his religious belief; it was only when he became a disturber of the peace, a fomentor of ungodly strife, that the Puritans took him in hand. And then they banished him, with safe conduct, at a time when, in any European land but Holland, he would have been hanged or burned or dipped in boiling oil.

Roger Williams is a case in point. In all our texts he appears as a saint; and perhaps he was when old age brought its

sad wisdom. In his youth he was a thorn in the side of Plymouth, of Salem, and of every other community he entered. When he appeared in Boston (1631) he was an Anabaptist and a Fundamentalist, in temper like a few misguided clergymen of our own day who are always in the newspapers or bound to get there. One precious thing about true religion is that it has no publicity value; hence the need of substitutes in an age of advertising.

Our New England fathers were neither Anabaptist nor Fundamentalist; but because Williams was an accredited clergyman, they courteously offered him the pulpit of one of their churches, its pastor being absent on a visit to England. He refused to preach in this church until the members thereof should "make humble confession of sin for having communed with the Church of England." As most of them had once belonged to that Church, they were not inclined to confess themselves sinners for having taken the Communion with their mothers. Bemoaning their hardness of heart, Williams began to preach sociology from street corners, declaring that the Puritans had no right to the land which they had bought from the King in good faith, no right to compel their children to go to school, and other such firebrand stuff. When after repeated warnings he refused to be silent, the Puritans haled him to court, and the judge ordered that he be sent back to England, there to prove his charge that the King had no right to sell American land—which meant hanging, or worse, by order of some English court.

To save Williams from his own folly, the Puritan governor told him that, if he cared to go to Chief Massasoit, who was his friend, no search would be made for him. Such was his "banishment." We in our enlightenment might offer him a chair in one of our colleges, and furnish him with Bolshevik propaganda wherewith to feed the freshman mind.

The gentle Quakers also became saintly folk when tribulation taught

them to live their religion at home instead of berating other people's religion from the housetop. In the early days they suffered from zealots, whose method was to blacken their naked bodies and enter a church to denounce its form of worship or (their pet aversion) a hireling ministry. Such was their reputation that, to avoid trouble, the Puritans sent word that Quakers would not be welcome in the Bay Colony. They came, nevertheless, and Judge Sewall records one of their appearances. In his meticulous diary we read:

1677, July 8. New Meeting House. In sermon time there came in a female Quaker, in a canvas smock, her hair disheveled, her face black as ink. Led by two other Quakers, and two others following. It occasioned the most amazing uproar I ever saw.

Do I hear no cry of sympathy for these poor persecuted folk? Any properly enlightened Catholics or Protestants or Jews would surely welcome a female reformer in a "nightie" who came into their religious service to denounce the priest as a superstitious fellow, or the minister as a money-grabber, or the rabbi as a son of Satan; but our Puritans had no such liberality. The offenders were whipped and banished with strict orders not to return. They did return, and after another whipping were sent away with plain warning that to return meant death. They came again, seeking martyrdom, and some of them got what they were asking for. Three were hanged, not for their religion but for their repeated defiance of law. The hanging brought such a storm of protest from Puritan pulpits that never again did the magistrates indulge in "persecution of religion."

Persecution? A cry of mischief-makers for sympathy! Remember the circumstance: in England the ideal of a national Church was breaking up, giving rise to strange sects—Anabaptists, Quakers, Free Willers, Ranters, and twenty others—who were clamoring that they alone had the true religion,

all others being false or heretical. In Bunyan's marvelous autobiography (*Grace Abounding*) we meet and pity these deluded reformers who make of religion a thing of Bedlam. The odd thing is that we ennoble them to our glorious company of martyrs when they make themselves obnoxious to Puritans of the Bay Colony, who had crossed the ocean in search of peace. They were not so much preachers of the Gospel as seekers after notoriety. "And that ladder," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is very easy to climb; but it leads to a pillory that is crowded with fools who could not hold their tongues and knaves who could not hide their tricks."

For example, in 1636 it was "ordered by the General Court" that one Samuel Gorton, "for his damnable heresies," be whipped, banished, and warned not to return, on pain of death. On the face of it, that public record looks bigoted, and is so quoted in a college text; but happily there are other sources to tell us what Gorton's heresies were, and how damnable. Of his past we know naught except that it was shady. Escaping from England, he came here and preached in private houses that he had been inspired of heaven to proclaim a new religion, the "House of Love," whereof he was the chosen "Messiah." Then, as now, dupes were ready to embrace any new quackery in religion or science or medicine or politics. Soon the "House of Love" was populous. And some of the young girls were with child.

Somehow I sympathize with the New England fathers. I remember how we felt when a certain "House of David" was found in our midst, and how some of us regretted, when its "Messiah" was jailed, that a lynching party had failed to catch him.

Another glimpse of old-time bigotry is given by records which show that New England fathers were quite as intolerant of new business methods as of new religions. It appears that one Robert Keaynes (a rich merchant, a church

member, and a representative at the General Court) was zealous to practice high finance before it became the approved fashion. Taking advantage of a time of scarcity and of the providential arrival of a shipload of provision, he cornered the whole supply and doubled his prices; which poor customers must pay or go hungry. In our enlightened day such a man might presently become an honored philanthropist; but these New England fathers were narrow-minded. Hardly had Keaynes begun to count his profit before the bailiff laid vulgar hands on him. He was brought before his Church, where he was "admonished against the sin of covetousness"; then he was led in disgrace to the General Court, which ordered that he reform his methods and pay a fine of one hundred pounds as a contribution to the needy.

IV

Being able men, these Puritans were of necessity very busy men. They were doing a big thing in the world: they were planting Liberty in the only place where Liberty might grow strong, and they must do it in the face of enormous difficulty. In a new and savage land, they must meet the old economic problems of food and comfort, trade and wealth. With jealous Indian tribes about them and a French enemy on their frontier, they must solve the life-or-death problem of peace and safety. Because the English law was chaotic and tyrannous, they must quickly prepare a new legal system. With thousands of strangers arriving yearly, they must meet the mighty problem of suffrage, and there was nowhere on earth a precedent to guide them. Finally, from England and the Continent, then cursed by religious persecution, men of all creeds came to the new land; and somehow, by human wisdom or divine grace, the fearful problem of toleration, which European statesmen thought hopeless, must here be met and answered.

Mistakes? Of course they made mis-

takes! Demigods in their place must have made as many. In their endeavor to do the right thing they pressed every man of ability into service for the Commonwealth. How busy they were, and how loyal, appears in the labor of John Cotton, for example. Hardly had he arrived, preceded by his reputation as a profound scholar, before he was up to his neck in new work. In addition to preparing two sermons and a lecture each week, and visiting the afflicted of his large congregation, he must attend every session of the General Court, give a written opinion on moot questions of trade or politics or religion, and codify the chaotic mass of English law for use in the Bay Colony. He was a lover of books, a disciple of philosophy; but in a letter to Lord Say-and-Sele he writes, sadly:

Till I get some release from my constant labors here, I can get little or no opportunity to read anything or to do anything but the daily duties which press upon me continuously, much beyond my strength either of body or mind.

One shadow hung darkly over the Puritans even as they landed, all their problems unsolved. Ahead of them were the Pilgrims, who had already claimed much of the land and put up their no-trespass sign on the fur trade. Moreover, these less wealthy and more democratic men of Plymouth had their own ideas of politics, trade, and religion, which were different from the Puritan ideas.

Here certainly was an occasion of strife, meanly political, tensely economic, bitterly religious. And how did the New England fathers meet it? Winthrop and some of his magistrates went down to Plymouth, where they met Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, and other of the Pilgrim leaders. In the original record we read, "There they assembled together, partook of the Holy Communion, engaged in religious discussion, and joined in a contribution for the poor of the Colony." As a result of

the religious "discussion" the Puritans, who were members of the Church of England, decided that the Pilgrim Church, with its independent local government, was more suitable for this wide free land, and resolved to adopt it as their own.

Intolerance? Where in all the turbulent histories of politics and religion will you find another such example of Christian conduct?

V

Puritan law brings to our minds only an impression of fearful severity; but here again we have been misled by myth-makers. We make laws now in wholesale fashion by the thousand; while Press and Pulpit endlessly repeat the litany, "Respect the laws! Respect the laws!" though to unprejudiced eyes this or that law may be anything but respectable.

The Puritans had a different idea, and they chanted no litany. To them the law was a dangerous tool of tyranny in high places. With all their force and conscience they struck at kings or bishops who had proclaimed for ages that laws are divinely given to State or Church. When that false god began to totter on its throne, Richard (not Thomas) Hooker tried to bolster it up by his famous *Ecclesiastical Polity*, wherein law was solemnly given its seat "in the bosom of God," thus adding a fourth Person to the original Holy Trinity. We still carve that lie on the wall of our House of Legislation, unmindful of the fact that it was designed to shackle freedom by making men humbly obedient to whatever kings or bishops might decree.

New England fathers would have no such idolatry. They regarded law not as a fetish that called for genuflection but as a reasonable compact to be tested by human experience. They were contemporaries of Spinoza, most profound of modern philosophers (who may have been influenced by straight-think-

ing Puritans he met in Holland), and they were abreast of his ideas of law and law-making. Here is the plain English of one illuminating passage of his *Tractatus Politicus*:

Men are by nature so constituted that they resent having habits which they think right made criminal or punishable before the laws. They think it honorable rather than shameful to hold such laws in contempt. Thus a law which can be broken without doing harm to the neighbors is bound to become a laughing stock. . . . Forever we resent prohibition, and desire that which is denied to us.

The laws of that day abounded in such prohibitions; and in an effort to prove their heavenly origin, punishments were so horrible that thought itself rebels at them. It is significant of the New England fathers that they cast out many laws as worse than useless, and modified all punishments in the direction of leniency. Thus, the English law (which by order of the King must govern the Bay Colony) made over two hundred offenses punishable by death, with attendant mutilation of the victim. In defiance of royal orders, the fathers reduced the number of death offenses to three or four, and abolished all subsequent horrors. Torture, which was common in all European law courts, was not permitted in New England.

Again, if men were caught in rebellion the leaders were hanged, drawn, and quartered; men in the ranks were packed into loathsome prison ships, and sold into life-slavery in distant places. The first case of this kind to come before the Bay Colony occurred in 1651, when Cromwell sent rebels taken in battle to Governor Belcher, with orders that they be sold into slavery for life. Cromwell in his power was a dangerous man to cross; but the fathers did it, and had their way. John Cotton sent the decision of the General Court to the Lord Protector, as follows:

Concerning the Scots rebels, whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbar, and whereof sundry were sent hither, we have

been desirous to make their yoke easy. Such as were sick of the scurvy or other diseases have not lacked physic or surgery. They have not been sold as slaves to perpetual servitude, but for six or seven years. He that bought them buildeth houses for them, for every four a house, and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he granteth them as their own. . . . Three days in the week they work for him, and three days for themselves. He promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the (purchase) money he layeth out for them, that he will set them at liberty.

VI

As for suffrage, we cherish two delusions about that: one, that the Puritan idea was intolerant; another, that our own idea is enlightened. Suffrage is now given so cheaply to Tom, Dick, Harry, and all their female relations that it is difficult, even with free automobiles and other forms of bribery, to induce more than half our voters to come to an election. Far from admitting our folly, we cry aloud, "Bring out the vote! Bring out the vote!" as if any good ever was or could be done by bringing out the lazy, the indifferent, the unfit.

New England fathers regarded the suffrage not as a cheap gift but as a high privilege. Their colony was at first managed by a board of overseers selected by shareholders, and the overseers elected a governor—precisely as we now manage a business corporation. Here was the most liberal and, as it quickly proved, the most successful plan of colonial government that had been tried up to that time. As years passed, men who had invested no money in the enterprise (and who had, therefore, no legal claim to interfere in its management) came to the new colony and shared its prosperity. Very soon these strangers demanded a voice in the government; and the amazing thing is that these aristocratic Puritans said, "They are right; they ought to have some share in our government." Then arose the perplexing question, Who shall have the suffrage in a free colony?

The Puritans answered by a decree of the General Court, which ordered that all church members should have the right to vote. Before you condemn that, remember the circumstance. Before a man was admitted to membership in a Puritan church he must be known as a person of good conduct. If there were any meanness in his record he was put on probation. Until he could meet the fathers eye to eye as an honest man no question of doctrine was ever raised. Then he was inducted to full membership if he accepted the creed, or to limited membership if he objected to this or that article. Both full and limited membership carried the right to vote; also accredited membership in other than Puritan churches. When King Charles sent a commissioner to demand that the Puritans change their test, they agreed to give the suffrage to any man who could bring a certificate of moral integrity. The King refused, and the Puritans stood by their guns.

In other words, the first American test of suffrage was, fundamentally, a test of character. Not till after the Revolution of 1688 was it changed by young Puritans, who thought themselves wiser than their elders. Then it was decided that men who owned money or property to a certain amount should have the right to vote. Our history texts acclaim that descent as a step in advance. "The law which permits this abuse of property qualification," says Aristotle, "makes money of more account than character." And he adds that there was never a revolt against aristocratic government. "Democracy," he affirms, "is always a revolt against plutocracy or the money power."

In the matter of enforcement the fathers said, with Christ, that law is made for man, not man for the law. Far from snooping out offenders with intent to punish every peccadillo, it appears that they knew when to put their blind eye to the legal spyglass. Only for public order were they sticklers; and as taverns were frequent offend-

ers, the law was made very strict. Drink must not be sold to an Indian, nor to any white man who showed signs of intoxication; and at all times the peace of the neighborhood must be respected. Yet even here they acted not with bigoted severity but rather with mildness, even with humor, which is but the recognition of our human frailty.

Do you doubt that? Then come with Judge Sewall, narrowest of all the New England fathers, to a scene of riotous conduct.

At "nine of the clock" Sewall was summoned by a killjoy named Colson to disperse a crowd who were wassailing in a nearby tavern. The judge had no stomach for the job; but, being a magistrate, he went as a matter of duty, taking the constable with him. Here is his diary record:

Found much company. They refused to go away. Said they were there to drink the Queen's health, and they had many other healths to drink. Called for more drink, and drank to me. Said they must and would stay upon that solemn occasion. I threatened to send some of them to prison; that did not move them. They said (offered) to pay their fine, and in doing that they might stay. Not having pen and ink, I went to take their names with my pencil; not knowing how to spell their names, they themselves of their own accord writ them. At last I addressed myself to Mr. B. (one of the revellers). I told him he had been longest an inhabitant and freeholder, and I expected him to set a good example in departing thence. Upon this he invited them to his own house, and away they went; and we, after them, went away.

You are shocked, perhaps, at such leniency to sinners who were breaking the law by singing and drinking healths at nine of the clock. Judge Sewall was all wrong! He should have gone to that old night club attended by spies armed with pistols and axes. He should have smashed all the furniture as a lesson in temperance. He should have padlocked the house, after sending the owner and his guests to lodge with jailbirds while waiting their turn in a police court.

Ostentatiously he should have seized all the "hooch" to be displayed as evidence; then with due discretion he should have hid the "good stuff" in his own cellar, to be—well, what does become of all the "good stuff" that is taken away from men who dare to drink healths in our enlightened day?

VII

This old Judge who remembered his humanity and these young revellers who answered an appeal to their manhood might suggest, did we but listen to them, that we have been deceived into thinking of the New England fathers as gloomy folk who took no pleasure themselves nor permitted it in others. In a recent magazine article, which repeats the myths found in our textbooks, we read:

The Puritan forefathers became the most dictatorial people, more uncharitable and bigoted than the rulers from whom they sought escape. They abhorred as lures of the devil everything which Europe enjoyed—luxury, dancing, pleasure and play, mirth and laughter. Their women wore drab raiment, denied themselves all beauty, and rose in sanctity according to the depth of their drudgery. We still suffer from the blight of the Puritan belief that anything pleasant must be sinful.

Look on that familiar picture, which is wholly imaginary; then on this, which is quite real. In a breezy letter to her mother, a young Puritan girl who is visiting a friend in Boston describes an evening party; not one of the big holiday parties, which were more lively, but a quiet little affair to welcome a guest:

A very genteel, well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr. Soley's last evening, Miss Hannah being mistress of the ceremony. A large company assembled in a handsome room in the new end of the house. We had two fiddles, and I had the honor to open the diversion in a Minuet. Our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, wine, punch hot and cold, all in great plenty. For variety we Woo'd a Widow, Hunted the Whistle, Threaded the Needle; or while the company was collecting

we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns. No rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. . . .

I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib and apron, black feathers on my head, my comb and garnet marquesett and jet pins, together with my silver plume, my locket, rings, black collar and black mitts, and two or three yards of blue ribbon. Black and blue is now high taste. Striped tucker and ruffles (not my best) and silk shoes completed my dress.

Obviously there is something topsyturvy in the drab picture of Puritanism which writers conspire to foist upon us. You would be sure of this if I had space to quote from other letters to friends in England, telling them to send suits or dresses of silk or satin or velvet or brocade, with gold buttons, and lace and ruffles, and plumed hats, and silver-buckled shoes in color red or blue. The surprising part of such letters, whether from Puritan men or Puritan women, is the closing injunction, "Let everything be of the best, and in the latest fashion." Indeed, less than twenty years after the Puritans landed, Nathaniel Ward in his *Simple Cobbler* was lambasting them for being too fashionable in dress, too luxurious in habit, and altogether too tolerant in religion.

The plain truth is, that in this matter of amusement the Puritan fathers faced the same problem that we face, and were troubled about it as we are. The young followed their own fancy, while mothers and fathers looked on with doubt or dismay. Thus, from earliest days there were schools for dancing in Puritan Boston. Older people might join in a stately minuet or a jolly Sir Roger, but they regarded new dances much as we regard the ugly and footless Charleston. So we find Judge Sewall hurling his wordy thunderbolts at "mix't dancing," also at periwigs, Christmas revelry, April-fool tricks, lotteries, valentines, card-playing—all such foolishness of the rising generation.

Knowing this, some young scamp, on his way home from a poker game or its equivalent one night, strewed a whole

deck of cards on Sewall's front lawn; and there they were, face up, for scandalized neighbors to see in the morning. "'Tis to be thought," wrote the Judge, "that someone did it but to vex me." And he praised God that there was no law to compel *him* to play cards or celebrate Christmas or dance with a female or wear a periwig.

Opinion was so divided over social habits that the Puritan was careful not to legislate on the subject. With him the law was a last resort; he lacked our enlightened conception of law as the sure cure for every ill, the Handy Andy for every job. As a reformer he stands alone, being the only man who made no attempt to reform others until he had first reformed himself. He aimed not to change habits by legislation but to change men by education, and to let changed men take care of their own habits.

You might think, for example, that Cotton Mather at the height of his influence would have invoked the aid of the law when, as he says, he discovered "with a most painful shock" that "a number of young people, of both sexes, many of them belonging to my Church, have had a Christmas-night frolic, a revelling feast, and a *Ball*." Instead of appealing to the legislature, he writes in his diary, "This has a tendency to corrupt them. I must acquit myself, as prudently and faithfully as I can, in the discharge of my duty to them."

To this zealous young Puritan modern dancing appeared as a moral danger; but his grandfather, John Cotton, a Puritan of the older breed, wrote on being asked for his opinion:

Dancing I would not simply (as such) condemn. Only lascivious dancing, to wanton ditties and amorous gestures, especially after great wine feasts, I would bear witness against as a *flavella libidinus*.

And we think, we fathers and mothers, that we have a new problem in the jazz dances which our children affect, not because such dances are graceful or

decent but because they are for the moment fashionable, and because fashion has been since the world began the most potent of false gods!

VIII

It must not be thought that the New England fathers tyrannized over their girls and boys in the matter of amusement. A thousand letters and diaries make it clear that they deeply loved their children, yearned over them, rejoiced in their happiness, but remembered that they had souls to save. One picture shows a father denying himself of all comfort that his boy may have an education; another shows the boy enjoying himself hugely, without a thought of the sacrifice involved. Note these few random items from the diary of a Harvard freshman, which I quote not because they are typical (for I know not how many Puritan boys were like him or unlike him) but because I happen to know just such another gay young dog who takes his ease in college while a widowed mother slaves for him at home:

Came to college, began Logic, Fought with the Sophomores about customs. Had another fight with the Sophomores. Saw *Roman Father* (a play). Mowed the President's grass. *Cato*, a play, acted at Warren's chambers. Did not go to prayers. Went to Boston. *The Revenge* acted at Bowman's. Acted *Tancred and Sigismunda*, for which we are like to be prosecuted. President sick; wherefore much deviltry carried on in college. Scholars degraded this morning, two admonished, one punished. Entered on Trigonometry. Windows at Kneeland and Thayers broken last night. Quarter day, calculated an eclipse. Analyzed fifth chapter of Ephesians. Lost two pistareens at cards. Spring, the robins have come. First game of bat-and-ball. Joseph Cabot [*eheu!* a Cabot] rusticated as soon as the President said he was rusticated; he took his hat and went out of Chapel without waiting to hear the President's speech out; after prayers he belabors the tutors at a high rate and leaves college; his mother faints at the news.

It is clear from such records that the College at Cambridge, which had been suspected of being a little Antinomian in theology, was becoming over-lively in action. Therefore, a new college was planted at New Haven, where Puritan boys might learn sobriety and sound doctrine. Alas! there too Youth went its own high way, and flirted with Episcopalianism. Here is one Ezra Clap, who seems to have been of fair rank in liveliness but far below the Harvard par in English:

Last night some freshman got 6 quarts of Rhum and about 2 payles full of Sydar and almost 8 pounds of Suger and made it into a Samson. They evited every scholer in colege to Churtis is room, and we made such prodigious Rough that we raised the tuter and he ordered us all to our one rooms. Some went and some taried and they gathered again and went up to old father Monshers and drumed against the dore and yeled and screamed so that a body would have thought they were killing dogs there.

Evidently that old "Samson" was a powerful brew. Lest you suspect me of disparaging the College at New Haven, let me add that the letters of young Jonathan Edwards (who went before this roughneck Ezra to Yale) reveal a saintly spirit, pure as a star, and the most beautiful prose style in our early literature.

There were no colleges for women in those days; and when I reflect that after four years of college education it takes a girl eight years to get over it (if she ever does get over it), I doubt that the Puritans would approve our modern institution. They loved their girls, nevertheless, even more than their boys, as fathers do now, and were as deeply concerned for their honor. Hear this cry of agony from one who knew that he must soon die and leave a wilful girl without his protection:

I took my little daughter Katy into my study, and there I told my child that I was to die shortly; and that she must, when I am dead, remember everything I said to her. With many tears, both on my part and hers, I told my child that God had assured me and his good angels (Bible promises) had satisfied me that she shall be brought home to the Lord Jesus and be one of his forever. I then made my child kneel down by me, and I poured out my cries unto the Lord, that he would lay his hands upon her and bless her and save her. It will be so! It will be so!

Any man who without a catch in his throat can read that last "It will be so!" as if love must force a pledge even from the Almighty— Well, may he never know, as did this Puritan, what it means to have a wayward girl.

Here is no bit of history, but something far greater, a bit of life itself. I have said nothing of the Puritan's mighty deed for freedom, nor have I tried to paint both sides of his dominant yet strangely humble character. It is said that Cromwell had a wart on his nose, and that, when an artist sought to flatter him by making a portrait without the wart, he cried out angrily, "Paint me as I am!"

Doubtless the New England fathers would thus enjoin their apologist; but that would be too large an order for a little hour. The sole aim of this telescopic essay is, by a few "far, faint glimpses," to make it evident that the Puritan was human, and very much a man—one with such a slant toward honesty that he could tolerate no sham in his politics, no veneer on his business, no paint or varnish on his religion! Vanished these hundred years and more, his spirit, praise God, still dominates America in her heroic moods as it did the Bay Colony. It is to be hoped that our writers in their search for novelty may some day discover him.



LONGEVITY OF COLLEGE ATHLETES

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE development of athletics in our colleges is a peculiarly American phenomenon. Nothing like it is to be found anywhere else in the world. Probably no other phase of American college life is so much commented upon by our foreign visitors and critics. They note with amazement the intensity of these athletic activities, the elaborate programs of sport, and their development of individual and team skill, their overwhelming importance in undergraduate life, the loyalties they inspire, the large money investment in buildings, playing fields, and equipment, and the enthusiastic public following of college athletics. But all these only add interest to the much more important question in which we are here concerned, namely, the effect of athletics on the men engaging in them and, particularly, the effect on their health and longevity. For if there were any truth in the assertion that college athletics are essentially harmful, the immense superstructure which has been developed would fall like a house of cards.

As might be expected, this institution has its very ardent advocates and critics. On the one hand, there has been the definite belief inside and outside college circles that athletic sports are builders of men, both as regards character and bodily development, and that they add to the vigor and length of life of the participants. Certainly these college sports have brought out our best physical types. Proponents of athletics often recall that certain whole teams of one sport or another survive to a ripe old age. There are undoubtedly many in-

stances of this sort where virtually all the members of a crack team re-assemble to celebrate their fortieth and even their fiftieth anniversary. On the other hand, there have been occasional unfortunate situations such as the death or serious injury of athletes while still at college. These incidents receive wide attention and bring home to us the possibility that athletic systems and methods in our colleges are sometimes fraught with danger to the men engaged in them. The critics of college athletics point out the names of many athletes who have died at a time when they should have been at the height of their vigor and usefulness. The death of Haughton, the creator of the "Harvard system" in football, at forty-eight revived this discussion. More recently there have occurred the deaths of Kraenzlein, the world-record holder in the broad jump and also a star sprinter and hurdler during his college days at the University of Pennsylvania; of Folwell, former inter-collegiate champion wrestler and football player; and of the Larneds, tennis experts. All were about fifty years old. One could name a great many more, suggesting the dangers inherent in the intense indulgence in sports by young men under the conditions which prevailed in past years.

But such discussion of individual situations gets us nowhere as to the fundamental issue involved. What is needed, and has been needed for a long time in order to judge the case fairly, is not opinion biased in one direction or another, but rather a comprehensive study of the mortality of athletes of

many colleges over a long period of years, the experience thus obtained to be analyzed by standard actuarial methods. The best procedure would be to compare the longevity of athletes with that of non-athletes who were their classmates. But such investigation is arduous and expensive and has not been conducted in a satisfactory manner up to this time.

Nevertheless, there have been a few sporadic attempts at the solution of the problem. A study in 1906 by Gaines and Hunter (the distinguished actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company) of the longevity of Yale athletes graduated prior to the year 1905 indicated that the athlete was a better physical risk than the average insured person of his time and also better than the general run of college men of the same classes. Fragmentary studies have also been made for Harvard men and for athletes belonging to other schools. All indicate that the dangers which have been suspected were exaggerated. Taken by and large, the athletes showed apparently no serious impairment as the result of their activity. A more recent study by Professors Greenway and Hiscock of Yale letter men who were graduated since 1905 confirmed previous findings with regard to the favorable mortality of athletes as compared with insured lives. But on comparison with the classmates who were non-letter men, the mortality was some ten per cent higher. This was a bit disconcerting. The authors have tried to explain this difference by pointing out that "Y" men suffered from a larger number of accidents and war deaths. In any case, the numbers involved in these investigations have been, on the whole, rather small; the athletes have been limited to one school; and some of the studies were not conducted with sufficient regard to the actuarial requirements of the case. It seemed very desirable, therefore, some three years ago to re-open the question, and I was very fortunate to obtain the co-operation, through Dr. Thomas A. Storey, now General Director of Physi-

cal Education and Hygiene for Men of the Leland Stanford University, of the Presidents' Committee of Fifty on College Hygiene and its constituent organizations. The Carnegie Foundation which was engaged in the study of college athletics from another angle lent its influence, and all helped me to obtain the material upon which our investigation was based.

Up to the present time we have succeeded in making a first study of the longevity of athletes of ten leading American colleges, most of them located in the East. The colleges which participated and the number of letter men in each are listed below. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell furnished us with nearly sixty per cent of the total number of records submitted.

Yale.....	1,059
Harvard.....	938
Cornell.....	910
Amherst.....	453
Dartmouth.....	449
Wesleyan.....	364
Brown.....	342
Massachusetts Agricultural.....	194
Tulane.....	138
Williams.....	129
<hr/>	
Total.....	4,976

We have confined ourselves to the men who graduated in the years 1905 and earlier. This afforded us a long period of observation since graduation. The vital item in the study is, of course, the longevity of persons after middle life. The information available for these five thousand men included the year of graduation, age, the sports in which the athlete won his letter, the number of years he participated in them, and his life record since leaving college. The sports included in our investigation were football, baseball, rowing, track and field sports, cross country, la crosse, basket ball, and hockey. Our earliest records go back to the late fifties of the last century when the Harvard-Yale crew races began, but only a comparatively small number date back that far.

The great majority of the athletes graduated between 1890 and 1905. Of the other major sports, baseball attained popularity the earliest. It was the first sport, in fact, in which we find all the colleges engaged, particularly the smaller ones. Records of competition in this sport go back to the sixties. Football was taken up as an intercollegiate game in the seventies. Track and field sports were inaugurated in the seventies, but did not get wide support until the eighties. The number of men engaged in each sport is as follows:

Baseball.....	1,111
Crew.....	576
Football.....	1,233
Track.....	1,076
Two or more sports.....	822
Minor sports.....	158

From the facts available on the individual lives, we have been able to construct a series of tables showing the number of living and the number dying at each age of life. This permitted us to compute death rates for the various groups of athletes at various ages. The 4,976 athletes lived a total of 146,426 years from graduation up to the last date of observation in 1925, or an average of thirty years per athlete. A total of 1,202 deaths occurred among them, and this was equivalent to 8.2 deaths per thousand per year. In the age period 20 to 24 the death rate was 4.0 per thousand per year; at 30 to 34 it was 4.7 per thousand; at 40 to 44 it was 6.1 per thousand, and so on for each one of the age periods, until the highest ages are attained. It is, of course, generally understood that the death rate or probability of dying in a year increases with advancing age. This picture of mortality can be very clearly outlined by means of a curve showing the mortality rate per thousand for the principal age periods of life. Such curves of mortality were constructed for each one of the major sports and for each of four class groups of graduates, that is, those who graduated prior to 1880; those

between 1880 and 1890; 1890 and 1900; and 1900 and 1905.

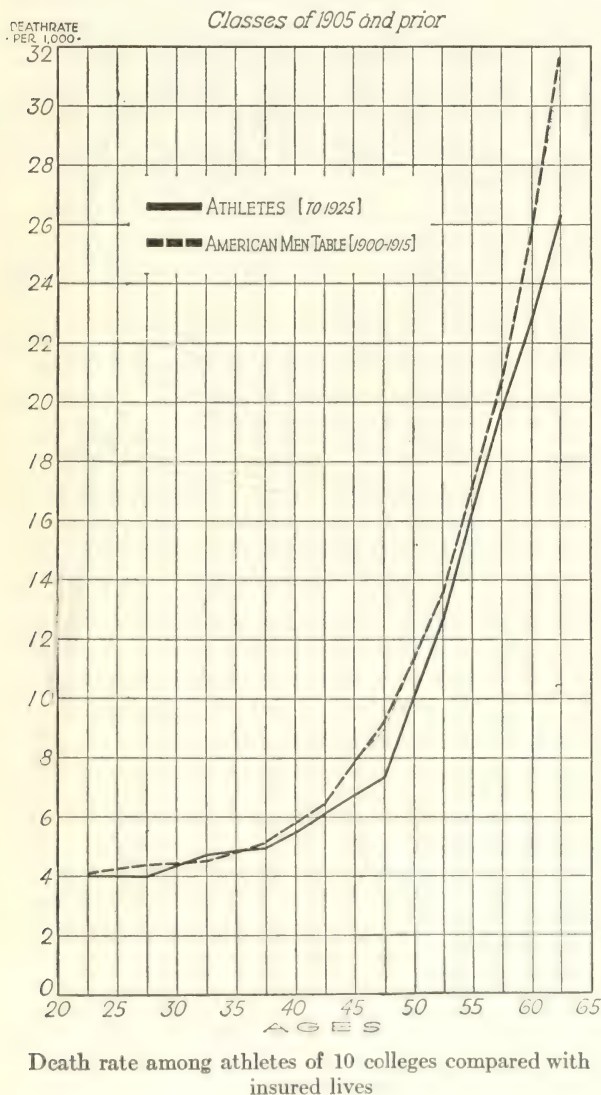
II

This was the first step in evaluating the mortality of athletes. It permitted us to make comparisons between the men of the various colleges and the men engaged in the various sports. But whether these mortality rates indicate favorable or unfavorable conditions can be determined only by comparing with some standard or measure. For this purpose, the very best measure would have been the mortality rates of the classmates of the athletes in their respective colleges. Unfortunately, this material was not available, and we were compelled to use other ready-made measures of mortality as standards for comparison.

The most suitable standards available were two insurance tables in vogue at the present time, known as the Medico-Actuarial Table and the American Men Table of Mortality. The former represents the experience of all of the large life insurance companies during the years 1885 to 1909; the latter, the experience during the years 1900 to 1915. Each of these tables was based on "standard" lives, that is, on those who were found on medical examination to be free from physical impairments which would be expected to bring about death prematurely and who were also unexceptionable on the score of occupation. Taken altogether, the two tables represent the best mortality experience on a large scale that was available for purposes of comparison. It should be noted, however, that good as these tables are, we employed them only because there were none better to be had. The insured population is not altogether of the same grade, physically or economically, as these college athletes. For twenty-five or more years ago, the college man was a picked man; his home represented an economic standard far above the average; he was usually of

American parentage, a race stock with an excellent rate of longevity; his occupation after leaving college was usually one in which he was not subjected to the hazards involved in so many pursuits. These and other advantages have great importance as regards longevity, and we, therefore, expected that the athletes would show a lower rate of mortality than the usual mortality tables, even those of the highest standard.

curred, there would have been a total of 1,290 deaths. We, therefore, say in insurance parlance that the ratio of actual to expected deaths was 93.2 per cent on the basis of the Medico-Actuarial Table. If the more recent American Men Table had been used, the number of expected deaths would have been 1,314. The ratio of actual to expected deaths was, therefore, 91.5 per cent. Thus, by either standard, these athletes have done



There were, as we said, a total of 1,290 deaths among the athletes. If the death rate expected by the Medico-Actuarial Table of Mortality had oc-

better than insured lives, the margin being from 6.8 to 8.5 per cent, depending upon which table we use. For our purposes, it seemed altogether better to concentrate on one of these standards of measure, namely, the American Men Table because it was, of the two, the one better adapted to our purpose. The athletes show favorable mortality not only in the aggregate but pretty consistently throughout the life span. Only at the extreme old ages is the mortality higher among the athletes than among the insured; but here the number of lives is small and the excess is not very great. Likewise, each of the ten-year periods into which we have divided our material shows a differential in favor of the athletes as compared with the death rates according to the American Men Table. Taking 45 years of age as the dividing line, there were 501 deaths under that age and 701 at or over that age. By the American Men Table, we should have expected 522 deaths under 45 and 792 deaths at 45 and over; or a ratio of 96 per cent, actual to expected mortality, under 45, and of 89 per cent after 45. These relationships of actual and expected mortality may be

clarified by the graph, the death curve of the athletes being shown by the continuous line; that of the American Men Table by the broken line.

It is noteworthy that the mortality under age 45 is relatively worse than at the older ages on the basis of the American Men Table. This difference may be accounted for in part by the fact that the American Men Table, reflecting a very recent experience, shows much lower death rates at the younger ages and hardly any improvement over the previous insurance tables at the older ages. In effect, this is the same thing as using a severe measure for the younger people and a relatively easy standard for the older ones. But the effect of the use of these measures is not seriously disturbing, and for all practical purposes will be sufficient to bring out the essential facts in the mortality of these college men.

I have indicated previously that the men were divided into four groups according to the year of their graduation, namely, classes prior to 1880, classes 1880 to 1889, classes 1890 to 1899, classes 1900 to 1905, inclusive. We prepared a mortality experience for each of these four classes. The analysis shows a favorable and improving condition among these men with the advance of time. The ratios of actual to expected deaths were practically stationary during the first three periods, being about 94 per cent; but they declined very sharply for the classes graduating after 1900, when the ratio was only 72.6 per cent.

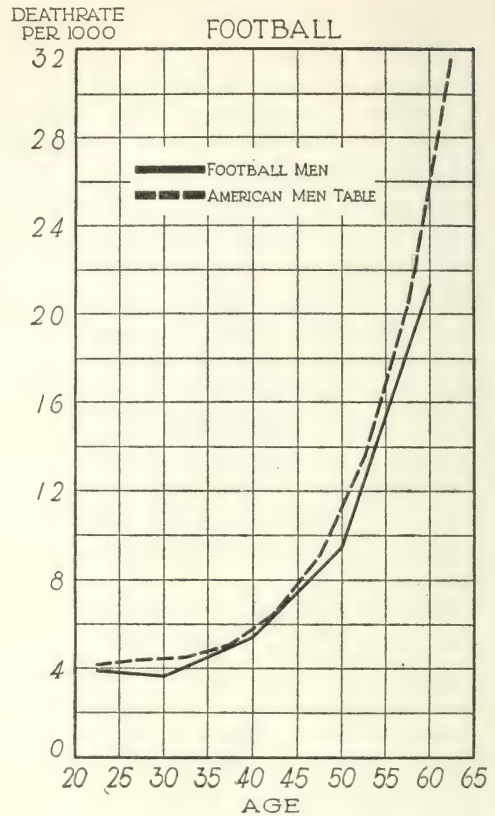
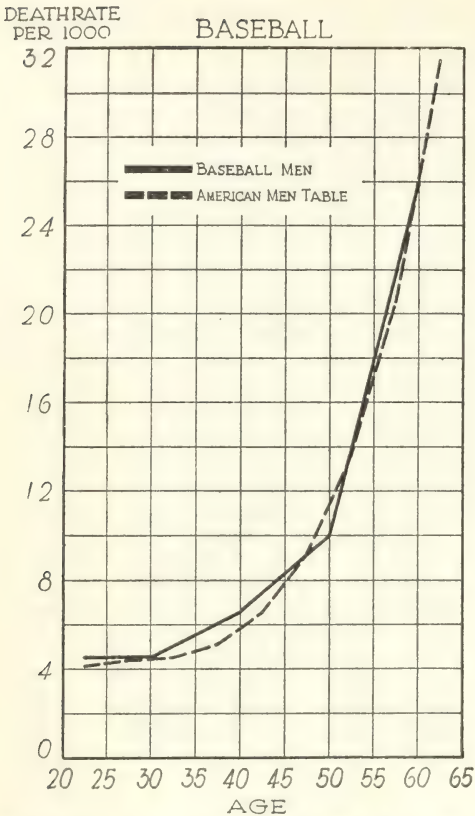
Class Group	Actual Deaths	Expected Deaths by American Men Table	Per Cent Actual of Expected Deaths
All classes	1,202	1,314	91.5
Prior to 1880	454	483	94.1
1880-1889	322	340	94.6
1890-1899	310	331	93.6
1900-1905	116	160	72.6

The mortality conditions in the classes 1900 to 1905 were extraordinarily good. If the entire group of five thousand

athletes had shown a mortality less than three-quarters as great as the expected, there would be no question as to the significance of the experience. We should say without hesitation that college athletics had left its devotees entirely unscathed. In any case, it is encouraging to see the situation improve so markedly in the last period under observation. It is, of course, equally true that a great improvement has occurred in the mortality of the general population. It was in these very years at the beginning of the new century that the public health began to show the effects of the campaign which had been waged to reduce unnecessary sickness and death. Typhoid fever and tuberculosis were beginning to drop perceptibly and other conditions were coming under the control of health officers and of the newer medical practice. At the same time, in college athletics, there was a marked improvement in the management of the several sports, in the amount of supervision which the men received both in their selection and during periods of training. In all probability, both these factors played a part in producing the excellent results in the classes of the last period.

III

The most interesting item in our analysis is the experience on the men in the various sports. Strangely enough, the highest mortality was recorded by the baseball players. There were altogether 1,111 in this sport, and they were under observation for a period of 36,456 years. There were 396 deaths among them against 404 which we expected by the American Men Table of Mortality. The mortality was, therefore, 98.0 per cent of the expected against 91.5 per cent for the group as a whole. The second group as to mortality were the crew men, of whom there were 576. There occurred among them 215 deaths against 228 which were expected. The mortality was, therefore, 94.1 per cent of the

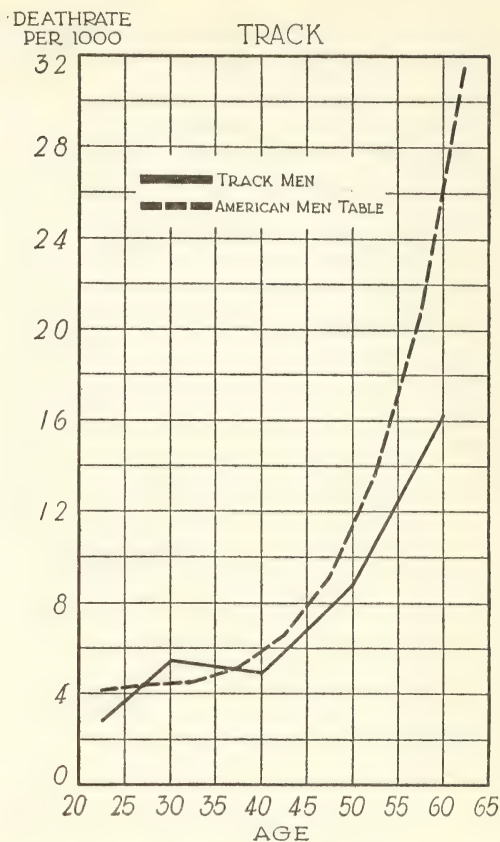
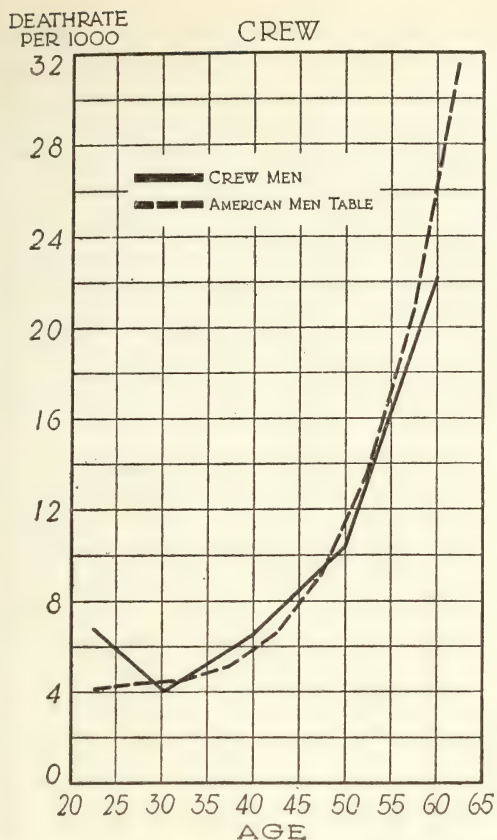


Death rate among athletes of 10 colleges (classes of 1905 and prior) competing in specified sports compared with insured lives

expected. Next in order were the track men. Their number was 1,076. They were exposed a period of 28,522 years. There were 173 deaths among them and 189 were expected. The ratio was, therefore, 91.8 per cent, or about the same as for the group as a whole. Of all the men engaging in one sport only, those who played football made the best showing. There were 1,233 of these athletes, the largest number reported in any single sport. Their experience covered 36,143 years and 263 deaths actually occurred. A total of 298 deaths was expected by the table, the ratio of actual to expected deaths being 88.3 per cent. The most surprising result, however, is the extraordinarily favorable mortality of the men who won letters in more than one sport. Altogether, there were 822 such men, on whom we had an experience of 22,756 years. There were 136 deaths among them against 174 expected.

The ratio was, therefore, 78.3 per cent of the expected. The discussion of the significance of these results I shall defer until we have looked into the experience, first, by age groups and, second, according to the ten-year periods of graduation.

In studies of mortality it is customary to divide the whole of life into two broad periods: under age 45 and over 45. This is done because it is after 45 that the degenerative diseases make their appearance. Such a division is especially desirable in a study of the longevity of athletes because of the suspicions which have been raised that excessive indulgence in athletics may produce serious impairments to heart and kidneys. But as we have already noticed, this large group of athletes did better after age 45 than at the younger ages. The individual sports show exactly the same thing. The experience of each



Death rate among athletes of 10 colleges (classes of 1905 and prior) competing in specified sports compared with insured lives

group is better after age 45 than before. The several sports show substantially the same order according to mortality in the two broad age groups. As stated previously, baseball players showed the highest mortality and those who engaged in two or more sports showed the lowest. This is equally true for those under 45 as for those over 45. The mortality of baseball and crew men at the younger ages is practically the same. Both had a mortality eight per cent in excess of the expected and twelve per cent higher than the group of athletes as a whole. The showing of these two groups of men is really very unsatisfactory, but there is a noteworthy difference between them. While the unfavorable experience of the baseball men was concentrated among the earlier graduates, that among the men on the crews is found in the more recent years. We find, for example, that the men on the

crews in the classes from 1890 to 1905 have at the ages under 45 a mortality of 20 to 40 per cent above the average for insured lives, and from 40 to 65 per cent above the mortality of the entire group of athletes. This situation should be given more careful study by those who are interested in the supervision of rowing in American colleges. At ages 45 and over, the ranking of the various sports is the same as at all ages except

PER CENT ACTUAL OF EXPECTED DEATHS
ACCORDING TO AMERICAN MEN TABLE

Sport	Under 45	45 and Over
All sports combined	96.0	88.5
Baseball	108.1	93.9
Crew	107.9	89.2
Football	88.7	87.9
Track	97.8	82.9
Two or more sports	84.7	71.9

that the football men show somewhat worse mortality than do the track athletes. The actual conditions are shown in the table on the preceding page.

This table indicates that the football players are the only exception to the rule that the mortality conditions are much better after age 45 than before that age. But even in this sport the difference is not great. The football players show a generally favorable situation. They showed up badly at only one point, and that is, the classes which graduated

experience of track men. The athletes who engaged in two or more sports were far below the average of the group throughout the entire period of the study. It is entirely possible that this remarkable showing reflects the effect of selection rather than the effect of the indulgence in two or more sports. Those who could excel in more than one sport were probably men in the best physical condition. The facts for the several sports are shown in the following table:

PER CENT ACTUAL OF EXPECTED DEATHS ACCORDING TO AMERICAN MEN TABLE

Sports	All Classes Combined	Classes Prior to 1880	Classes 1880-1889	Classes 1890-1899	Classes 1900-1905
All sports combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Baseball	98.0	98.6	97.4	103.1	81.4
Crew	94.1	92.2	72.1	124.0	113.4
Football	88.3	87.6	94.7	91.6	63.4
Track	91.8	...	121.7	86.6	73.0
Two or more sports	78.3	85.8	80.8	81.0	62.9

prior to 1880 at the ages under 45. But this may not be important because of the small numbers that were involved in those early years when football was not a popular sport.

The excessive mortality of the men who played baseball is a phenomenon very difficult to explain. No one expected them to show high death rates. Yet the facts are very clear cut. They show high mortality rates at each one of the ten-year periods of graduation. And even when they do not stand at the head of the list in mortality, they are appreciably above the average. Track men, as we have said, show an average mortality. But conditions are much more favorable after age 45 than they are among the younger men. In the classes that graduated between 1880 to 1889 there is an anomalous condition among the younger graduates, for we find an excess mortality of close to 80 per cent above the expected in that group. With that single exception, there is nothing noteworthy in the

Equally interesting is the picture of the mortality of these athletes in each one of the ten colleges which participated in the study. In presenting our facts for the individual colleges, we must keep in mind that the relative number of men engaged in each sport varied from college to college and from ten-year period to ten-year period. The differences which we shall now note in the mortality ratios may be in a measure reflections of these internal arrangements rather than of inherent differences in the longevity of the athletes in the various colleges. Thus, we find that Dartmouth men show the highest mortality for all of the colleges, namely a mortality ratio of 113.4 per cent by the American Men Table. This means that these athletes show an excess of 13.4 per cent over insured lives and of 22 per cent over all the athletes included in the study. The Dartmouth men are consistently higher in mortality than the average for all athletes in every ten-year period. The

next group in order of mortality are the Harvard men. The experience on these athletes was 100.1 per cent, or almost exactly what was expected from insured lives. This condition of high mortality prevails among Harvard men in each one of the four periods of graduates. The contrast with conditions at Yale is very striking indeed, with the single exception of the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899 when Yale men showed a very high mortality ratio. Cornell men also have a fairly high rate of mortality. It is only in the most recent class groups that the conditions were below the average for all athletes. The favorable showing of Yale men is a feature of this study, with the single exception of the ten years just mentioned. The best showing of Yale athletes is in the earliest and in the latest periods. The men in the classes prior to 1880 had the very low ratio of actual to expected deaths of 82.0 per cent, and the men of the classes of 1900

two leading universities during the years under observation will be able to explain satisfactorily the situation which is so clearly shown in our mortality study.

With the single exception of Dartmouth, the athletes of the smaller colleges enjoyed very favorably mortality conditions. Thus, Brown showed a ratio of 74.1 per cent actual to expected mortality; Amherst, 74.7 per cent; Williams, 79.5 per cent; Massachusetts Agricultural, 84.4 per cent; and Wesleyan, 85.3 per cent. As against these figures, we have the ratio of 91.6 per cent actual to expected deaths for all athletes combined. It appears very clear that the conditions were altogether better in the smaller than in the larger colleges. The facts for the individual colleges during the several periods of time under investigation are shown in the following table for each of the ten-year periods:

MORTALITY OF ATHLETES OF TEN COLLEGES, COMPARED WITH THE EXPECTED MORTALITY
ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN MEN ULTIMATE TABLE
Specified Class Groups
Experience on Classes 1905 and Prior

College	Per Cent Actual of Expected Deaths				
	All Classes Combined	Classes Prior to 1880	Classes 1880-1889	Classes 1890-1899	Classes 1900-1905
All colleges combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Amherst	74.7	91.1	62.9	73.6	56.2
Brown	74.1	80.4	99.5	59.8	51.7
Cornell	94.6	99.5	104.1	97.9	70.0
Dartmouth	113.4	112.4	113.8	127.1	80.9
Harvard	100.1	107.5	99.2	94.9	85.0
Massachusetts Agricultural	84.4	98.6	94.0	*
Tulane	94.2	75.7	120.3
Wesleyan	85.3	93.4	84.2	73.6	61.2
Williams	79.5	61.9	101.1
Yale	89.2	82.0	93.7	108.6	71.1

* Rate not significant.

to 1905 show a ratio of actual to expected deaths of only 71.1 per cent. Only those who are familiar with the internal organization of the athletic work of our

IV

It is disappointing that in our study of the mortality of college athletes we

could not make a decisive investigation into the causes from which athletes die prematurely. We were able to obtain facts of sufficient trustworthiness in only 566 cases out of the 1,202 deaths which occurred. But there is every reason to believe that this sample is fairly representative and indicates in a broad way what the material would have shown if we had succeeded in obtaining the causes of death of the entire group. Among the younger men, the most frequently recorded disease was tuberculosis. Sixteen per cent of the reported cases under age 45 were ascribed to this condition. Pneumonia was also frequently reported. Typhoid fever is a common cause of death. There was also a very high incidence of deaths from accidental causes. No less than one-fifth of the younger men died from this condition. Among the older men, the picture is different. Of the 315 who died at ages over 45 and whose cause of death we know, 101, or 32 per cent, were ascribed to diseases of the heart. This preponderance of deaths from heart disease is, of course, significant. Among carefully selected insured lives rarely do we find more than 20 per cent of the deaths at the ages over 45 resulting from heart disease. In other words, the athletes, in spite of their better longevity record than insured men, showed a worse condition as to heart disease. The full importance of this finding is still obscure. But it suggests, even if it does not prove, that indulgence in athletics may in a good many instances have deleterious effects on the heart, especially if careful selection and supervision of the athletes by trained medical men is not always available. The other important causes of death reported at the older ages are diseases of the nervous system, Bright's disease, pneumonia, and accidents. The incidence of each of these causes is fairly normal except for accidents, which show a higher mortality ratio.

It is not easy to draw final conclusions from our investigation in spite of the fact that much time and work have gone

into the preparation of the data we already have. Taken by and large, it would appear that the group of college athletes studied presented a favorable mortality picture. The experience has been much better among recent graduates than the earlier ones with the single exception of those who were on the crews. I must confess, however, that I expected a better showing than actually appeared in the record. These college men represented the cream of the cream of American manhood. It is my opinion, although I would not wish to push that too far, that athletic activities in the earlier periods of loose supervision did considerable damage. The high incidence of heart disease which we found at the older ages is a matter which should not be taken lightly. Conditions are very much better in more recent years of intensive selection and careful supervision of the athletes.

On the other hand, it may be that we have expected too much from our athletes. It is, after all, a good deal of an assumption that the athletic type of build and great longevity go hand in hand. There are facts pointing the other way which we in the insurance business are gradually making note of. Those who arrive at a ripe old age are often small and physically underdeveloped people. Women live much longer than men. Men of large frame and especially those who are inclined to become seriously overweight give high mortality rates and insurance companies are very cautious in insuring them at standard rates. It is, therefore, possible that the type of man who is selected for athletic activity may, after all, not be cut out for extremely favorable longevity. The problem will be solved only when we have side by side with our present figures, data for the classmates of these men who did not engage in athletic sports. We shall then be able to tell definitely what effects indulgence in the several athletic activities produce in terms of longer life.



AMERICANS ARE BOYS

A SPANIARD LOOKS AT OUR CIVILIZATION

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

SOONER or later the Spaniard feels the call of the blood and sallies forth in order to discover America. I have discovered America, which means, of course, that I know next to nothing about it. Yet, in all truth, America was not quite unknown to me. I had lived for six years in one of the most important American cities in Europe—Geneva—whose fertile soil brings forth every summer a plentiful harvest of distinguished Americans, all turning their faces to the League as sunflowers their corollas to the sun. I was then one of the rays in the League's Sun and grew to be quite conscious of the warmth and light which it was my privilege to convey from the Sun of Peace to the open, eager faces come from afar to behold it. I had grown to like those faces. They were clear, they were frank, they were earnest, with more fun than humor in their ever-youthful features. And by observing them year after year I had come to the conclusion that what I liked in them was that they reminded me of children.

Then I began to notice their English. I was impressed by the fact that they said "an elevator" instead of "a lift" and "an uplifting experience" instead of "an elevating experience." Now, Latin-English is the more refined, the nobler, and the more self-conscious of the two. This inversion in the use of Latin- and Saxon-English suggested, therefore, an inversion of the standard of values adopted in England. For the English, the more solemn of the two movements upwards is the moral; for the American,

the physical. For the American, therefore, the world of tangible things is a noble and an earnest world. The child believes in his toys and respects them.

America, then, appeared to me as an immense up-to-date nursery and boys' school fitted with the most wonderful toys and games you could imagine. Who was the gigantic Father Christmas who invented the skyscraper? That skyline which refused to reveal itself to us as the boat felt its way up New York haven in thick fog, was it not like a colossal Christmas shop window glittering with lights? And think of all that those beautiful towers and palaces conceal behind their embroidered cliffs! Think of the elevators (my hat to their importance) coming and going behind their beautiful brass filigree cages, with all their neat little buttons and lights and arrows red and green, and the boy so spick and span you could hardly believe he was a real boy, least of all when he announces the floor in an unintelligible yell which seems to burst out of his stuffed body under mechanical compulsion. Think of the lovely marble floors, thick carpets, barber shops, all resplendent with mirrors and nicked bars and, oh! the marvelous chairs pivoting in all meridians and parallels like telescopes for the barber to observe and operate on your beauty under every possible angle and light—and the mechanical appliances for brushing your hair and for drying it, all moving electrically, so fast and with so much wonderful noise. . . .

II

There is a boy in Detroit who had a capital idea. He made up his mind that every boy and girl in the house—I mean in America—was going to have a magnificent toy: a car on wheels and going by itself. None of those cars which had to be wound up, but a real automobile, which means that it goes on its own. A real thing, going for miles and miles without being wound at all—at least nowadays, for at first there was a bit of winding to do before the thing started and a not very pleasant job at that, particularly in winter. Now the fact is this boy has transformed the whole nursery and school with his idea, and everybody is so happy that no nursery was ever quieter in the world and the Nurse in Washington can knit the threads of her policy in blissful peace.

Boys are naturally given to boasting and exaggeration. The American language differs from English in that it seeks the top of expression while English seeks its lowly valleys. An Englishman would have found seemly and moderate, if vague, euphemisms for what America calls nowadays "wet" and "dry." But even these uncompromising expressions prove too weak for the American taste, and so we have come to read that Senator A is bone-dry while Governor B is dripping wet. The *Times* (London) would have dropped an almost incomprehensible and labyrinthine hint in its City Columns to obtain the same effect which the Philadelphia *Ledger* sought in saying on its first page: "The Department of State came down to-day with both feet upon any and all proposals to float loans in the United States for the benefit of Soviet Russia." Some boy, that Department of State! And where an English newspaper would have written, "Preparatory measures are being taken for an April primary by Senator D and his friends," the *Chicago Tribune* announces that, "Senator D and his associates jumped at full stride yesterday into the race to get ready for an April

primary." True the *Chicago Tribune* has to live up to its claim: "The world's greatest newspaper." Yet, the point is that it lives up to it by such powerful "dramatizing" of facts, just as it dramatizes its own building by making of it the tallest tower in Chicago, several inches taller than (unless it is the reverse, which hardly matters) the tower built by a chewing-gum firm. But if a chewing-gum tower is not in its place in a nursery, what on earth is your idea of a nursery, I ask? For my part, I find that chewing-gum habit one of the most significant features of the juvenile state of America. It is, moreover, subtly connected with the boyish (and American) habit of exaggeration, for all exaggerating phrases end in "the world" (the greatest paper in the world); and "the world" is pronounced by the American Boy with a peculiar flourish of the tongue which suggests an exceptional length of the said organ, as if it could be, and was, twisted and turned and made into a knot—a fact due no doubt to the gymnastical exercises which the American tongue goes through in gum-chewing.

Let us then make up our minds that the higher of the two towers is the chewing-gum building. It must be. It should be. It is. It stands for the innumerable sentences which represent the refusal of every American Boy to accept any standard below the topmost in the *world*. Quantity is the first standard to appear in the scale of human values; and as the maximum is the quantity of quantity (all other levels of quantity being but qualities of quantity), "the greatest in the world" is the most frequent standard of comparison in the greatest nursery in the world.

Pride? Perhaps. But how much simple humility under that juvenile pride! Boys are proud with humble standards, and it is the play of pride and humility which is attractive in them.

They board one another like children, with no social reserve, no cold formality. "My name is John. Do you like to

play with me?"—so say children. And they, "My name is Smith. I am much interested in your work. . . ." Or else, "I came late to your lecture and did not hear the Chairman's introduction. Who are you?" They are direct, frank, and spontaneous, like children. They want to know because they are curious, not because they seek some advantage from the information they are asking. They just want to know. There are so many things in the world and so thrilling, if only one could know them. And the American Boy has kept intact the juvenile capacity for being thrilled. So, being wealthy children, they make their European uncles come over to tell them stories. Every boat brings at least one of them, always, of course, the most famous European uncle in the *world*, known the world over for his ability to spin yarns on a particular line—politics, philosophy, literature, or travel—and the children go and listen to him and are thrilled and grateful to the European uncle who has taught them so much and kept them out of mischief for at least one hour.

They are hungry and thirsty for information—facts, stories. But they dislike thought, as all sound, healthy children do. None of your highbrow stuff for fine lads who can enjoy themselves making toys and playing with them. Knowledge, yes. By all means. Some boys must know all about how toys are made and moved to and fro, and distributed fairly in the nursery, or there would be no fun. Knowledge, however, is all right. It can be checked and put to some use, both made something of and kept busy, so to say. It can be turned into a toy, so that by means of little machines with colored lamps and buttons and switches the springs of the soul-machine may be shown to the whole nursery. There is a mighty boy in Columbia University who is a master in that game. He's just discovered how blond girls are more sensitive than brunettes by showing them love films while they had all sorts of something-meters and what-d'you-call-

them-graphs attached to their wrists and placed on their left breasts, their imagination meanwhile wandering God knows where. Great fun, I tell you, this knowledge game.

No wonder they like it. For knowledge is not only good fun but also useful and recognized as a commendable thing by all grown-ups. But principles and theories are quite another matter. They are dangerous things. God knows where they might lead. That is the way people turn radical, and once Boys began to be radicals, the whole nursery would be agog and the Boys divided for good, instead of just for a game of politics as they are divided now into Republicans and Democrats with not a pin to choose between them but, oh! such fierce quarrels and such agitation and shouting and organizing and playing at Committees and denouncing this and the other in dead earnest and choosing one particular lad and turning him into a hero, either because he speaks well or because he is always wonderfully silent, or because he is wet or maybe for being dry, or for descending from one of the masts of the *Mayflower*, or perhaps for being a self-made man—just someone to become a hero and a great man; and once chosen, they work for him and shout for him and fight for him and die for him and forget all about him when he is safely seated on his stately chair and the fun of the fight is over.

III

Splendid Boys! Their imagination is always at boiling point. With the little ones, it takes terrifying forms. They dream of dreadful dangers and bogies—the Catholic Church and the Rising Tide of Color, lurking in the night, ready to devour the whole nursery with a snappy movement of their powerful and sinister jaws. The little ones are terrified yet brave. To give themselves a countenance, and in the hope of frightening away the monsters, they grant one another grand, high-sounding titles: "Imperial Wizard," they whisper; and

then they rise from their cots, in their long white nightgowns, and put masks on their faces and peaked caps on their heads and weird paper ornaments on their chests, and try to chase the dreaded fiends with yells and shouts and dances and the magic power of the thrice-repeated letter K.

Happy in their spacious nursery, the Boys hardly ever look through the window. Why should they? A wide street of water separates them from the old house opposite whence their parents came long ago, oh, so very, very, very long ago, you know. . . . Longer, in fact, than any child's memory can hold. They cannot see the old house, but they know it only too well. Don't they know it? Some of them, the more idle, venture over the water now and then. What for? I ask you. Just to waste their money and to forget their good nursery manners over there. For it is a fact that the old place is decrepit and dissolute and backward at that. They can't make toys nearly as fast as we do, nor as cheap, and they cannot even agree among themselves. See. We are forty-eight states living in perfect union. Why don't they follow our example? The causes are exactly alike. We are all Americans. They are all foreigners. Surely they might agree if they had any decency. No wonder America remains aloof in her romantic dreams. Romantic and quixotic, she refuses to see realities other than she imagines them, and she keeps loyal to her sacred memories, regardless of her material interests. She has made up her mind that every European statesman is a super-intellectual machiavel, and it is no use showing her photographs of European statesmen: she remains faithful to her fond illusion. She has a vague notion that her beloved Washington, long, oh, long ago, shook a tender yet stern finger at her, "Now, see you do not get entangled with Europeans!" and in vain her hard-boiled financiers point out to her that her European interests are worth several of her States: America half-closes her dreaming eyes and mur-

murs to herself, "HE told me I was to remain unentangled." Romantic America! . . .

Do you require further proofs? See the place which woman occupies in her life. The Boys have hoisted her on to a pedestal of admiration. Her power and privileges flow from the position she occupies as an idealized type of humanity. In her youth, the inspirer, in her maturer years, the leader of men. First, the sweetheart of the nation, then her aunt, woman governs America because America is a land of boys who refuse to grow up. She it is who rises to the activities reserved for grown-up people: general ideas, æsthetic enjoyment, culture, understanding of the world. The Boys around her live a life of fun and activity, caught in the "behaviorism" of club and school standards which they scrupulously respect, faithful to tradition and to a collective earth which their inexperienced minds are afraid to leave. She dares explore the Heaven and Hell of individualism, the wider responsibilities of thought, and the wider liberties of experience. The Boys look up to her—her beauty, first, then her intelligence, her culture, her wisdom. As the sweetheart of the nation, she keeps the Boys happy and healthy with her affection; as the nation's aunt, she made up her mind the Boys were not to drink, and the Boys are dry. Not that they like it over much, but, when asked, they sigh first, smile afterwards, cast a side glance at *Her* and concede, "We are better off as it is."

IV

Youth is also selfish, and the Boys are selfish enough. Toys or no toys, there is money in them, and everybody knows what is behind money—more toys, of course. Large colored boards yell their alluring promises to the "Successful" boy, tempting everyone to climb to the top with delicious vistas which no boy can resist—glossy cars, velvet-skinned beauties, travel, and cigarettes. Opportunities are large and numerous; skill and

energy always sure of a reward. But every boy must look out for himself and "people don't go into business for their health." Boyish selfishness can be cruel.

But if boys are selfish, they can also be generous. These healthy and energetic Boys count the money they get but not the money they give.

For these children, so direct, so spontaneous, so ill-mannered at times, at times so ignorant and so secure in their self-satisfied limitations, these children so healthy and so strong even in their defects, are good. They are good children and they want to be good children. No nation, except perhaps that admirable England from whose old house they came (of that, there is no doubt) can show a higher sense of social duty and service than this Boy-Club which America is. Every boy and girl wants to serve. The lure of common service is so strong that many a woman fails to see in motherhood and the home a sufficient justification for her existence, and wants to be a citizen and a business woman rather than a mother or a wife. The common weal is the law; demagogues and political crooks can reach their ends only by pretending to be the champions of the community. The vices of American politics spring from ignorance and gullibility but not from lack of public spirit. It is with public spirit diverted to wrong ends that political mountebanks misgovern here and there in the wide country. Another juvenile feature comes here into play—an astounding credulity, an unbelievable faith in those who know. And Americans are justified in their credulity by the unbelievable things which they have witnessed in their lifetime. They believe in fairy tales partly because they are still in that age, partly because they live in the midst of them. They can spin fairy tales themselves with that placid assurance of the child who begins by believing in his inventions before inviting you to listen to them.

Children, for all their fuss about independence and individualism, are profoundly gregarious. American boys

seek one another's company for everything. Play and prayer, feast and fast, lesson and leisure—all is arranged in common. Even the most individualistic enterprises . . . America is the land of "petting parties"! Kiwanis and Rotarians are but symbolic institutions of a gregarious spirit which permeates all American life. Let us meet. Let us meet for Heaven's sake. Let us not remain alone. The mind is so queer. God knows what it might be up to if we gave it a chance. Why! it might even grow up and *think*. No. Let us clap one another's shoulder and be merry. We may even have a lecturer to spin a yarn to us. It won't be long and we need not remember it after he's gone. But let us meet.

That gregarious spirit is shaping the nation out of the heterogeneous elements which a century of immigration has brought to it. A strong collective consciousness is the key-note.

V

These children are children of giants, and their toys are huge. Their materialism is a mere phase in their development, not an essential feature of their character. Let us remember how it affects all their being, even their art, even their intellect, even the very movements of their soul.

They love "research" and recoil instinctively from speculative thought because research is the most material form of intellectual exercise, and that in which mental initiative is more closely guided and sustained by nature. Moreover, the old house of Mother Nature is a wonderful place in which to roam in search of odd corners and hidden rooms. In the strong attachment towards research to be found in the American I find, therefore, a sign of intellectual life in its first phase: that of first acquaintance with the world outside, of still fresh appetite for adventure into the ocean of tangible things; and, further, the utilitarian sense of youth

and the instinctive mistrust which young intellects feel of their own powers to fly into the thin air of speculation. But the strong tendency towards research is in itself a feature wholly dissimilar to the dislike of *all* intellectual effort which typifies the Englishman. Inherently, the American is not intellectually inquisitive. His curiosity is keen. And, therefore, though superficially some of his intellectual characteristics may recall those of the Englishman (and though historically and racially they are no doubt related to English traits), the American differs from the Englishman in that he is more energetically prone to intellectual work. Hence here is a distinctive promise of growth.

A similar conclusion suggests itself when American artistic life is considered. America excels in architecture. The fact deserves notice. Why should architecture be the American art par excellence? A mere glance at the arts will provide the answer. Art, I take it (I wish professors of æsthetics and critics would "take" it also) is the conveyance of spirit by means of matter. Now the arts may be classified in a kind of scale or hierarchy according to the weight and density of matter which they require. At the bottom end of the scale is architecture. Then come sculpture, painting, poetry, and finally music. Poetry needs ideas and concepts in which a shade of matter still lingers. In music, of the three elements which compose it, timbre still retains a shade of matter; rhythm and numbers are purely spiritual. Architecture, at the other end, is massive and utilitarian. Thus America's success in architecture appears to us as another manifestation of the material phase of her development.

Were America a land permanently poor in the arts, she might have shown herself relatively more proficient in some æsthetic form of life other than architecture. But the fact that, while but moderately successful in other arts, she should excel in architecture shows that we are in the presence of the *beginning*

of a hopeful artistic career. Thus, after architecture, the best American art is sculpture, and then painting; while poetry and music come last.

For American sensibility is still profoundly material. Hence the tendency to material metaphors for describing the motions of the soul, generally represented in American language as movements of a body: *uplifted*, *thrilled*, are examples in point. But these examples in themselves (even when American exaggeration is discounted) as well as the obvious vitality of American architecture, show that American sensibility is naturally rich, just as we found that American intellect is naturally keen. The future of American life is, therefore, full of possibilities. The Boys will grow.

VI

Unless . . . A phase may be a mere phase and yet be dangerous for all that. Materialism begets its apostles and its pontiffs; it can (what can not?) be turned into a religion. The combination of materialism with the gregarious tendency is one of the most abominable enemies of true and healthy growth.

The visitor who wanders about among men and institutions soon realizes that the power of business over intellectual life is stronger in America than anywhere in Europe—leaving aside, of course, Russia, in which it is absolute. Here, it seems to me, must be found the cause of the relative uniformity of intellectual views which is one of the most striking facts for the visitor in contemporary America. When the Spanish State became a Church (a tendency alive to-day in the American State: see American flags on altars), the inquisition burned heretics. In America heretics are frozen out. The process requires a different temperature, yet is equally severe. But St. Augustine thought that it was good there should be heretics. And so do some of us.

Perhaps these are growth pains of the American boy. Perhaps he will outlive

them. If not, the world will lose a great civilization. For the promise of America is great and its fulfilment should be desired by all those for whom life is to be loved for itself, out of all considerations of space, time, or race. Even now there are in America living witnesses of the spiritual power which she has in store. Her highest achievements are not her mighty factories—toys and toy-making, after all—nor her skyscrapers—toys, again—but the charm of some of her women. A charm which, inde-

finable as it is, independent of sex and age, is a definite spiritual wealth, a recognizable flower of life. It may be argued that of such women there are only a few. Of course. A woman of charm is as rare as a man of genius. But when a country gives forth a man of genius, she proves her worth for all time. And when a country is sprinkled with women of charm she proves that a life is in her which may yet make the world open its eyes and wonder.

DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I *AM not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely; crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.*

*Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains—but the best is lost.*

*The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,
They are gone; they are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom; fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses of the world.*

*Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.*



THE RISE OF THE CITIES

A PESSIMISTIC NOTE

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

EARLY in the year the peripatetic Mayor of New York was in Baltimore for an evening, receiving kudos from the local dignitaries. In the course of the speech-making Governor Ritchie of Maryland referred to the impending struggle for the mastery of the republic between townsmen and rustics; and in his reply Mayor Walker also touched upon the same subject.

These gentlemen are exceedingly practical politicians, and practical politicians are not given to indulging in fantasies and wild dreams. Hence it is significant when they refer to the town-country battle in terms such as they employed that night; for each of them viewed the approaching conflict through the same fatalistic glasses with which Admiral Plunkett scrutinizes the coming war with Great Britain. They had no doubt whatever that the war is already beginning; nor had they any doubt that it will result in the triumph of the cities.

For this latter assumption they have the authority of the census figures which for the last thirty years have shown the urban population increasing relatively with enormous strides, so that the census of 1920 showed a majority of the population as urban, although in 1890 only a third of it was so classified. If this tendency continues, within another generation city dwellers in the United States will heavily outnumber countrymen. Nor is there any sound reason to suppose that the trend will be reversed, because employment of machinery is steadily decreasing the number of men required to

operate the farms, hence the danger of famine is remote even if the drift to the cities continues.

If the war, then, is inevitable, and the outcome not much in doubt, speculation naturally turns toward its probable effects. Governor Ritchie and Mayor Walker speculated in this direction that night in Baltimore. They are both representatives of the urban interest, for more than half Governor Ritchie's constituency lives in Baltimore City, and a large share of the rest in other Maryland towns. As city men, it was natural for these two to look no farther than to the effect on the urban population. They foresaw free cities, released from a tyranny of misconception—perhaps the worst form of tyranny—and placed at last in a position to conduct their own affairs honestly and efficiently. They foresaw surcease from the policy of hypocrisy and corruption all compact, the combination of threats, cajolery, log-rolling, and flat bribery which cities too often in the past have had to employ upon country legislatures in order to escape plain disaster. And having seen so much, they were willing to look no farther.

But the countryman must look farther. Anyone whose sympathies lie at all with the rustics must look farther. Granting that the recapture of their liberties will be an excellent thing for the cities, will that be the only result of their assumption of power? Once the weight of numbers has transferred control of the government to their hands, will they

limit their exercise of that control to the securing of their own liberty?

Of course they will not. It would be contrary to human nature for them to do so. It is far more likely that for every fetter that the countryman has fixed upon them they will forge two for him. Where he has scourged them with whips they will scourge him with scorpions, and their little finger upon him will be heavier than the loins of his father were upon the cities.

Furthermore, they will perpetrate their atrocities in precisely the same spirit of almost religious exaltation that now animates a legislature of rustics engaged in concocting devilment against the cities. I repeat, it will be the same spirit, although its manifestations will be entirely different, in fact, opposite.

The attitude of the countryman toward the townsman at present is, in general, one of moral superiority. The countryman's horror of the town is based upon the fact that it is a cesspool of iniquity. I use the word "fact" advisedly, on the theory that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." If a man believes with all his heart that the theater is the ante-room of hell, that dancing is a mortal sin, that playing-cards, pool tables, Sunday newspapers, and Sunday baseball are devices of the devil for the snaring of souls, then to him the city is in fact iniquitous; for there he encounters on every hand temptations to violate his conscience. To attempt to remonstrate with such a man is worse than useless, for to argue with him that the city is not really wicked is to argue that vice is not vicious. Has he not eyes? The fact that the city does with a clear conscience things which to him are sinful is simply additional proof of the utter depravity of the town.

This attitude is responsible for an enormous amount of harassing on the part of rural legislators. When a Georgia member introduced a bill levying a tax, which was a thinly-disguised fine, of two thousand five hundred dollars on

each and every performance of grand opera in Atlanta he made no attempt to convince anyone that he was trying to raise revenue. He was frankly out to abolish an evil, and the members who supported his measure did so in exactly the frame of mind in which the original Assassins repaired to the battlefields with their knives up their sleeves. The Georgians believed that the slaughter of grand opera would be accounted unto them for merit in the other world and would help prize open the gates of paradise.

The Georgia attack on grand opera is an extreme example of a type of legislation that is familiar enough in milder forms. Many of the larger cities writhe under Blue Laws embodying the rural, not the urban, conception of Sabbath observance. All over the land there are State boards of moving picture censors whose function is the protection of townsmen's morals. The Clean Books Bill came near setting up the Albany legislature as an agency of purification of New York City's reading matter. And there is, of course, prohibition.

The censorships and the Eighteenth Amendment may have been inspired in part by self-defense; but nothing of the sort can be argued in favor of Blue Laws. The way in which the townsman spends his Sundays cannot possibly affect the countryman except in his capacity of crusader; but as a crusader he finds the very existence of evil offensive, whether it affects him or not.

II

City men protest that when power comes into their hands they will never retaliate upon countrymen after this fashion. They disclaim any desire to uplift the morals of their rural brethren. Perhaps they are right. Indeed, it seems probable that the city will never attempt to regulate the personal morals of anyone who refrains from flagrant offenses against public decency.

But after all, they too are Americans, drawn, in the main, from the same stock

that fills the countryside. They have their crusading impulse, also, although its manifestations may be different. When it begins to stir the blood of the city dwellers it will lie as heavily upon countrymen as the moral superiority of the countryman now lies upon the town. Furthermore, when the cities come to power, they will find in these very Blue Laws, censorship, and prohibitions precedents which they will inevitably employ to justify their own incursions into the affairs of their rural neighbors.

When the cities gain control every fad which tickles the fancy of townsmen will be rammed down the throats of countrymen by legislative fiat. For example, the "daylight-saving" nonsense will certainly be imposed upon all the farms. The sheer imbecility of the thing as applied to agricultural operations will make no impression on city dwellers. The fact that you can't feed mules, or make chickens go to roost, by daylight-saving time means less than nothing to eight-hour operatives in factories and stores. Probably there will be also a labor code, admirably adapted to the needs of city workers, but superbly idiotic in the fields, where sun and rain will continue to ignore union rules. It is not beyond imagination that city men in control of state legislatures would inflict upon countrymen such fantastic legislation as the Sullivan law, in New York, forbidding firearms to be kept in any farmhouse, regardless of the fact that the nearest policeman is ten miles away. Certainly the countryman would be harassed by all sorts of hygienic measures excellent, even imperative, in congested centers of population, but unnecessary and mischievous in the open country.

For if the countryman is profoundly convinced of his moral superiority over the townsman, the townsman is just as profoundly convinced of his intellectual superiority over the rustic. This is indicated by the very terms in which the vernacular of each refers to the other; "hick" indicates a mental, as "slicker"

connotes a moral deficiency. It is in the things in which we feel a distinct superiority that we are able with a clear conscience to lay down the law for others. Therefore, urban tyranny over the countryside will be most conspicuous in the intellectual, rather than in the moral realm. When the cities are in the saddle the countryman will be at liberty to sin with all the originality of which he is capable; but if he dares to think otherwise than as the town thinks the gyves will be on his ankles and the manacles upon his wrists promptly and inevitably.

Unfortunately, however, there is no one logic any more than there is one moral code applicable everywhere and at all times. What is reason in the townsman may be utter lack of it in the countryman. This is demonstrated by the Constitution of the United States, which was framed by countrymen, and already begins to be inapplicable to city populations. The right of the people to keep and bear arms, for example, has already been definitely abrogated by the people of New York, although it was specifically guaranteed in the Constitution. The right of peaceable assemblage, also guaranteed in the Constitution, has likewise been abrogated by practically every city in the country, where it is necessary to obtain a police permit for any kind of assemblage and especially for an assemblage to petition for the redress of grievances. If the cities controlled the government is it not reasonable to suppose that these rights would be abrogated for the country as well? They are not regarded as important by city men. Perhaps they are not important to city men. Nevertheless, their abolition will be an act of tyranny.

So will be the imposition upon the country of the city's economic and social code. Yet the way is being prepared for that imposition, and by countrymen themselves. If the farm *bloc* in Congress succeeds in enacting laws empowering the government to take action to raise the price of wheat it will thereby establish the government's right, in other

circumstances, to take action to reduce the price of wheat. It is to be remembered that in former times the right of cities to regulate the prices of farm products was unchallenged. Governmental regulation, well established in the interest of the farmer, would be a convenient path to resumption of economic oppression, once the cities gained control of governmental machinery.

III

As to the imminence of a change in control, it must be remembered that the urban population, which was 45.8% of the total in 1910, advanced to 51.4% in 1920. In 1900 it had been about 40%. In 1930 it is likely to approach 60%, which would mean that there would be three city men to each two countrymen in the United States. The rural districts succeeded in preventing a reapportionment of the House of Representatives based on the 1920 census, but it is not likely that they can continue to prevent reapportionment after the 1930 census. The cities, of course, will not gain their full representation in the national legislature even then, for most of them have been gerrymandered out of part of their strength by State legislatures. Nevertheless, they are pretty sure to be strengthened appreciably after 1930.

Furthermore, they are swiftly gaining self-consciousness, as witness the remarks of Governor Ritchie and Mayor Walker. Their capacity for effective organization seems to be greater than that of the country, therefore they will be able to employ to good effect even a slight advantage in numbers. Within the next dozen years there will be two federal census enumerations, which lends support to the belief that within fifteen years there will be a marked shift in the relative political weight of city and country in America.

This consideration is a powerful argument in favor of conservatism in statecraft at present. If time is really in favor of the cities, it is obviously bad

strategy for their representatives to do anything at present that will arouse the antagonism and sharpen the suspicion of the rustics, thereby hardening their opposition to fair representation for the cities. For, after all, at this moment the countrymen have the upper hand; and if they fight hard enough, they can delay for a long time, even if they cannot prevent, the eventual dominance of the cities.

On the other hand, it is even worse strategy for countrymen to establish precedents that are sure to return to plague them, probably within a decade, and almost certainly within two decades. Agrarian raids on the federal treasury are particularly ill-timed when they come just in advance of the period when the cities are likely to be in position to retaliate. So is harassing moralistic legislation. So is anything else that tends to inflame the urban population against the rural.

Still, he is an optimist indeed who expects political leaders to suppress altogether the natural tendency to gain reputation by walloping the other side even if the walloping is sure to be, in the long run, injurious to the country. To suggest inactivity to the farm *bloc* is to invite derision. Equally so is to make the same suggestion to the city group, which is at the moment less compactly organized, but not less aggressive. The chances are that the war will go on, through many a bitterly-contested action, to an outcome thoroughly satisfactory to nobody.

For the victory of the cities certainly will not inaugurate the millennial dawn. It is true, their grievances are numerous and sharp. They have suffered much at the hands of their rural masters, and never more than when the rustic conscience began to operate. Country solons' efforts to improve the moral tone of the city have resulted almost invariably in such debauchery, corruption, defiance of law, and all-around villainy as the best efforts of the underworld have seldom matched. Country lawmakers'

efforts to shift the burden of taxation almost entirely to city shoulders have lately attained a cynicism as unabashed as Boss Tweed ever exhibited. Country obscurantists' flinty opposition to every intelligent effort at improvement has materially increased the city man's contempt for the rustic.

But as for political tyranny, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* That the city's complaints are well founded no candid man can deny. At the same time, I fail to understand how any thoughtful man who has lived in both city and country can look forward to urban domination of the republic with unmixed satisfaction. The smugness of the cockney is every whit as objectionable as the fanaticism of the rustic. Indeed, it is fanaticism of a different order—a fanaticism that believes miracles are worked by the police, or the ward boss, or the newspapers, or, most fantastic of all, by the chuckle-headed average citizen who pounds the pavements all day.

I admit that Antæus is an entirely mythical character. I admit that the average clodhopper is totally unmoved by the pageantry of the seasons. I see no sort of evidence that a dull man is converted into an intellectual or moral giant by contact with the soil. But neither do I believe that any such process

results from his contact with asphalt and concrete.

Men's wisdom is not increased when electric signs blot Orion from their sight. I doubt that their perceptions are greatly quickened when "star" to their minds means Lillian Gish instead of Aldebaran. The main difference between the stupid countryman and the stupid townsman is that the city fool is much more likely to deem himself clever because his most intimate contacts are with men like himself, and not with such inescapable realities as rain and wind and sun which can be neither denied nor defrauded.

However, the republic is committed to the principle of majority rule and, now that the cities have the majority of the population, to deny their right to rule is to deny a fundamental principle. Yet, granting that control of the country should go along with the greater number of votes, it is folly to look forward to urban control as a thing in itself ardently to be desired. It will be every whit as stupid and as tyrannous as rural control has been in the past. For majority rule, after all, is justified not as being in itself desirable, but simply as being less undesirable than revolution, which would follow if the majority were denied control.

The city is going to be king. We may as well face the fact, since we can do no better.

The Lion's Mouth



DECLINING THE NOMINATION

(A Favorite Son's Letter Goes Out Exactly as Dictated)

BY BARON IRELAND

Chairman Republicrat National Committee,

DEAR SIR:

While fully conscious of the honor and I'd have to be unconscious to take it that you have done me in proposing my name for the Vice-Presidential nomination I must regretfully—har har—decline to permit my friends and a swell bunch of friends they are trying to make me the goat to consider me for that high office.

In the thirty years and it feels like a hundred and thirty during which I have held public office and pretty damn tight too or where would I be now I can conscientiously that's a good word say that I have ever placed the party welfare and what a sucker I was to do it above my own and how did they think that was going to help me pay the rent?

No man is greater than his party. You've got to hand 'em that bunk but look at me and Rusefelt. My country first, my party next and myself last and you can put the reverse English on that one or I'd be sweeping streets now has ever been my motto.

But thirty years of steadfast devotion to the public service has as the poet says or is that one in the Bible left my poor body weary of this great strife. The public servant I ought to say menial undergoes a severe drain upon his phys-

ical and mental powers and my thirty years of steadfast devotion to the public service ought fairly to be said to be enough to entitle me to a well-earned respite.

I have God forbid arrived at an age when I must consider more than in the past my family and my personal well being and don't you think I'm not going to do it either. I have necessarily sacrificed everything to the demands of my public work and a fathead of a boss but I find that in justice to myself and where am I going to get it from anybody else I must yield my place to one of the younger men and a fine set of saps they are to pick from especially that little squirt Simpson the grafter he's been trying to nose me out for three years and won't he give three cheers now? Any of these young men can serve as well as I like Kelly can and moreover they bring the gifts of youth and vigor and bone-headedness that my thirty years' steadfast devotion to the public service have somewhat taken from me. I feel that now with these younger men to fill my place hell they can't fill one corner of it that I can at last fulfill my dearest wish of stepping out of the limelight gosh what a lie and permit myself a little relaxation.

This is the first time I have failed to answer the call of my party and I would not fail now but for the reasons I have given not to mention what a sucker I'd continue to be if I turned down that fifty thousand a year offer from the Ashcan Trust.

I need not add that I shall continue to support to the limit of my voice and influence the party which has so signally honored me with its confidence in the past and then offers me a tin whistle

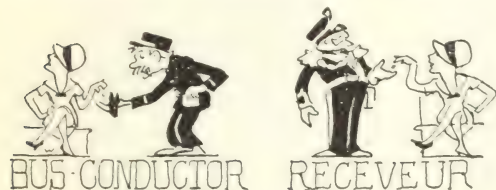
Vice-Presidency the ingrates! The crust of 'em after I put Harrington over for 'em in 1924! Well, we'll see what they can do now without somebody with brains to show 'em how!

With best wishes for the future success of the party and kindest personal regards to yourself I am,

Sincerely and gratefully rats,

RUDOLPH HASSELBACHER.

Fifty thousand a year! Oh, baby! Wonder what's a good make of yacht?



A NOBLE LANGUAGE

BY DANIEL G. MASON

THE man who said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet must have been strangely deficient in the feeling for the flavor of words. However skilfully he may have smelled, he could not have heard very well. Or perhaps he was merely speaking at random, and had never approached the matter experimentally. If he had once actually tried calling a rose a laburnum, a hydrangea, or a gladiolus, even his dull ear must have noticed how its fragrance had escaped; and he could hardly have failed to remark, had he ever given himself a chance, how the perfume of almost any kind of rose can be enhanced by calling it a brier. There is no use trying to discount the value of names. Not only can you damn a dog by giving him a bad name (such, for instance, as Dachshund, which would make any dog ridiculous) but you can ennoble him by calling him, say, a Great Dane. After a summer in England, France, Italy, and German-speaking Switzerland, I came to the conclusion that the Latin nations have a matchless natural flair for nobility in names, while we "Nordics," for all our boasted superiority—English, Americans, and

Germans alike—are culpably slovenly in language, and will tie an epithet to an object as carelessly as if it were a baggage tag.

In Paris last spring, waiting for a bus at the Palais-Royal, I idly scanned the timetable, pasted with French meticulousness inside a sort of bird-cage on a lamp-post. It stated that the busses ran every ten minutes, I believe, during certain parts of the day, but oftener, perhaps every five, during the "*heures d'affluence*." I rubbed my eyes. Why, of course, it must mean "rush hours." But what an august, what a Roman, what an imperial way of saying it! On Broadway, the scrambling street of a mushroom civilization, there may be rush hours; by the Palais-Royal there are hours of affluence. I made a mental note of *affluence*, resolved to bag other specimens of it in my further travels. I had to wait until Interlaken. There I found in my tri-lingual *Kur-Karte* this note on the Heimwehfluh-Funiculaire: "*Départs toutes les 5 à 10 minutes selon l'affluence*." This struck me as neat if not noble, and the German version as somewhat clumsy in comparison: "*Abfahrten alle 5-10 Minuten je nach Frequenz*." "*Je nach Frequenz*" was adequate enough, but had a barbarous sound after "*selon l'affluence*." With some misgivings I turned to see what my native tongue would make of it. "Trains leave every 5-10 minutes if required." About that "if required," tacked on as if by an afterthought, there was a crudely utilitarian air, an effect of makeshift and dull prose, that filled me with envy for those who by natural right travel in French. It seemed a fortune almost superhuman. Mortals may have things "if required"; angels alone must be always served "*selon l'affluence*."

It is thus even more absorbing to travel in French than to travel in France; the one is indeed the natural complement and consummation of the other; and to some extent, as I discovered, it is an experience open to all motorists through

the simple device of using the Michelin typewritten itineraries. I had got no farther than Fontainebleau, for example, before my imagination was so obsessed with the problem of what PN could possibly mean (PN, just like that, capitals without even periods after them) that I had to ask the hotel proprietor before I could digest my lunch. PN, it seems, is *Passage à niveau*. Now not only is *niveau* a word beautiful in itself, and interesting in its likeness and unlikeness to its Italian equivalent, which I was later to encounter in "*Passagio a livello*," but there is something distinguished about the very conception "Passage on the level," not lost even in English, which "Grade crossing" hopelessly lacks. A grade crossing is a chore, performed grudgingly, with the sole aim of getting to the other side alive. A *Passage à niveau* is in itself a privilege, an episode, an adventure. And then, if you are traveling *à la Michelin*, when you grow tired of one level you can get variety by going underneath in the PI, or *Passage inférieur*, or overhead in the PS, or *Passage supérieur*, while all you can do in English is to scramble across somehow.

But wait—was it perhaps just the other way? Was I superior to the railroad, or was the railroad superior to me? I must candidly confess I never felt quite sure which; and in general I think it may be reluctantly admitted, even by those who admire French rationality as I do, that language can easily become rational in a degree baffling to mere human intelligence. A good deal of the nobility of French terminology is due to the abstract philosophic account it gives, highly flattering to our *amour propre*, of acts we really perform in a more or less hit-or-miss way. In real life we either take the trolley car where we know it always stops, or else run after it and wave, in the hope that it will pick us up. It, therefore, solaces our sense of dignity to read on a neat red sign, "*Arrêt obligatoire*," or on a green one, "*Arrêt facultatif*." In real life we try to drive our

Ford through a one-way street and get reprimanded by the traffic policeman. A sign such as "*Sens unique*," with its universality of expression, its superiority to human categories, seems to lift us into a better world. In real life we are likely, if we patronize public conveyances, to sit in a draught and get a stiff neck. It is reassuring to know that this cannot happen when we entrust ourselves to the *Société des Transports en commun de la Région Parisienne*. For in the first place, under these august auspices draughts do not exist, but at the worst *courants d'air*. Secondly, the windows, we read, "*sont toujours immobilisées sur tout un côté de la voiture*"—not merely closed, be it noted, but *immobilisées*, which is a thing vastly more satisfactory, and indescribably more French. Finally, even these "dispositions of aeration" (to translate the elegant text with the literalness it deserves) are subject to modification by the receiver if they do not satisfy the voyagers. For do we not read, "*Les voyageurs peuvent modifier en cours de route les dispositions d'aération adoptées, en s'adressant au receveur*."

It is odd what chameleons words are, how they take on the colors of their associates. You have only to call the humble bus-conductor a "*receveur*," you see, and he takes on, at once, some of the dignity of those august officials delegated by courts to adjust bankruptcies. Thus the commonest object, throw but an unwonted light of association upon it, will gleam with novel splendor, like an oily mud-puddle reflecting sunset. And so we shall expect nothing to remain commonplace, nor shall we be surprised at any magic transfigurations, in a language capable of calling concrete "armed cement" (*ciment armé*), gypsies (*nomades*), and midwives "wise women" (*sages femmes*). Re-entering France from German-speaking Switzerland in August, I had this borne in upon me in a crescendo. At Fribourg, where two-thirds of the people speak French, I noticed on the door of my hotel room an "*Avis concernant les pourboires*," the

first sentence of which read, "*Les rémunérations au personnel du service ne sont pas comprises dans le montant de la note.*" I was struck by the delicacy of *rémunérations*. There is a genial conviviality about even a *pourboire*, but no doubt one might have a slight sense of inferiority in accepting one. But *rémunération*! Why, the word positively coddles one's self-esteem. Even without that "*comprises*" I should have known it must be feminine by the gentleness of its dealing. Then I glanced at the English heading: "Notice with regard to tips." Tips, indeed: the word was a blow in the face! Justly, no doubt, are the French considered the politest of peoples.

At Auxerre I observed the sign: "BOUCHERIE CHEVALLINE" with a modest rider, "*Saucissons d'ânes et mulets.*" But it was reserved for Avallon, as it seemed to me, to cap the climax. Avallon might accept the diet of Auxerre, but it was not so easily to be satisfied in the more important matter of language; Auxerre might eat its horses in French if it pleased; Avallon preferred something more classic, and proudly wrote: "BOUCHERIE HYPOPHAGIQUE."

Thus the French have taught me that anything worth saying at all can be said nobly, not to speak of some things that might perhaps better remain unsaid. No man, I suppose, likes to receive a summons to the dentist's. To make such a summons attractive might justly be considered a supreme test of literary skill. In our country we do not make much of a hand of it, with our curt "Mr. Jones has an appointment with Doctor Smith for Friday at 5:30." I have before me a communication from my Paris dentist, received several years ago and treasured among my most precious possessions. It is engraved, and on large paper, like a *lettre de décès* or *de mariage*, and looking at a distance hardly less voluminous. With a slight change of names, it is conceived in terms which may be thus translated:

"Doctor Durand addresses his salu-

tations to Mr. Jones, and has the honor to inform him that he will hold himself at his disposition on Friday, July 1st, at 5:30 o'clock."

Who would not willingly exchange a tooth or two for the privilege of receiving so elegant a missive?



HOUDINI

BY MELVILLE CANE

THE papers said:
"Houdini Dead!"

In New York, Detroit, Omaha, Los Angeles

Racing newsboys yelled:

"Houdini dead! Houdini dead!"

In the subway, at the Ford plant,

Across hotel lobbies

Readers read, looked up, asked:

"What's this latest front

Page publicity stunt?"

But Houdini was dead.

How can one get away with it—

The box-trick—

How can one fool Death?

No one could fix the committee,

An undertaker, chairman.

Dead men play no tricks,

But was he "playing dead"?

How could a dead magician

Put it over a live mortician?

They clamped him with manacles,

Shackled his ankles,

Clapped him in a case,

Strapped him to his place,

Locked the lid.

He did what he was bid.

They kept the watch by day,

They vigiled him by night

In the sputtering candlelight.

He never left their sight.

*They bore him from the house,
They caged him in a hearse,
(The hearse was framed in glass,
Was screwed with screws of brass,
And only light could pass.)
They took him for a ride,
Captive, chained and tied.
They set him on the ground,
Coffined, fettered, bound,
The damp November ground;
He made no sound.
The grave was dark and deep,
The walls were high and steep;
They lifted him and lowered him,
They shoveled earth, a heavy heap—
A rising heap, a dwindling hole.
A rabbi made a prayer for his soul.*

*Years ago, on a midsummer day,
I saw him do the box-trick in water,
Off Saugatuck, in Long Island Sound.
Suddenly he stepped out on the shore,
Dropped his robe,
Stood in his bathing suit,
Smiling, bowing, in the sun.
Incredulous ones
Peered within the packing-case,
Felt for secret panels,
Tapped each side.
Strangers tied him, hand and foot and torse,
Hammered fast the top with nails of steel,
Roped and double-rope and tugged the
knots.
A high derrick dipped,
An iron hook slipped,
Caught the rope,
Pulled its dangling burden clear of land,
Sank it in the waves.
Then, as it rose again—a swinging minute—
A swimmer stroked his triumph toward
the bank.*

*To do the box-trick in water,
When the July sun is shining
Is hard;
But, harder still,
On a cold November day
To swim through clay.*

*This was no mountebank,
No spangled juggler
Of rubber-balls and billiard cues and
lamps—*

*This was and is and ever will be spirit.
There is a legerdemain
Unsensed by mortal fingers,
A clairvoyance the perishable brain
Is hopeless to attain.
There is a heart-beat of the spirit;
No one can time it.
There is a blood, a muscle, of the soul.
Lithe is the spirit and nimble
To loose the cords of the body,
Wiry and supple the soul
To slip the strait-jacket of the flesh.*

*Out of an unbroken grave,
Above unheeding mourners,
Before the sightless eyes of conjurors,
Houdini rose
And lightly sprinted down an aisle of air
Amid the relieved and welcoming applause
Of those already there.*



WHAT IS YOUR GARDEN COMPLEX?

BY ALMY RODGERS WALKER

THERE must be psychological reasons for the many different reactions which real garden fans exhibit. If some wise observer would conduct a line of research whereby he could compile a set of questions and produce an *I've Got Your Number for Gardeners*, what a help it would be to those who cannot understand the strange symptoms exhibited by friends who find their truest self-expression in garden work!

For instance, there are those perfectly honest people who under all other circumstances can be entirely trusted but who lose all sense of honor, positively glorying in their shame, when a garden is involved. I confess myself to be among this number. I would not, for instance, be guilty of shoplifting, and the richest treasures would be safe in my presence; but given a trowel, and a delectable garden spot, I would not answer for the consequences of what might hap-

pen to the young plants or seeds within my kleptomaniac vision.

It must mean something, that some people can be perfectly satisfied with a mass of heterogeneous bloom, regardless of color or form, just so there are masses and quantities enough to satisfy their gluttonous tastes (I have actually seen people stand and gaze on a riot of almost-magenta phlox with the devotional expression which might well be expended on the rarest gem), while on the other hand we see others pass a luxuriant bank of bloom with unseeing eyes to fall upon some tiny flower which, to one not attuned to that particular form of interest, might just as well not exist.

There are those enthusiastic workers who feel that their labor is in vain and life a mockery unless most of their dahlias measure at least ten inches across, and others who feel that when their roses show an unhealthy texture suicide would be easy compared to showing these blooms to a more successful rival.

Then there are the generous souls who find their greatest pleasure in sharing the fruits of their gardens and who will divide their rarest plants with a fellow-enthusiast, feeling only gratitude when anything of theirs is sufficiently admired to be coveted. But alas, there are others who will conceal with vile subterfuge the source of particularly fine seeds, or cling with miserly greed to every young plant and, while they may not actually voice the thought, subtly give the impression that anyone would be unreasonable indeed who could expect to share such treasure.

We have all met the garden pessimists who are never satisfied with the weather. "Of course," they say, "if it wasn't for this drought my annuals would be much better," and, "These constant showers have simply ruined my

best perennials"—while with the optimist hope springs eternal in his breast, and next year is always going to produce the garden which will be the realization of his dreams, where all the foliage will be free from insect pests, and all the flowers will be of abnormal size and marvelous in color.

In the early spring months the catalogue fiends run rife. They expend large sums in postage, sending for every known variety from every known firm. They scan the advertising sections of all the garden magazines and yearn to acquire all the special offers of perfectly irresistible collections, guaranteed to produce the maximum effect for the minimum in expenditure. On the other hand, their friends may be of the kind who take no interest in anything which does not cost just a little bit more than what their neighbors have obtained.

That interesting genus the tool collector is a study in himself. He has found just the very most perfect instrument, the latest thing for every step in gardening; and when he starts out to weed, or to cultivate, he looks like the itinerant tin peddler who in bygone days was to be met on country roads. He has his opposite in the loyal soul who has his one particular pet tool with which he can perform any office. It may be a special trowel, hoe, cultivator, or even an old tin spoon, but it seems perfectly adequate for any bit of work, and without it this particular type of gardener is helpless.

Thus it would seem, in this day when the application of psychology is necessary to explain every complex, every reaction, every frustration, there should be some intelligent study made to enable us to understand and to explain the phenomena exhibited by the large and ever growing company of garden devotees.



Editor's Easy Chair



CHOOSING A PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE will only be one topic when these observations find their way late in June to readers, and that will be politics. The Republicans will probably have finished their deliberations and selected their candidate, and the Democrats will be packing their grips for the migration to Texas. Let us hope that both conventions will put their best men forward and that, when the fatigues of nomination have passed and the usual preparatory ceremonies have been accomplished, there will follow an articulate campaign, lively and unterrified, and adapted to add to knowledge.

Such a campaign we ought to have. We ought to have a summer of discussion. A lot of things need to be talked out or at least talked over. It is trite to remark that the world since the Great War is a new world, but trite or not it is true, and it is considerably a new world which is trying to get along with old methods, worn out and discredited and yet still in use for lack of means and men to give authority to new ones. The attitude of nations towards one another is still too nearly the attitude that brought on the War. As to some nations it has improved, not so much in things done or in details dealt with as in the spread of the conviction that old bases of international dealing are not adequate to maintain order and keep the peace, and must be superseded by arrangements that will be the product of a new spirit in the world. The old diplo-

macy is out of date. The leaders of whom there is the best hope are men who see human life and international relations with new vision; men not scheming for immediate advantages for their own countries but bent on the welfare of all nations and the rescue of progressive civilization from the terrible setbacks of war and narrow, national selfishness as exhibited in other ways. The immense development of technical knowledge, the increased control over the forces of nature, and the vast extension of the powers of men by the use of machinery have made possible an increase in the promise and pleasure of human life that even a generation ago would have been incredible. There is enough to go around and immensely more coming. There are possibilities of development, physical and mental, which dazzle the imagination but which can be obtained if people will co-operate to get them instead of banding together to out-grab one another. Man's happiness does not consist in the abundance of his possessions nor in the celerity with which he can be transported from place to place, nor even altogether in the improvement of his bodily health, but all those blessings will be useful to him if he can develop character enough to handle them. Whom, then, do we want for President? A man above all things who can see what is possible to the human race at this time and can do his part as a leader and representative of the American people to develop character and

competence without which even the greatest of blessings is of little worth.

Our country for one reason or another has come to be the richest in the world, probably the most powerful, and in a considerable degree it is the hope of the world. Great experiments in what one may call the new life are here proceeding under the most favorable circumstances anywhere offered. Here is an adequate territory rich in natural resources and in a population that for purposes of government is sufficiently united. The people who live in it have been gathered from all the world and represent some of the best strains of the races they derive from. The machinery of government is by no means perfect, but it works, and in competent hands works well. Energy finds a field not excessively hampered by stupidity of control. Education, such as it is, is very general. But the present relation of the United States to the world is new. We have not grown up to it, and as a people we are still imperfectly trained to discharge its responsibilities.

No doubt that always happens with nations which develop strength or wealth. First they get the power; then they develop the capacity to use it. No one whom we shall elect President, no one whom we could choose to be President is going to effect any magical transformation in the character of the United States. A President can do only about so much. The power of his office is great, especially his power of appointment and his veto power, but it is far from unlimited. But he can give the country leadership as far as it is ready to go. As far as it is capable of understanding forward-looking policies he can help it. If he outruns the vision of the country he will probably disappoint expectations, but not necessarily to disaster even in that case, for people catch up with men of vision after they are gone. So good luck to the conventions and their labors, for their job is important! Here is to hope, as said, that they will each choose the best man

in sight in their party. Then it shall be our part to see which of these candidates best represents what we consider the most important ideas for the improvement of mankind and human life.

FOR really we ought to think as big as that about it. Edith Cavell said that patriotism is not enough. That narrow patriotism which thinks of America first and nothing else—that is not enough, not nearly! Surely that would not be the patriotism of the President we need, and any candidate whose ideas are limited to that should be rejected. The greatest advantage that can come now to the United States is neither an extension of power nor of territory nor an increase in wealth; it is an understanding of its duty to the world. In that direction lies its greatest prosperity not only in spiritual but in temporal things. If we eternally look first for dollars we shall not do best even in that quest. As it is, we do not look first for dollars; not as a country, and not as a people. We are attentive to dollars. One needs to be. They are useful. Ours are useful at this moment, not only to us and to our country, but to all the world. Our reputation, in spite of our semi-humorous efforts to collect the war debts from Europe, is not so very bad as it is. Our foreign brethren, for all their complaints, recognize that our minds are capable of other uses than computing interest. Bless them! Bless them! Let us hope that before they get through with us they will discover that the United States is something else after all than a gigantic cash register.

We should have a shrewd man for President. By no means a sentimentalist, but one who can see things accurately and act upon them in ways that are neither harsh nor timid. We want a just man, a bold man. Oh, yes! a great man if we can get him, provided that he is great for humanity and for us, and not merely for a party, or for himself. But whomever we get to vote for and to whomever the most votes go it is just as

well for us to remember that all our eggs are not in that basket, and whether or not we have picked the right man, and whether or not his endeavors prove useful, this country will go on in increasing importance as a factor in human life. Back of all office holders and office holding the bone and brain and heart of the country is forever at work, making crops, making commodities, thinking, delving, aspiring, directing great enterprises, gathering incessantly new knowledge and putting old knowledge to new uses. All that will go on no matter who is President, but it will go on best under a President who is suited to his job.

People are apt to be dazzled by office; women, especially, to whom office holding is new. They think the whole official job is bigger and more important than it really is. It does not take a long time nor any extraordinary amount of sense to get past that idea and be thankful that there are so many good and able people who feel the call to office and are willing to respond to it. That good men desire to be President is just a new bit of evidence of that streak of altruism in human nature which makes all sorts of people instinctively sacrifice their lives for one another. A man jumps to be President a good deal as a man jumps into a river to save a drowning child. Sometimes the man who so jumps in cannot swim, and in such a case he may not save the child nor even himself survive unless the bystanders drag him out. We don't want anything like that to happen about the Presidency, but after all, the proper cry of candidates is the gladiators' *Morituri te salutamus!* As a nation we are floundering a good deal in pretty deep water and perhaps need a hero to rescue us. Heaven send us, then, a swimmer.

THIS issue of the magazine will find the colleges still commencing and discourse on all subjects proceeding from them in the usual Commencement flow. We shall have remarks made at Commencement dinners and orations before

learned societies. Probably education itself will be discussed, and really that is a matter very much talked over. Symptoms of overhauling it abound, just as do symptoms of overhauling religion and finding new forms for the expression of what contemporary men believe. Of course there is a lot of politics in education. To provide it is very much a governmental function. To regulate some details of it may engage the minds of politicians, as appeared not long since in Tennessee, in Oregon, and doubtless elsewhere. There even appears to prevail an increasing skepticism as to whether "education" so-called, as generally now provided, is to be really the panacea for all the woes of human life. In the last twenty years there has been a great vogue for the slogan to Send the Boy to College! The boys have been sent in such increasing numbers that they have strained all the resources of the colleges and compelled them to reach out for new endowments. They have got the endowments, and the process of acquiring them still continues. The next thought that moves the public mind may be whether the colleges are not overcapitalized. That very thing can happen. It has happened to some theological seminaries which came to have an abundance of funds and hardly any students. The line of theology they put out lost its appeal to the contemporary mind, and grass grew in their courts. That may happen to colleges and it may happen to churches. If they cannot keep up with the minds of men they will go, as we say, to grass.

So much has contemporary education been criticized that somebody proposed the other day a series of prizes to be distributed among the schools for award to the scholars who best avoided the education offered. One trouble is that so many of the remarkable achievements in contemporary life have been pulled off by men who did not go to college. Einstein did go to a university but won no distinction there. Alfred Smith got his education in the practice of politics.

Henry Ford got his by association with machines. Edison got his wherever he could find it, in telegraph offices, anywhere, but not in any college. To be sure there are any number of people, Mr. Coolidge for one, who went to college and did not find that what they got there was a serious impediment to their usefulness or even to their success in life. Nevertheless, such cases as are named above—and there are thousands of others—have doubtless impressed upon the contemporary mind that there are more kinds of education than the colleges provide, and that the college-taught men have no monopoly of achievement.

Mrs. Wilkins, mother of Captain Wilkins who flew over the North Pole, was quoted in the paper as thinking that her son "made more of what he learned in a little country school than many men have been able to make of a college education." To be sure he did. The Wright brothers did also. Neither aviation nor any other form of transportation seems to be academic. It belongs rather in the realm of adventure where the race is free to all comers.

The more notable educators know these things quite as well as anybody else and are indeed themselves constant critics of the education they are concerned to provide. They know as well as anybody how important to human life the dreamers are who make their dreams come true. They know the value of internal promptings; that the impulses, the inspirations that make lives notable must come from within. They are not at all bent on mere imparting of information already known. They don't want to do that alone, but to make it a means to knowledge still to come. They want to send out not merely minds well stored with dead men's thoughts, but minds alive and eager to search the unfathomable.

One teacher very well known in the days of his educational activity is quoted as saying, "I have admiration for and belief in the Scout Movement. I think it has bigger possibilities than

have yet been realized and that it will before long greatly influence, even radically change the existing system of education. The training it gives is one that the young eagerly accept. It is not pedagogic. It is opposed to and will eventually do away with the old type of schoolmaster. Its way of teaching is to cause a pleasurable reaction in the mind of the child, and that is the way a lesson should be given. Moreover, it has a profound moral effect. Children are taught to keep order and show kindness to their fellows. The discipline being allied to self-reliance, insensibly teaches them self-control."

The drift is all away from instruction by compulsion and regulation by authority and all in the direction of training for self-government and helping the young people to learn to think. More attention, more respect is constantly shown for what the pupil may have within him and not so much to fill him up with the thoughts of other minds. An influential Harvard graduate got into the papers the other day with a declaration that the colleges paid too much attention to books and what was in them. He thought athletics a more valuable training and asserted that in our contemporary life the graduates of the college schools of athletics found bigger places and greater influence than the high scholars. No doubt a good many of them do, but very likely that is a fruit of the present, tremendous, material development which is affecting all human life. If the scholars seem to be falling behind, in due time they will come to their own again; for the knowledge of what has been done and what has been thought and said is not without its value.

It is all very interesting. Nothing stands still in these times, not even education, and as to religion it is racing. When Bishop Manning says that the thirty-nine articles are archaic and that they contain statements wholly obsolete, it makes one conscious of movement and of movement that is still going strong.



Personal and Otherwise



WHEN the Magazine adopted its new format in September, 1925, we began a series of twelve papers on contemporary religious problems by the Reverend **Harry Emerson Fosdick**, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which is building itself a new home on Riverside Drive close to Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary. We now welcome Dr. Fosdick back to our columns after an absence of nearly two years. When a preacher of national renown discusses the place of the pulpit in modern life, clergy and laity both stop to listen.

The pages of HARPER's have been enlivened in past years with many of **Gordon Arthur Smith's** stories of Monsieur Georges; the most recent of them was "The Sapphire," in December, 1925. This most genteel of crooks now appears once more with his eyes set upon another jewel.

Divorce has been likened to a surgical operation which should never be performed unless all other expedients fail. Yet there is good surgery and bad surgery; and the most superficial observer can hardly deny that divorce as usually administered in this country is an ugly operation. **Stephen Ewing**, the New York writer who contributed "Blue Laws for School-Teachers" to our February issue, bases his criticisms and suggestions on an intensive study of many phases of the problem.

Doctor **Joseph Collins**, the distinguished neurologist, has recently given most of his time to writing. He is the author not only of several medical volumes but of *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, and other popular books, and his contributions to HARPER's have shown him to be a penetrating observer of the mutual problems of physician and patient. In his present article he sets forth

the advantages of group practice without blinking the possible dangers inherent in it.

Last month **Harvey O'Higgins** wrote for us on "This Strange Luster of Kings"; this month he contributes a story. A writer of unusual versatility, Mr. O'Higgins has distinguished himself as a playwright ("Polygamy," "The Argyll Case," and other plays, most of them written in collaboration with Harriet Ford), as a novelist (*Julie Cane*, *Clara Barron*, etc.), and as the author of *The Secret Springs*, *The American Mind in Action*, and many unusual short stories, collected in *From the Life* and *Some Distinguished Americans*. He lives in Martinsville, New Jersey.

Charles J. V. Murphy writes on the problem of transoceanic flying from first-hand knowledge of aviation and close acquaintance with many fliers. Last summer, as reporter for the New York *Evening Post*, he studied at close range the preparations of Lindbergh and others for their flights to Europe, and watched them take off from Roosevelt Field; and last April, as a member of the *World* staff, he had charge of the rescue expedition to Greenely Island organized by the *World* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, flying to Greenely Island in the Ford relief plane and accompanying the *Bremen* fliers by air to New York and Washington. Mr. Murphy has recently completed a life of Commander Byrd, which is soon to be published.

That most amiable of cynics, **Ernest Boyd**, an Irishman now quite inured to New York life, is variously occupied as literary critic, essayist, and translator. He is the author of *Literary Blasphemies*, *Studies in Nine Literatures*, and other books, and of several recent HARPER essays, including "Happiness in Every Box" and "Our Lost Dignity."

As Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* for the past four years, *Hiram Motherwell* made a particular study of the Roman Question in almost daily collaboration with a prelate intimately associated with the informal and unofficial conversations between the Vatican and the Chigi Palace. Mr. Motherwell used to be known as Hiram K. Moderwell, and in 1914—two years after his graduation from Harvard—published *The Theatre of Today* under that name; but recently he restored the *th* which was corrupted to *d* by his Pennsylvania ancestors a century ago. "Nobody could ever understand Moderwell over the telephone," he writes us, "so I decided to endow my children with something intelligible." It should perhaps be added that Mr. Motherwell is a Protestant.

The O. Henry Prize for the best short story of 1927 went to *Roark Bradford* of the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* for "Child of God," published in our April issue of last year. "Child of God" depicted the hanging of a negro boy and his journey to Heaven as the boy himself would have imagined it. This month Mr. Bradford employs a similar theme in "Cold Death." In the meantime he has published in book form *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*, a re-telling of some of the Old Testament stories in the language of the Southern negro.

Brendan Lee is the pen name of a man so widely and favorably known for his books in another field that he chooses to write his present article without identifying himself.

The statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, *Louis I. Dublin* (Ph.D., Columbia, 1904), specializes in collecting cold facts and in drawing from them cautious and irrefutable conclusions. Dr. Dublin has written for HARPER'S on the cost of medical service, the problem of heart disease, and the economics of world health, and has published a book entitled *Health and Wealth*. Now he selects a subject which is usually debated with more heat than light.

One of the most brilliant of European scholars, *Salvador de Madariaga*, author of *The Sacred Giraffe*, *The Genius of Spain*, and

other books, was for seven years head of the disarmament section of the League of Nations. He is now a professor at Oxford. Having discovered America a few centuries after another distinguished voyager from Spain, he sets forth his amusing—and more than amusing—impressions of our strange barbarian ways.

We have published *Gerald W. Johnson's* observations on college life ("Should Our Colleges Educate?") and on the trend of American political history ("The Third Republic—And After"). He does some of the ablest editorial writing in the country for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, and has published a biography of Andrew Jackson.

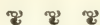
The poets include *Jacqueline Embry*, a Kentucky writer who has contributed to other magazines but is now making her first HARPER appearance; *Alfred Kreymborg*, author of several volumes of verse, who was one of the most ardent innovators in the early days of imagism and free verse, but turns a sonnet as neatly as any conservative; and *Edna St. Vincent Millay*, whose work, from the lyrics of *Renascence* to the libretto of *The King's Henchman*, has given her one of the most distinguished reputations in modern American poetry.

The Lion presents *Baron Ireland*, otherwise Nate Salsbury of Caldwell, New Jersey, a frequent contributor of humorous prose and verse to this and other magazines; *Daniel Gregory Mason*, composer, music critic, and head of the music department at Columbia, who wrote "Our Orchestras and Our Money's Worth" for the June issue and is now experimenting with the noble language (and incidentally composing) in Europe; *Melville Cane*, member of the New York law firm of Ernst, Fox & Cane, who published in 1926 a volume of verse entitled *January Garden*, and now dignifies the Lion's Mouth with a poem of unusual originality and vigor; and *Almy Rodgers Walker*, of New Canaan, Connecticut, whose husband, A. B. Walker, is responsible for the decorative drawings which regularly accompany every Lion's Mouth title.



Valentin de Zubiaurre and his younger brother Ramón are among the leading

Spanish painters of our day. Their father was a musician, but both of his sons were born deaf, and the artistic impulse which they inherited from him was forced into another channel. They are Basques and have dedicated themselves to the portrayal of their own people. There is great similarity between the work of the two brothers, and they always exhibit together. We reproduced another painting by Valentin de Zubiaurre as the frontispiece of our issue for August, 1926. His special study has been of the peasants of his own village of Garay.



We have received a number of letters defending Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West, that portentous figure introduced to us in the May issue by Miss Wylie. Could there be a more appropriate source than Paris, Illinois, for a letter pointing out that Lizzie may in time learn to appreciate the arts? That is the address from which the following rejoinder comes to us:

EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

May I be permitted to comment briefly upon the rather impatient and intolerant attitude manifested by I. A. R. Wylie in her clever article in the May HARPER'S on "Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West"?

It occurs to me that one may readily meditate one's self into a mood of aloofness from and disdain for the Dumb Lizzies of the Midwest, and also for their sisters throughout the land. And not only for their sisters here, but for all their kin in Christendom, even to their less illiterate but not at all omniscient second cousins. So one may quite conceivably come to include mankind in general, and finally, indeed, one's own self, as living to some degree under the stigma of ignorance.

After having lived three score years and having applied myself as best I could while earning a living, I feel that I have acquired only a smattering of the facts that I might have known, and a modicum of familiarity with the arts. Specialists in the sciences are so much wiser. Specialists in art are so much more cultured. Yet I console myself with the reflection that even the scientists have their limitations—that even their knowledge ends a little further on in ignorance as profound as mine; and that the erudition of artists is but comparative and subject to moods and tenses.

Relativity means so much. Lizzie to-day is perhaps more learned than was Solomon, more

cultured than good Queen Bess. In the course of evolution she will no doubt continue to move along with the rear of the procession. She may go on seducing some of the susceptible intelligentsia with the blandishments of her democratic wealth. But, on the other hand, she will gradually be uplifted and improved by the contact. There will be compromise and adjustments as there always are in life. Slowly jazz will lose its jangle, the movies will merge with art, her radio will communicate to her dull ears things worth hearing, and her automobile will arrive somewhere.

Meanwhile it seems to me that we should all try to bear with and understand her; for, with all her shortcomings, her blunders and bad manners, Lizzie is the so-called Human Race.

E. O. LAUGHLIN.

Another reader—who applauds Miss Wylie's article—points out that Dumb Lizzie is to be found in New England and New York as well as in the Middle West. A church organist in a Connecticut city, he reports her presence in large numbers in his congregation. He believes, furthermore, that she is musically incorrigible. Says he:

For a number of years I have been feeding an Episcopal congregation of people you would consider of better than average intellect on the music of Gounod, Handel, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and, less frequently, Sullivan, Stainer, Barnby. Small thanks I get for my efforts! How do I know? Once in a while I drop in a sugar-coated, soggy bit of sentimentality culled from some of the lesser lights, or perhaps a piece of ecclesiastical tin-soldiery of Dudley Buck—just for a show of hands. Almost always I find that many of my hearers take the trouble, on these rare occasions, to tell me the anthem this morning was "*so sweet!*"—or else it was "*so noble and inspiring!*"

Bah! Why struggle? Why not accept the inevitable? To what end did Wagner live? Bach? Mozart? Beethoven? Liszt? Chopin? To please (statisticians please correct) one one-hundredth of one per cent of all the people who hear music.



There are so many other letters which we should like to print this month that it is difficult to make a choice. A New York reader, commenting on Philip Curtiss's remarks on the emotional impact sometimes caused by the sense of smell, declares that the most characteristic New York smell is

that of the subway, and that once, returning to the city after a five years' exile, she wept all the way uptown on experiencing it again! A business writer, referring to Mr. Gifford's widely appreciated paper on the value of high-rank college scholars in business, points out that some of the outstanding successes are still being made by non-college men but that the scholars come along and consolidate the gains; he gives as an example the sensational career of A. P. Giannini, the head of the Bank of Italy, a man of limited schooling, but notes that Mr. Giannini is filling his executive positions with college men, some of whom stood very high in their classes. Comments on Henry C. Beers's "Women and the Marriage Market" range from sheer enthusiasm to the disapproval of a California reader who calls Mr. Beers's contribution "a slur on womanhood written by a bachelor," and adds that "unfortunately for him his own mother, or sisters, or friends were not the women I know, loyal, faithful to all duties and the truest friends that one could have."

Perhaps we had best use our remaining space to quote from a reply to "Babes in the Bois" by a girl who refers to herself as "one of the babes": she is one of the young sophisticates who went to Paris to do great things and has come home again. She agrees with Mr. Barrett—yet, she insists, the babes in the wood are not lost.

Her group, she admits, was "idle, foolish, extravagant, sophisticated, intelligent, and lazy. Mr. Barrett is correct—so far. But it doesn't last, all that frittering away of time and energy. That is, it doesn't last with most of us, though I'll admit that some of the crowd drifted into excesses and a state of lazy degeneracy that even I, of the same generation, hate to believe." At first they were swept off their feet by the

"glorious companionship of Paris." But most of them recovered from this *mal du siècle* of their generation. And she recounts the varied ways in which they reached solid ground once more.

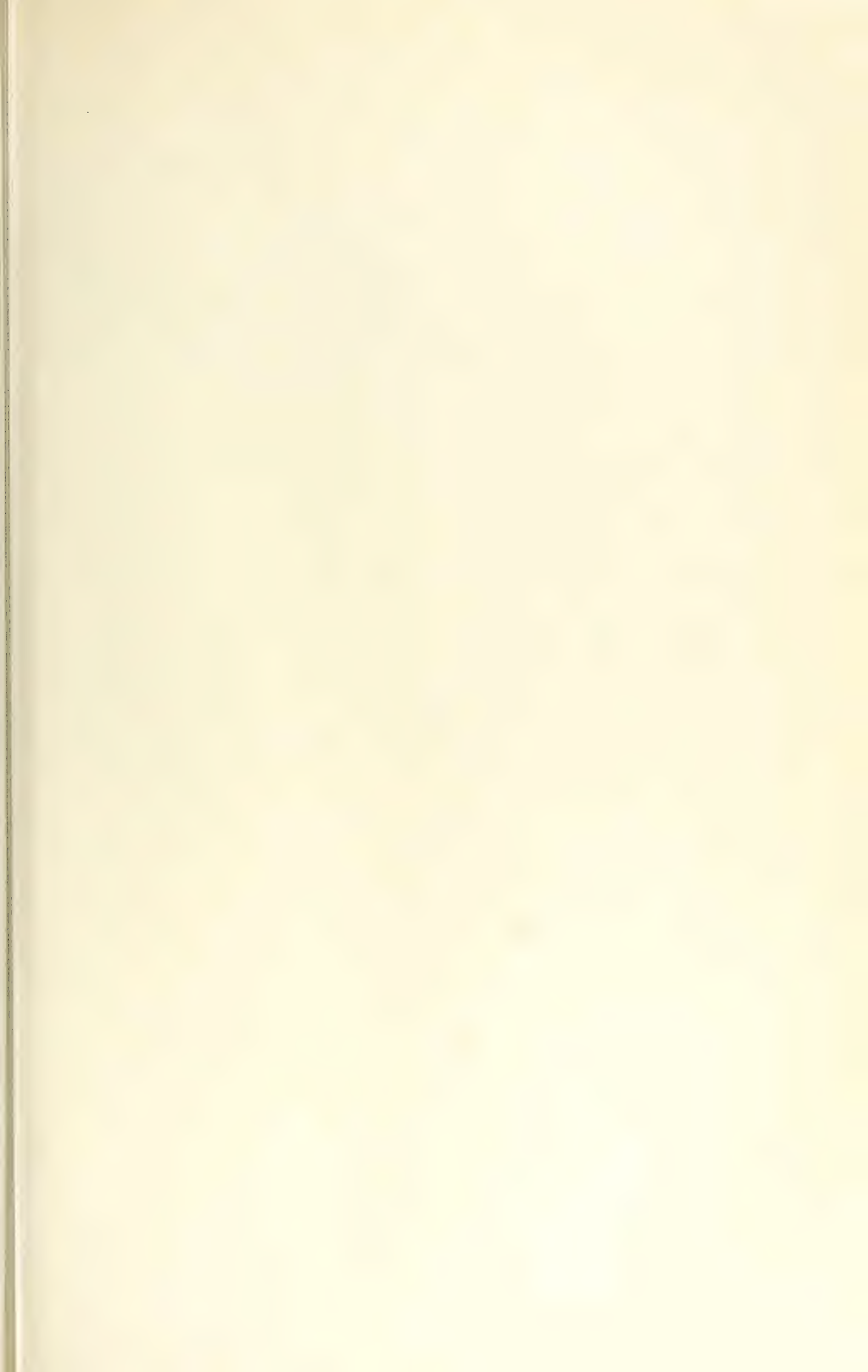
One of the girls of the group, after a disastrous affair with a Frenchman, is back in New York; married to a newspaper man to whom she told the whole story. She has been cured of her foolish childishness by the experience of freedom. "She is as fine a wife, and will be as fine a mother, too, as the old-fashioned ideal—and she's a lot wiser."

Larry went to Vienna in May to study under a famous *chef d'orchestre*, and expects to be conducting back in America within three years. Tom's philosophical novel came out two months ago. You've all read it, "a best seller and a classic." The girl from Iowa had two poems in the *Dial* not long ago, and is preparing a small volume for publication in the fall. I just heard that Pete is to have a one-man exhibit in a Boulevard Haussmann gallery in October.

John has gone back to his father's business in Denver, satisfied, as he could never have been until he had tried it, that he is no painter, and that his father's business is just the place for him. Mary is still trying to out-do Matisse; I don't know what she is actually achieving, but she is painting steadily. She writes me that a few of the old crowd are still sitting at the Dome. I'm sure they will be there indefinitely.

Oh, yes, we are babes in the wood, still floundering in the underbrush, but it doesn't matter. We are young, and we have a lot to learn, but we're not lost. Most of us have come out ahead after living in Paris; it has taught us much, in one way or another, and the main point is that we learn. Myself? Well, the first novel has just gone off, a pilgrim in search of a publisher—and undaunted by the polite but soulless species of beings called "readers," I have started my second book.

And now I must look up the novels of Mr. Richmond Barrett.





Sears Gallagher

FOURSOME

By Sears Gallagher

Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries



Harpers Magazine

IS WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN PERIL?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

ALL over the world, the thinkers and searchers who scan the horizon of the future are attempting to assess the values of civilization and speculating about its destiny. Europe, having just passed through a devastating war and already debating the hour for the next explosion, wonders whether the game is worth the candle or can be played to the bitter extreme without inviting disaster so colossal as to put an end to civilization itself. In America, where Europeans have renewed their youth, conquered a wilderness, and won wealth and leisure in the sweat of their brows, the cry ascends on all sides: "Where do we go from here?" *Vivere deinde philosophari*—the stomach being full, what shall we do next? Far away in Japan, the younger generation, still able to see with their own eyes vestiges of a feudal order abandoned by their elders, are earnestly inquiring whether they must turn back upon their path or lunge forward with renewed energy into the age of steel and electricity. So for one reason or another, the intellectuals of all nations are trying to peer into the

coming day, to discover whether the curve of contemporary civilization now rises majestically toward a distant zenith or in reality has already begun to sink rapidly toward a nadir near at hand.

It is not alone the philosophers who display anxiety about the future. The policies of statesmen and the quest of the people in circles high and low for moral values reveal a concern about destiny that works as a dynamic force in the affairs of great nations. In Italy the Fascisti repudiate both democracy and socialism, bring about the most effective organization of capital and labor yet accomplished in any country, and prepare the way for the co-operation of these two forces or for a class war all the more terrible on account of the social equipment of the contending parties. In Russia the Bolsheviki join the Italians in rejecting democracy but attempt to create a communist state which, if a success, would be a standing menace to all the governments of the world founded on different principles. Germany writhes and turns, torn by an inner

Zerrissenheit, with Nationalists cursing international capitalism and longing for buried things, with Socialists and Communists still active if shorn of their former confidence, and with the mass of the people once more absorbed in the routine of the struggle for existence, yet dimly aware that the Faustian age may not be closed after all. In an hour of victory, France reckons the terrible cost and stirs restlessly, wondering about the significance of the ominous calm. Likewise triumphant, England sits as of yore enthroned amid her Empire, with all her old goods intact and valuable additions made; but the self-governing dominions assert an unwonted independence; top-heavy capitalism, having devoured domestic agriculture, feverishly searches for new markets among the half-civilized and backward races of the earth, hoping to keep its machinery turning and its profits flowing, while American and German competition in the same enterprise presses harder and harder upon the merchants of London, Manchester, and Liverpool.

Apparently secure between two seas, and enriched by the fortunes of the European war, America reaches out ever more vigorously, huckstering and lending money, evidently hoping with child-like faith that sweet things will ever grow sweeter; but critics, foreign and domestic, disturb the peace of the new Leviathan. Einstein frankly sneers at American intelligence; Siegfried finds here sounding brass, tinkling cymbals, noise, and materialism. If many are inclined to discount the aspersions of the alien, they are immediately confronted with a host of domestic scoffers. The age of Victorian complacency has closed everywhere; those who are whistling to keep up their courage and deceive their neighbors merely succeed in hoodwinking themselves.

II

Given the liveliness of the present discussion about civilization and the confusion that reigns among those

engaged in inquiries respecting the subject, it seems worth while and pertinent to the thinking of our age to take stock. Let us begin the discussion by recalling that a standard dictionary defines civilization as "the state of being reclaimed from the rudeness of savage life and advanced in the arts and learning." In origin, it derives immediately from the Latin word *civitas*, meaning in its concrete usage the rights and privileges of a Roman citizen, and figuratively a body of citizens, the state, commonwealth, or city. Now the rights and privileges of Roman citizens, as over against slaves and subject peoples, were realistic and economic, and it is of more than passing interest to note that in its deeper roots *civitas* comes from *quies*, repose from labor, perhaps that leisure enjoyed by ruling orders. Aside from all philological subtleties, civilization in its strict modern sense includes all these implements, devices, and practices by which men and women lift themselves above savages—the whole economic order, the system of leisure built upon it, the employment of that leisure, and all manifestations of religion, beauty, and appreciation.

Since the substructure of any civilization is the material fabric that frees mankind from the status of the savage, it follows that every civilization must depend in a large measure upon its geographical environment—rivers, mountains, seas, and natural resources—the state of its tools and industries, the occupations of the people, and the organization of society for the direction of industry. Civilization, therefore, is not a garment that can be put on or off by intellectuals at pleasure, transferred from a Frenchman or an Englishman to a Matabele or Zulu over night. Apart from some of its minor decorative arts, civilization cannot be borrowed without reproducing the accompanying economic order. And economic orders are not arrangements which nations can take on or discard at will without reference to their geographical situation or the

competition of their neighbors. Japan, for example, if she is to survive, has no choice but the extensive adoption of the machinery and science employed by her rivals, and with that adoption go its social and artistic habiliments.

If this pattern of thought conforms with the facts, then the classification of civilizations by mere reference to longitude or to chronology is hardly short of absurd. The cultural status of a people is not determined by the element of time or by its position east or west of Greenwich. Many primitive societies have remained in substantially the same condition for thousands of years; where the modes of acquiring a living remain practically static, civilization preserves the same social designs. In the backward places of Europe are to be found numerous village communities which have carried forward into the twentieth century the whole cultural outfit of the middle ages. Hence the distinction between modern and medieval civilizations, considered as the simple products of time, is intrinsically without meaning.

Nor is the geographical case much better—making astronomy rather than time the basis of calculation. In origin, the terms East and West are mere references to the dawning sun and its dusky resting place. Realistically considered, China and Japan, when compared with Europe of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, reveal more similarities than contrasts. Indeed, early Christian missionaries in the Orient were so struck by the resemblance between Buddhist religious ceremonies and their own that they ascribed the former to the devices of the Devil. No doubt a meticulous scholar can discover many fine points of distinction between the feudalism of Japan and that of medieval Europe, but for practical purposes the substance of the two orders was the same: the fighting men held the same supremacy in both geographical areas. There were differences between the lines and colors of the castle at Osaka and the castle at Warwick but they were both built of

stone, their purposes were fundamentally the same, and the mode of life of their inhabitants strangely alike.

Proceeding from the definition given above and the argument thus sketched, it seems to follow that civilizations, apart from tribal and nomadic orders, when considered intrinsically, fall into three types:

Agricultural—slave, feudal, peasant, or freehold.

Pre-machine urban—handicrafts; mercantile and political capitals.

Mechanical and scientific.

If it be urged that this is merely an economic classification which leaves out of account arts, religion, and learning, the reply is that these things are themselves bent to the order in which they thrive and have meaning and vitality only in relation to their economic substructure. Traces of previous orders no doubt survive or thrust themselves upward into new orders, but they thrive only in so far as they carry with them the soil that originally nourished them. Certainly there are more fundamental resemblances between the culture of a peasant in a remote village in Spain and that of a peasant in a remote village of Japan than between the culture of a Christian priest of the upper Pyrenees and that of a Baptist clergyman in a thriving manufacturing town in Illinois. A Buddhist monk from Horiugi would feel perfectly at home with a Catholic monk from Ravenna: but neither of them would enjoy the hospitality or approve the religion of a Methodist parson in Zenith.

III

What is called Western or modern civilization by way of contrast with the civilization of the Orient or medieval times is at bottom a civilization that rests upon machinery and science as distinguished from one founded on agriculture or handicraft commerce. It is in reality a technological civilization. It is only about two hundred years old,

and, far from shrinking in its influence, is steadily extending its area into agriculture as well as handicrafts. If the records of patent offices, the statistics of production, and the reports of laboratories furnish evidence worthy of credence, technological civilization, instead of showing signs of contraction, threatens to overcome and transform the whole globe.

Considered with respect to its intrinsic nature, technological civilization presents certain precise characteristics. It rests fundamentally on power-driven machinery which transcends the physical limits of its human directors, multiplying indefinitely the capacity for the production of goods. Science in all its branches—physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology—is the servant and upholder of this system. The day of crude invention being almost over, ceaseless research in the natural sciences is absolutely necessary to the extension of the machine and its market, thus forcing continuously the creation of new goods, new processes, and new modes of life. As the money for learning comes in increasing proportions from taxes on industry and gifts by captains of capitalism, a steady growth in scientific endowments is to be expected, and the scientific curiosity thus aroused and stimulated will hardly fail to expand—and to invade all fields of thought with a technic of ever-refining subtlety. Affording the demand for the output of industry are the vast populations of the globe; hence mass production and marketing are inevitable concomitants of the machine routine.

For the present, machine civilization is associated with capitalism, under which large-scale production has risen to its present stage, but machine civilization is by no means synonymous with capitalism—that ever-changing scheme of exploitation. While the acquisitive instinct of the capitalist who builds factories and starts mass production is particularly emphasized by economists and is, no doubt, a factor of immense moment, it must not be forgotten that

the acquisitive passion of the earth's multitudes for the goods, the comforts, and the securities of the classes is an equal, if not a more important, force, and in any case is likely to survive capitalism as we know it. Few choose nakedness when they can be clothed, the frosts of winter when they can be warm, or the misery of bacterial diseases when sanitation is offered to them. In fact, the ascetics and flagellants of the world belong nowhere in the main stream of civilization—and are of dubious utility and service in any civilization.

Though machine civilization has here been treated as if it were an order, it in fact differs from all others in that it is highly dynamic, containing within itself the seeds of constant reconstruction. Everywhere the agricultural civilizations of the pre-machine age have changed only slowly with the fluctuations of markets, the fortunes of governments, and the vicissitudes of knowledge, keeping their basic institutions intact from century to century. Pre-machine urban civilizations have likewise retained their essential characteristics through long lapses of time. But machine civilization based on technology, science, invention, and expanding markets must of necessity change—and rapidly. The order of steam is hardly established before electricity invades it; electricity hardly gains a fair start before the internal combustion engine overtakes it. There has never been anywhere in the world any order comparable with it, and all analogies drawn from the middle ages, classical antiquity, and the Orient are utterly inapplicable to its potentialities, offering no revelations as to its future.

IV

Granted that these essential characteristics of so-called Western civilization—namely, its mechanical and scientific foundations—are realistic, is it a mere "flash in the pan," a historical accident destined to give way to some other order based upon entirely different modes of

life, lifting mankind "above the rudeness of the savage"? Now, if the term "decline" in this connection means anything concrete, it signifies the gradual or rapid abandonment of the material modes of production prevailing in any particular age and the habits and arts associated with them. Conceivably, the Prussianism of the Hohenzollerns described so well in Spengler's *Prussianism and Socialism*, may decline—is declining. It is highly probable that the petty tenure system of the French peasantry, the now sadly diluted aristocracy inherited from the eighteenth century, the church of little mysteries and miracles may decay, but these things are not the peculiar characteristics of the West. They are the remnants of the agricultural complex which the machine is everywhere steadily subduing. The real question is this: can and will machine society "decline"?

It is generally agreed among historians that the decay of agriculture, owing to the lack of scientific management and fertilization, was one of the chief causes for the breakdown of the Roman state. Is it to be supposed that the drive of the masses of mankind for machine-made goods will fail, that large-scale production will be abandoned, that the huge literature of natural science will disappear in the same fashion as most of the literature of ancient Egypt, that the ranks of scientific men will cease in time to be recruited, that the scientific power to meet new situations will fail? An affirmative answer requires a great deal of hardihood. The scientific order is not recruited from a class, such as the patricians of ancient Rome: nor is scientific knowledge the monopoly of a caste likely to dissolve. Unless all visible signs deceive us, there is no reason for supposing that either machinery or science will disappear or even dwindle to insignificance. And they are the basis of the present Western civilization.

If Western civilization does not break down from such internal causes, is there good reason for supposing that any of the

racés now inhabiting Asia or Africa could overcome the machine order of the West by any process, peaceful or warlike, without themselves adopting the technical apparatus of that order? No doubt, some of them are already borrowing various features of machine society, but slowly and with indifferent success. The most efficient of them, the Japanese, still rely largely upon the West for a substantial part of their mechanical outfit—for inventiveness and creative mechanical skill. Unless there is a material decline in Western technology—and no evidence of such a slump is now in sight—then it may be safely contended that none of the agricultural civilizations of Asia or Africa will be able to catch up with the scientific development of the West. As things stand at present, none of them gives any promise of being able to overrun the West as the conquerors of Rome overran the provinces of that Empire. Certainly there is not likely to be, in any future that we can foresee, such an equality of armaments as existed between the best of the Roman legions and the forces of her conquerors. Hence the downfall of the West through conquest may fairly be ruled out of the possibilities of the coming centuries. If, in due time, the East smashes the West on the battlefield, it will be because the East has completely taken over the technology of the West, gone it one better, and thus become Western in civilization. In that case machine civilization will not disappear but will make a geographical shift.

Defining civilization narrowly in terms of letters and art, are the probabilities of a "decline" more numerous? Here we approach a more debatable, more intangible topic. With reference to letters, taking into account the evidence of the last fifty years, there is no sign of a decay—at all events, a decay like that which occurred between the first and the sixth centuries in Roman history. Indeed, there are many cautious critics who tell us that the writers of the past hundred years, with the machine system

at a high pitch, may be compared in number, competence, and power without fear with the writers of any century since the appearance of the Roman grand style. Granted that we have no Horace, Shakespeare, or Goethe, we may reasonably answer that literature of their manner has little meaning for a civilization founded on a different basis. Considered in relation to their environment rather than some fictitious absolute, the best of modern writers, it may well be argued, rank with the best of the middle ages and antiquity. If poetry sinks in the scale and tragedy becomes comical, it may be because the mythology upon which they feed is simply foreign to the spirit of the machine age—not because there has been a dissolution of inherited mental powers. The imagination of an Einstein, a Bohr, or a Millikan may well transcend that of a Milton or a Virgil. Who is to decide?

The case of the arts is on a similar footing. For the sake of the argument, it may be conceded that the machine age has produced nothing comparable with the best of the painting, sculpture, and architecture of antiquity and the middle ages. What does that signify? Anything more than a decline in the arts appropriate to an agricultural and market-city era? The machine age is young. As yet it can hardly be said to have created an art of its own, although there are signs of great competence, if not genius, about us—signs of a new art appropriate to speed, mechanics, motion, railway stations, factories, office buildings, and public institutions. Using the lowest common denominator in the reckoning, there is no evidence of a decay in artistic power such as appears in the contrast between the Pantheon of Agrippa and the rude churches of Saxon England. To say that the modern age has produced no ecclesiastical architecture comparable with that of the middle ages is to utter a judgment as relevant to our situation as a statement that the medieval times can show no aqueducts or baths equal to the noblest

structures of pagan Rome. It may be that the machine age will finally prove to be poor in artistic genius—a debatable point—but it can hardly be said that it has produced its typical art, from which a decline may be expected.

Passing to a more tangible subject, is it possible that machine civilization may be destroyed by internal revolutions or civil wars such as have often wrecked great states in the past? That such disturbances will probably arise in the future from time to time cannot be denied, and the recent Bolshevik revolution in Russia is often cited as a warning to contemporary statesmen. If the revolutions of antiquity be taken as illustrations, it must be pointed out that the analogies are to be used with extreme care in all applications to the machine age. When the worst has been said about the condition of the industrial proletariat, it must be conceded that as regards material welfare, knowledge, social consideration, and political power, it is far removed from the proletariat of Rome or the slaves of a more remote antiquity. The kind of servile revolt that was so often ruinous in Greece and Rome is hardly possible in a machine civilization, even if economic distress were to pass anything yet experienced since the eighteenth century. The most radical of the modern proletariat want more of the good things of civilization—not a destruction of technology. If the example of Russia be pressed as relevant, the reply is that Russia possessed not a machine, but an agricultural civilization of the crudest sort; peasant soldiers supplied the storm troops of the November revolution, and the Bolsheviks are straining every effort to maintain their position by promising the peasants and urban dwellers that the benefits of a machine order will surely come. There will be upheavals in machine civilizations, no doubt, and occasional dictatorships like that in the United States between 1861 and 1865, but the triumph of a party dedicated to a deliberate return to pre-machine agriculture with

its low standards of life, its diseases, and its illiteracy is beyond the imagination.

Finally, we must face the assertion that wars among the various nations of machine civilization may destroy the whole order. Probably terrible wars will arise and prove costly in blood and treasure, but it is a strain upon the speculative faculties to conceive of any conflict that could destroy the population and mechanical equipment of the Western world so extensively that human vitality and science could not restore economic prosperity and even improve upon the previous order. According to J. S. Mill, the whole mechanical outfit of a capitalistic country can be reproduced in about ten years. Hence the prospect of repeated and costly wars in the future need not lead us to the pessimistic view that suicide is to be the fate of machine civilization. We may admit the reality of the perils ahead without adopting the counsel of despair. If Europe and America were absolutely devastated, Japan with her present equipment in libraries, laboratories, and technology could begin the work of occupying the vacant areas, using the machine process in the operation.

For the reasons thus adduced it may be inferred that modern civilization founded on science and the machine will not decline after the fashion of older agricultural civilizations; that analogies drawn from ages previous to technology are inapplicable; that according to signs on every hand technology promises to extend its area and intensify its characteristics; that it will afford the substance with which all who expect to lead and teach in the future must reckon.

V

Such appears to be the promise of the long future, if not the grand destiny of what we call Western civilization—the flexible framework in which the human spirit must operate during the coming centuries. Yet this view by no means

precludes the idea that the machine system, as tested by its present results, presents shocking evils and, indeed, a terrible menace to the noblest faculties of the human race. By the use of material standards for measuring achievement, it is in danger of developing a kind of ignorant complacency that would make Phidias, Sophocles, Horace, St. Augustine, Dante, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Newton, Goethe, Ruskin, and Emerson appear to be mere trifling parasites as compared with Lord Beaverbrook, Hugo Stinnes, John Pierpont Morgan, and Henry Ford. To deny the peril that lies in any such numerical morality would be a work of supererogation. More perilous still is the concentration on the production of goods that will sell quickly at the best price the traffic will bear and fall to pieces quickly—mass production of cheap goods—rather than concentration on the manufacture and exchange of commodities with the finest intrinsic values capable of indefinite endurance. What the creed of “give as little as you can for as much as you can get” will do to the common honesty of mankind, if followed blindly for centuries, can readily be imagined. Finally, it must be admitted that the dedication of the engines of state, supported by a passionate and uninformed chauvinism, to the promotion and sale of machine-made goods is creating zones of international rivalry likely to flame up in wars more vast and destructive than any yet witnessed.

To consider for the moment merely the domestic aspects of the question, the machine civilization is particularly open to attack from three sides.

On æsthetic grounds, it has been assailed for nearly a hundred years, England, the classical home of the industrial revolution, being naturally enough the mother of the severest critics—Ruskin, Carlyle, Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold. The chief article in their indictment, perhaps, is the contention that men who work with machinery are not creative, joyous, or free, but are slaves to the

monotonous routine of the inexorable wheel. In a sense it is true that, in the pre-machine age, each craftsman had a certain leeway in shaping his materials with his tools and that many a common artisan produced articles of great beauty.

Yet the point can be easily overworked. Doubtless the vast majority of medieval artisans merely followed designs made by master workmen. This is certainly true of artisans in the Orient to-day. With respect to the mass of mankind, it is safe to assume that the level of monotony on which labor is conducted under the machine regime is by and large not lower but higher than in the handicraft, servile, or slave systems of the past. Let anyone who has doubts on this matter compare the life of laborers on the latifundia of Rome or in the cities of modern China with that of the workers in by far the major portion of machine industries. Those who are prepared to sacrifice the standard of living for the millions to provide conditions presumably favorable to the creative arts must assume a responsibility of the first magnitude.

Indeed, it is not certain, so primitive as yet are the beginnings of machine civilization, that there can be no substitute for the handicrafts as æsthetic stimulants, assuming that mechanical industry is not favorable to the creative life. The machine regime does not do away with the necessity for designing or reduce the opportunities for the practice of that craft: it transfers the operation from the shop to the laboratory; and it remains to be seen whether great æsthetic powers will not flourish after the first storm of capitalism has passed. In any case, it must be admitted that the "cheap and nasty" character of machine-made goods, so marked everywhere, may really be due to the profit-making lust and the desire of the multitude to have imitations of the gew-gaws loved by the patricians, not to the inherent nature of machine industry. Possibly what is lost in the merits of individual objects of beauty

may be more than offset by city and community planning, realizing new types of æsthetic ideals on a vast, democratic basis. Certainly the worst of the æsthetic offenses created by the machine—the hideous factory town—can be avoided by intelligent co-operative action, as the garden-city movement faintly foreshadows. In a hundred years the coal-consuming engine may be as obsolete as the Dodo, and the Birminghams, Pittsburghs, and Essens of the modern world may live only in the records of the historians. However this may be, the æsthetes of the future will have to work within the limitations and opportunities created by science and the machine, directed, it may be hoped, by a more intelligent economy and nobler concepts of human values.

Frequently affiliated with æsthetic criticism of the machine and science is the religious attack. With endless reiteration, the charge is made that industrial civilization is materialistic. In reply, the scornful might say, "Well, what of it?" But the issue deserves consideration on its merits, in spite of its illusive nature. As generally used, the term "materialistic" has some of the qualities of moonshine; it is difficult to grasp. It is the fashion of certain Catholic writers to call Protestantism materialistic, on account of its emphasis on thrift and business enterprise—a fashion which some radicals have adopted: Max Weber in Germany and R. H. Tawney in England, for example. With something akin to the same discrimination, Oswald Spengler calls all England materialistic, governed by pecuniary standards—as contrasted with old Prussia where "duty," "honor," and "simple piety" reigned supreme. More recently, André Siegfried, following a hundred English critics, with Matthew Arnold in the lead, has found materialism to be one of the chief characteristics of the United States, as contrasted with the richer and older civilizations of Europe, particularly France. And Gandhi consigns every one of them—

England, Prussia, France, and America—to the same bottomless pit of industrial materialism. When all this verbiage is sifted, it is usually found that the charge arises from emotions which have little or no relation to religion or philosophy—from the quarrels of races, sects, and nations.

If religion is taken in a crude, anthropomorphic sense, filling the universe with gods, spirits, and miraculous feats, then beyond question the machine and science are the foes of religion. If it is materialistic to disclose the influence of technology and environment in general upon humanity, then perhaps the machine and science are materialistic. But it is one of the ironies of history that science has shown the shallowness of the old battle between materialist and spiritist and through the mouths of physicists has confessed that it does not know what matter and force are. Matter is motion; motion is matter; both elude us, we are told. Doubtless science does make short shrift of a thousand little mysteries once deemed as essential to Christianity as were the thousand minor gods to the religion of old Japan, but for these little mysteries it has substituted a higher and sublimer mystery.

To descend to the concrete, is the prevention of disease by sanitation more materialistic than curing it by touching saints' bones? Is feeding the multitude by mass production more materialistic than feeding it by a miracle? Is the elimination of famines by a better distribution of goods more materialistic than prevention by the placation of the rain gods? At any rate, it is not likely that science and machinery will be abandoned because the theologian (who seldom refuses to partake of their benefits) wrings his hands and cries out against materialism. After all, how

can he consistently maintain that Omnipotent God ruled the world wisely and well until the dawn of the modern age and abandoned it to the Evil One because Henry VIII or Martin Luther quarrelled with the Pope and James Watt invented the steam engine?

Arising, perhaps, from the same emotional source as æsthetic and religious criticisms, is the attack on the machine civilization as lacking in humanitarianism. Without commenting on man's inhumanity to man as an essential characteristic of the race, we may fairly ask on what grounds can anyone argue that the masses were more humanely treated in the agricultural civilization of antiquity or the middle ages than in the machine order of modern times. Tested by the mildness of its laws (brutal as many of them are), by its institutions of care and benevolence, by its death rate (that tell-tale measurement of human welfare), by its standards of life, and by every conceivable measure of human values, machine civilization, even in its present primitive stage, need fear no comparison with any other order on the score of general well-being.

Under the machine and science, the love of beauty, the sense of mystery, and the motive of compassion—sources of æsthetics, religion, and humanism—are not destroyed. They remain essential parts of our nature. But the conditions under which they must operate, the channels they must take, the potentialities of their action are all changed. These ancient forces will become powerful in the modern age just in the proportion that men and women accept the inevitability of science and the machine, understand the nature of the civilization in which they must work, and turn their faces resolutely to the future.



MARY

A STORY

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

ON poetry afternoons grandmother let Mary and me wear Mrs. Gardner's white hemstitched pinafores because we had nothing to do with ink or pencil.

Triumphant and feeling unspeakably beautiful, we would fly along the road, swinging our kits and half chanting, half singing our new piece. I always knew my poetry, but Mary, who was a year and a half older, never knew hers. In fact, lessons of any sort worried her soul and body. She could never distinguish between "m" and "n."

"Now, Kass—turmip," she would say, wrinkling her nose, "t-o-u-r-m-i-p, isn't it?"

Also in words like "celery" or "gallery" she invariably said "cerely" and "garrely."

I was a strong, fat little child who burst my buttons and shot out of my skirts to grandmother's entire satisfaction, but Mary was a "weed." She had a continuous little cough. "Poor old Mary's bark," as father called it.

Every spare moment of her time seemed to be occupied in journeying with mother to the pantry and being forced to take something out of a spoon—cod-liver oil, Easton's syrup, malt extract. And though she had her nose held and a piece of barley sugar after, these sortics, I am sure, told on her spirits.

"I can't bear lessons," she would say woefully. "I'm all tired in my elbows and my feet."

And yet, when she was well she was elfishly gay and bright—danced like a

fairy and sang like a bird. And heroic! She would hold a rooster by the legs while Pat chopped his head off. She loved boys, and played with a fine sense of honor and purity. In fact, I think she loved everybody; and I, who did not, worshipped her. I suffered untold agonies when the girls laughed at her in class, and when she answered wrongly I put up my hand and cried, "Please, Teacher, she means something quite different." Then I would turn to Mary and say, "You meant 'island' and not 'peninsula,' didn't you, dear?"

"Of course," she would say—"how very silly!"

But on poetry afternoons I could be no help at all. The class was divided into two and ranged on both sides of the room. Two of us drew lots as to which side must begin, and when the first half had each in turn said their piece, they left the room while Teacher and the remaining ones voted for the best reciter. Time and again I was top of my side, and time and again Mary was bottom. To stand before all those girls and Teacher, knowing my piece, loving it so much that I *went* in the knees and shivered all over, was joy; but she would stand twisting "Mrs. Gardner's white linen stitched," blundering and finally breaking down ignominiously. There came a day when we had learned the whole of Thomas Hood's "I remember, I remember," and Teacher offered a prize for the best girl on each side. The prize for our side was a green-plush bracket with a yellow china frog stuck on it. All the morning

these treasures had stood on Teacher's table; all through playtime and the dinner hour we had talked of nothing else. It was agreed that it was bound to fall to me. I saw pictures of myself carrying it home to grandmother—I saw it hanging on her wall—never doubting for one moment that she would think it the most desirable ornament in life. But as we ran to afternoon school Mary's memory seemed weaker than ever before, and suddenly she stopped on the road.

"Kass," she said, "think what a s'prise if I got it after all; I believe mother would go mad with joy. I know I should. But then . . . I'm so stupid, I know."

She sighed, and we ran on. Oh, from that moment I longed that the prize might fall to Mary. I said the "piece" to her three times over as we ran up the last hill and across the playground. Sides were chosen. She and I, as our names began with "B", were the first to begin. And alas! that she was older, her turn was before mine.

The first verse went splendidly. I prayed viciously for another miracle.

"Oh, please, God, dear, do be nice! . . . If you won't—"

The Almighty slumbered. Mary broke down. I saw her standing there all alone, her pale little freckled face flushed, her mouth quivering, and the thin fingers twisting and twisting at the unfortunate pinafore frill. She was helped, in a critical condition, to the very end. I saw Teacher's face smiling at me suddenly—the cold, shivering feeling came over me—and then I saw the house and "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn."

When it was over the girls clapped, and the look of pride and love on Mary's face decided me.

"Kass has got it; there's no good trying now," was the spirit in the rest of my side. Finally they left the room. I waited the moment until the door was shut. Then I went over to Teacher and whispered:

"If I've got it, put Mary's name.

Don't tell anybody, and don't let the others tell her—oh, *please*."

I shot out the last word at her, and Teacher looked astounded.

She shook her head at me in a way I could not understand. I ran out and joined the others. They were gathered in the passage, twittering like birds. Only Mary stood apart, clearing her throat and trying to hum a little tune. I knew she would cry if I talked to her, so I paid no attention. I felt I would like to run out of school and never come back again. Trying not to be sorry for what I had done—trying not to think of that heavenly green bracket, which seemed big and beautiful enough now to give Queen Victoria—and longing for the voting to be over kept me busy. At last the door was opened, and we trooped in. Teacher stood by the table. The girls were radiant. I shut my mouth hard and looked down at my slippers.

"The First Prize," said Teacher, "is awarded to Mary Beetham." A great burst of clapping; but above it all I heard Mary's little cry of joy. For a moment I could not look up; but when I did, and saw her walking to the desk, so happy, so confident, so utterly unsuspecting, when I saw her going back to her place with that green-plush bracket in her hands, it needed all my wildest expostulations with the Deity to keep back my tears. The rest of the afternoon passed like a dream; but when school broke up Mary was the heroine of the hour. Boys and girls followed her—held the prize in their "own hands"—and all looked at me with pitying contempt, especially those who were in the secret and knew what I had done.

On the way home we passed the Karori bus going home from town full of business men. The driver gave us a lift, and we bundled in. We knew all the people.

"I've won a prize for po'try!" cried Mary, in a high, excited voice.

"Good old Mary!" they chorused.

Again she was the center of admiring popularity.

"Well, Kass, you needn't look so doleful," said Mr. England, laughing at me; "you aren't clever enough to win everything."

"I know," I answered, wishing I were dead and buried.

I did not go into the house when we reached home, but wandered down to the loft and watched Pat mixing the chicken food.

But the bell rang at last, and with slow steps I crept up to the nursery.

Mother and grandmother were there with two callers. Alice had come up from the kitchen; Vera was sitting with her arm round Mary's neck.

"Well, that's wonderful, Mary," mother was saying. "Such a lovely prize, too. Now, you see what you really can do, darling."

"That will be nice for you to show your little girls when you grow up," said grandmother.

Slowly I slipped into my chair.

"Well, Kass, you don't look very pleased," cried one of the tactful callers.

Mother looked at me severely.

"Don't say you are going to be a sulky child about your sister," she said.

Even Mary's bright little face clouded.

"You are glad, aren't you, dear?" she questioned.

"I'm frightfully glad," I said, holding on to the handle of my mug, and seeing all too plainly the glance of understanding that passed between the grown-ups.

We had the yellow frog for tea, we had the green-plush bracket for the entire evening when father came home, and even when Mary and I had been sent to bed she sang a little song made out of her own head:

"I got a yellow frog for a prize,
An' it had china eyes."

But she tried to fit this to the tune of "Sun of My Soul," which grandmother thought a little irreverent, and stopped her.

Mary's bed was in the opposite corner of the room. I lay with my head pressed into the pillow. Then the tears came. I pulled the clothes over my head. The sacrifice was too great. I stuffed a corner of the sheet into my mouth to stop me from shouting out the truth. Nobody loved me, nobody understood me, and they loved Mary without the frog, and now that she had it I decided they loved me less.

A long time seemed to pass. I got hot and stuffy, and came up to breathe. And the Devil entered into my soul. I decided to tell Mary the truth. From that moment I was happy and light again, but I felt savage. I sat up—then got out of bed. The linoleum was very cold. I crossed over to the other corner.

The moon shone through the window straight on to Mary's bed. She lay on her side, one hand against her cheek, soundly sleeping. Her little plait of hair stood straight up from her head; it was tied with a piece of pink wool. Very white her small face, and the funny freckles I could see even in this light; she had thrown off half the bedclothes; one button of her nightdress was undone, showing her flannel chest protector.

I stood there for one moment, on one leg, watching her asleep. I looked at the green-plush bracket already hung on the wall above her head, at that perfect yellow frog with china eyes, and then again at Mary, who stirred and flung out one arm across the bed. . . .

Suddenly I stooped and kissed her.



MARRIAGE AND LOVE AFFAIRS

THE REPORT OF A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

BY G. V. HAMILTON, M.D., AND KENNETH MACGOWAN

OUR common conception of marriage was begotten in a union of social necessity and herd superstition. The finality of marriage, qualified by divorce, the monogamy of marriage, qualified by romance—almost all the outstanding features of this institution are founded in greater part on a quite sane recognition that all human cravings, including the sexual-romantic, have got to be socialized to fit in with various sociological and biological necessities. But our prevalent ideas of marriage are also founded on harmful superstitions that probably go as far back as the days when our ancestors sacrificed young virgins to those gods who made human beings and who provided drought, famine, flood, earthquake, and saber-toothed tigers for their destruction.

Such hybrid products of reason and superstition obviously stand in need of revision. But it is the contention of some of us who are students of psychobiological research that this is no guessing job. For what is even the crudest superstition but a generation's best guess about things? And what are our best guesses but a new crop of superstitions? If we are far enough advanced on the road to civilization to abandon the medicine man's powwow in favor of a realistic approach to the problem of physical disease, then we have reached the stage at which guesswork, speculation, and opinion grounded in emotion can give way—and must give way—to factual diagnosis of our spiritual ail-

ments. This should mean a factual estimate of the good and the bad features of marriage as most of us live it.

To this end a division of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, New York, has spent almost four years in a research in marriage founded upon the questioning of one hundred married men and one hundred married women. The primary purpose was to collect as many objective facts as possible concerning the sex life. The next step was to study the human cravings that find expression in love affairs, marriage, and divorce, to study them not in the spirit of advocates with a cause to defend, but rather as sane, unsuperstitious realists with a sincere and constructive curiosity. On the basis of a mass of dependable, unprejudiced evidence, it is possible to think in terms of what both the individual and the social body require. It is possible to estimate what satisfactions a man or a woman must have in order to lead a wholesome, balanced life, and what factors favor the fusing of individuals into domestic, social, and political units that are truly healthy.

The two hundred men and women chosen for the research were almost all college-bred or of college grade. They came from New York City or its environs. A third of the men were in professional life, a tenth were engineers, a little more than a quarter worked in literature or the arts, and a little less than a quarter were in business. Half of the men had incomes under five thousand dollars a year. The men and

women ranged from twenty-three years of age to fifty-nine; the majority were between thirty and forty, and had been married from five to fifteen years. It is fair to say that they seemed representative of their class in any large city.

The one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight love affairs of these two hundred men and women form the basis of the present article. They are a widow's mite of facts got under carefully arranged scientific conditions. They would have to be multiplied a hundred-fold to justify any hard and fast conclusions, but a mite is worth dropping into the box—especially an empty box.

During this research the examiner wished particularly to avoid saying anything to any of the two hundred spouses which might influence their answers in any direction. For this reason the questions were presented on typewritten cards with the request that the answers be talked out in a very free, informal manner. There were forty-odd cards, each dealing with a particular topic—nearly four hundred questions all told.

Of course, these cards had to be renewed from time to time. They were likely to get smudged and crumpled after a score or more of eagerly-talking spouses had sat—one at a time—in the examining chair and handled them. There was one of these cards that invariably wore out sooner than all its fellows. It was known to the secretary who had to copy it over so often she could do the chore by memory as the "love-affairs card," and the one used by the women read as follows:

Give a list of all of the boys with whom you have been in love, either before or after your marriage, and give the following information about each of them:

- 1—How old were you at the beginning of your love affair with the boy or man?
- 2—Was he older or younger than you?
- 3—What was the color of his eyes and hair?
Dark or fair skin?
- 4—Was he short, tall, or medium in height?
- 5—Was he thin, plump, fat, or of average build?

6—Did he resemble your father or any of your brothers in disposition?

7—Did he resemble your father or any of your brothers in physical appearance?

8—To what extent were there demonstrations of affection between you?

9—Was your affection for him of a kind to make it uncomfortable for you to permit him to make demonstrations of affection between you?

10—Did any other feelings interfere with your ability to let him kiss you or to do other kinds of "spooning" with you freely or easily?

11—What terminated your affair with him?

The questions for the men were an exact paraphrase.

The word "spooning" in the tenth question might have fatally affected the examiner's desire to be regarded by these men and women as a safely tolerant person if the earlier sessions had not already established his status in their minds. As it was, this obsolete word brought out many comments that gave him a sense of having displayed a middle-aged Victorian outlook on matters of love and sex.

The women provided another difficulty. They developed a tendency to list as love affairs episodes in which they achieved conquests of male affections and yet were not themselves emotionally moved. It became a stereotyped procedure to exhort each woman as the love affairs card was handed to her, "Now please don't include boys or men who may have been in love with you, but to whom you were indifferent." This plea was not very effective—especially with women born south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Three of the hundred women had never loved a man, and were entirely incapable of such a love, but the other ninety-seven had been in love with 677 different men—almost seven love affairs apiece. The hundred men accounted for 681 love affairs—just a little less per man. The figures include only relations in which there was an emotional attachment for the other person. Purely physical encounters, with no element of "being in love," are ruled out. But as

there were eleven questions about each of these 1,358 love affairs, the amount of information obtained by this card alone out of the forty was Gargantuan—no less than 14,938 answers. Naturally, a brief digest of this material can touch only the high spots.

II

The love relation of these men and women with their own mates provides what is perhaps the most interesting point of departure. In most cases it is a fair assumption that a woman's marriage is preceded by a love affair with her spouse, and that this is true of most men. As a matter of fact, only one man and five women—including the three women frigid to men—said they had never been in love with the person they married. And yet a surprisingly large number of the two hundred men and women left their mates out of their answers until they had told about all of their other loves and laid the card aside. Then would come an apologetic, "Oh, yes, I forgot to include my husband!" This interesting mental kink was not, of course, confined to the women.

All the subjects of this research did not come in as married couples. Forty-five men and forty-five women were married to stay-at-homes who did not answer these questions. The fifty-five couples were particularly interesting because with them the examiner was able to compare the accounts of husbands and wives, and their separate versions of their common love; fewer discrepancies appeared than might have been expected. Still more interesting were the cases of men and women who were not married to each other but who had had mutual love affairs. Their separate explanations of how these adventures had ended threw a good deal of light on the psychology of human "alibis." In no case did the jilted one seem to be lying, but there was always some eager assurance of the forsaken one's gratitude to the jilter for having withdrawn.

Much the most interesting "human documents" in the research came from men and women who had met and fallen in love with other persons after marriage. Here were tales of a very tragic kind. John, having a wife, meets Jane, who has a husband. Each finds in the other a sympathy and an appreciation which they had once had from the parent of the other sex, but which their spouses have failed to give them. Marriage has meant loneliness for them, somewhat relieved by the advent of children yet still full of a longing for what the mate couldn't or wouldn't give. Finally, the rise of a valid and satisfying love that had to be renounced. Behind such renunciations one usually finds, in the woman's case, a sense of obligation to her children. For the man there is this, too, with the added factor of pity for the woman who, in tying herself to him and bearing him children, has placed all her eggs in one basket; he sees how small her chances are for any kind of new matrimonial deal, not to mention a satisfying one. So he sticks to his bargain and, if he isn't too busy pitying himself, then his pity for her may become in time a fair substitute so far as his wife is concerned for the love which he has come to feel for another woman.

On the surface, tragedy of this sort seemed to have overtaken almost half of the women and a third of the men in this research. The figures in the tabulated material look depressing enough—forty-one women and twenty-nine men who had thought themselves more or less in love with people they were not married to. And yet these figures are a little deceptive. Not all these men and women had felt really serious longings to swap partners. Some of them were really quite well pleased with their matrimonial bargains, and had developed a romantic outside interest more out of loyalty to a creed than from personal inclination. This statement may puzzle readers who belong to a generation or a community in which the lay psychoanalyst has thus far labored in vain.

The point is this: A great many people nowadays, including many members of this group, subscribe to the doctrine that if you have been married as much as five years and haven't fallen in love with some other person you are automatically classifiable as pitifully repressed and reactionary. This is even truer of you if you are a woman than if you are a man. An extra-marital love affair is considered a gesture of freedom—not necessarily from the exactions of a too possessive spouse, but from what they consider a stupid and restrictive marriage code that went out of fashion with ground-sweeping skirts and the corsets that made the patent-medicine business a major industry.

All this may have a rather unsympathetic and reactionary sound, but it really springs from a belief that the younger generation of married people in New York—and doubtless many other cities—is being just as badly fooled by fashions in ideas as their parents were fooled by fashions in skirts and corsets. Old ideas may be stupid and hurtful, yet new ones stand little chance of being any better when they are based on the childish fallacy that you only need to reverse the bad in order to get the good. Such new ideas are very sure, however, to be fashionable.

The test of any action, of course, is not whether it is conventional or radical, but how it works. And here the research supplies some significant data.

The contention of the liberal-to-radical and definitely radical groups is to the general effect that it is a good thing for husbands and wives to have outside love affairs. They believe that such affairs need not imply dissatisfaction with the mate, and that they are likely to enrich the common lives of the couple—provided, of course, that there shall be neither cheating nor secrecy in the matter. It is suggestive that the women of these groups in the research were considerably more given to making actual tests of this theory than the men, and

less able to tolerate comfortably the experiments of the other spouse.

Now the research provided a means of testing theories like these. About a dozen questions—checked by a very large mass of evidence—enabled the examiner to grade the married happiness of the men and women with some degree of accuracy. By this grading 51% of the men and 45% of the women appeared satisfied in their marriages. Apply this test to the people who had had outside love affairs during marriage, and the following results appear:

- 29 husbands had outside love affairs—9 or 31% are happily married.
- 71 husbands had no outside love affairs—42 or 59% are happily married.
- 41 wives had outside love affairs—11 or 27% are happily married.
- 56 wives had no outside love affairs—34 or 61% are happily married.

The results are suggestive, yet not, of course, conclusive. It is impossible to say how many of these love affairs were dictated by theory, and it is just as impossible to say how far these marriages were happy *before* the love affairs occurred. What we do know is that love affairs and unhappy marriages were very closely associated in this research, and we can argue that this will hold true of large groups of better-educated Americans.

It is interesting to learn how far these love affairs outside marriage remained platonic, and how far they led to actual infidelity. And it is also interesting to note the relation of such intercourse to happy married life. Here we have to throw out the test of whether there was a genuine emotional fondness and bring in the test of legal infidelity. In the first place, while far more women than men claimed emotional attachments to others than their mates, hardly half these women allowed their emotions to lead them into infidelity, and almost all of the men succumbed. Twenty-nine husbands told of extra-marital love affairs and twenty-eight men admitted infidelity. Forty-one women recounted emo-

tional attachments for other men, and only twenty-four admitted infidelity. Here, too, there were radical theorists. Many of the two hundred brought up and discussed the possibility of having complete physical intimacy with persons other than their mates without disaster to their domestic happiness. The next table, which merely supplies some facts and is not meant to imply a judgment either way, is based upon the record of sex affairs regardless of whether romantic affection were involved or not:

- 28 husbands admitted infidelity—8 or 29% are happily married.
 72 husbands denied infidelity—43 or 60% are happily married.
 24 wives admitted infidelity—4 or 17% are happily married.
 76 wives denied infidelity—41 or 54% are happily married.

III

The two hundred men and women provide us with a pretty good index of the ages at which human beings are most likely to fall in love. Or rather, since man is pretty actively falling in and out of love for a generation, those years when he is most actively engaged in the principal business of life—trying to find a mate. Let us first divide the love-life into three genetic or natural periods—six years of age to eleven, twelve to fifteen, and fifteen to twenty, and then carry the record on in jumps of five years each. Let us then find how many love affairs occur in each year-period and divide this by the number of people living through that age; for, though all the men and women had reached twenty-one, some had not passed twenty-five, and many had not reached forty. This gives us the average number of love affairs per person in each year of life. Adding up the averages of the years in each period, with corrections for periods of unequal length, we have the following table:

<i>Age period</i>	<i>No. of love affairs per man</i>	<i>No. of love affairs per woman</i>
6-11.....	.63	.57
12-15.....	1.50	1.44
16-20.....	1.56	2.32
21-25.....	1.68	1.33
26-29.....	1.03	.76
30-34.....	.79	.56
35-39.....	.34	.35
40 and over.....	.43	.64

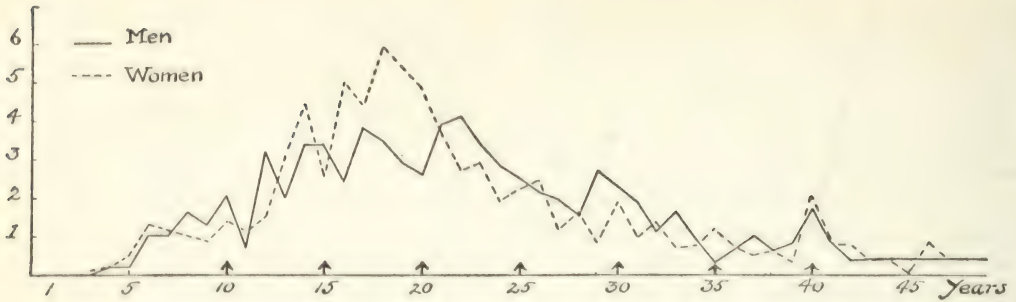
This table, together with the graph of the averages year by year, brings out four significant things:

The men began to show an amatory enthusiasm sooner than the women. Up to fifteen their average was somewhat ahead. Perhaps it is truer, however, to say that the women lagged behind. For in a graph of the average number of love affairs per person in each year, the men's curve is smooth and easy, while the women's rushes up and down in spurts.

The women reach the peak of their love affairs earlier than the men. With fourteen the curve begins bounding up. It reaches its greatest height at eighteen, and the field of greatest activity runs from sixteen to twenty. The men reach the peak between twenty-one and twenty-two. Thus the periods of the greatest susceptibility for the women and the men in this research are separated by a gap of about three years. The women come to the height of their love-period three years before the men. This is exactly the gap in time that we commonly observe between the physical maturity of women and of men. The girl comes of age at eighteen; the man, at twenty-one.

After the peak the men go down more slowly than the women, just as they have risen more slowly. On the chart of yearly love affairs there is a slight rebirth of love-making at about thirty, then another sag.

Suddenly with the forties comes another peak in the love affairs of the women. The men, too, react to this numerical signal that youth has passed and middle-age is upon them; but the women react more sharply. Through



This graph represents the 1,358 love affairs of the two hundred men and women distributed through almost fifty years of life on the basis of the average number of attachments that each man and each woman felt each year. Figures in the vertical line represent the average number of affairs.

the thirties the women show a little more activity than the men, and in the next decade they definitely out-distance them. Perhaps this is due to nature crowding into this period a stronger sex urge for the woman than for the man. Perhaps it is due to the fact that after forty a woman's children are out from under her feet enough to give her a new lease on the kind of life which spells love and romance. But the most curious fact presented by this chart is that the number "40" has a special power over both sexes, and more over the women. The fortieth birthday of a woman gives her even a more frantic sense than it gives the man that romance is passing with her youth.

IV

"Was the beloved person older or younger than you?" Here is the factor of age injected into relationships that are already infinitely complex. Mathematically considered, the complications ought to leap up in number and variety. Reason ought to be staggered by the results. As a matter of fact, age seems to be the one factor that produces clear, simple, and thoroughly logical patterns through all this business of love.

This is probably because we look at differences in age simply and realistically. This man *is* definitely older than this woman, or younger, or of the same age. Difference in age is no mysterious and hazy thing, like "inferiority complexes" or emotional capacities. For centuries

the white race has observed certain definite reactions about the age of lovers, and it has all but codified the results.

First of all there is the almost universal acceptance of the man's slight seniority in marriage. Woman develops emotionally and physically three years earlier than man. Hence she should and she does marry a man somewhat older than she is. This insures a better equality between them and a proper protection for the expectant mother in an embattled world. So much for the factor of age at the time of early maturity when marriages are made. Other patterns arise in the first years of love-making and the last, and these patterns are definite and well recognized. They all deal with a greater difference in age and put much store by it. We are used to the spectacle of adolescent youth loving maturity. If we remember our inner lives from seven to seventeen, we remember one or more love affairs of this sort. The commonest feature of them all is unrequited love. The boy is filled with fleeting but terrific heartaches for a goddess who is unattainable by reason of her seniority. The girl in grade school or high school longs to disclose the greatness of her soul by dying a romantic, heroic death in the service of an incomparable but indifferent male of eighteen or twenty-five, or even an elderly one of thirty. At the other end of life we know all too well the picture of the man or woman of forty seeking to recapture youth through a love affair—

not so often unrequited—with someone anywhere from ten years to a generation younger.

The second question on the love-affairs card brought out a mass of most interesting and systematic facts on this matter of disparity of age. The following table summarizes the attachments when the loved one was at least five years older or younger. It shows the percentage such love affairs present to the total for each sex.

Ages	Men loving older women	Women loving older men	Men loving younger women	Women loving younger men
10 to 19	17%	35%	0.4%	0%
20 to 29	11	41	13	1
30 to 39	6	37	56	19
40 or over	1	19	80	38

The first two columns begin by showing the love of adolescents for older men and women—the girls having more attachments than the boys. After the 'teens the men's interest in older women rapidly declines; the women, however, continue up to forty to take quite as great an interest in older men as they did in their school days. The last two columns show the men and women steadily growing more and more interested in the younger generation. The men display this interest even in their marrying years, and it swells up into an overwhelming fixation after forty. The women show no interest in younger men until the thirties; then it leaps up, and it increases still more in the forties. With both men and women æsthetic considerations doubtless play a part here. It is a greater factor for the men, because women's appearance alters more drastically. The women balance this with the fact that in the thirties their emotional energies do not slacken as rapidly as the men's, and it is only from younger men that they can get a response which ignores fading beauty. Youth, of course, puts less store by its own physical charms. Graying heads and sagging features seem infinitely remote as personal possessions, and the achievements and perquisites of maturity are most coveted.

V

"'Tis better to have loved and lost," we are informed, "than never to have loved at all." That fact ought to be clear enough from the cases of the three women in this research who had never loved any man. All three are as unhappily married as it is possible to be. But the reader of Tennyson, as well as the reader of this article, may wonder *how many* 'tis better to have loved and lost—just how far a man or woman can go in unrequited or at least unculminating love, and how far the capacity for love affairs is associated with the capacity for being happily married.

Among the men of this research one man ran up a total of twenty-seven love affairs—against one very unhappy marriage. The old saying, "He went through the woods and through the woods and picked up a crooked stick" appears to have truth in it, not only for this sentimental Don Juan, but also for the whole two hundred men and women. Divide them into two groups—those that had had at least one and not more than five love affairs, and those that had been in love more than five times—and here is what we get:

- 46 men with five or less love affairs—59% are happily married.
- 54 men with more than five love affairs—44% are happily married.
- 39 women with five or less love affairs—59% are happily married.
- 58 women with more than five love affairs—38% are happily married.

If it is not altogether desirable to be too much the creature of Aphrodite, does it also follow that it is better not to develop amatory interests too early in life? Yes, so far as these two hundred people are concerned, the age of the first love affair does seem to bear some relation to their happiness in marriage. Let us divide the men and women into the following genetic groups: up to the age of eleven, from twelve to fifteen, and over fifteen.

We find only one period for the men

and only one for the women when the beginning of love-interests seems to agree with a later ability to find a happy marriage. This comes first for women—early adolescence from twelve to fifteen—and later for men—from fifteen on. These findings are doubly interesting. The best age for a girl to feel her first love is the physiological equivalent of the best age for the boy. They are separated by the three years that have come traditionally to be considered the difference between female “coming of age” at eighteen and male “coming of age” at twenty-one. For either boys or girls to fall in love before their proper period suggests a degree of emotional precocity, and this precocity, in turn, may be a factor in making for adult emotional maladjustment.

VI

Some years ago Sigmund Freud set a large section of the intelligent world thinking about the *Œdipus* complex, wondering if the love of a boy for his mother and of a girl for her father determined the kind of people they chose to marry and the happiness of their married lives. Certain questions in the research brought out information on this score. Are boys and girls attracted to other girls and boys because of their similarity in mind and body to the parents of the opposite sex? How does this work out in the case of sisters and brothers: are boys attracted to girls of their sisters' type, and girls to boys of their brothers' type? Below is a summary of what the two hundred said when they were asked if such resemblances existed.

Both the men's and the women's

answers show a large majority for physical dissimilarity; but the men show more partiality for girls resembling their mothers than women show for boys resembling their fathers. It is also apparent that mother-types and father-types are likely to be more attractive than sister-types and brother-types.

These results are about what one might expect. They follow a natural biological pattern and they exaggerate the data on the mothers and wives and the fathers and husbands of the people in this research. Biologically it is necessary that we should marry unrelated people and people who do not resemble us in order to avoid the evils of in-breeding. Furthermore, the boy has got to free himself from his emotional bondage to his mother if he is going to marry any woman at all or find any happiness with her; and he does this through an instinctive liking for girls who seem very different from his mother.

It is rather amusing to note how the biological urge against in-breeding lies behind some of the picturesque and often absurd cravings of youth for novelty. The unknown and the unfamiliar are notoriously more attractive to the young than the things they are familiar with, the things that have become dull commonplaces. Even one's name is likely to undergo a sea change in that period when the mating urge begins to assert itself. William H. Brown becomes W. Hetherington Brown. Gladys Smith becomes Gladys Smith and even Gladys Smythe—if the girl can get far enough away from home. Boys with the sandy hair and blue eyes of father and brother are passed up for heroes with raven-wing hair and smoldering

The men found—

	<i>In Physique</i>	<i>In Disposition</i>
no resemblance to mother or sisters	in 478 cases	in 476 cases
a resemblance to mother	in 139 cases	in 113 cases
a resemblance to mother and sister	in 14 cases	in 11 cases
a resemblance to sister	in 40 cases	in 32 cases
a resemblance to woman who later was his wife	in 2 cases	in 2 cases
a resemblance to himself	in 1 case	in 1 case
a resemblance to brother	in 1 case	
Question not conclusively answered	in 6 cases	in 46 cases

The women found—

	<i>In Physique</i>	<i>In Disposition</i>
no resemblance to father or brothers.....	in 499 cases	in 416 cases
a resemblance to father.....	in 101 cases	in 130 cases
a resemblance to father and brother.....	in 16 cases	in 7 cases
a resemblance to brother.....	in 29 cases	in 30 cases
a resemblance to mother.....		in 1 case
Question not conclusively answered.....	in 32 cases	in 93 cases

black eyes. The boy who has lived with a brunette mother and brunette sisters dreams of angels with flaxen curls and sad blue eyes. And yet if the family love-ties are not unwholesomely strong, but just strong enough to become agreeable memories in early adult years, all this flair for the unfamiliar is likely to be replaced by a desire to duplicate the outer aspect of such love-ties on a grown-up, unrelated basis. The data on the resemblance of husbands and wives to parents showed the workings of the tendency towards and away from the parent type. The data on love affairs exaggerate the same results because the great majority of the love affairs naturally occur in the earlier years, and that is the time when the necessity of sheering off from the parent—particularly from the boy's mother—is most sharp. Ironically enough—and perhaps this is the source of the greatest amount of tragedy in this tragic world of ours—though biology urges men to avoid in-breeding with women of their mothers' traits, men are happiest in their marriages only when they have chosen women physically resembling their mothers. Out of the seventeen men in this research who married women with this resemblance sixteen were happily married.

For the women there are a few qualifications. Since both boys and girls are far, far closer to their mothers than to their fathers, the father-daughter tie is never so intimate and powerful as the mother-son tie. Yet it can be much more troublesome in one way, for the girl seems more easily disturbed by the implications of incestuous desires than is the boy; she has not lived through it in the relationships of babyhood. Perhaps one other factor modifies the girl's adher-

ence to the same biological principles as the boy, and makes her love fewer men resembling father or brother. As a potential mother and as a creature with less physical strength to safeguard her welfare and that of her unborn children, it is desirable that all her urges relating to defense or discrimination in the matter of loving and mating should be doubly strong.

So much for the physical resemblances between parents and loved ones. In the case of the disposition, there is a similarly large majority against resemblance, yet there are differences worth noting. The women had fewer instead of more affairs than the men with lovers whose dispositions did not resemble their fathers', and they were more likely to follow the father pattern of disposition than the men were to follow the mother pattern. In other words, the women shied away from the physical and were attracted by the dispositional a little more than the men; which is natural enough when we consider that the physical implies an incestuous element to which the boys had grown better used in childhood through their great intimacy with their mothers.

VII

What terminated the 1,358 love affairs? Marriage and re-marriage took care of 210 of them. Out of the remaining 1,148, separation from the loved one was the more general termination. It accounted for most of the affairs before adolescence, and it continued to be the most important factor when the age came for the youthful lovers to go to boarding school or college. "Out of sight, out of mind," like most old sayings, seems to

express a psychological principle behind certain kinds of human conduct. "His family moved to another part of the city, and I didn't see him again until my interest in another boy had made me forget him" is a characteristic answer. The love affairs of 146 men and of 125 women ended in this fashion.

A table showing the relative importance of the commoner endings of love affairs may be of some interest:

	<i>Men</i>	<i>Women</i>
1. Separation, such as moving with the family to another town, going to boarding school, entering college, etc.	146	125
2. Dissatisfaction with the beloved person	93	78
3. Affair not terminated by any particular development, there having been just a gradual drifting apart	82	81
4. Affair terminated by the beloved person	70	73
5. "I fell in love with somebody else"	51	73
6. The affair may be said never to have existed save as a subjective event for the person telling about it, the beloved one having been worshipped from a distance or at least having never displayed any interest in him (or her)	39	37
7. The affair has not yet terminated (these are extra-marital affairs which were still in progress when the research was made) . . .	29	26
8. Terminations growing out of the circumstance that one or both of the lovers were already married	9	22
9. Interference on the part of the girl's family . . .	7	14
10. The death of the beloved person	6	15

11. Interference on the part of the man's family . . .	6	2
12. Because he felt inferior to the girl—unworthy of her	5	0

When we compare the men's column with the women's a few points of difference become apparent. Separation from the loved one, dissatisfaction with her and, on the other hand, a feeling of inferiority to her terminated the men's affairs more frequently than the women's. The women had more affairs that ended because they fell in love with somebody else, because one or both of the lovers were already married, because her family interfered, or because the boy or man died with whom she was in love.

The love affairs that led to marriage were often brought to an end at some time after this momentous step had been taken. But not always. To sit in the examiner's chair and wait for the answer on this point was almost as exciting as waiting for the election returns. The question "What terminated your affair?" might be answered sourly or tersely or philosophically or cheerfully, and it was entertaining to try to guess which of these reactions it would be. The replies are worth listing:

	<i>Men</i>	<i>Women</i>
1. "It hasn't terminated yet"; "It ended in a successful marriage" . .	53	49
2. (Without other comment) "Marriage"; "Getting married"	39	31
3. Separation	5	10
4. Divorce	9	3
5. "It never was a love affair on my side"; "I was never in love with the person I married" . . .	1	5
6. "I married the poor soul"	0	2
7. "Possibly marriage has terminated it"	0	1
8. "It terminated impulsively in marriage"	0	1
9. "It was not a hurried marriage"	0	1

VIII

It seems rather a pity that these 1,358 experiments with love and romance should have yielded only ninety-six happy marriages for the two hundred experimenters. And it is only natural to ask why these fifty-one men and forty-five women were more fortunate than the other 104. The answer is not to be found in anything so concrete as facts and figures. In such an article as this allusion only can be made to impressive evidence contained in the answers to questions in other phases of the research than those dealing with love affairs. These had to do with the relations of the parents to one another, with the attitudes of the parents to the subjects, and particularly with early curiosities about sex and how these curiosities had been met by fathers and mothers. Out of all this the examiner gathered certain impressions. He has a fairly extensive familiarity with the gravity of the problem behind this question, and a still greater respect for the rules of scientific evidence which psychiatrists must learn to apply on a large scale before they can solve it. For these reasons the examiner can only have a few more opinions and possibly a few more intelligent guesses to make than he had before the research began.

These opinions and guesses can be roughly summed up in the judgment that the cards were stacked against the two hundred men and women before their 1,358 experiments were well under way. Fathers and, much more frequently, mothers stacked the cards. Sometimes they did it by not getting on well together and betraying the fact daily to their children. Too often the parents were so embarrassed, evasive, or downright untruthful in response to the legitimate sex curiosities of their children that the experiments in love and romance

were carried on with a sense of guilt. Everybody was ready to tell them without reserve what to do by way of preparation for this or that kind of adult vocation, and just what adults really do when they are occupied with grown-up jobs. Consequently these children and adolescents could let their imaginations go without hindrance when they tried to fantasy what it would be like to grow up and function as firemen or milliners, doctors or actresses, lawyers or housekeepers. No boy or girl among our two hundred would have been so ill-advised as to set up prematurely in any of these occupations. Youth can be amazingly patient in waiting for the satisfaction of urges that can be faced without shame and appraised in terms of the "is" and the "is not" of reality instead of the "ought" and the "ought not" of superstition and arbitrary taboo.

The examiner suspects that there are so many unsuccessful experimenters in the field of love and romance not alone because it is only half illuminated for childhood and adolescence, but also because it is full of roped-off places that are unintelligently labelled. The signs read, "Evil," "Unclean," "Murky," "Must be entered furtively if at all, even by adults," and "Keep out!" They ought to read, "The management wishes to make this field a place of joyous exploration for you. There are a few hazardous areas in it, and others which you cannot fully enjoy without first learning something about them. If you wish to supplement your own common sense with truthful and explicit information about these areas, you need only ask questions or read the guide books."

Some of us feel that if we were permitted to train the management, fewer of the exploring children would get hurt, and more of them would find the happiness they are looking for.



KATYTOWN IN THE EIGHTIES

BY ZONA GALE

IN THE late eighties Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles—C.L.S.C.'s, as they were intimately known—were in their full flower in the United States. It was thrilling to see middle-aged men and women responding to the treasuries of academic commonplace; minds coming, adult yet virgin, to Ulysses and Goethe and Juno and Runnymede.

I remember sitting silent on a little carpet-covered stool and listening to a woman relate to my mother a part of the epilogue to the American Revolution.

"And, look here, in the first place they never wanted to u-nite at all. No sir! Some of 'em said it was impossible the colonies should ever be got to u-nite. Yes, sir! And when they first talked it, to a meeting in Albany, only seven colonies sent delegates and nobody much but Benjamin Franklin was what you might say hot for it. Did you ever hear of such a thing? But the governor of Massachusetts, he wanted it in order to fight France. And say! The folks in Massachusetts was jealous of the folks in Virginia, and Georgia and South Carolina most fit over usin' the Savannah River. And, Mrs. Gale, when them British troops come over, they tented 'em on the Boston Common, and our book says Samuel Adams got up in the Old South Church and he says, 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country' . . . wait till I tell you: *That* was when we dumped the tea—wasn't it grand? Fifty men, got up like Mohawk Indians, done it. And Paul Revere, he rode off to Philadelphia to tell 'em the jig was up. . . ."

She poured it out with spirit, she was bright-eyed, she had on either cheek a little high red spot. All her facts had been unknown earth until the Chautauqua American History had opened to her. And now gossip, domestic grievances, prices had all been dropped from her conversation. She was enthralled, as by the fiction which she had never learned to love. Her dining-room wall was covered with her diplomas, she counted for you their seals. In a hundred homes of the nation it was the same. There was, in the eighties, a homely renaissance, not of learning, but of study. It was as if the grammar school had walked and cried its commonplace aloud, beyond its walls. And this commonplace was now no longer in its disguise of task, of penance; but was at last radiant, clothed with its essential wonder.

Women of the Middle-West university and college towns were ardent in the movement, as became those whose look had long been toward the thresholds which they had never crossed. And the little near-by towns had their circles, meeting on winter evenings when coal stoves glowed and on hot summer afternoons when muslin curtains stirred. All the stimuli were there—the love of learning, latent in the pioneer and waiting the mellow time when it might flower; the social urge to work together; the zest of competition in the race for seals and courses completed; and tenderest of all, the dumb desire to "keep up" with the young folk, already coming home from school with challenging inquiries. Secret in the heart of this

whole phenomenon lay all the time this imperative object, and glorified it, yet not more, after all, than it was glorified by the mere subjective desire to know.

To Katytown the C.L.S.C. came not as a process but as a power. Thirty women were caught up by it and straightway looked through windows where had been but walls. These were the days when marketing and household work made the morning, sewing and calling the afternoon, and evening ended early. "Company for supper" and driving were the chief entertainment. The machinery of a livelihood was all-absorbing. Children and love and the out-of-doors were the magic. But the C.L.S.C. looked out upon the outer world.

The Katytown circle was made up of both men and women, rather of women and those husbands who could be allured to attend. There were young matrons whose husbands were occasionally to be induced to the meetings, but growling neolithic growls. There were older—and stiller—women of simplicity, not the sad, feigned simplicity of a later time, but of a simplicity native and unconscious; women of some tradition they were, with inherited nests of tables, women whose husbands slept through the entire evening. Ministers and the school principal always attended and were deferred to in any perplexities—foreign phrases, Biblical and geographical names, subjunctives; and if in the lesson there occurred anything of indelicacy ("anything with anything of a tang to it," they said), by common consent it was maneuvered to the minister, who read it in the temper of the Hebraic embarrassments, so that one thought nothing of it, or not more than when he rhymed "wound" with "sound," as he always did.

A half dozen women there were whose husbands flatly declined to attend. ("He is pretty tired when night comes." "He says, 'Of course I'll go if you say so, but . . .'" and I haven't the heart to make him." "He likes to have me go,

but he's a great hand to stay away from everything." And occasionally, with a confidential forward leaning, "He does hate to change his clothes.")

Consider an evening on which the C.L.S.C. met with Mis' Artemus Mason. Mis' Mason had double parlors, cut by an arched doorway, heavily molded and painted gray-white. Precisely in this archway was stationed the coal stove, a base burner, showing ruddy from the snowy street. It was October, and it had not been necessary to light the coal (to "fire-up" as they said) but the stove had been specially set up, lest this evening prove chilly. The hostess explained this to everyone on arrival. ("Perhaps you do feel chilly. Wouldn't you like a little shoulder shawl?") These rooms were high-ceilinged, hung with "golden floral" wall-paper, and with stiff lace curtains spread fan-shape on the Wilton carpet. There was a square piano, there was a towering old secretary whose shelves were filled with Compendiums of Useful Knowledge, Great Truths by Great Authors, Hill's Manual, Tupper, Morse, Hall, Matthews. There was a black-walnut center-table with finials on the carved cross-pieces and a round felt mat pinked at the edge and beaded in Greek design. There were camp chairs covered with Brussels. The ornaments were in keeping: On the white-marble mantel stood a waiting urn, and from the high bronze-and-black hanging-lamp hung an ostrich egg painted with cat-tails. This lamp someone was intermittently lifting and lowering, and the weights scraped. It was before the days of Rochester burners, but there were double wicks on reading lamps, and one wick was forever flaring up in the table lamp of pink frosted glass, and every time that it flared, like cat's ears, the hostess murmured something about it, as if she were at fault. The rooms both smelled a little of kerosene.

The hostess called the meeting to order. ("Friends, if you please. . . ." did that.) She was a little woman of

fifty, with gray hair drawn high at the temples and with thin central frizzings. She was wearing a wine-colored stuff gown, with a wine-velvet "vest" front, and she had on two cameo rings, both too loose, and a watch and chain. Her head had a pretty sidewise droop, and she had an engaging smile and a way of looking up—graces without homage, save in her brief flowering at courtship time. She was flushed in her double capacity, for the circle was accustomed to meet at the member's who was to prepare the paper. Mr. Mason, a slow-moving attentive man, had been admitting the guests, and though the bell—set on the outside of the door below the wrought-iron panels—went off like a pistol every time that it was pulled, Mis' Mason would call, "Artemus! The bell!"—and he already moving toward it. This man had a smooth-shaven upper lip, a beard, and a bald head—as if no one had been there to distribute things aright. From the moment when order was bespoken little giggles came from the hall. There on the draughty stairway, and peering through the "banister" spindles, was a minister's little boy and another minister's little girl, amused out of all proportion to the simple happenings.

Mis' Mason called on Miss Lelah Parkinson to open the program with a piano selection. Mis' Mason explained that the piano was a little out of tune, and Miss Parkinson explained that she was a little out of practice. She had on long earrings terminating in gold fringes and bobbing to the motions of her head which swayed lightly to her rhythms. She played the "Mountain Bell Schottische."

The previous year the circle had completed The Preparatory Greek Course in English, and was now centering upon The Preparatory Latin Course in English. Each household in the circle had a copy of the textbook, and the text, which everyone was to have read once or twice in the course of the week, was followed by all, so far as the hanging

lamp and the frosted lamp with the double wick would permit, while Mis' Mason read aloud:

*"The present volume is, in order of preparation and publication, the second one in a series of four books devoted, all of them, to the same general purpose. That purpose is to conduct readers, by means of the English tongue alone, through substantially the same course of discipline in Greek and Latin literature—not, observe, Greek and Latin, the languages, but Greek and Latin literature—as is accomplished by students who are graduated from our American colleges. . . . If we ourselves, therefore, do not, in preparing this volume, fall short of our mark, whoever reads this volume with suitable attention will, having so read it, be as well-informed in the literature of the Romans as are students who have triumphantly passed their entrance examinations for colleges and have thus become duly numbered in the ranks of proud and happy freshmen. The present volume bears the title *Preparatory Latin Course in English*. . . .

"The watchful reader will have noticed that we make a distinction. We say Greek and Latin literature—not Greek and Latin, the languages themselves. We do not hope and aim to make linguists of our readers. Greek and Latin scholars they will not become, however heedfully they may read these books of ours. . . . No reader need now misunderstand us. Our aim is a practical one. It is not on our part foolishly aspiring. It should breed no foolish conceit on the part of any reader. No truly intelligent reader of our books will ever be found boasting that he has come to knowledge of Greek and Latin by a royal road . . . no royal road. We say there is no royal road to Greek and Latin scholarship. Whatever flattering opinion you, dear reader that have never studied Greek and Latin, may kindly entertain of the road we build for you—call it royal, if you

* *Preparatory Latin Course in English*. Chautauqua Press, 1886.

please, and many thanks for your good will—still, let there be no mistake as to whither the road built by us leads. It does not lead to knowledge of Greek and Latin, but only to some real knowledge of Greek and Latin letters. You will indeed be able to talk with college-bred men and women on a tolerable footing of equality, about Greek books and Latin. But when it comes to a comparison of your knowledge with theirs, in the matter of Greek and Latin, you will discreetly and modestly be silent. You may inwardly suspect—and one chance at least in ten your suspicion will be correct—that your graduate friends too might better be silent themselves than loquacious, on these same delicate topics of accurate scholarship. But that fact let college-bred people themselves be the ones to avow. Enough for you, not disputing the avowal when made, quietly to enjoy the substantial satisfaction of conscious peerage with the liberally educated in familiarity with ancient classic literature.

"We shall be gratefully glad if we may feel ourselves to be, in the endeavor to make our books faultless, of one guild and fellowship with all our readers. . . . It is a loaded table of contents to spread in a single volume before our readers. But we trust their appetite, as we shall have to ask them to trust our cookery. It will, we confess it beforehand, be the fault of the cook if the feast is disappointing. . . . Now forward."

Mis' Artemus Mason read well, and she knew it. She had the reputation of being "up" on pronunciation, and she made a point of that position. Often callers at her house have seen her pause with uplifted finger and, "Now, do you know, I cannot be sure that I am correct on that," she would say, and she would go to her *Webster's Unabridged* in the parlor and emerge with the news. Also, "I'll look it up in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*" you often heard her promising. So she packed into the race her anxious molecule of respect for the content of every word of her language.

And to-night her only fault was her virtuous faultlessness. Unless one ungraciously includes a tendency to the apostrophe, as "flatt'ring," "bett'ring." And if she misspoke she met the moment prettily, with a nod of the head, a little sidewise, and "Well!" For an hour she read, uninterrupted save by occasional sibilants from the staircase where, well outside the spell of Latin literature, the two sat, delighting at nothings, and now and then fell down a step or more. Also Mr. Artemus Mason remembered that he had not covered the canary with a newspaper and, lest the bird wake and cause a diversion by singing, he himself caused a diversion by picking his way to the cage among the readers. The gentlemen watched him. Other gentlemen wakened. On the whole, the interval was not unwelcome, save to Mis' Mason who, however, said nothing, though perhaps not permanently.

Following the reading, there was opportunity for discussion. Mis' Mason closed the book and waited brightly. After a silence, "Let us hear from a number to-night," she said. No one said anything. There had been, at the cessation of the reading, a moment of pleasantly relaxed tension, when Mr. Enos Abbott, one of the older members, had frankly yawned aloud, and had been cut off in some zenith by his wife, clutching informally at his leg, and had gone, diminuendo, into a smothered but articulate "Wha's the matter?" Now, however, the tension caught them all again, and they waited for Mr. Becker. Mr. Becker always spoke first. In Chautauqua discussions, in prayer meeting, on committees, it was the same. He was inherently and fundamentally a chairman. Mr. Becker looked like Jonathan Swift.

"Very edifying," said he, "most edifying. I have been singularly interested in following the present reading. I—of course none of us are as familiar with Roman letters as we might become. I—the present plan seems to offer a very, very neat entrance into those—ah—

mysterious, I may say, emblems. I recall as a boy being drawn to read considerable about Cicero. Remarkable man, Cicero—a very remarkable man. I—my reading has somewhat gone from me, I confess, and a chance to brush up will be very, very acceptable. I—none of us, I should think, need be ashamed of a desire to penetrate to these—ah—portals, at this time.”

He sat down, folded his coat about him, sighed, caught his lips tightly together, lifted his brow and gazed thoughtfully down, over his folded arms. Somehow, the doors to art and letters had closed just before he reached them, but he had never understood that he was outside.

“That’s true,” said Mis’ Mason, nodding. “Now someone else? Isn’t there?”

Elbert Morehouse was an old lawyer who usually spoke at some length, and there was, as he rose, a certain apprehension. He tasted his lips slowly, and consulted the picture molding.

“My study of the Greek and Latin tongues,” said he, “in my college days has proved a great source of satisfaction to me. I remember I didn’t like them at the time—had to be forced into them by my desire to complete my prescribed course, I recall. But I am thankful for the little I had, since it gave me my only glimpse into that plane of classic letters. It is a great world on which we are about to enter, my friends, and we ought to enter in reverence, in reverence. There is a shadow of a mighty destiny upon that race of the Romans—a destiny never realized in its plenitude, but all too plainly mapped out by the—ah—prowess of the people. What names. How the mind staggers back at their very syllables. Caesar, a man who . . .”

He went through a catalogue of names, rolling them with a certain authentic tenderness. A passionate reverence, blind and unrooted, was in him and made itself evident. He would have liked to know how to love those names and he did love something. But it was

not that which he was expressing. On the stairs those two put their heads down and giggled at the sound of his periods.

He was succeeded by another pause which Mis’ Mason, rocking slightly in her patent rocker, bridged with a bright:

“Anyone else? Let the discussion be free.”

One of the older women now spoke—a gentle, delicate woman, with blue veins in her temples and a smile which, given in nervousness, was yet rare and lovely.

“It seems to me,” she said, “that one of the things I shall be most thankful for is to know all those references when I come to them. I was reading ahead in the book this afternoon, after I got my lesson. I never knew about Cornelia and her two Gracchi—is that the way you pronounce it? (It was not.) And I’ve often seen the name ‘Ovid’ and so on. I think it makes you feel so inferior not to know what those words mean. My father knew quite a good deal of Latin,” she added, and sat down.

“Oh, that makes me think of something I found in the book to-day, farther on,” said Mis’ Mason. “I just cannot keep from reading ahead after I get my lesson.” She made a search and after several false starts, she read:

*“Any Latin reader is pretty sure to contain its share of fables and anecdotes. . . . The tyro (I think that’s ‘tyro’) is constantly allured along the paths of Latin Lore by some appetizing bit, of tale, of witty wisdom, held out before him. . . . The sweet juice of the meaning is usually well-diluted in the youthful student’s mouth with the secretions of his own mental idiosyncrasy, excited to flow by the long suspense of ruminant mastication necessary before the mingled product is ready to be swallowed and entered into his hungry, individual circulation. On the whole, the Latin reader (ask any college graduate) is saturate with pleasurable association.”

**Preparatory Latin Course in English*, Chautauqua Press, 1886.

"Isn't that beautiful?" murmured a little woman near to Mis' Mason.

A younger woman looked up with the air of a ripe peach, fresh from sleep.

"It seems to me," she said, "that this Mr. What's-name who wrote this book has some pretty nice thoughts himself."

In the murmur of assent a woman named Mis' Helmus Copper, and quite generally known as Mis' Hellie Copper, stirred abruptly and spoke for the first time:

"Well, it seems to me," said she, "that he does an awful lot of talking that I could worm along without."

This they took tolerantly, with a smile, as being "just like Mis' Hellie Copper."

They were to hear yet once more from the book when the high school principal had spoken. He was a man of fifty, with that manner of positiveness consequent to long speaking down to others, a manner rather dictatorial than academic. He would not have said, "I present the following thesis." He would have said, "I want you to bear in mind." . . . He now said that it was to him a regret that this outline of study might not have yielded some insight into the Roman tongue—a never-failing source of inspiration through life. He referred to his satisfaction in tracing the English words to their Latin derivatives. He gave some instances. The two on the stairs were in ecstasies of mirth at this sight, in private life, of a man who did not belong there, but on a rostrum.

"Isn't that wonderful," said the ripe and wakened peach, "I never thought of that in my life before. Think of 'cordial' being from the Latin word meaning heart. Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

Her work—she was "etching" a splasher of frogs and cat-tails, done in red cotton—dropped to her knee; her face was lighted, radiant.

"Oh," cried Mis' Mason, "that's the very thing the book advises. I found it to-day. Wait," she entreated everyone, "wait a minute." She searched, ran it down, read:

*"To all readers, whatever their private motive, who would gladly furnish themselves with a modest but serviceable smatter of Latin, we take great pleasure in saying your wish can be gratified. . . . You have no new alphabet to learn. A Latin page does not like the Greek bristle to you with Procul, Procul (if that's what it is), Off, Off, multitudinously horrid in the very aspect of the letters. . . . Very well, go at it, nothing doubting. Read it unafraid. . . . Skip paragraphs, pages even. . . . Get yourself thus easily led-up to the declensions, so called, of the Latin nouns. Fall afoul of these. You can make sing-song of the task and chant it as an accompaniment to any necessary other employment you may happen to have in hand. . . . Once more unto the breach, dear friends, and storm the four conjugations of the Latin verbs. There, that is all. Only, of course, you can, you know, if you find you really like Latin grammar, look, as much as pleases you, at the rules of syntax. But you will now have learned enough Latin to serve useful ends."

"I read that too," said one of the older women. "And I thought I'd do it. I could learn those what's-names while I'm ironing."

"And then think!" cried another. "You could take an English page and pick out the different words that came out of Latin!"

"What good'd that do you?" demanded Mis' Hellie Copper.

"Why, so to know!" cried two or three together.

Mis' Artemus Mason placed the capstone.

"Well," she said, "and then it makes you feel as if Katytown isn't all there is to it."

And there, it may be, you have the secret of the success of the Chautauqua movement, in Katytown and everywhere else. As exoteric Christianity gave to slaves a dream of eternal rest;

as the India Service or any war gives to task-ridden boys the hope of change and adventure; as music opens a door upon beauty, and the life of the spirit quickens to new levels of perception and faculty, so areas of drudgery and rounds of hackneyed thought were abruptly lit by the splendid suspicion that this wasn't all of it. Years too late to respond to Aladdin and Alice, they cried hail and farewell to Ganymede and glyptodons and Gilbert à Kempis and his Saracen lady.

Here was one of the high romances of education in the United States, romance to be classed with the initial passion which laid the foundations of public school and university in the wilderness; and with the day and night schools for eager aliens and mountain folk; and with the woman's club movement of the nineties, before it concerned itself with civic and social betterment. For in the C.L.S.C., as in the woman's club movement growing out of it, inhered the social factor of contagion. It was one of those inexplicable psychological phenomena of

a large part of the population becoming subject to nothing new, nothing which it might not itself have claimed. The mere spell of suggestion set the thousands to buying books, holding meetings, taking examinations, framing diplomas, exhibiting seals, graduating. . . .

Very far away they all were to those two whispering on the stairs at Mis' Artemus Mason's. All those folk seemed concerned with gray territories and remote. Let a hush fall, and it was to those two comic, excruciating. They would bury their faces and think that they tried not to laugh. For what did they know of life? And what do any know of life who fail to understand, with a tenderness all but passionate, those meetings on winter evenings in the eighties?

The romance of the time has not yet been equalled among the women of the middle class in the United States. They had answered to a faint tocsin which, in the present pealing clamor of their bells, the twenty million women of the country may as well remember.

NIGHT OF MIRACLE

BY STERLING NORTH

*WITH Blake's bright figures in my head,
I crossed a meadow and a stream.
On either side as in a dream
Pale spirits rose discomfited.*

*And everywhere that grass might hide—
Oh, unbeliever that I am—
Peacefully and side by side
Lay the lion and the lamb.*

*And I had wandered far afield
When suddenly out of the summer night
I saw most terribly revealed
The tiger burning bright.*



FOUNDATIONS, UNIVERSITIES, AND RESEARCH

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

IT SEEMS fated that the social sciences should take over their methodology from sister-disciplines which aim at, and achieve, results which are not open to those who study human relations. In the eighteenth century the achievements of Newton led students of politics to find in physical analogies the sovereign key to their problems; in the nineteenth century the discoveries of Darwin made the pursuit of biological metaphor the favorite sport of almost every thinker with a book to write. In our own day the symbols are drawn from another field. It has become fashionable for the observer to apply to the social process the latest discoveries of psychology; and the complexes of the statesman, the listed impulses of the man in the street, the unreasoning instincts of men acting as a crowd are all joyously scrutinized as the home of the final secret. Somehow, it seems to be thought, psychology at least will give us a social law of gravitation.

But a new technic has appeared, the votaries of which are as ardent in their faith as ever were the followers of a religious creed. In the past, for the most part, men analyzed in solitude the facts before them; and they put down, without much mutual discussion, such vision as was vouchsafed to them. This procedure, it appears, was an error of high magnitude. "We risk waste effort," writes Professor Wesley Mitchell, "when we use our narrowly limited individual resources in attacking

problems which might yield to joint endeavors. The mathematical, physical, and biological sciences were first in this country to organize an effort to see their problems whole and to facilitate co-operation among specialists concerned with clusters of problems. But shortly after the National Research Council was formed several representatives of political science, economics, sociology, and statistics came together for a similar purpose. Out of this informal beginning the Social Science Research Council developed in 1923. It was presently strengthened and broadened by the accession of psychologists, anthropologists, and historians." And out of these small beginnings there has developed an organization of considerable magnitude, with its executive, its conferences, its committees on problems and policy, its advisory committees on method, agriculture, corporate relations, crime, cultural areas, migration, industrial relations, and the rest, its grants-in-aid to the established, and its fellowships to the immature. We need, it seems to affirm, to proceed upon the principles of mass-production: division of labor at the base, scientific assembling of the material prepared at the top. When this is done in each department of social science we shall have—at least we may hope—laws of political behavior the exactitude of which will be comparable to those of chemistry or of physics. The work now afoot may, a generation from now, come to mark an epoch in the development of social science.

And Professor Mitchell would, I think, agree that the universities have gone to work with a stout heart and an iron will. No university to-day is complete without its research institute; no foundation is worthy of the name unless its directors are anxiously scanning the horizon for suitable universities which can be endowed with such institutes. There are few universities where the movement is not away from the discussion of principle to the description and tabulation of fact. Everything is being turned into material for quantitative expression since this best yields to co-operative effort. We investigate output per man per hour per machine in every industry and in every country. We study the movement of prices in every century and every continent. We describe the tax system, or the method of railroad regulation, or the promotion system in the civil service in India and China, in Italy and Albania and Japan. Research associations in the different social sciences are passionately at work, devising methods, comparing methods, holding conferences "for consecutive thinking and planning not feasible at other seasons." We have bibliographies of special subjects and bibliographies of bibliographies. We have brief abstracts of papers, and long abstracts of papers; soon we are to have a whole journal composed of nothing but abstracts.

And, of course, we study what we do. The research institutes report to the universities; the universities report to the directors of foundations; the directors of foundations report to their trustees; the trustees seek reports from detached outsiders upon the reports they have received. Conferences are held for the reception of reports; and men are judged by the impression of them the reports convey. Trustees look to university presidents to pick the professors likely to attract endowments from the foundations; university presidents look for professors who can produce the kind of research in which

the foundations are interested; professors search for healthy young graduates who can provide the basis for the ultimate generalizations. There are endless committees to co-ordinate or correlate or integrate. There are new executive positions for men who do not themselves research but judge whether other people are suitable for the task of research. These are formidable people, widely traveled, gracious, but firm in manner, as befits men who have vast benefactions to dispense. There are interim reports, special reports, confidential reports, final reports. There are programs for the development of every theme. There are surveys for the dissection of every problem, industrial, racial, national, international. There are experimental centers, statistical centers, analytical centers. More energy, I venture to believe, has gone this last five years into the systematization of research in this field than in any previous generation of intellectual effort.

II

If I suggest here certain skepticisms as to the policy involved, it is with no feeling except one of admiration for the ardor and enthusiasm which has gone into the effort. My doubts center about three aspects of the situation. I doubt whether the results to be achieved are likely to be proportionate to the labor involved. I doubt, in the second place, whether the effect upon university institutions is likely, in the long run, to be healthy; and I doubt, in the third place, whether the result of the policy will not be to give to the foundations a dominating control over university life which they quite emphatically ought not to have.

Let me take each of these aspects separately. In the social sciences every investigator has two great problems. He has first of all to find his facts, and secondly, he has to assign a scheme of values to them. They are not, as William James said, born free and equal.

They have to be weighed. They have to be given a significance most of which depends upon the personal philosophy of the individual investigator. If, for instance, I tabulate the membership of the English Cabinet since 1801, and discover that some sixty per cent were born of immediately aristocratic parentage, I have merely provided a basis for interpretations of the most diverse kind. I may take the result to mean the fine determination of the English peerage to devote itself to public service; I may take it to measure the differential advantage an English aristocrat possesses when he embarks upon a political career; or I may take it as a criterion of the degree to which the English social system puts barriers in the way of the common man who desires to distinguish himself in political life. Obviously enough, my interpretation will largely depend upon my personal scheme of values. The latter has no validity until it has the facts upon which to work. It becomes of intense importance as soon as the facts are at its disposal.

Now my own argument is that co-operative research is of high value once it has been determined to find a body of facts; it is of dubious value in determining what body of facts would be significant when found, and of still more dubious value in assigning values to them after their discovery. For the proof of these things I appeal to anyone who has ever engaged seriously in the business of research. One finds a problem which clamors for solution. One begins to dig, and the mere process of digging by oneself is a definite means of illumination. One gets material, broods upon it, arranges it, dissects it, discusses it. It becomes a part of one's personality. It becomes absorbed into the whole scheme of one's philosophy. It gives point and color to the whole. It is intimately a part of oneself. The revelation of what it seems to imply is borne in upon one almost unconsciously by living with it. And the generalization is made, usually in a difficult

solitude, and in a mood which, if it is akin to anything, is essentially allied to artistic inspiration. That is why, I would add, the great scientist, the great philosopher, the great historian have always been in their essence great artists.

If it is the thesis of co-operative research that it can replace the process I have just described, my answer is that it is simply untrue; and that it is untrue even in the mathematical, physical, and biological sciences which are adduced in proof of the proposition. If that is not the claim, then my argument is that the place for co-operative research is in aiding the thinker to secure the best possible materials in the easiest possible way for his thought. Co-operative research, in other words, stands to the social sciences in the same relation as computing to the astronomer or as the making of slides or the provision of animals for dissection to the biologist. He indicates what he wants, and the materials are placed at his disposal. His eyes, his time, his energy have been saved. But the really vital task is still his, and no amount of co-operation can ever replace his vital duty to do it himself. Co-operation can suggest questions to be asked, difficulties to be considered, material to be searched. It cannot replace, and it has never adequately replaced, the vision and the insight of the individual thinker.

It is, of course, all to the good that men engaged in these disciplines should meet and talk over their common problems. It is all to the good, also, that they should pool their common knowledge and suggest lines of inquiry which their experience as investigators indicates to them as desirable. Every university teacher who is worth his salt is doing that every day as a matter of normal routine. It does not need any elaborate organization to make it possible; indeed, it is likely to be the more fruitful the less it assumes a formal shape. And so far as aid in the collection of material is concerned, and its reduction to usable form, that is either a matter for

the trained computer, or else for the young graduate student who is learning the business of serious research. If the latter has real ability he will not do it for long; the call to original investigation of a superior kind is too insistent to be stifled. Here, again, it is extraordinarily difficult to see why there is need for elaborate institutes of research, with executive staffs and growing hordes of faded underlings. Anyone who has done investigation knows that their aid at the critical point is essentially a *pis aller*. Once the stage has been reached where judgments have to be made, the investigator, like the soldier at headquarters, must make his own decisions and stand or fall by them. He will never see clearly if he is content to see through other men's eyes.

All this applies with especial force to the immense apparatus of bibliography and abstraction now being prepared for his assistance. A fairly long experience has taught me that if of the listing of titles there is no end, most of them are not worth listing and do not repay investigation. What one wants is the critical bibliography—like those, for instance, of Charles Gross—which warn as well as encourage. Essentially the same is true of abstracts. Either a paper is worth reading as a whole, in which case one merely wants its title, or it is not worth reading at all, in which case to make an abstract is a waste of time and money. Yet thousands of dollars are being spent annually in America on bibliographies which are a snare and a delusion; and one of the greatest foundations has just devoted half a million dollars to a journal which is simply to contain abstracts of articles in the social sciences. It is not, I think, going beyond the mark to describe most of this expenditure as simply wasted. I can have confidence in, say, a book on American history recommended to me by Professor Turner, or in one on economics recommended to me by Professor Allyn Young; but if I have merely a title from an unknown

bibliographer who has probably not examined the book, in the absence of other information, I save my eyes and my time.

It is, indeed, an excellent side of this co-operative research that it should lead to the award of fellowships to young men of promise in the hope that their leisure may bear fruit in research. But here it is imperative to award the fellowship essentially on promise and not because a student proposes to examine some subject in a list of which the research institute or committee has approved. Anyone who reads the output of books on this side of the problem cannot help but doubt whether it is promise that comes first. So many of the themes chosen are hackneyed; so many of them are really matter for an article rather than a book. Few of them deserve to be printed, and fewer still are ever reprinted. Let the reader take the long lists of doctoral dissertations published by the Library of Congress and he will observe, on any careful examination, that most of them were intellectually dead before they were born. And the trouble is, further, that under the blessing of a planning committee, a young man who has been assigned a fellowship for a given theme must continue his researches in that surrounding field unless he desires a reputation for instability of mental temper. A young professor who had investigated a small subject as it exists in America and had come to England for a year to investigate the same theme here paid me a visit. All that he could want to know about it, he could have learned in six weeks. But what with his bibliographies and card-indexes, he was able quite without effort to spend his full quota of time upon material unworthy of his powers. Some of my colleagues and I tried vainly to tempt him into alien paths; but he seemed to feel that it was not the part of academic wisdom to venture upon the unexpected.

On this head, then, I venture the guess that, compared to the results

attainable, the money spent on the collection and preparation of material is enormously disproportionate. I know, on incontrovertible authority, of an American foundation which has produced a single volume at a cost of eighty thousand dollars; and I do not think that volume could be regarded as epoch-making. I know of another foundation each of whose efforts has cost some eight or nine thousand dollars; all of them have had a largely temporary value, and few of them have done other than summarize, often with admirable vigor and accuracy, material easily available elsewhere. Even where the valuable work is being done of giving grants-in-aid to deserving scholars, the cost of the panoply of investigating the claim, deciding upon its merits, and allocating the sum decided upon is greatly in excess of anything necessary. Most of it could quite easily be unpaid work, done by other scholars for love of their subject; and this method would usually save many a scholar many heartburnings as he seeks to explain his purposes to a bright young, or pompous old, executive of some foundation, to whom the very meaning of research is, in any effectively creative sense, entirely unknown.

III

I turn to the second aspect of the problem: the effect of the system upon the universities. Here, the controlling fact is that the great foundations have immense sums to disburse. It is the inevitable result that an energetic university president or an ambitious university teacher should think out his plans in terms of what the foundation is likely to approve. Certain obvious consequences follow. "Dangerous" problems are not likely to be investigated, especially not by "dangerous" men; that would not win the esteem of the trustees who can be counted upon to dislike disturbing themes. I know, for instance, of an important project,

brought to a point after long and difficult negotiation, which was killed by a foundation in the belief that its completion would be displeasing to Signor Mussolini. And it must be remembered that the system, as it works, is all to the disadvantage of the scholar whose results, however important, come slowly. The president wants material for a formidable annual report which will obtain a renewal of the grant. Other things being equal, his blessing goes to the members of the staff who can give him material for such a report; and, where vacancies occur, search will be made for men of a similar stamp elsewhere. The personnel of the university, in a word, comes to be dominated by the "executive" type of professor, who is active in putting its goods into the shop-window. The university with a big grant has its place in the press. The president is marked out as a man able to do things. The enthusiasm for quantity—the most insidious of all academic diseases—grows by what it feeds on. Those who cannot aid the development of the new tendencies find themselves without influence and discouraged. Men, only too often, are judged by their output; and, as soon as that point is reached, they spend their time, not in reflection upon ultimate principle, but in the description of social machinery or the collection of materials. It is the business of a university to breed great scholars; and in such an atmosphere great scholars will hardly be bred.

Nor must we neglect the effect of this upon the teaching in the university itself. Anyone who analyzes in this regard the tendencies in social science will, I think, be struck by two things. There is an increasing drift away from the study of basic principles and towards the study of concrete facts; and there is an increasing disposition to give the student practical field-work of some kind. I speak here, of course, of the undergraduate period. Of that stage, whether in England or America, I can only say this: it is all that a teacher can hope to

do, even with an able student, in the time at his disposal, to make the student aware of the fundamental problems in his subject. His main urgency must be the attempt to clear away the bewildering mass of detail and to make the student see a few big general principles in firm outline. I taught in American universities for four years; and I have had many American students since my return to London. My difficulty with them has always been that, though they have been taught to assimilate masses of fact, they have rarely learned to reflect upon the scheme of values they ought to read into those facts. Still more rarely do they attempt that integration of the social sciences which Professor Mitchell declares it is one of the purposes of co-operative research to attain. They keep their principles of economics in one compartment, and their principles of politics in another. They even more rarely relate the social sciences to philosophy, or glimpse the significance of that totality of vision which Professor Whitehead has set out with such magistral nobility. Only principles at this stage will cause them the intellectual excitement which is the main business of him who teaches undergraduates; and the passion for pouring upon him masses of concrete description prevents him from penetrating beyond them to their real significance.

One of the universities most noted for its adherence to this method of research tells us with enthusiasm of how the new technic has vivified its methods of teaching. Students are enabled to embark upon "field-work" in their courses; they gain a living sense of the concrete material. They learn, we are to assume, that "pungent sense of effective reality" which tears through the miasma of dialectic. But here, surely, there are many things to be said. If a student grapples with a big body of material, seeks to arrange it, and to discover its significance, no one can doubt that the experience will be of high value to him. Probably what he has to report

about it will not be very valuable; but he will experience something of the excitement that comes to a young lawyer who handles his first case in court. That, however, is not what is meant by "field-work" in the new sense of the word. It means that the student goes out and collects a body of facts for his teacher, that he co-operates with the latter in some part of an investigation. Now if that is done on any considerable scale it is taking the student's mind away from essentials; it is teaching him not to inquire and to evaluate, but to describe. It is computer's work made better only to the degree that the teacher later explains what meaning he attaches to the result.

The real value of the method lies there; and the process of collecting the material bears the same relation to the task of teaching the student to think clearly as a visit to a precinct station to an explanation of the police-power. And if any considerable time is spent on the task there is loss we can ill afford of the opportunity we have to make the student see the great problems we confront and give him awareness of how great men, ancient or modern, have sought to solve them. I still dare to believe that an undergraduate who had glimpsed the reason why the mind of man still echoes the thought Plato uttered two thousand years ago would be fitter for the task of research than one who had co-operated in a house-to-house inquiry into non-voting in Keokuk and assisted in tabulating the results.

The truth is that we are in danger of becoming over-interested in the collection of material for its own sake and under-interested in the problem of the philosophy the material implies. We are getting absorbed in method, to the exclusion of an anxiety about the results our methods attain. That is being reflected in the teaching-work in social science to an amazing degree. It is shown in the innumerable conferences held and books published thereon. It is demonstrated by the increasing num-

ber of vast treatises in which the text is drowned in a terrifying apparatus of notes and bibliographies and excursuses and appendices through which the reader bores his way with a sense that neither he nor the author has seen the wood for the trees. It is seen in the passion for the *inédit* however insignificant; and in the yearning to publish something somewhere at all costs. We have got to remember that one takes a journey for the sake of the destination. The end of social science is the better understanding of the world; and that will come not from the mere multiplication of men able to collect more facts, but from the increase of those who know, first, what facts need to be collected, and, second, what value those facts have when assembled.

IV

Nor is it easy to be satisfied with the position of the foundations themselves. Here, let me say at once that some of them are blessed indeed in their personnel; when one thinks of a man like Abraham Flexner, with his insight, his wisdom, his humility, one wonders why, long ago, one of the great universities had not implored him to lend it the aid, as its president, of his creative imagination. But a man like Abraham Flexner is rare indeed among the executives of a foundation. Usually the director gives the impression of considerable complacency and a keen sense of the power at his disposal. He has not often himself engaged in the serious business of research. He has dipped into an immense number of subjects; he is usually captivated by the latest fashion in each. He travels luxuriously, is amply entertained wherever he goes (he has so much to give), and he speaks always to hearers keenly alert to sense the direction of his own interests in order that they may explain that this is the one thing they are anxious to develop in their own university. When you see him at a college, it is like nothing so much as the

vision of an important customer in a department store. Deferential salesmen surround him on every hand, anticipating his every wish, alive to the importance of his good opinion, fearful lest he be dissatisfied and go to their rival across the way. The effect on him is to make him feel that he in fact is shaping the future of the social sciences. Only a very big man can do that. From which it follows that he is a very big man.

He has no desire—let it be admitted in the fullest possible degree—to control the universities he seeks to benefit. The gifts are made; and it is, I believe, only in the most exceptional instances that any conditions of any kind are attached to them. But, with all the good will in the world, he cannot help controlling them. A university principal who wants his institution to expand has no alternative except to see it expand in the directions of which one or other of the foundations happens to approve. There may be doubt, or even dissent among the teachers in the institution; but what possible chance has doubt or dissent against a possible gift of, say, a hundred thousand dollars? And how, conceivably, can the teacher whose work fits in with the scheme of the prospective endowment fail to appear more important in the eyes of the principal or his trustees than the teacher for whose subject, or whose views, the foundation has neither interest nor liking? What possible chance has the teacher of an “unendowed” subject to pull an equal weight in his institution with the teacher of one that is “endowed”? How can he avoid the embarrassment that may come when he is asked, as he has been asked, to put his own work on one side and cooperate in the particular piece of research the foundation has adopted and upon the report about which the standing of his own institution may depend? What are his chances of promotion if he pursues a path of solitary inquiry in a world of colleges competing for the substantial crumbs which fall from the foundation’s table? And, observe, there

is not a single point here in which there is the slightest control from, or interference by, the foundation itself. It is merely the fact that a fund is within reach which permeates everything and alters everything. The college develops along the lines the foundation approves. The dependence is merely implicit, but it is in fact quite final. If a foundation is interested in international affairs the college will develop a zeal for its study, or for anthropology, or the negro problem, or questions of population. But it would also, whatever the cost, develop a passion for ballistics or the Bantu languages if these were the subjects upon which the foundation was prepared to smile.

I remember vividly a summer school in a European city which was visited by the director of an important foundation. Its organizers were hard pressed for funds and hopeful that some manna might fall from the particular heaven in which this director dwelt. I was invited to meet him at dinner, and instructions were offered to me about the kind of reception he was to have. Though none of us felt that what he has written possessed any special importance, we were to treat him as a high authority upon his subject. We were to elicit his frank views about the school, and explain that his hopes and fears coincided with our own. We were to discuss—of course in an impersonal way—the great achievements to the credit of his foundation, and the high influence it had exerted in the promotion of international good will. We were to refer delicately to our sense of the fitness of things which had led a foreign government to decorate him for his services. We were to indicate our faint hope that the light of his countenance might be pleased to shine upon so humble an effort as the summer school. In so delicately perfumed an atmosphere it was indeed comforting to watch the expansion of his personality. I think we almost convinced him that he was a great man; certainly he was pleased to indicate that he believed a distinguished

future lay before "some of your group." And in due time the school made its formal application, and the appropriate manna fell from heaven.

As a rule, of course, the environment, on both sides, is manipulated with a finesse more exquisitely molded and more subtly staged. But that it is recognized where the real control lies no one who has watched the operation in process can possibly doubt. The man who pays the piper knows perfectly well that he can call the tune. He can shut down, at a moment's notice, one of the most promising graduate schools in the United States by the simple process of deciding to spend its wonted subsidy in another direction. He can close an activity for which his foundation was famous all over the world, to which, also, men of international reputation have given years of devoted service, merely by deciding that there is not room for its activities in his next year's budget; and the unfortunate subjects of his decision are without opportunity either of appeal or protest. Those who have access to him among the universities become important merely by the influence they exert. Let him select a scholar to travel among the colleges and report upon the teaching and organization of a particular subject, and the scholar will be received with the same breathless reverence as a Jacobin representative on mission. The foundations do not control, simply because, in the direct and simple sense of the word, there is no need for them to do so. They have only to indicate the immediate direction of their minds for the whole university world to discover that it always meant to gravitate swiftly to that angle of the intellectual compass.

V

No one, I suppose, has ever undertaken research, however humble, without feeling that the business of discovering facts is grim and necessary and infinitely laborious. But it is one thing to find them for the purpose of an end be-

yond themselves, and it is another thing, and a dangerous thing, to elevate the mere process of their discovery into a religious rhapsody. For immediately the second road is followed, a body of vital consequences follows. Immense sums of money become necessary; and the essential factor in the situation becomes the man or the institution with money to give. The laborers in the vineyard set themselves to cultivate his good will. And because scientific "impartiality" is important—for the donors must not be accused of subsidizing a particular point of view—the emphasis of research moves away from values and ends to materials and methods.

The men who used to be architects of ideas and systems become builders' laborers. They are rated not for what they think and its value, but for how they can organize and its extent. The man who dominates the field is the man who knows how to "run" committees and conferences, who has influence with, and access to, a trustee here and a director there. The governing bodies of universities are naturally impressed by imposing buildings, long lists of publications, reports of committees with high-sounding names; how, for them, shall such activities not be important upon which foundations born of the grim, material success they understand, are prepared to lavish millions? The directors are content enough, for their esteem is flattered and they have the assurance of innumerable committees that, one day, results of the first importance will be born. And if somewhere a faint doubt obtrudes, a reference to the technic of the natural sciences and the immense results secured there is usually sufficient to stifle skepticism.

Yet if we look at the history of scientific research, the great discoveries do not, somehow, seem to have come in this way. They have been rather a matter of some lonely thinker brooding in

solitude upon the meaning of facts from the significance of which he cannot escape. He gets a sudden moment of illumination, and he proceeds to test the hypothesis by finding whether it will fit the facts at his disposal. So, at least, inspiration seems to have come to Newton, to Darwin, to Clerk-Maxwell, to Einstein. And, in the vast majority of cases, the material which has given birth to the great idea, the apparatus of experiment that has proved its value have been simple alike in conception and execution.

So, too, in the social sciences. The great inventive minds, Plato, Hobbes, Rousseau, Hegel, Bentham, do not seem to have been natural members of committees. They found their ideas in a body of factual experience which impressed them so overwhelmingly that they could not avoid the effort to discover its meaning. One could, I imagine, have helped Adam Smith a little with books and references. One can help to-day a great medievalist like Haskins by copying out the charter he wants, or a great jurist like Mr. Justice Holmes by finding the references to the cases he requires. No one suffers from discussion with his fellows. The partnerships of Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, of Bertrand Russell and Professor Whitehead receive no emphasis now from anyone's eulogies.

Where co-operative research means these things, or others kindred to them; where, as Maitland once said, it may lead the great man, when he comes along, to fling us a footnote of gratitude for having saved his eyes and his time, I protest its value as eagerly as any. But, in its newer forms, it seems to me to raise hopes unlikely of fulfilment. It is an immense superstructure without due bed rock in the facts of intellectual creativeness. We are in danger of paying a price for its erection that we are ill able to afford.



“SATAN AM A SNAKE”

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

DUKEY, though not a mulatto, had a lighter skin than either of her sisters. It was not only lighter but colder. Georgiana and Liss were both of a warm, deep brown, but Dukey's was a hue so rare in the Carolina Low Country, the gray—dryly lustrous in some lights—of gun-metal, that the men from the neighboring “niggerhouse yards” and the peripatetic sawmills were apt to give her the white of an uneasy eye at a chance meeting in the dusk and to keep on walking. Liss and Georgiana were great favorites, but with all the queer talk about the gray one nobody would have thought of taking her to the store or to meeting, much less of going in the woods with her. And this was the more curious in that, while her sisters, merry enough, were neither more nor less than ordinary “Gullah-nigger gals,” despite an irregularity of the teeth amounting almost to distortion, Dukey was marked out in the whole Cottonmouth section by the lithe symmetry of her form and the grace, at once sinuous, voluptuous, and disdainful, of its carriage.

When Dukey laid her lips back, blue, and let her long eye-teeth shine she could look as ugly as sin. She did this sometimes in secret. Sometimes when the cabin was empty she would stand and look at herself in the triangular bit of mirror hung over the clay chimney. There was room in it for no more than her face and its three-cornered malevolence, the sloping brow, the transfixed

and beady stare, the obtuse metal-gray nose, and those two eye-teeth, over-large and sharp, shining fang-white in the gap between the laid-back lips. So she could stand for an interminable time, unblinking, self-hypnotized.

When Dukey, at twelve or thirteen, had begun to realize that fellows were paying more attention to her sisters and less to herself, she puzzled and moped; she used to cry a good deal when no one was looking. By the time she was nineteen and Georgiana had been “married” any number of times, and Liss at least twice, the gray girl's pride had had to find this way of defending itself.

“Mens, huh?”

Studying those two fangs in the mirror's dusty triangle, she seemed to feel them slowly pivoting outward in their sockets in the blued gum.

“Mens! If man ebber go foh bodduh me, I gwine struck um; yassuh, same lukkah rattlesnake do.” She could make a whirring sound with tongue and palate. “An' when I struck um, dat man dead!”

She could look like sin. She could look like Satan. Like the good-song:

*Satan am a snake,
An' he lay in de grass,
An' he always wait
Whel de Christian pass.*

Mingo Rabuel, though he was still comparatively young to be the father of three such big wenches as Georgiana, Dukey, and Liss, had been of little use to himself for years. The cabin stood too

close to the edge of the Cottonmouth Swamp, where the shadow of the cypress tops fell over it in the late afternoon; thirty-seven years of its miasmas had got into the hollows of the black widower's bones.

Now that the girls were grown up he could no longer make them step around. Especially, these days, since the traveling sawmill had set up in Mr. Joe Paschal's pine woods a mile away, the shrunken martinet found them getting beyond him.

There was the field work. Tied by his infirmity to the cabin step, “acres” away from the pea crop or the corn crop, the interminable dribble of his threats, wanting heel or fist to back them, kept his daughters’ hoes going only so long as they sweetly pleased; as the blistering afternoon wore on, “Shut yoh mout, ol’ man!” they grumbled, and Georgiana and Liss, unbending, thumbing sweat out of eyes and ears, gossiped in longer and longer breathings.

The whine of the saw over in Mr. Paschal's woods made them think of the crew, and that made them think of “Higcollah,” the coal-black under-boss. He had got the name from his habit of washing his neck for the evening, after work, and putting on a collar high enough to choke him and a bright bow tie. Because of this and because the tongue he spoke was so different from their own slipshod Gullah dialect, the brown sisters thought he was set on himself, “swongah.”

“Higcollah, he *too* ‘swongah’.”

“He t’ink he mo’ bettuh ‘n we, bekaze-why he come fum West Indy.”

“West Indy nigguh a trash nigguh. He duh mek me laugh. Las’ night he tell me he like me mo’ bettuh ‘n he like you, I gots a mo’ fattuh face—”

“You duh tell a lie, a *Gawd* lie—”

“I’ze a liah? You stan’ duh call me a liah, you oagly nigguh—”

Hoe-handles.

Her head appearing between the tassels of the neighboring corn-row, reared on the satiny gray column of

its neck, Dukey regarded the scufflers with a sneer. “Whuffoh you fight ‘bout liah? You-all two liah. T’ink a junteleman luk dat Higcollah gwine boddah ‘bout two *field-han’s* luk you-all is?”

Liss, startled into sarcastic mirth, began to slap her thighs.

“Yi, yi, yi! *Dukey* duh study ‘bout *Higcollah*. Dukey binna fall in lub.”

“Me? Study ‘bout dat ‘rangatang?” A flash. A flattening of all the features, lips laid back. Though the girls would never have called it fright, it always made their breath suck and their blood jump when their sister looked at them like that. There were retorts enough now, but before either girl's tongue was ready to utter them Dukey was gone, a ripple and rustle of corn-leaves.

“Wheh you gwine to, Dukey Rab-nel?”

“Dukey, if you gwine in dat swamp—”

Mingo's far whine, thin as a wasp's, made it a trio, “Gal, if you t’row yoh hoe down an’ go in dat swamp dis day—”

It was all the good it did them. Dukey was “bexed.”

Whenever Dukey was “bexed” she made for the swamp. Offer a negro of the neighborhood ten dollars to trail her and he would shake his head; he would sooner have thought of stealing a pitcher off a new grave than of following where Dukey led, once she had tucked her skirts up from her gray legs and slipped in between the cypress trunks of the middle Cottonmouth. There were too many theories, too many tales.

“I know a man, he know a man, dat man he duh see Dukey wid he own two eye hold conpersation wid a rattlesnake, enquiah how he woman am an’ he chillun.”

“Rattlesnake can’t cry watuh wid he eye; needuh-so Dukey can’t cry.”

When Dukey was little, her father used to whip her when she returned from the swamp. But after she was twelve, string her by the thumbs as he would, make her writhe and spit as he might, he

could never make her weep. It was as though her tear-ducts had withered with the coming of her womanhood.

The sunlight of the noisy world was gone; in here its rare intrusions were no more than the pencillings of a cubist's paintbrush, layer seen through layer of geometrical abstractions, veil laid upon veil of moss-gray triangles, ashen trapezoids, startling perspectives of diminishing parallels, where the twilight boles of cypresses ran away twice in air and water.

For Dukey it was like opening eyes that had been blinded and ears that had been hammered deaf. No matter how "bexed," how quickly in these dusky chambers—these cobweb-and-velvet corridors—did she feel her self-confidence rebuilding, see herself magnified, find herself walking "swongah" again.

The swamp, which accepted no man, took Dukey in. Whether she loitered or ran, she passed with no more speed than a fold of satin drawn through the closed hand. Gray as the stalactite moss, she moved as little marked as the shadow of a shadow.

Though to the uninitiated ear silence dwells forever in the swamp, to the knowing one there is never any for an instant; where neither leaf nor ripple seems to stir, the swamp-creature's eye sees a manifold life on the move, the crimson wing-dip of a cardinal, the ghost-sly preening of an aigret, the little breathing of a log that is an alligator, and always the fluent vanishing of snakes.

A dry whisper almost underfoot. The weaving of a sandy wind through brittle stems. Without fright, with a suave, tortile grace, Dukey swerved. Next instant, squatting on her heels and putting back a spray of a bushy gum tree, she peered in at the making coil.

"Who you, rattlesnake? Oh, foh Heaben! you ol' One-Eye. Shhhh . . . Shhhh . . . Don' you go foh t'row yo' head at Dukey. Don' you rattle yo' tail at me . . . Shhhhhh. . . ."

There is no such thing as time in the swamp. Little by little by little the reared head and the wheat-sheaf of the tail subsided into the black pile.

"Shhhh . . . Shhhh . . . " Commanding, mocking, soothing, sibilant. "Shhhhhh . . . "

But then a whine no louder than a mosquito's came creeping through the woods hush, like the thrumming of a plucked nerve. Dukey's head turned an inch. Yes, it was; it was the saw-blade screeching all the way from Mr. Paschal's pine land. Unguarded for an instant, a wince gathered the gray brows.

Under the gum bush, at that, a dry whir flashed. A length of black body, thick as a man's arm, flung, failed, and fell.

Now the girl's brow flattened. Fury swept her. A second whir she answered, the rattle tearing between tongue and palate; a second lunge she evaded, a third, a fourth, playing the arm they missed with the streaming speed of a whip-lash, in and out, thumb and fingers wide in a mock of jaws, strike for strike, rattle for rattle. Sweat oiled her skin, exultation ran in her pulse, the sawmill was forgotten. As, lash by lash, the tiring snake's strikes shortened, the flutterings of her tongue took on coherence, gloating syllables, taunts, execrations. Wearying of the deadly play at last she gave it over, sprang back erect, and ran off spattering across an iridescent ford.

She came into sunshine. A century gone, perhaps, someone who underestimated the malice of the swamp had built a house on one of its hidden "islands"; on a cleared hogback its chimneys stood, their hearths a yard in the air; the English bricks of its foundation still marked the perimeter in uncertain mounds overgrown by vines that bore great, deep-colored, bell-shaped blooms. In a ruinous cistern water-moccasins swarmed.

Dukey lay on her stomach on the turf above this cistern, where the sun's reflection came up from the water full

into her eyes. Here too she played, more quietly. Stirring not so much as an eyelid for minutes on end, gradually she succeeded in bringing the sun to a standstill in the mirror, a perfect disc. Where her sisters would have been blinded, she could study it so for a length of time, whole-eyed. But then, at a lift of her hand, all the heads that had been watching hers, fascinated by her fascination, flipped back in question-marks, submerged, and fled inward from the margins of the pool; above their subaqueous weavings the sun was shattered; a thousand serpents of white flame danced a dance of coils, mesmeric in the girl's overhanging sight. Surrendering to it by and by, as the loops slowed and fattened and swallowed one another, she slept as a reptile sleeps in the weight of the sun, her spirit fixed in voluptuous dream, her faculties wide awake.

One of the cistern's denizens, whether bolder than the rest or only weaker against the pull of curiosity, swarmed an inch out of the water on Dukey's side. Two inches. Ten. A big one, gray-orange. Now the whole of the moccasin's length was drying on the crumbled brick moraine. Fascinated. The head, reared a foot high, rocked ever so slightly from side to side. Dukey's head took up the measure, swaying musefully, ever so little, from side to side.

Shadow touched her; the sun had slid behind tree-tops. She sprang up.

"I hope debbil git you!" she cried toward the east, baring her gums. For now at the slackest of the afternoon the sawmill's whine reached even here.

She began to "wrestle."

"I ain't foh study 'bout *him*. No-suh, I won' foh go de sawmill road dis ebenin'. I done-done settle in my mind. *I won' not foh go!*"

Already she was going. A mile through the pillared dusk she ran, an arrow of smoke. Free of the swamp, there was a width of old rice-flat to cross, heavy with salt-grass and red with

evening. A tunnel of pine-land path. A fallow clearing. More pine land. Here she moderated her pace.

Just where the road from the Four Corners entered these woods of Mr. Paschal's, the undergrowth, gum and laurel, grass and weed, was thick. Stepping high, to leave no trace, Dukey got into the heaviest of the thicket and lay down. Though she was not more than three yards from the road, and though her eyes, between the stems, had the passage for fifty yards under surveillance, she was completely hidden.

She knew how to wait. The gang at the sawmill camp had knocked off work. Soon two of the hands came padding out with bread from their supper in their fists and pork-fat around their mouths. A moment later the remnants of a Ford truck coughed past, in it Burden Jackson, a brown mechanic from Savannah way, and "Le'me-shum" Powl, third cousin to the Rabnel girls and, for the moment, Georgiana's admirer.

Dukey let them go. The sun declined; the promise of a hot morrow flared and cooled and was beginning to let the light out when the tread of the Caribbean outlander, the pure-bred negro under-boss, loudened on the dust between the wheel-ruts. The first of him to appear in the tunneled twilight was the high white collar that gave him a local name, the second the gray flannel cricket "bags," ripened toward brown by years' suns, the last the iron-polished blue blazer, along with the black-skinned extremities, the head, the long-wristed hands and flat bare feet.

It was enough to make anyone giggle and guffaw.

"Nebbuh crack a smile to he teet', he t'ink he a Gawd king. He just pyo 'swongah'!" It was hard to be asked to believe that under this garb, at once farcical and infantile in Low Country eyes, the man might still be big of bone and powerfully, if smoothly, muscled.

"Now!" Dukey breathed in the dark of the stems, before it was nearly

time. "Now, suh! Now!" It was hard to keep from panting. "He walk along so Gawd-uh-mighty wid he chin in de element, but he cowa'd all uh same. He pyo', trimbly cowa'd." The violence of excitement that possessed her was an unaccountable strange thing, reasonless, beyond her control. Seconds before she meant it her lips pulled back and the horny whir of the swamp rattler rushed out from between them, once, and twice.

Oh, the sweetness! How *that* brought him up! Up so short that one of his feet stayed hanging in the air, like a shot-burned rabbit's.

The craven! With a perverse felicity she read the dismay on the face framed between two leaves and lighted by the footlights of the dusk coming in along the tunnel of the road. The white eye of confusion, not knowing which way to dart. The caught breath. The working of the nostrils, commencing at hardly more than a flutter of the thin walls, then accelerating as it were greedily, distending, collapsing, trying this side, that.

"Whirrrrr!"

Ventriloqual, it flew up at him from everywhere. Moving it inch by inch, for all his panic, he returned the hanging foot to the ground as far as the leg would reach behind him. The other he lifted; step by backward step he withdrew, his nostrils swelling to the last. Escape made good, he turned and padded off hastily into the dark of the woods. Minutes later Dukey heard him getting out by another way, a cow-path fifty yards to the south.

Now she got from ambush and ran, soft-footed, doubled down. She knew the terrain as Highcollar did not, and cut the distance to the creek-crossing by a third. For all sign she showed she might never have hurried, she might have been there an hour on the log-built bridge, mirroring the slothful, supple beguilements of her grace in the water beneath and dreaming disdainful dreams, when Highcollar came flapping his flannels along the road.

Queer, shut-mouth, "nomannersable" creatures, these from West Ind'y; he might have gone on over the bridge without so much as a word had Dukey not yawned aloud, turned by chance, and fetched the pretense of a start.

"Heaben! Who dat? Do-do! if he ain't Mistuh Highcollah! Whch-to you gwine all dress-up dis ebenin'?"

The man, so arrested, stared at the dust in which his big-toe drew butterflies. Malice whipped the girl on.

"Why-mek-so you so dumb an' trimbly? You binna see a sperrit or a plat-eye or t'ing in de wood? Or a warmint? Mebby a snake some kind?"

That so "swongah" a fellow might perhaps be shy could never have occurred to the simple Gullah girl. As her gaze travelled over the round, glossy, finely featured head, the swelling neck and the set of the powerful shoulders under their fooling flannel, a shrew's resentment ran away with her. "H'come you don' ax me my sistuhs gwine be home dis ebenin' duh cabin? Loss yo' tongue?"

Highcollar began to lift his self-conscious eyes. Studying in ascent the figure before him, the silhouette of a lithe and contemptuous beauty drawn on the faint shine of the water beyond, he drew a wrist over his mouth.

"Your sistuhs does not consuhn my evening—uh—appreciably." He bowed in the imposingly hesitant way of the black British colonial. "On the othuh hand, if Miss Dukey in puhson would con'scend to puhceive an admiruh—"

Mocking, was he? Fever-keen to ferret a sneer out of anything the least ambiguous, Dukey's face flashed hate. The hiss of the intake of her breath brought his eyes up too quickly; she hadn't the time to thicken her lips again and hide the gleam of her big eye-teeth. She was confused, and the more confused at sight of the man's amazedness, his eyes as round as turkey eggs, mouth fallen open, cheeks dusty.

It lasted but a wink; the next, with

hardly a sound, Highcollar was off the bridge on the villageward side, halted, peering back in the growing dark.

“So, suh!” she heard him cogitating. “Quite so!” And then this uncommunicative, mirthless man she heard laughing in little nervous explosions under his breath. “‘Pon my word, suh! Quite so!”

Dukey went to pieces. She made for him, screeching. “You t’ink I boddah ’bout *you*, you dutty ’rangatang, you oagly alligatuh? You le’m me graff yo’ neck wid all-two my hand, an’ I gwine—”

But Highcollar, almost as sleekly as she herself might have done, had glided into the safety of a thicket off the road ahead.

The next she saw of him he was rummaging under the seat of Burden Jackson’s truck, which was parked in the weed-garden in front of the Rabnel cabin. Whatever the object he had found there, he held it behind him when he became aware of her. He pulled at his cap then and bade her as solemn a good-evening as though it had been the first time he had laid eyes upon her that night. Mockery again? Her chin high, eyes the other way, dry-mouthed with rage she held on toward the house, accentuating the toss of her shoulders, the undulation of the slim barrel of her torso and the swaggering roll of her hips in tempestuous counterfeit of disdain.

Burden and “Le’m-shum” Powl and Georgiana and Liss were sitting on the single broad step at the door. She had to pass them, but for once she hardly marked them enough to dread it. What were *their* giggles, *their* asides, *their* obvious (and only half-insincere) alertness to scatter if the gray one should turn their way? What was the distrust, the repugnance, the banter of anyone alive—save of one?

For the first time now she was altogether conscious of how lonely she was on earth, how meanly, cruelly, fearfully left-out. Huddled on a spinach-box in the doubled darkness of the chinaberry trees by the smokehouse out back,

she put her fingers in her eyes and her thumbs in her ears. The venom of her hate seemed so dilute a poor thing of a sudden, and the world so enormous, so insolently alive and beautiful, and so unconcerned. But hiding would not do. For all her fingers, the moon would come up above the pine woods. For all her thumbs, the revelry of summer night would penetrate to plague her ears with its thousand voices—booming of alligators deep in the cypress barrens, bats flicking and clicking, alarms of motors far off on the “concrete,” tiny amours of insects that live by night, her father’s wandering indignation, thinned-out fever of an old man’s jealousy, and the tapping of his stick.

Another stick was going now. Beyond the cabin, out front, one of the men was beating an empty five-gallon can with a piece of board. “Yai! Yai!” Liss was catching the cadence. Someone else had got a gourd and was at it with two splits of lightwood, filling with a dry crackle the pulse-beats in the bigger banging. “Yai! Yai! Yai! Yai!”

The sisters were dancing, Dukey could tell. Throwing their heads, their bodies, slapping the dust with their soles. But who was the drummer? (Not the stolid big one, but the little one with flying sticks.) As Dukey considered that, it seemed to her she had never heard a calabash sing before. Carrying the gasoline-can bass along ever a little faster, like a shuff and chuckle of witched nerves pressing the measure of the heart, it took hold of the gray girl and whipped her body with strange whips till it set it swaying. And by that then she knew it *must* be the man from the Caribbean playing.

It was pitiful, the way she tried to flee. “I don’ kyah. Whuffoh I kyah? I don’ boddah ’bout dat long-mowf nigguh; no-suh, no-suh.” Why then was her body, reared erect out of the huddle of hips and legs on the spinach-box—why was it rocking here, fawning here to the cadence of his arrogant, inattentive command?

Hate! That was why. Why did old One-Eye, the black rattler, reared high out of his coil, yearn and rock and sway? Fangs! that was why. Hate!

"Jedus! I lubbuh struck dat nigguh. I lubbuh struck um dead!"

There was an intake of breath somewhere near, like laughter swallowed. Dukey's spine bent back, her shoulders jerked narrow, her eyes flashed left.

So it wasn't Highcollar pounding the calabash. For here was Highcollar while the drums went on, his elbows on the low eaves of the smokehouse, his face half hidden, half revealed, by clots of moonlight and shadows of chinaberry leaves, his gaze (for all that swallowed chuckle) absorbed and somber.

Dukey could see and hear things in the swamp that others couldn't; how had he come without her knowing it? And how long had he been here?

Hotness struck her. She was flustered, and racked by suspicion.

"Whuss mattuh wid *you*? Who ax *you* come 'zammin round yeah?"

The under-boss shook his head with a kind of preoccupied impatience.

"I ain't lub no juntleman company." Surrendering to fury, Dukey's voice flew on a queer whistling note. "An if I *done* lub um, he wouldn't be no 'rangatang dress-up in Buckra chillun clo'es, needuh-so no alligatuh. Why-mek-so you duh study 'bout *I*? Tell me dat t'ing."

"Them othuhs is plain, but you 'ave got a beauty. Tha's why."

What was more, for a breath, to the bewildered gray girl, the tone of his voice and the light in his fixed eyes seemed almost actually to mean it. When she could speak she could only stammer.

"You—you true you t'ink me beauty? You lub look 'pontop uh *I*?"

But then—No! No! She was being played with, sniggered at, by this "swongah" sly foreigner. When it came to sniggers, she had a snigger of her own.

"You duh say me beauty bekaze you

t'ink I de mostest oagliest woman 'pontop de yuth. Mebby *I yiz*. But scusin' *you* is too-much *mo'* oagly. You stan' same lukkah black alligatuh wid de head duh monstrosity 'rangatang. Morobbuh 'pontop uh dat, you binna *Gawd cowa'd*!"

"Cowahd?" Highcollar weighed that calmly and found it wanting. "No, no, Miss Dukey. No puhson can't say that. What would I be cowahd of?"

"You cowa'd uh snake. Yassuh! Snake! Yai!"

"No, no."

"Yassuh! *Yassuh!*" The reiteration carolled. Triumph of a sort she had never known rose from her heart and thrilled her throat. For, pile doubt on doubt, warning on self-warning, as she might, still there was this: the man was here, here with *her*; and he lingered and still he lingered, despite all the charms of music and merriment and Georgiana and Liss, saying little indeed but looking much, not seemingly able to take his glowing eyes away.

He had said she was a beauty. And after all—could it *be*?

"Yassuh! Yassuhhhh!" she kept on crowing.

The white loveliness of the summer night broke into her eyes; life struck her; her body twisted and yearned, for all she could do; blood beat in fire along her arteries, and she shivered as if it had been jets of ice. Now she didn't care. What was "why," what was "wherefore"? Here was the man. And still, because her thoughts ran in such a mob and she didn't know what else to do, she must press on with her heavenly banter.

"Yassuh, Mistuh Highcollah, you *done* f'aid uh snake; you *blan* f'aid um."

Now his eyes, above the roof-slabs, came and passed through her, like skewers to hold a piece of hog-meat.

"No, I'm a man very interest' in snakes. In Trinidad, whaih I'm born—"

"Yai! Yai! Whu' you do den when you yeh de rattlesnake duh t'row he rattle in de t'icket? Tell me dat t'ing, whu' you do?"

The eyes remained so, skewering, but a small, slow smile passed over the black man's face.

"When I heah snake, an' smell snake—"

Laughter caught in Dukey's throat. "Whu' you duh do?"

Something happened.

Dukey's mouth fell open. She had to gasp. "Whu'—whu' dat?"

Really, she couldn't know—couldn't be sure—what it was. She, whose eyes could count the wing-beats of a humming-bird along the ceiling of the swamp, could not be certain-sure that the man's arm had moved. There his hand lay now on the roof's edge beside his chin. Yet it seemed to her that in the crevice that lies between two seconds it had been a yard from there, an inch before her face, closing with a snap on empty air and gone before the wind of it had touched her cheek.

Between two other seconds another thing happened. Terror. While yet he was opening his mouth to speak again, her mouth dried and her pupils were dilated. Was it because she dwindled, or was it that he began to tower? She saw his face being magnified, as though it moved toward her.

He spoke. "But when I *heah snake*, and I—"

Dukey was running through the corn. The swamp!

She didn't know how she came to be running in the corn. She couldn't think. All she could think was, the swamp!

Prodigious, dire, Highcollar was running too. Now a pursuit unseen, thrashing in the rear, now a spurt, an outflanking movement, feet thudding, leaves blowing in silken gusts, to the right, to the left.

Once, as he fled gliding along her narrow corridor, she was nearly caught. She *was* caught, indeed. A flanneled arm, breaking through the wall of stalks, clutched at her shoulder with a black hand and missed, clutched and fastened. Quick as instinct her neck

cracked around and she bit at the wrist, but with a quickness beyond hers it was fetched away from between her teeth and they struck on emptiness. She heard him cursing then; for an instant, given pause, his oaths receded. That was enough; the next, and she had gained the swamp.

Immediate terror lessened as she penetrated deeper into the moon-threaded blackness. Sanctuary. No man, and certainly no stranger fearful of serpents, would follow her here. Things that would have scared another back, things that rustled, things outlined and faintly lambent, filled her only with a waxing sense of security as her swift, wise feet avoided them. When a thing unseen in the air kissed her temple, even as she flinched she knew it for what it was, a tongue of hanging moss, and with that the constriction of the windpipe loosened of a sudden and her laughter sounded.

Drunk from sole to crown with a virgin excitement, the flood that rose as the level of her panic subsided came to its height when she had reached the ruinous clearing and cast herself prone down in full moonlight above the pool.

Exultation. No matter what, no matter why; out of the hurly-burly of half formless emotions, spite, shame, raillery, dread, that one thing burst full-shaped, grew and towered. For she had seen it. Seen it in his eyes.

"He lub me. He lub me. He lub me."

As simple in its rhythm as the fall of surf on a silver strand, as steady-leaping as the blood-beat in and out of a young heart. . . . At first she lay chin down, her gaze fixed on the black mirror of the cistern from which the moccasins had gone about their night's affairs. But little by little then her breast came away from the turf. Raised on her elbows—whole arm high at last—her body began to respond to the cadence of her pæaning thoughts.

"He lub me. He done lub me, done lub me . . ."

So, under the swamp moon, rapt, mesmeric, the gray groundling danced.

"He f'aid uh me. But he lub me. He done lub me . . ."

Milk of moonlight. Heavy scent of mud and fern, bat wing and night-breathing flower.

"He wantuh dead me. He lub me. He lub me. He wantuh dead me dead."

As there was no catch in the flowing of her shoulders, so there was none in the streaming of her thoughts. She was conscious of no paradox. Without conflict and with equal passion the two desires ran in her blood; to strike him, "dead him"; yet to have him.

"He lub me. He done—"

The swaying stopped, broken in mid-beat. The jerk of it ran down her muscles and tightened the tendons of her legs. Her brain froze and the lids shrank back off the balls of her eyes. On the moon-white ground before them a shadow lay, in the black shape of a man.

In one lightning move she was up and whirled and face-to-face, but swifter than lightning Highcollar's hand had shut on the nape of her neck, thumb and fingers clamped into the meat, imprisoning the spine.

All with the wrist now he began to bend, and with the bending her chin went up and her pate went back and down. She saw him more and more blurrily out of the bottoms of her eyes, heard him more and more confusedly with the cracking of her vertebræ and the onrush of paralysis.

"But when I heah *snake*, an' smell *woman*—jolly well right you ah, my Missie—bloody well cowahd I shall be until I see."

The pain began to grow unimportant. All she could make out now in the haze on the floor of her sight was the white of his eyes, and of his mouth, cracked wide in grimace as if in mock of her own, which was so broad agape by this that her palate hung in the light and her two long, sharp eye-teeth pointed at the moon.

"Poison-fang!" Dizzily she heard him, apostrophizing, heavy in breath.

"Spit, fang! Because you going to spit no moah."

The last thing Dukey saw was a new thing glimmering, the pair of pliers he had purloined from the kit in Burden's truck, lifted level of a sudden with her glazing eyes. The last thing she felt was a minor rending pain.

Misery.

Where was she? What had happened to her? Lying supine and all disordered on the ground in the slant light of the westering moon, the gray girl found one bit of consciousness and put it with another, and in the cloud of her mind it was as if she had been trying to recover the scattered fractions of herself flesh and bone, and piece them together again.

Something approached, cast a shadow in her eyes for a moment, and disappeared. Presently it returned to hang above her face, and she perceived that it was a wrist. Then she heard a voice, half tentative, half taunting.

"Strike."

The wrist floated, derisive, an inch from her mouth.

"Have a bite, do." A rich, gloating, full-fed chuckle. "What?"

But swift to the hint now, all the fragments of her distress came flying together there, in her mouth. Now the whole top of it was one ache. Her tongue, suddenly cramped by swollen membranes, sucked out into a hollow; yes, into two hollow places; for on the other side was another puffed emptiness where the big eye-fang that marked her for Dukey should have been.

"My teet'!" It brought her sitting bolt up. "I loss um!"

The automobile pliers lay on the turf, satiny with grease and dull with flecks of blood. Again that rumination of mirth, curiously full-fed.

"No good lookin' foah them thaih; I flang them in the watah long ago."

Highcollar gave her an eye for an eye when hers came up. Seated cross-legged, his huge white neck-gear agape and the shiny projectile of his head sunk

up to the jowls in it, he studied her, heavy-lidded, and as if, in figure, licking his chops.

Dukey's dismay broke higher. "I loss my two-teet'. Oh Jedus, I'ze ruin!"

The man slapped his thigh and laughed and exulted privily in his chest.

"Cry," he taunted her. "Bawl. Le'me see you. Blubber."

It struck her awake. "Me foh cry?" She grabbed at fury. "Me?"

But something eerie had happened to her. Now her puffed face would not flatten into the arrowhead of hate; clutching at wrath, self-pity was all she caught. Her bosom began to heave and strange sobs fell out of her mouth. The ducts of her eyes were reopened violently and tears ran down her cheeks. Covering them with her two hands she rocked and cried.

"Oh! Oh! He graff my teet' out! Oh, Jedus! Ebberybody gwine laugh!"

Highcollar did, for one, in a clear outburst, relieved, exultant.

"*Tha's* woman. Pure woman. By Crykey! Ho! Ho! *Tha's* woman!"

Dukey felt her hands being wrested from her face. Pity! what was she now against anything, anybody? Her bruised mouth was worse bruised; all her aches were revived and redoubled in the hug of this wild black god's arms.

It was nearly "dayclean," the weakening moon gone into the trees, fog blurring the swollen architecture of the Cottonmouth. In the cloud, Highcollar's retreating form grew phantom. The gray girl scrambled to her knees, wrung her hands, implored and despaired:

"*Don't* gone! Foh Gawd, man, *don't* gone lef' me yuh lone in de *swamp*!"

For how eerie of a sudden, how scary a place this swamp was, where dead things half-seen hung from the trees and deadly things unseen riffled the shallows and wove in the grass! Fright lifted Dukey to her feet and set them running.

"Man! Maaaaan! Tek kyar foh yo'se'f!"

She could not run straight. All the nerves she had were in her naked ankles; pricked by gooseflesh they came bouncing back high out of the green-scummed water, shied from every grassy shadow, flinched at the touch of a fern . . .

*Satan am a snake,
An' he lay in de grass. . . .*

Where was her breath going? It all drained out through the gaps in her teeth. But she had to catch up with Highcollar. Had to.

She could see him now, a mist-drawn swaggerer.

"Man, foh Jedus! tek kyar foh yo'se'f dat-yuh gum-bush. Dah wheh ol' One-Eye lib!"

*Satan am a liah,
An' a conjuh too.
Ef you don' look out
He conjuh you.*

In the under-boss's tent the light was a golden blaze, morning sun through canvas. The scream of the saw-blade through new pine outside was trumpets. Dukey, busy with a frypan of hog-meat over an exciting contraption known as an oil-stove, danced from toe to heel, heel to toe. For measure she was "shouting" the old spiritual.

*Satan am mad,
An' I am glad.
He loss a soul
He t'ink he had.*

Georgiana and Liss stuck their heads in at the tent flap, their eyes dry with worry and want of sleep, their mouths glum.

"Wheh you bin to, Dukey?"

"Whu' you do yuh, cook he bittle foh Highcollah dis mawnin'?"

They could have killed her, the way she carried on, her back to them, heels flirting, elbows flaunting, shoulders "shouting."

"Whu' foh you laugh and sing so 'swongah'? You gone *blan* Gawd crazy, gal?"

Dukey flipped the frypan and laughed. "I'ze marri'd, sistuh."

She sang, "I yiz! I yiz!"



THE OLYMPIC GAMES

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

AUGUST, 1928. This is the year and this the principal month of the Olympic Games, the modern sporting revival of those sacred games of ancient Greece held in the valley under the shadow of Mount Erymanthus in western Sparta over two thousand years ago. The news despatches suggesting the friendly intermingling of the athletic youth of more than fifty nations make it seem jolly and delightful; there is a pleasant air of informal good sportsmanship about the reports that flutter daily across the ocean from Amsterdam. Yet occasionally a paragraph creeps in that leads one to wonder whether all is really well upon the sporting Potomac, whether these modern Olympic Games are working out quite as Baron de Coubertin and his committee hoped and expected when they first met in Paris in 1894. Indeed, in certain outspoken quarters there is a belief that it would be best to drop them altogether. Thus a recent editorial in the London *Daily Express* said, "The British nation, profoundly interested in sport, is intensely uninterested in the Olympic Games."

Everyone familiar with sport, as well as every student of the classics, is vaguely aware of the existence of the Olympic Games several thousand years ago; but not everyone realizes what an important position they held in the Greece of 400 B.C. or thereabouts. For more than six hundred years, no matter who was fighting or what kind of warfare was being waged, a truce was always proclaimed throughout the land at the time of the Games in order to allow spectators and athletes to make the journey to

Sparta in safety. A winner was escorted home in triumph in a chariot and taken into his native city through a breach in the walls made to signify that a town capable of producing such a man needed no protection. Poets like Pindar and Simonides composed hymns of praise in his honor; for a long time the Olympic victor was regarded as the expression of Grecian culture at its highest. But as the Games grew in importance and prestige their spirit and that of the victors changed immeasurably.

This change seems to have come about first of all through the addition of various events to the Olympic program. Originally the single contest was a footrace within the Stadium; then the chariot races were added, next came other races of various distances between the contestants. Very soon it was found that the earlier winners, men who devoted little or no time to preparing for the Games, were being beaten by men who took months to train seriously for the different events. Towns and cities discovered how beneficial it was to produce the winner at Olympia: grants of money and assistance were given their athletes, and before long the simple wreath of olives was by no means the only prize the victor at Olympia received. Indeed, so open and so apparent were the commercial recompenses dispensed, so far did the games begin to drift from the Olympic ideal of old, that men like Plato and Socrates denounced them in public, doubtless receiving the same sort of derision as those who venture to question our sporting panorama of the twentieth century. Then, as now, a class came into

existence which openly devoted its time to the serious business of athletics. Its vocation, as well as its avocation, was the Olympic Games.

Before long whole towns began to compete for the services of athletes in much the same manner as our professional baseball players are bought and sold in the open market to-day. Thus we are told how Astylus of Crotona declared himself to be a citizen of Syracuse, and how Sotades of Crete became a citizen of Ephesus, both men receiving large sums of money in the transaction. Furthermore, not only were the amounts bestowed upon the winners by grateful townfolk enormous, but not infrequently the victors were given the right of "Sitiesis," or free subsistence for life, in other words a kind of athletic pension. Solon alone among the Athenian law-makers of his time dared protest at the corruption of the Games; indeed, it was principally owing to his efforts that the prizes for winners, which for some years had been given in the form of money, were limited to five hundred *drachmae* apiece. So open was the venality of the ancient Olympics that the religious atmosphere in which they originated was lost sight of, and when athletes became out-and-out professionals, abandoning all other occupations, interest in the contests began to abate. It was the beginning of the end of the famous Olympics of Greece. These Games, conceived in a spirit of religious purity, became the victim of corrupt professionalism, and after a period of more than seven hundred years of existence, came to an end in 293 A.D.

II

The more one studies the history of the original Olympic Games and compares them with their modern counterpart the more is one struck with the resemblance between them. Like the present Games, the Olympics of Sparta were held in summer and in the month of August. Like the Games of old, the present Games were begun in a spirit of

almost religious devotion to an ideal. It was agreed among the committee which met in the Sorbonne in Paris at the invitation of Baron de Coubertin that the principal result of the reinstitution of these great sporting gatherings would be the friendly feeling they would generate between nations and individuals. Acting on the theory that to know a man well is to like him, and that the peoples of the world would be drawn into close contact through athletics, the committee looked forward to the immense benefit the Games would bring to nations unable to understand one another except upon the meeting ground and through the common language of sport. That in many and devious ways the peoples of three or four continents have grown to know more about one another through their sporting representatives in field and track is true enough; but that the Games have been a vital factor in the promotion or the cementing of international friendships is something not quite so evident to the casual observer.

One can imagine the leaders of the Olympics of, say, the year 100 B.C., the executives of the Spartan, Theban, and Athenian Amateur Athletic Associations, talking blandly of the vast benefit of sport in international relations to anyone presumptuous enough to question the lasting value of the Games. Yet it appears that international relations do not always get the best of it in such encounters. "After boxing for four hours thou hast been so altered that neither dogs nor any person in town could recognize thee," says an old report about a man who had just competed in the Olympics of ancient Greece. And in the last of our modern Olympic Games Buisse, the French one-hundred-and-fifty-pound champion, so lacerated the breast of Mallon, the English boxer, that he was disqualified for biting! But perhaps boxing is a sport that tends to arouse the ugly passions of the healthy young animal. Let us have a look at some sport of less rough-and-tumble a nature.

For instance, fencing. Yet a little investigation will prove that fencing is hardly a case in point for those who hold that these games bring about amity and good feeling. For it appears that in the Olympics of 1924 the Italian team, "dissatisfied with the decision of the referee, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike manner and withdrew from the competition." Perhaps they were within their right in so doing; but at any rate there was little justification for their star fencer, Signor Pulitti, who, being disqualified by one of the judges, met him later and promptly knocked him down. For this he was barred by the *Jury d'Honneur*, the Supreme Court of the Olympic Games, from taking part in any future Olympics, and a severe reprimand was administered to the entire Italian Fencing and Saber Team.

Study closely the history of the modern Olympics, and you will have difficulty in discovering many which did not leave a series of unfortunate incidents in their train. The aftermath of the Games of 1908 in London was a series of booklets and pamphlets attributed to Mr. Gustavus Kirby on our side, and on the British side to Mr.—now Sir—Theodore Cook, each man pointing out the inaccuracies of the other in no uncertain manner. In fact, it was Mr. Cook who set us down properly by remarking that "the 1908 Olympic Team from America will go down in history as the team on whose behalf more complaints were made than any other."

It may have been true that our 1908 team did win the International Olympic Complaint Record; but was it not actually the British that year who protested over the decision in the four-hundred-meter run? In the final heat of this event there were four Americans running against a single Englishman, Lieutenant Halswelle. As they came into the turn the Englishman found himself unable to get past his four opponents, and after the race the claim was made that he had been boxed, that is, deliberately pocketed so that he could not get by his com-

petitors. This all the Americans energetically denied, stating that it was every man for himself, and that if Halswelle had been pocketed it was his own fault. British judges sustained the British protest, however; Carpenter, the winner, was disqualified, and the race ordered rerun. The American captain refused to permit his men to compete again, and Halswelle ran the race alone as the winner.

A few hard names were called by both sides during the rest of the meet, and one American correspondent wired home that the sentiment in London was "anything to beat the Yankees." Certainly the evidence tended that way when a little later Dorando, the Italian Marathon runner who had collapsed in the Shepherd's Bush Stadium four hundred yards from the finish, was picked up by officials and carried across the line as Johnny Hayes, the American, entered the field. The decision, first given to the Italian, was later reversed, but not until some heated words had been exchanged by British and American officials.

After the recent disclosures of Mr. Charles Paddock, there is occasion, as *The Sportsman* of Boston remarked, to lose our faith in American sportsmanship at the Olympics. You may remember the admissions of Mr. Paddock, made over the radio, and later confirmed in a letter to the Amateur Athletic Union. It seems that in the finals of the hundred-meter run in the 1924 Games, in which four Americans and one Englishman were running, the former agreed that each American in turn would "jump the gun." This would cause the Englishman to jump the gun also and thereby get penalized. "Of course," calmly added Mr. Paddock, "if the first American was not called back he would undoubtedly win." Actually the idea fell through, the race was fairly run and the Englishman won. But the fact remains that the trick had been deliberately planned. *The Sportsman* in commenting on it says, "It was as if they (the Americans) had said, 'We planned to win by sticking a rake handle between Abrahams' legs

at the fifty-yard mark. It was a good scheme and it seemed sure to succeed. But at the crucial moment we didn't do it. This is real sportsmanship. . . . Heretofore we have naïvely believed that the protests of the English in 1908 and of other foreign teams in later Olympics against the morals and manners of the American delegation were inspired by nothing more than the chagrin of defeat, but now—now our faith begins to falter."

"The VIII Olympiad," said Colonel Robert M. Thompson after the last Games, "marked one more step forward in the promotion of understanding and good will among the nations." Reading the voluminous report issued by the American Olympic Association, one gets a slightly different impression. Manager Sam Goodman, in speaking of the visit of the American rugby team to the Olympics in Paris, wrote, "Without going into details about our stay in the French capital, it is only necessary to remark that we were accorded anything but hospitable treatment; in fact, many times were treated with open hostility." And later on, he remarked casually in his account of the game between the American and Roumanian teams, "Throughout that game the ten thousand or more French spectators cheered the Roumanians and booed the Americans with great consistency. That attitude seemed to us unnecessary; at any rate, it failed to improve our feeling and love for the French."

This one can readily understand. Nor—according to Mr. Goodman's report—did the finals in which the American team defeated the French appear to show the step forward so plainly indicated by Colonel Thompson. For, said Mr. Goodman, "Athletically speaking, public feeling generally was intense, which probably accounts for the jeering, booing, and hissing which the American flag and the American players received at the conclusion of the match."

Much the same thing happened at the Games in Antwerp in 1920, when the crowd of Belgian spectators became

weary of the continual American victories in track and field and the continual hoisting of the American flag to the top of the pole as a symbol of our triumphs. The report on the Games of that year, in its naïve explanation of how we managed to win the fencing events, also gives an insight into the tactics used by some of the athletes of the United States to obtain victory, and may possibly explain our unpopularity at the Olympics.

Denmark used epee methods, fought bitterly, and employed all the rough tactics of which they were capable. When the score stood 7 to 3 the United States braced. They found that very little attention was being given to the right of riposte and the conventions of foil fencing made so much of in England and the United States. "Form" was forgotten, and they went in and fought. Denmark's savage rushes were met with solid body-checking, and by seizing the attack and adopting the fighting methods of the Danes, the United States won six consecutive bouts.

And a very good job, too, you can almost hear the author of this enlightening document say to himself. In other words, anything to win. We must have a victory to show the folks back home, because, alas, Americans worship victories, and some day we shall be asking for money to come over again to these Games that do so much for the promotion of good feeling among the sporting nations of the world. Sometimes one is tempted to wonder whether opinions expressed about the beneficent effects of the Olympics on international relations always coincide with opinions felt. Thus, Mr. Edward L. Farrell, one of the assistant track and field coaches and not one of the least capable, says bluntly in his report upon the last Olympics:

Colonel Thompson in his public speeches said, "It is not so much the winning or the losing as that good will must prevail among the nations." Very good; but yet I overheard Colonel Thompson bewail the fact that we lost the one-hundred-meter run and the Marathon. In my opinion he was holding the coaches responsible.

That the Olympics are a great international gathering of the best athletic stars of the entire world no one can deny; that they are productive of keen competition, new records, immense crowds, profitable weeks for the hotel-keepers and shop-owners of the city in which they are held, no one will for a moment question. But that they have succeeded in becoming a beneficial force in the spreading of peace and good will throughout the world, or that they bring together the various competitors in friendly social intercourse is not so certain. For, as Mr. George Trevor of the *New York Sun* said recently, in what close observers will agree to be a conservative statement: "The history of the Olympic Games since their arrival in 1896 has been marked by sporadic dissension, bickering, heartburning, and one or two old-fashioned rows."

III

About the time the Olympic Games were beginning to decline, when the professional athlete superseded the amateur, the winning of first places became a business for which intensive preparation was necessary. Galen tells us something of the severe course of training the contestants underwent for nearly ten months before the Games started; it included special dieting, gymnastics, massage, breathing exercises, and other exercises for runners, wrestlers, boxers, and weight men. Indeed, the similarity between the modern and ancient methods is sometimes amazing. As we have developed a great system of try-outs held all over this country for places upon the American Olympic teams, so in ancient days the Isthmian and Pan-Hellenic Games fulfilled exactly the same function for the Games at Olympia. We are even told that the athletes of 200 B.C. were forbidden at meals to discuss anything but the lightest topics for fear that headache and dyspepsia might be produced by the mental strain. This custom has carried over to the present time, and prevails,

so we are informed by those who have first-hand knowledge, at our university and athletic club training tables to-day.

Anything more out of keeping with the wishes of Baron de Coubertin or the ideal spirit of the Olympic Games than the American system of training would be difficult to imagine. What is the purpose of training tables, managers, trainers, try-outs, practice on ship-board, shutting up athletes in remote villages while the contests are going on, and all the rest of the system built up by our professional athletic directors at present? Simply the desire to place American competitors in the field in the pink of condition, to insure by every possible means a string of victories. Now this intense training, this stressing of the wish for victory, is one of the things which many observers believe is tending to destroy the Games as it has obviously destroyed their aim and their purpose. Any informality, any levity, any suggestion of a friendly and open spirit in the preparation for the Games is frowned upon, with the obvious result that the atmosphere becomes so charged that one might be excused for thinking the American forces were going into battle instead of into an athletic encounter. Indeed, this is no mere figure of speech, as one would doubtless discover if one could see the games from the inside. As it is, one of our assistant track coaches in the last Olympics admitted that his duties consisted of "scouting the teams of other nations." Shades of the God of American Football! Who can say after this that we are not an efficient nation in sport?

Victory! That's the ideal of our teams. Win. Come in first. Don't stop to bother about friendly intercourse with the athletes of other lands. We didn't come to Amsterdam for that. As another coach expressed himself after the 1924 Olympics, we should make "the winning of games the real and only incentive within the realms of decent sportsmanship and curtail to a minimum the social functions."

No one can deny that this incentive prevailed at Paris in 1924. The American athletes were lodged in the little village of Rocquencourt nine miles from the scene of the Games, in frame shacks and huts. It appears that the authorities wished to keep the men away "from the temptations of Paris." A laudable desire but one carried rather to excess in the selection of so inconvenient and uncomfortable a place. To practice, the men were obliged to travel over rough roads for two hours by motor bus. Frequently during the actual contests they got back so late at night that no food was provided for them at the camp. Naturally under such conditions the reaction on both men and women runners and swimmers was unfavorable; indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise. Long, monotonous evenings in a dismal cantonment—that was what the heads of the organization thought necessary to keep the athletes "trained." One coach, even after this, had the temerity to recommend that in future a special committee of non-athletes be selected to represent the United States at all social functions.

It is easy to understand the amazement of the British team who, at the time our men were living like prisoners, escorted back and forth to the Games in auto trucks under the ever-watchful eyes of their elders, were living a normal life in a hotel on the outskirts of the city. One can also imagine the British taking wine or ale with their meals, smoking a pipe or two after dinner, seeing an occasional show if they so desired, and acting more like normal human beings than is consistent with the best form in American training circles. Very likely our trainers and executives were shocked at this attitude of license in sport. Can they not point with pride to the large number of victories won by American athletes and the small number won by the British? Very likely also, the British might retort, "What of it?" Yet they would be greeted with derision if they ventured mildly to suggest that

their attitude toward sport was closer to the true Olympic ideal than that of the American machine with its trainers, coaches, managers, and other supernumeraries so necessary to the efficient twentieth-century athlete.

This summer it would appear that the business of serious training is to be carried to a still further extreme. According to a plan made in advance and quoted in a despatch in the *New York Evening Post* of April 11, 1928, our team was to assemble at Hoboken on July 11th (after the final try-outs in the Harvard Stadium on July 6th and 7th). The SS. *President Roosevelt* was to sail on the 11th, the entire boat having been chartered for the American Olympic Team, officials, and camp followers. Once on board this floating prison, the athletes were not to leave it, except for the brief moments when they were to be unleashed for competitive purposes, until their return late in August. Unless this preliminary plan is altered—and as I write at the end of May it is still unchanged—the athletes are to remain constantly under the eagle eye of the leaders of the American Olympic Expeditionary Forces for a period of seven to eight weeks. Thus at Amsterdam while the games are in progress it is planned to transport these unhappy warriors each morning to the scene of their labors and, once the daily stint is over, they are to be rushed back aboard the liner anchored in the harbor of the city. At the end of a period of five or six weeks—the Games last until well into the middle of August—one can easily imagine how much love of sport for the sake of sport will remain in these three hundred and twenty-six young men and women who have been cooped up like performing animals in a zoo.

Dr. James J. Walsh, who besides being eminent in his profession is a close student of modern athletics and was at one time a competitor in college sports himself, said recently:

We carry this training business to an absurd length. Of course this is what gets

the men so keyed up that they readily break down and go stale. We hear about men weeping over the loss of a game, and scenes of this kind are described as if they represented heroics instead of hysterics. Surely this is pushing the cult of the trivial to the last degree.

IV

Was Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish distance runner, a professional? If so, why? Did Charles Hoff, the Norwegian pole vaulter, recently declared by his own authorities ineligible to compete in the present Olympic Games, receive money for entering in our amateur track meets? When Charles Paddock, the sprinter, comes east to engage in a track meet, does he pay his own way? And if not, does that make him a professional? Just what is the reason why amateur athletes hire managers as theatrical stars and movie actresses do? And what function exactly do these managers fulfill for the amateur athletes in question? Anyone able to answer these problems with any degree of accuracy would go a long way toward solving the great amateur-professional issue which has troubled the world since the days of the Olympics of Sparta.

To decide just when the Olympics of old began to decline is a difficult problem; even classical scholars do not try to fix the date precisely. But it is certain that when the Games began the winners at Olympia—indeed all the contestants—were men of "high social quality," men who frequently held office in their native cities. Their victories were typical of "purity, vigor, and beauty," and they were looked up to on every hand. But about the time of Plato we begin to hear of the first professional, a man who abandoned all other occupations and "professed" the business of devoting himself to the Olympic Games. Interest then slowly but steadily declined. The fine and cultivated men who had seen a noble ideal in the Games found this ideal no longer being adhered to. The spectators who came

to see them as a magnificent spectacle discovered that the competitors thought only of the rewards to be obtained, and had but little interest in the towns they happened to represent. Corruption of athletes crept in; at one of the Isthmian Games, Philostratus tells of a victory bought for the sum of three thousand drachmæ, and of wealthy communities contributing to bribery funds. The end of these sacred festivals was, of course, in sight once these practices began.

Professionalism has bored its way into the modern Olympics in a much shorter time. Its presence became clear this past winter when the International Olympic Committee, "which was meant to be the very center and focus and shrine of international purity in sport," as Sir Theodore Cook so eloquently puts it, declared that it would sanction "broken time" in football. This expression simply means that when a player gives up a job to compete in the Olympics he shall be paid by the authorities of the Games his salary for such time as he is playing, in order that he may lose nothing financially by his absence from work.

This worthy idea, carried to its logical conclusion in other sports, would throw open the games to everyone, amateur and professional alike, and would, of course, mean the eventual disappearance of the amateur athlete with everything that he has represented. The English Football Association protested vigorously at such a ruling, and has firmly refused to send a team to Amsterdam this summer; but the harm has been done with the repudiation of the principle of amateur sport which underlay the re-institution of the Games by Baron de Coubertin in 1896. The editor of the *London Field*, evidently not overfamiliar with American sport, predicts or rather suggests in a recent article the secession of England and the United States, "those countries which value pure amateurism," from the Olympic Games in the near future and a meeting between them after the pattern of the Olympics.

One would like to believe, as he points out, that amateurism is valued and appreciated in the United States at its true worth; but little incidents such as the following cause one to wonder. As I have already indicated, the status of many of our leading track and field athletes is somewhat uncertain. Are they amateurs or professionals? That, no one seems able to decide; but a significant announcement on the subject came recently from such an amateur body as the Illinois Athletic Club of Chicago, which stated publicly that it was going to cut down its staff of amateur athletes because they cost too much money!

Commenting on this amazing declaration, the sporting editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, Don Maxwell, said, "The very theory of amateurism held by our leading athletic clubs is based on the premise that the public is simple-minded enough to believe that our young men are willing to go from Chicago to New York and run their heads off for the pleasure of making the trip. Some of them may be. I doubt it of many."

Without wishing to show as much brutal skepticism as Mr. Maxwell regarding the standards of our principal amateur athletes, I think it can hardly be denied that on the Continent, at any rate, there is hardly the slightest conception of what an amateur sportsman is, nor any keen intention or desire to help athletes live up to the spirit of the rule in the Olympic Games. The successful agitation for "broken time" showed this only too clearly. Many of the leading French tennis players not only make a living out of lawn tennis and constantly violate the amateur ruling under the eyes of their officials—perhaps a not extraordinary occurrence, for it has been known to happen in other lands—but see no harm in what they are doing. They are actually hurt and surprised if one ventures to question their athletic integrity. And just as professionalism creeping into the Olympics of old foreshadowed their eventual abandonment, so professionalism creeping into the

modern Games through Continental sources may be the beginning of the end. Dr. R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania, who accompanied our last Olympic team abroad, said in his report to the National Collegiate Athletic Association:

Another impression I got was the vagueness in the minds of a good many European competitors and committees of the distinction between the amateur and the professional. I remember going out with a group to a military school and speaking to some of the instructors there; it was taken for granted that they should represent the nation. I believe that such is a very general impression through a good many European countries. . . . Of course, if that feeling grows instead of dwindling, it means that our amateur athletics will not progress as they should, because we all know that the amateur and the professional competition cannot mix, never have mixed, and always end when they are mixed in the extinction of the true amateur competition. It is inevitable.

V

The first of the series of modern Olympics was held in a Stadium erected outside the city of Athens, partly by the Greek government and partly by private subscription. It was an informal affair compared with the complex and highly organized system of events now being run off at Amsterdam some thirty-two years later. In those Olympics of 1896 the vital spirit of the Games of old was faithfully embodied. Historians with a cynical turn of mind might observe that lack of money prevented anything else.

What a difference between those Games at Athens and the gigantic carnival at Amsterdam! Instead of a small army of many thousands of competitors from fifty nations all over the world which are competing to-day, there were less than a thousand athletes in action at Athens, and of this number four hundred were Greek. Instead of being concentrated in camps and on boats like prisoners of war, the entire assemblage lived simply and modestly together in

a few schoolhouses thrown open by the Greek government. Their friendly and sportsmanlike attitude toward the Games and toward one another was in direct contrast to that of the pampered athletic stars of the present day. At the Olympics of 1920 in Antwerp, American competitors, housed by the Belgian government in schoolhouses, openly revolted at such "conditions," and one of the coaches of the team of 1924 attributed the poor showing of some of his athletes to the fact that the food was poor, stating that "you could not get an egg cooked the way an athlete wanted it," and that they "ran out of shredded wheat and corn flakes." A serious matter, this, to those who engage in the serious business of Olympic competition nowadays. The Olympic Games lost (or nearly lost) for lack of shredded wheat and corn flakes!

Except for what was contributed toward the building of the Stadium, there were no government grants to those early Olympics for the good reason that the Greek Treasury had no money to grant; but if the Games were much more haphazard and informal than they are to-day they seem strangely enough to have attained a truer success. Officially, the French won the majority of prizes, although thirty-two Americans—a modest team compared with the three hundred and twenty-six athletes plus their official retinue who are making the trip this summer to Amsterdam—ran away with the track and field events. As showing how casual the proceedings were, it is worth noting that the discus throw at Athens was won by Garrett, an American who had never seen a discus until he reached Greece. Trainers, coaches, managers, assistant managers, assistant coaches, team chefs, attendants, rubbers, chaperons, nurses, doctors, officials, newspapermen, and all the rest of the great army who nowadays accompany our athletes abroad were totally lacking when this little body of athletic pioneers ventured across at the request of Baron de Coubertin to compete in this

athletic revival in 1896. Just what their expenses were is a little hard to discover at this late date; possibly no one kept an accurate report to present to His Excellency the President of The United States as is customary to-day. However, the entire cost of running the Games was less than a quarter of a million dollars. Now it is estimated that the American team in Amsterdam will spend an Olympic Fund of something like four hundred thousand dollars before returning to these shores. An expensive victory!

As the Games of old increased in importance it was observed that many new events were added to the original number of exercises. At the outset all ceremonies and contests took place between dawn and dusk on a summer's day, the first strictly athletic contest as we understand it being what would be called the two-hundred-meter run, for it consisted in a sprint the length of the Stadium, which was approximately two hundred and thirty yards long. Later a double sprint was added; in the seventeenth Olympiad was also added the long course of seven times around the Stadium, the forerunner of our modern distance events. Then came the Pentathlon, in the twenty-third Olympiad the boxing, and later the Pancratium in which boxing and wrestling were combined. Curiously enough, these events which had been included to increase the interest and attention of the nation at large, were at least a symptom of the decline of the Olympics of old. At the very time when new extraneous contests were added—contests in which the majority of the people had little interest—the Games began to lose their hold on the public imagination.

Those who try to account for the loss of spontaneous enthusiasm for the modern Games attribute it partially to the fact that there are too many Olympic competitions in which only a small number of people or only a few nationalities are interested. At present the Games start officially in the month of February with winter sports in French Switzerland

at Chamonix. Just why there should be winter sports in Olympic competitions, sports in which nations in South America and the East and even European countries like Portugal, Spain, Roumania, and Bulgaria have little interest, has never been explained; but that these contests held in French Savoie are a splendid advertisement for the local hotel industry no one can very well deny. The Olympic Games are a good thing; so let us have more of them! That seems to be the spirit in which they are conducted at present. The City of Los Angeles in its enthusiasm for amateur sport even proposes to go so far as to offer to charter ocean liners to bring foreign competitors to California free of charge if the Games of 1932 are assigned to it. "Los Angeles Knows How!"

We are told that the chariot races in the ancient Olympics were added to make sure of the attendance of the wealthy people who cared for this kind of sport. New events were added to our modern Games for similar reasons. The Swedes and Norwegians do not care overmuch for the track and field events because they have few runners and jumpers? Very well, let us add winter sports to the official list. The South Americans never saw a ski or a bob-sled? All right, let us get up a competition in soccer football, in which they excel. Canoeing was included for the first time at the Olympics of 1924, and it appears that lacrosse is to have its place this summer. New contests like these are being continually added, many of them totally out of keeping with the spirit in which the Games were conceived, and most of them introduced as an incentive to some nation which has lost heart or is not enthusiastic about sending representatives. Surely the acme of absurdity was reached with the inclusion of women's teams from several nations in the various swimming events. For not only were the Games in Sparta limited to men competitors; but for many years attendance even was restricted to the male sex.

Polo and hockey, football and curling, bicycling and lacrosse, these sports are in no broad sense international and have no place at all in any international sporting gathering like the Olympic Games. The fact that they are included is a confession of weakness on the part of Olympic authorities, a sure sign that a definite attempt is being made to overcome the apathy of the smaller nationalities, to conciliate everyone while the Games are getting farther and farther away from the ideals of their founder and the spirit in which they were begun.

It took seven centuries for the Olympics of Greece to originate, grow strong, flourish, decay, and finally perish, a victim of professionalism and of divergence from the Olympic ideal. It has taken considerably less than half a century for these modern Games to reach a point where the advisability of continuing them is a subject for general debate in international sporting circles. There is grave doubt as to whether, in the manner in which they are conducted at present, they contribute anything toward the improvement of international relations; it is certain that they contain too much insistence on training for victory at the sacrifice of natural friendliness and good sportsmanship; that there is about them a great deal of unnecessary ballyhoo and a good deal of money wasted; and that there is too frantic an attempt to sustain popular enthusiasm by adding in substance what has been lost in spirit. As a writer in the *London Daily Express* said just before they began this summer, "The instinct of the Olympic Games is all right. We all of us love to have foreign competitors at Wimbledon, at Olympia, in the Grand National, at St. Andrews, and at Henley. But for semi-professional, Geneva-like gatherings that usurp the time-honored name of the Olympic Games there is from one end of the kingdom to the other no enthusiasm whatever. The best thing we could do would be to drop out of them altogether."



TENTH SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

A STORY

BY McCREADY HUSTON

FOR two weeks at the turn of the year snowdrifts had kept Ruel Cromlow from visiting Roxanna Jewell. Twice he had been on the point of turning into Jewell's lane, but to have bogged down there, with rear wheels whirring against satin walls of snow trenches, would have called for an explanation of his presence; so he had gone on home in his Ford.

In any weather Irad Jewell, Roxanna's husband, came charging out to the paved road in a great blue sedan shod with chains and bore away, contemptuous of hazards, on his business in town. On every day of fresh snow Ruel could tell by the new scorings of those chains when Irad was absent.

Ruel was afraid of the deep snow and he could not afford chains; otherwise he would have gone to Roxanna during those two weeks. But when he opened his book in church Sunday morning and saw the passages headed "Second Sunday After Christmas" he thought with satisfaction, "I have not seen her for two weeks," and he told himself he had begun to draw away from her. Actually, he had been kept away by fear and the lack of a pair of tire chains.

During the preaching this Second Sunday he discovered he could think of the probability of losing his farm through debt without the painful shortness of breath that this expectation had been causing. This interested him. He wondered if a man felt stronger, abler, when he did right. He had done right for two weeks. He leafed through the book:

Sunday after Sunday lay ahead, numbered from Christmas toward Easter. The note at the bank, secured by the mortgage on his farm, was due the week following the Tenth Sunday. He wondered if this confidence, this desirable satisfaction, would increase with the Sundays if he stayed away from Roxanna.

"All these things" would be added to those who first sought the Kingdom of God, the preacher quoted to his hundred or so listeners, farmers like Ruel and their wives. Cromlow felt that, considering the beauty of Roxanna Jewell, he had two weeks of seeking behind him. That was a good start. One foot was going to sleep; he fidgeted there in the pew beside his wife, Selena, trying to stir his circulation, his mind moving briefly on the Cromlow tendency toward sluggish hearts. The snow in Jewell's lane had not been so deep, he reflected; after all, he could have pushed through. He could have gone to Roxanna and returned without risk. He said to himself:

"I was being led. I see how it is. If I break off there Showalter will renew that note for six months, maybe a year. The Lord takes care of His own."

Cromlow was drowsing. From now on it would be easy to drive past the entrance to Jewell's lane; keeping a record of his conquest of evil by checking off in the book the Sundays after Christmas would build up his attitude toward the banker over in Wayne. Until now he had thought of himself in his overalls and boots as standing at the banker's win-

dow, begging him to renew. To-day his mind made a different picture. He would ask no favor. He would let Showalter know he expected an extension . . . a man who was doing the right thing. He sat up with a jerk. The minister was giving out the last hymn.

Going about his winter farm work, with time in which to contrast the glowing, untired Roxanna with Selena, and with no repetition of the suggestion about the continuing contract of the Lord with His servants, Cromlow began to see fewer reasons for staying away from Jewell's—fewer because it was so easy to go now that the great January storm had passed.

Roxanna, evidently wondering, perhaps suspicious and angry, made it almost impossible for him to stay away. She telephoned to Selena, saying she wanted to send over some magazines with stories, articles, and recipes marked. There was a pattern she wanted Selena to see. Somebody had to carry these magazines. Selena had said:

"I'll get Ruel to stop by; he's got to go to town anyhow. No; no trouble at all. I'll tell Ruel to stop and get them. Thank you."

That had made it all quite simple. It was easier to go than not. A few weeks earlier Ruel would have welcomed this opportunity; but now that he was counting on getting strength and other things he needed from the Lord he had to satisfy Selena without going for the magazines.

"I drove right by and never thought of it," spoken from behind the roller towel, was satisfactory twice. Ruel liked that because to have his wife picture him passing Jewell's lane absorbed, forgetful of women's errands, made him almost feel that he had done just that. It should suggest to Selena that among the men of the county her husband was immune from the beauty which Irad Jewell had brought home for a second wife.

In his barnyard, putting the Ford in the shed after one of these trips, Crom-

low could tell himself that he had not sat at the turning ten minutes before he could go on. He had been almost without power to resist the compulsion to renew that strange sensation of distinction that came with Roxanna's kiss—distinction and pride in what he thought was his dominance and his superiority to Irad Jewell. But he was also under the compulsion to stand in church and read the collect for the Third Sunday without having broken the compact he felt he had with the Lord.

Having seen, been touched by the luxury of Jewell's house, Ruel was thinking differently of his own state, which was, in a word, indecently bare for the times. They had had about the same start. Irad, like himself, was a descendant of a man who had farmed in the county before the Revolution. The ancestors of both seemed to have lived with no purpose but to bequeath farms to each of their sons. This process had continued for generations until the region was marked off in the small farms of the descendants of the settlers. But to-day there was no cash profit in a small farm. Cromlow at thirty knew that his problem was not of the present, a mere extension of the twelve-hundred-dollar loan by the bank. Six months or a year made no difference when a man could earn no money.

Irad Jewell had the right idea. He used his farm to live on, having formed the habit; but his business was in town, twenty miles away. He drove back and forth. His wife had a radio, a player piano, electric lights, running water, and a hired girl in by the day whenever she was needed. A mile down the road Selena Cromlow was living about as her mother and grandmother had lived. Irad Jewell went to town and made money; Ruel Cromlow stayed on the farm and was, except for the grace of the banker, insolvent. The word to use, he realized, was ruined.

The confident click of chains on those heavy balloon tires of Irad's, the unhesitating sweep of his enclosed car as it

took the rise to the main road, the length of Irad's cigar, his fur collar, the glove that waved absently to Cromlow as the two met and passed, made Ruel think of his necessity. If he had a thousand dollars he could buy the cable ferry that spanned the river at Frederick, a mile from his home. Martin Brillhart wanted to sell the ferry and go to California. Owning it, carrying automobile tourists, trucks, neighbors across the water, Cromlow would be in business. He could leave the house in the morning just like Irad Jewell and come home in the evening with money in a leather pouch.

He was thinking of silver and wadded green bills in a pouch when he stood up with the congregation to read. It was the Fourth Sunday after Christmas, and he had not given in to the knowledge of Roxanna waiting for him. Four weeks and over, a good month, a month of doing the right thing. He might yet sit in the evening and press out the crumpled, damp bills, laying them in neat piles, with Selena sitting across the table. He was certain Showalter would renew that note against the farm; he might even listen to lending the money for buying the ferry. "The Lord," the preacher had said, was "mindful of His own." Ruel was glad Roxanna never came to church; not seeing her made his course less hard.

They had always preached a plain gospel at Mt. Gilboa church, and they still did. There had been only three buildings since the dedication in 1784, the log, the stone, and the brick; and hardly more than a dozen pastors. A Cromlow had helped raise the log church, and a Cromlow had been on the rolls ever since. A plain gospel for plain men, and forbears of Ruel taking it in, making it a part of the family fiber, all along the line, convinced that men went to hell for their sins; that the wicked did not prosper; and that good was rewarded in this life and the next.

Ruel had wrestled with his sin and when the wind-heaped snow had forced

him to omit it he had, with so much need of the Lord's goodness, repented. But the power of the tempter was great; and in the fifth week of his self-appointed term he was shaken with a great doubt. His paths were not being made straight.

It was like the morning he had met Irad Jewell on the state road—Irad motioning for him to stop and asking him if he was in a hurry.

"I've got to be in town right away, and the furnace is out. Roxie ain't much of a hand. Wish you'd go and build it up for her."

He opened this thick brown overcoat and fished a dollar bill from a vest pocket. Ruel managed to mutter:

"I don't want money for a favor to a neighbor; I'll see to it." Irad nodded and drove on.

Ruel saw to it. This presentation obviously was a trial of his will. He saw through that, all right; and he smiled bitterly. He would have slipped off to Roxanna stealthily by his own planning, but a cross grain in him made him put aside this opportunity. A man had to do things by free will. This, he decided, was worse than being sent to fetch Roxanna's magazines.

He told the Turner boy at the next gate to go up and fix Mrs. Jewell's fire, though afterward he stood and watched the boy plodding up the lane, suddenly drawn to run after him and tell him he would go instead. But he didn't. He was more than half way to his goal. He could not fail the Lord.

He was existing now to count off in Mt. Gilboa meeting house the Sundays after Christmas. At the Seventh he was so stern, so thin, so absent-minded, that Selena was disturbed.

"Ruel is poorly," she said to a neighbor in the church vestibule. "I'm going to get him to go around by sister's and see if she got a bottle of that tonic last time the pedlar was by."

It was a bitters, roughly half alcohol, that had comforted strict farming people for generations. Called a medicine, it was acceptable even to the preacher.

Ruel took several doses and told his wife, "Yes, I feel better already."

What he actually felt was a great unsteadiness and an inability to keep his thoughts carefully arranged. It was a good thing, that medicine; and Selena said, "Go ahead and finish it; I'll get another bottle. A person should take a tonic."

Standing out in the yard under the sky of February's false spring, Ruel started to walk toward Jewell's hill. But in the road he turned and went back to the kitchen, pouring out the bitters. If he went to Roxanna he would go in his senses. This sensation of power the bitters gave made him think of the opportunity of being sent by Irad to build Roxanna's fire. A man either did or didn't, by his own intention.

Besides, he reflected that he was down to less than a hundred dollars. If he could not make Showalter renew and help him buy the ferry he would be sold out. He would have to go somewhere as a hired man. He saw Selena in some other woman's kitchen.

The week of the Eighth Sunday the thing happened that he had feared from the first; the thing he knew about; the thing he recognized as something aside from all intention. The nature of Roxanna Jewell, different from that of women native to the county, came stealing out of her house, from behind the dark, tangled dooryard with its unkempt pines, traversed the interval of winter-seamed and gullied hillsides, found Ruel standing on his own doorstep, and there enveloped him.

Tired of sitting across the red cloth from Selena, he had moved outside without hat or coat. A breath of air, he had said. Suddenly he had looked up and away, white-faced and alert, in the direction of Jewell's. And with seven weeks behind him and but two before, he opened his house door, reached for his hat and coat from the rack in the hall, and called to his wife, "I'll be back in a little."

With that he walked, marched almost, down the state road to Jewell's lane; and never looking back, he went straight to the kitchen door which he knew would be unlocked.

The next Sunday, the Ninth after Christmas, Ruel Cromlow did not go to church. He told Selena he would drive her over if she wanted to go, but he spoke in such a strained, unnatural voice, without looking at her, that she said no, she wouldn't go unless he did. He had not eaten as a man should; and Selena knew he was not pretending, for he would begin heartily enough but in two or three minutes his fork would waver and come to rest beside his plate, and he would sit there staring out the window.

She tried, of course, to get at the cause. "You're worrying about money again. I wish you wouldn't do that. All we need is one good season on the hay and corn to be even again."

His eyes met hers for an instant, glancing curiously. Women could be satisfied with distant hopes like selling corn in the fall. He said:

"I wish that note was due to-day. It's waiting to see what Showalter will do . . ."

"You'll worry yourself sick and then you won't be able to work when spring opens up."

"I was figuring on getting the ferry, but I don't see how I can now."

"You can't lay your hands on any money. If we could have one good year here we'd clean off everything."

"I thought I was going to fix it up to buy the ferry," he persisted. He felt an undercurrent of desire for her to think well of his intentions to the end he knew impended.

"Well, try not to worry, Ruel. You look terrible."

He went to the barn. Making a pretense of working there, surveying machinery that should be made ready for spring, was better than staying indoors talking. Talking was good when a man felt right, secure. When the

other person did not know the facts it was like playing at conversation with a child.

He stood looking at the rusted frame of a disc harrow and a horse rake, wondering what he should do first. That row of Sundays kept coming between him and his intentions. He had come right up to the end of them and then had gone back on the Lord. He had not hesitated, had not given the Spirit a chance to work. One minute he had been safe and right, the next he had been walking rapidly toward Roxanna. After putting the thought away for weeks, he had received it in a certain, special way; he had answered it immediately, throwing away discretion and, with it, home and substance. Another week and Showalter would be saying, "No; we've got to have our money."

With his doom on him he was frozen into inaction. He might as well have been paralyzed. When he was expected to be working he was usually standing in the barn or about the buildings, standing and staring at the shadows at his feet.

Now the unmistakable color of the southern slopes and the changed profiles of the bare maple branches against the sky taunted him with hints of the spring that was about to console the harassed landscape and reward the good with promises fulfilled. God brought everything in its turn if you waited for Him. As Ruel had not waited he almost wished for a continuance of winter, trying to avoid these messages of change. He was a man awaiting execution for a crime that the land itself, it seemed to him, must know.

When the Tenth Sunday came March was mimicking May so aptly that no natural excuse for staying away from church occurred to Ruel and, as Selena's preparations were obvious, he cranked the Ford at ten o'clock and drove with her to Mt. Gilboa. Spring was moving through the woods on either side of the road, but Ruel drove with his eyes straight ahead, as if he wanted Spring

to believe he did not know she was there.

He could not understand now why he had not waited. The compulsion of that evening seemed obscure, improbable. He could not imagine yielding again. This was the Sunday that had been intended to mark his release, bringing a fine, refreshing inclination to stand up straight and smile and shake hands heartily with neighbors, asking questions about politics and affairs. But now he had to pretend to be busy with the Ford, following his wife five minutes late to their pew, taking up the service at the long prayer.

When the preacher told the people to open the book at the Tenth Sunday after Christmas Ruel found the place for Selena but did not share the page. While the rest read he stood and gazed at a colored window, trying to count the irregular pieces of glass.

The note was due on Wednesday. That morning, holding the notification that had come a week before in the mail, Cromlow said to his wife:

"I'm going to town with this. I suppose you know what'll happen when I tell Showalter I can't pay. Grover'll let us set our goods in his barn probably."

Grover was Selena's brother. She leaned on the handle of her broom, a picture that caused Ruel to revert sharply to Roxanna as she had turned from the radio knobs at his step.

"You ought," Selena was saying, "to act like you expected him to give you more time. The spring of the year—and we'll be making something this fall. You act like we'd already been turned out."

The calm justice of her charge made a reply impossible. It was as if she had some special knowledge of his conviction of futility. Roxanna knew things without being told; she had said some of them to him the other night with chiding as angry as her succeeding ardor had been warm. Ruel felt baffled in the presence of these women's suggestions.

He went directly to Wayne without making himself look any better for the interview. His only business was to stand at the banker's window and hear that he was to lose his farm. He would learn how many days or weeks he and Selena would have to look around.

Pushing the printed notice across the grilled opening to the woman behind the counter, he said, "I can't meet this. What's the next thing to do?"

"Wait till I ask Mr. Showalter," she replied doubtfully, carrying the notice through an inner door.

She was not gone long. When she came back she opened a big flat book and took a pen to make an entry. She was writing something there without having replied to Cromlow, when he asked, "What do I do now?"

She looked up. "Oh," she said, "it's all right. He says you might as well let it go till fall. You'll sell something this year. You can let the interest and all go till December. Keep what you have for the taxes. I guess he's foreclosed on some, but you can't do much selling farms just now."

"Let it go till fall." It was a renewal. He reached in and pulled back the notice, turning it in his hands. The woman behind the window added:

"Mr. Showalter seems to know you and your folks. Of course, we can't stand to lose but we've got to take care of people. You'll pay out in the end. Cromlows always have, he says."

Ruel went slowly into the street, getting into his Ford and sitting there. His hands were cold, and he shuddered with a chill that caused him to huddle into the pool of pale March sunshine behind the windshield. He wondered if he were going to be sick. The failure of the Tenth Sunday to bring justice—he had not been prepared for that. This shaking—he ought to feel strong and glad.

Roused by a greeting from the sidewalk, he turned to find Irad Jewell standing there holding out a hand.

"How're you, neighbor!" Irad said. "Don't see you in town very often."

"I was just in the bank," Ruel explained. "Mortgage note due to-day and I couldn't meet it. Showalter gave me till December."

"Sure." Irad nodded genially. "He's all right. And so are you, Ruel. Only trouble with you is you don't take your opportunities."

Opportunities . . . Ruel looked at him, looked into those bright, earnest eyes, and seemed to be looking through them to the discontented black-haired girl Irad had brought from the city for a wife.

"I'd buy the ferry," he confided, following a sudden impulse to be on Irad's business plane. "There's a steady income and it's for sale. But I haven't got the money."

"What'd the ferry cost?"

"Thousand dollars."

"That's not bad. Say, I'll let you have that on your personal note if you want to take it. Pay it off in dribs. I like to see a young man get along. The ferry's a good buy at a thousand dollars."

"You'll loan me the money?"

"That's what I said."

Cromlow looked down at the broad, serious face, at the fat, short fingers clutching the door of the car. Then he smiled and moved quickly to get out onto the sidewalk. "Let's fix it up in the bank," he said. "Maybe you could make it a couple of hundred extra so I'd have something to go on."

The neighbors went into the bank together.

Going out of Wayne with a thousand dollars credited to him in the passbook buttoned in his breast pocket and with three hundred dollars in money tucked away under his jacket, Cromlow stopped his Ford at the edge of the road and began to laugh. He was laughing at the fool he had been about those Sundays after Christmas.

He drew out a package of cigarettes, the first he had had in weeks, and lighted one. He remembered how, until he had met Roxanna Jewell, he had gone about

with a conviction of power. He had held himself as good as men like Irad. With Irad's voluntary loan this conviction had started to flow back. He wondered how he had ever lost it, why he had been so afraid. He had refused to think as well of himself as others thought of him.

This loan from the unsuspecting Irad implied safety. It restored assurance. There was no reason to feel beaten and hunted any more. The banker's unsolicited extension, Jewell's loan, might be taken as an acknowledgment of his, Cromlow's, worth; of his power.

Roxanna had told him once that he had personality. He had not been sure of her meaning. This might be confirmation. At the right time two men had given him what he wanted as if the gifts had been his due. He kept laughing to himself. As for Roxanna, he would go to her when it was convenient. It was evident that his recent worried reasoning had been mistaken.

Almost home, he decided he might as well go on down to the ferry and see Martin Brillhart. The sooner the purchase was arranged for the sooner he would be carrying home receipts from a day's business. His conviction of power was growing. He would start by offering Brillhart eight hundred dollars. That was the way business men worked. He would offer eight and appear to be final and start away. Then Brillhart would call to him saying, "Let's split the difference. You can have it for nine hundred."

There would be a hundred dollars neatly earned. He would sit with Irad Jewell by the fireplace and tell about it with Roxanna on the other side smiling and pouring out cider. Out of the hundred he would save from the transaction he would let Selena get some things in town, things to wear and do with. He felt large and competent. Reverting to that series of Sundays, he laughed again. Maybe God wanted men to be more daring.

At the top of the cobbled way to the wharf at Frederick he left his machine

and went down to the ferry where Martin Brillhart was tinkering with the gasoline engine which propelled the barge across the river on its cable guides. A relic of horse and wagon days, the barge would take care of three automobiles and a dozen or so foot passengers. Business during the touring season was good, and everything was cash. Even the neighbors going back and forth obeyed a tradition of paying the ferryman.

A machine rattled down, creaked on board, and stopped. A boy and two country women followed on foot, and Brillhart put away his oil can and started the engine.

"I'll ride over and back, Martin," Cromlow explained. "I want to talk business."

"I'm ready," the tanned old ferryman answered. "When you've been at it thirty-five years in all kinds of weather . . ." He went forward to get the fare of the boy who was standing in the bow.

Cromlow walked up and down humming. This boat and the right to operate it were practically his. He touched the pocket where the bank book lay.

Standing and watching the little engine, he laughed again. He would find out how much Brillhart was spending for gasoline. Probably somebody like himself could cut that down. A good hand on that engine would clean the valves; then it would sound different. He flexed his thick arms agreeably, feeling decisive. It was impossible to imagine that this was the day he had feared. As if the Lord watched a man to check up on every little bit of pleasure!

Irad Jewell himself had lent the money for the ferry. That was almost a sign. The truth was, as anybody could see, Irad had no right to a young creature like Roxanna. Ruel looked at the spring sky. Irad, as an individual, hardly counted.

He took hold of the boat rail and shook it. Not too safe. He would

have to fix that. In decency Brillhart should allow a hundred dollars for repairs. He ought to sell the ferry for eight hundred. Ruel decided to offer him seven at the beginning.

On the return trip he saw three men in automobiles each give Brillhart a quarter. He had better, he reflected, get possession. Those quarters were, in a sense, his. He should not let Brillhart take any more money. There would have to be an article of agreement and a bill of sale, but he would give Martin to understand that the seller should pay the notary.

That woman leaning against the railing—Brillhart wasn't careful. He was leaving himself liable to an action for damages, negligence. An iron rail run along there instead of wood, and iron gates to close on the automobiles. A man couldn't afford any running into the river.

Saying that to himself, he realized it did not seem astonishing that the woman appeared to be sinking outward with the sagging rail. She was going, as he stood and looked at her, with scarcely any outcry into the water.

Ruel heard himself laugh and say, "These women . . ." He was reflecting that he did not know her. Her falling into the water failed to stir him. It was Brillhart's lookout; he, Cromlow, would have had an iron railing. A business man could not be too careful. Good he had not taken over the ferry to-day.

Men were climbing out of their automobiles. Brillhart had stopped the engine and was coming hastily along the deck trailing a grappling hook. Ruel felt amused. He could go in and take that woman out of the river. But if he did he wanted it understood that he acted from his own proper appraisal of his own strength and confidence. He was no hero. If the woman drowned he would not be interested. Matters had been made clear to him.

If he had come to grief after revisiting Roxanna, as he had expected to, he might have wavered in fear now. But

instead he had prospered mightily. He would never doubt his own powers again. The Lord did not take His revenges; strange, Ruel thought, that he could have been so mistaken. He felt a sudden desire to demonstrate his new sense of capability.

He stepped forward and stopped Brillhart. This thing should be done without the fumbling of an old man. "Wait," he said, "and put the hook down when I get hold of her." Then he let himself off the deck where the rail had given way and took four or five swift overarm strokes through the water, closing his fingers in the stuff at the sinking woman's neck.

Brillhart was holding down the pole with the iron hook on its end, the other men standing by to lift. Ruel grasped the pole and let the men draw him and the sodden woman to the side. You had to know how to do things, he was thinking. This cold would paralyze an ordinary man. Gripping the pole, he trod water, holding the woman's face in the air till the men could reach down from the deck and drag her up. Ruel followed her, pulling himself up by the pole, ignoring the extended hands. On deck again he took some steps. The act he had just performed was nothing to him, he wanted them to note.

But as he sat on the running board of one of the cars, watching the men laying the woman out for first aid, he wondered why they looked so far away and why he felt so weak. Lying down for a minute would not be bad. Weakness and an amazing nausea. Black chill on that water in March . . . so soon, only ten weeks after Christmas. Must still be ice at the headwaters.

He thought he was laying himself down slowly and with method to rest and let the sickness pass off. The boards—odd about them sinking under him that way. He would raise his head and call to Brillhart; the old man might have a bottle of liquor in the engine room. He would raise his head; he could look after his own wants.

The trouble was he could not get his breath; could not draw it in. It would not come even for the moment needed for calling to Martin Brillhart. Strange it was getting dark too. It couldn't be much after noon. But that was nothing; he was not interested in time; never would be any more. The Tenth Sunday after Christmas was passed. Times and dates were nothing.

Brillhart was above him now and looking down. Cromlow could hear him but he could not break through, could not push off something that was smothering him. He could hear Brillhart. The old man was talking to somebody standing near. "What's Ruel trying to say about Christmas?" he asked.

That was funny. He hadn't said

anything about Christmas. He would tell Brillhart about that; about that Sunday after Christmas. He would tell him after the deal for the ferry was closed; not too soon, not before Brillhart had articulated. He began to speak, but Brillhart, up there in the black, kept on talking.

"Must have been his heart quit. Not a damn' bit of pulse. The funny part of it is he was going to buy this ferry to-day."

Ruel Cromlow would stop that. They couldn't be meaning his heart. A little circulation trouble; it ran in the family. But his heart . . . they must have gone away. He couldn't hear them any more. It didn't matter. It was good just to lie there and smile about their foolishness.

DOGWOOD

BY MARY ELIZABETH ROBINSON

NOW that you fail me I must rise and go
 To find my solace among trees again.
 All your misunderstanding, your disdain,
 Your cruel blindness, that have hurt me so
 Belong to Winter, and must yield their place
 With fading snow upon the upward slope—
 Yield to the dogwood bloom. Returning hope
 Floods through my heart again with April grace.

I must go out among the April trees—
 All tender green—and there shall come to me
 The peace I never found against your breast;
 Wake to the ultimate loveliness of these:
 Dark single violets, and the dogwood tree
 And the first bird-note—with my heart at rest.



THE NEW RADICALISM

WHAT AMERICANS DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT EUROPE

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

BECAUSE Bolshevism was given its chance in Russia as the result of the great War, it has become a habit to think of radicalism, in so far as it flourishes to-day, as deriving its stimulus from the same upheaval. But the War apparently has dropped a curtain on the memories of what preceded it. To say "pre-war" is often to refer back to a vague kind of millennium, in which the disturbing manifestations of the present could not have originated. Those who dislike radicalism fall gratefully into this way of thinking. If radicalism is the by-product of the abnormal conditions of war, they argue, it will tend to disappear as these conditions become readjusted. This may be true in so far as it refers to violent radicalism, but it ignores the existence of a radicalism in Europe that is unrelated with Bolshevism, and with communism as such. It appeared in legislative form before the War and, far from being on the wane, is a growing force, permeating nearly all parties. It might even be called the underlying thesis of European social thought. In Europe this thesis is not called radical; in America if it were voiced by any political party it would be.

I have called it the "new" radicalism, not in the sense that it is novel, but to distinguish it from the radicalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The preoccupation of the earlier radicalism—one thinks of the founders of the American and French Republics—

was political freedom. The new radicalism, pretty well leaving political freedom out of account, is concerned with the redistribution of wealth through political action.

Socialism is only a wing of this radicalism, with a definite, uncompromising program for distributing wealth, both accumulated and prospective, through the ownership of essential industries by the State. Communism is a strategic sub-theory of socialism that this state ownership is obtainable only by the organized force of industrial workers, not acting patiently through democracy but directly by violence. These two, however, are not the preponderant elements of present-day radicalism. There are the other radicals of whom many Americans seem to know little, who wish wealth to be redistributed, but discredit the drastic methods of socialism. In England they comprise both the Conservatives and Liberals, which together have a clear majority of the electorate and which preach, and when they have the opportunity, compete with each other in various practices of redistribution, accomplishing it by taxing the rich and distributing the proceeds among the poor. Thus the moderate radicals are in the majority, while the minority is composed of the labor party and the miniature body of communists. England is a nation virtually unanimous in its adherence to radicalism, differing only as to the methods of applying it. The same is true of Germany. France, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Scan-

dinavia, Switzerland—indeed the whole of Europe save certain exceptional areas—is witness of the works of this doctrine.

II

Only west of the Atlantic does one find a nation that is downright non-radical politically, that is, disbelieves in using political action to redistribute wealth. The call for redistribution under the guise of any of its many names is raised by no great party, is in no sense a formidable political issue and, indeed, is heartily disliked when it echoes faintly from European shores. Most other phases of European thought have caught hold to some extent in America, and have their local protagonists. But the new radicalism is advocated chiefly by the socialists, insignificant in number, and by humanitarian liberals who have advanced or introduced a few pension and endowment schemes. The wealthy are more heavily taxed than the poor; death duties have been applied; war pensions have been even lavishly paid. But there the redistribution stops. When Europe was turning radical, with Lloyd George launching the social insurance of England, and a generation earlier with the Hohenzollern monarchy resorting to a vast scheme of social legislation to keep its subjects contented, individual Americans were interested in these measures, discussed the philosophy behind them, and even proposed to adopt some of them at home.

If the War had not intervened America would have taken a much keener interest in the social experiments of England, and perhaps would have been directly influenced by them. And England herself would not have acquiesced in the transformation so quietly. Between 1912 and 1914 the country was in the throes of a peaceful revolution, changing over from the old individualism to the new radicalism. For a time Lloyd George was as violently hated as any revolutionary and his doctrines nearly as bitterly resented as socialism

would be to-day. Then the War pushed the whole program into a corner and wrote "adopted" over it. A new Lloyd George was thrown on the screen, the great War premier. He is so thought of to-day when his name is mentioned at home or abroad. But the legislation for which he is mainly responsible has given England a social structure at profound variance from the kind of a society which he found. In the light of this stupendous achievement it is hard not to believe that the social legislator will live more brightly in history than the minister of munitions and the War prime minister. Whether the results of his work will prove good or evil, probably no man in Western Europe to-day has worked more far-reaching changes in his lifetime.

Devices for redistributing wealth have been built into the social structure of other leading European states, and by now it has ceased to be the aim of conservatives to throw them out. In Germany they cannot fight the habit and profitable experience of a generation. In England, though social legislation was introduced only two years before the War, it is too late to turn back. France, on the verge of extending social insurance on the British and German scope and pattern, already leads both these countries in family endowment. Conservatives have given up opposing this radicalism. There is no more the question: to redistribute or not to redistribute. The question is how fast and with what machinery. British Tories trumpet against the perils of socialization, but themselves add an expensive scheme of widows' pensions to the existing insurance legislation. The conservatives of Germany raise secret troops to keep down communism but acquiesce in burdening the treasury of the Reich and of industry with increased insurance costs.

In a sense, conservatives are on the defensive against socialism, and in accepting the creed of redistribution they are compromising with the rising doc-

trine. But the doctrine of socialism itself is not so insistently dogmatic as it was. If European conservatism has met it part way with its own schemes for redistribution, socialism itself is turning on conservatism and meeting it more directly on this single issue. A generation ago socialism was conceived to be a force to destroy an economic habit called capitalism, and to set up in its stead a new state based on public ownership of the means of production. This still remains the official socialist theory. But the Soviet experience, though obviously the greatest stimulus to socialists, has had at the same time a moderating influence on their thought. The Russians have applied the Marxian formulæ; they have nationalized; the industrial proletariat controls the means of industrial production and owns the credit apparatus of the nation. But after ten years the standard of life of the Russian worker is not nearly so high as in many capitalist countries, and not much higher, if as high, even taking into account the new social benefits, as it was in pre-war Russia. Ten years are short for such gigantic transformations and, indeed, the whole ten has not been absorbed by them, but has been given in part to waging war. But it is not a foregone conclusion, even to sanguine socialists who would like to believe it, that the standard of life in Russia after a century of Soviet rule will be higher than in America by that time.

The lesson can be read in the program adopted by the British Labor Party for the next general election. In it the central doctrine of nationalization is overshadowed by the sur-tax, a new and improved instrument for redistributing wealth, a levy on the upper stratum of income-tax payers to raise funds for new forms of social legislation. This suggests that British socialists are more interested in a short-cut to a higher standard of life than in the dogmatic, Marxian round-about to it. They used to talk freely about the benefit of dividing the surplus wealth of the

nation until Sir Josiah Stamp in 1921 figured just what would result from a pool of it shared equally by everyone. Take all the incomes over \$1,250 a year, he said, make allowances for the maintenance of the public services previously supported from taxation, and for a normal expansion of capital to keep industry alive, and divide the balance equally among the population, and the share of each family the first year would be \$1.25 a week, and thereafter not more than 50 cents. Socialist economists do not accept this figure, but even if they should double or treble it, the benefit would not be worth a repetition of the Russian revolution, where surplus wealth has vanished without anyone being much the better for it. Never strong Marxians, the British socialists have a mind to think along their own line. For the present the sur-tax is sound. For the future, give them control of the bank rate—and with it of the price level—and the ownership or control of the Big Five banks, so that they can examine the books of industry, then they can be sure how far the process of redistribution can be pushed without upsetting production. Looking still farther ahead, give them a generation or two to establish the science of management, and the productivity of industry could be intensified to increase enormously the wealth available for distribution. This is their inner mind on the subject.

The British socialists have not abandoned their earlier propaganda to campaign openly on the ground of this more profound and subtle economic understanding. They still catch votes by preaching old-fashioned socialism. But their leaders, particularly the younger set, know that sheer Marxianism cannot be their ultimate program. They are grappling directly with the question of wealth. The immediate lever is to be the sur-tax. Next it will be the control of credit and an increase of wages by small and expertly administered doses of inflation. The left-wing economists who advocate it cry "Socialism in our time,"

but it is a socialism to which Karl Marx would need a guide-book.

So it has developed that even for these extremists the organization of society has ceased to be the first preoccupation of politics, and the redistribution of wealth has usurped its place. And the new radicalism embraces tory and liberal and socialist alike.

III

Americans who travel in Europe and read about it do not invariably make this discovery. A Stanley Baldwin is not heralded as a radical because he consented to Winston Churchill's adding widows' pensions to the British machinery for redistributing wealth. He himself would not term it a radical gesture. He has a category of radicals of his own whom he quite passionately dislikes, men like Oswald Mosely, James Maxton, and H. N. Brailsford. When an American conservative visiting a Stanley Baldwin hears him berating a Mosely, the American innocently supposes this Mosely to be another Debs or La Follette, and feels the greatest sympathy with Mr. Baldwin. He does not know that Mr. Baldwin himself is something of both Debs and La Follette. He does not know that Mr. Baldwin's government, in the four years he has led it, has actually redistributed more wealth than the Soviet government in the ten years of its power, and that he might well claim a triumph for having done so without harm to the nation.

The works of Mr. Baldwin's radicalism cover an enormous field, starting with the simplest relief of the poor and culminating in a gigantic pyramid of pensions and insurances. In 1925 Great Britain spent under the widest heading of social legislation nearly \$1,700,000,000. All of this cannot be credited to redistribution of wealth, for it includes \$450,000,000 for education. But loosely speaking, a billion and a quarter a year is the levy on wealth for purposes of redis-

tribution. Of this sum, war pensions represent \$330,000,000, and, though this is a benefit chiefly for the poor at the expense chiefly of the wealthy, still it does not belong under the caption of a radicalism unknown to America. For under this caption there is the direct relief of the poor which cost \$200,000,000; there is the state subsidy for the building of small dwellings—the "homes for heroes" promised after the War—\$90,000,000; state expenditure under the national health insurance acts, \$160,000,000; under the unemployment insurance acts, \$250,000,000; under old age pension acts, \$130,000,000; and finally, widows' pensions, which in 1927 cost \$37,000,000. These items total \$867,000,000, and if the obligatory contribution of employers under the insurance acts is included, it comes to more than a round billion. This is as great as one-eighth of the total wage bill in Great Britain, and nearly one-fourth of the total income earned in salaries. Multiply it by four, and the wealth redistributed under Mr. Baldwin's guidance is more than \$4,000,000,000, among a population of 45,000,000. It is a record that might well turn green with envy the sophisticated "radicals" of the Kremlin.

Though relief of the poor was acknowledged as a social duty in the reign of Elizabeth, it never rested heavily on the British conscience until recently. Twenty-five years ago this relief was costing \$45,000,000, about one-fourth of the present expenditure. But twenty-five years ago not one of the other items enumerated as radical had made its appearance. The doctrine of redistribution had not taken hold. This billion-a-year budget really dates only a few years back, and had its beginning in 1912. It would be unfair to Mr. Baldwin not to say that he had no part in designing it, and that his party resisted it and would gladly have fallen fighting it. But now that it is there he has administered it and added to it. And it is his party which levies the taxes to foot the bill, and it is his "whips" who drive in

the tories to pass the Tory chancellor of the exchequer's finance bill.

These radical measures transfer annually about one-twentieth of the British national income. A transfer at the same rate in the United States would shift nearly \$4,000,000,000 a year. But stupendous though this British transaction appears, it has not resulted in a much more equable distribution of property. The condition persists in which fewer than 50,000 persons possess five times more property than 13,300,000 other owners. Two per cent of the owners hold more than half the total property, while three-fourths of the owners together have less than eight per cent of the total.

It is natural that such figures should be exciting to the socialists, but they are not much less so to British Liberals. Not content with having created most of the radical machinery for redistributing income, they now look forward to an evenner distribution of capital. The latest pronouncement of the Liberal party is contained in the report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry, which says on this point:

"We agree with the Socialists in thinking that distribution so uneven as it is at present found is mal-distribution. But with the methods proposed by the socialists for correcting that mal-distribution we disagree profoundly. The remedy, in our view, is not concentration in the hands of the State, but diffusion of ownership throughout the community. We stand, not for public ownership, but for popular ownership. The aim must be not to destroy the owner class, but to enlarge it."

The party would go farther in distributing income, for it states: "Some 62 per cent of the nation's income now goes to wages and salaries. Wage-earners and salary-earners should have a growing share in that other 38 per cent of the national income which now goes for rent, interest, management, and profits."

That is, the diffusion of property is to be the end of the radical distribution of

the national income. First, there is progressive taxation, the original Liberal program, since carried through by them and the Conservatives. Then there is a heavy tax on inheritance, rising to a 40 per cent levy, another device already in operation and, of course, applied by the Conservatives. The third method advocated by the Liberals is the creation of new ownerships, and attention is drawn to the schemes for profit-sharing and stock-purchase by employees adopted in the United States. But the chief proposal is giving workers a share in the reserves built up by industry, a project for redistributing existing wealth very close to the core of socialist doctrine. This is Liberalism in 1928. It is a bewildering metamorphosis from Gladstonian individualism and *laissez-faire*.

IV

The closer the political aims of progressive European states are examined, the stronger the impulse to predict an estrangement between them and the United States. Here are policies already adopted irrevocably which in their very essence are repugnant to the political thought of America. Is America to be isolated from Europe in theory and experience, as it is in space? Is it to be unresponsive to the problems which give others the gravest concerns? Is America, as it is now fashionable to say in the salons of Europe, the great reactionary country of the future, a nation without sympathy for the political idealism of the rest of the civilized world? But the accusation arises more from poorly understood terminology than from truth. European radicalism has been defined here as the belief in using political action to bring about a more equable distribution of wealth. No doubt about it, political action for this end is not in America's line. In this respect America is politically more conservative than any conservatism to be found in Europe. If reactionism does not mean resistance to a desire for change, but is just a name

for the extreme wing of political conservatism, America cannot escape the label reactionary.

But America is not resisting the desire for change in the matter of the fairer distribution of wealth. It is meeting it in another and non-political way, and this contribution in turn is having an important influence on European thought. This is by the philosophy and practice of "the policy of high wages" and of partnership in industry. For this serves the same purpose as the new radicalism in Europe of raising the general standard of life and of diffusing property ownership. Paying high wages short-circuits the European political practice by giving the worker a larger share of the wealth he has helped create without paying it first to the shareholder, then taxing him, and finally paying the proceeds to certain categories of the needy. This system has certain obvious differences in principle from the European system. It tends to reward individuals according to their work. And it is, moreover, a voluntary system, and depends as a theory not on the state but on the state of mind of vast numbers of employers. But it depends primarily on peculiar American conditions.

European industry does not supply a market so unified as to permit the economies of mass production and the stabilization of consumption. But the philosophy has fired European imaginations. Not applicable to-day, by effort it may become so. European industry is being pushed into a more scientific cohesion, and a beginning has been made of forging the scattered market entities of Europe into a unified whole on the American pattern. The economic conferences under the auspices of the League of Nations have started Europe thinking in terms of customs-union, and may be the beginning of a great free market where American experience becomes germane. By then industry, if it follows present tendencies, will be a changed organism from its individualist predecessor. It will be more of an

agreed collaboration between worker and management, producing for a regular consumption, with public knowledge of costs and profits, and with a much subdued voice of shareholders in the conduct of business. Not now possible in Europe, nor for that matter in all industries in America, this would certainly relieve much of the pressure to equalize wealth through political action.

It is, of course, foolish to forecast specific features of an essentially evolutionary movement, but the current can be noted which is determining direction. Wherever there is an industrial society this current is the same. It is the motive to reorganize the work of the world on a basis that more equally apportions the reward of all those who take part in it. Americans may claim for their response to this motive that it is in better keeping with the principles of human conduct as psychologically understood, that is, through the maintenance of personal responsibility and individual initiative. Europeans may differ from Americans and among themselves as to the precise service the state can render in this process. Their extremists, the socialists, may strive to obtain their results through complete state control, the moderates through state guidance and supervision. But they are all differing expressions of an identical force, responding to a universal dissatisfaction with industrial civilization as it now stands. Their discontents vary according to their temperaments and experiences and conditions. Their resultant policies vary as widely. But the political gulfs which separate them into irreconcilable oppositions are not fundamentally emotional, they are intellectual. In a larger sense they are branches of the same tree in growth. One branch, this European belief in the state as an instrument to redistribute wealth, is the new radicalism. American industrial radicalism, the doctrine of higher wages and the raising of the standard of life through industry direct, is another. It might, if one pleased, be called a still newer one.



MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT

LONDON MEMORIES, 1911-1914

BY MURIEL DRAPER

IN THE year 1911 Paul Draper and I came to London. We left behind us a fantastic year of life spent in Florence where Paul had been working with Isidor Braggiotti to develop his voice. As it developed, he decided to use it for the singing of German *Lieder* and, therefore, sought out the greatest master of this art, Von Zur Mühlen, who was then living and teaching in London. We landed on his doorstep. With his penetrating eyes, searching mind, and pure instinct he weighed Paul as an artist and accepted him. Furthermore, as if by magic, he found us a house opposite his own in that small distinguished alley of London known as Holland Street, and we moved in.

There followed years of vigorous and stimulating work with Mühlen for Paul and, owing to our incurable enthusiasm for music, days and nights of music-making for us both.

Before leaving Florence we had heard of Montague Vert Chester (fantastic name!) as a concert manager of repute and an amateur of music as well. We went in search of him and found him as fantastic as his name. Astute, asthmatic, benevolent, bald-headed, and immaculately white-gloved, he was visibly startled at our prospect of listening under our own roof to all the good chamber music that had been written, played by all the good musicians living whom chance or concerts would bring to London. In spite of his astonishment his mouth watered with delight at the idea: you could hear it water as he said,

"Don't be in such a hurry. It's weeks or months before they will be here, and they mightn't like it, and—oh! you Americans are always in such a hurry. Hold on a bit. How are you going to manage it?"

"Why, we are just going to ask them, that's all."

"Well, hold on a bit!"

We held on a bit, but not for long.

The result was that, at the end of our first year in London, Arthur Rubinstein, Jacques Thibaut, Harold Bauer, and Pablo Casals spent many of their waking hours in London with us, transforming life during those hours into splendid deathless sound.

Chester, gradually becoming our surprised but loyal ally, brought Arthur Rubinstein to us immediately upon his arrival in England. When he came into the room, Chester puffing with showmanship behind him, the room became suddenly smaller. He had a young, short body and broad shoulders, from which long arms ended in the most powerfully sensitive hands I have ever seen. Above those shoulders appeared an ageless, grotesquely ugly face at the prow of a beautiful head. This head was topped with a crop of gracelessly crimped dun-blond hair that sprang aggressively from a high concentrated forehead. Eyes pale with intensity seemed more like hieroglyphics of intelligence than eyes, and a somber Semitic nose carved with chastening Polish delicacy supported them. Pale, firmly full lips smiled with nervous sadness over strange

teeth, and only the chin was allowed to rest a little from the forward-moving pace of his vitality.

It was difficult to converse with this dynamo: words withered in the blast. At the first meeting I decided to give it up and, turning to him a little desperately said, "If you play the way you *are*, please begin."

So with beautiful Polish courtesy he rose, bowed, thanked me, and went to the piano. He sat down and plunged at once into the Hammer Klavier Sonata of Beethoven. This work had always been one of my pet aversions and a subject of acrid intimate debate with my husband. Paul's worship of that isolated figure of impassioned serenity would brook no criticism of any single note written by his hand, not even the Hammer Klavier, and only my oft-repeated but never fulfilled threat of playing it could terminate the recurrent debates. I still protest that it can be very boring. In fact, in my ignorance, I conceived of it as never being anything else. Well, I take it all back. Rubinstein played the Hammer Klavier that night as it was meant to be played and as it must have been essentially conceived. It became a work of monumental splendor through his fingers. Such was the young Polish pianist in 1911. He is now one of the great pianists of his time.

The recruiting of Thibaut to our ranks had been accomplished with the utmost simplicity. After one of his London concerts Paul and I went "behind" to the artists' room and told him what we thought of his playing, adding that we were going to take him back to a large, high room for supper, and though at this juncture Chester appeared, breathless and apprehensive, it was too late. He explained to his professional charge that we were two music-mad Americans, not dangerous, but, well—the damage was done, and if M. Thibaut was not too fatigued, etc., etc. . . . So back we went to Holland Street.

The true musicianship of this fine artist, the style and dexterity with which he

interprets it, put him in the highest rank of violinists. When he is at the top of his form few can equal him. Uneven, mercurial, melancholy, cynical, he often disappoints and falls far short of his capacities. His very qualities occasionally defeat or exhaust him. Sometimes he can be stubbornly lazy or carried away by a kind of nervous clowning of mind and body.

This slender body of his moved with a quick black alertness, which invaded his somewhat surprisingly massive head, constantly flung back to throw his heavily falling black hair from his eyes. His face could go dead and come alive in swift succession; a heavy cynicism could draw his mouth and eyes down, but a sudden childlike smile could pull them up again. Everything about him was intelligent—intelligent to the point of indifference until he took up his violin. Then intelligence became the spirited ally of a white incandescent heat in which his true music-consciousness was bathed.

Harold Bauer, whose wise enthusiasms, information, and advices about Mühlen had confirmed Paul Draper's wavering choice of singing masters, came early into our London life. The grave beauty and infinite gradations of Bauer's playing are never more happily demonstrated than when it supports, penetrates, and completes the music of other instruments in ensemble performance. He subdues that roar which sometimes becomes a mere heavy shake of soft obstructing sound, pouring out under his left hand and up from his pedalling feet into the lower register of a piano when he is playing alone—subdues it and builds it into the distinguishable and cumulative volumes of vibration that one needs to hear in great climaxes. His very listening to other qualities of sound than those he produces on the piano makes him hear himself more clearly. Some of the most inspired performances of works written for chamber music with piano have been when he was seated at that instrument.

As to Pablo Casals, when he was an-

nounced for a concert in London, I simply wrote him a note, asking him to come to make music after his concert. Rumors having already reached him to the effect that it was for music we asked him, not for lionizing, he came, bringing his 'cello with him. We had been to his concert and, as it was my first hearing of what I believe to be a great interpretive musical genius, it was an event for me. I had watched his face, his body, his fingers as he played, and marvelled at his exclusive dedication of himself to his 'cello. Short, almost completely bald, his small body was somehow indefinably enlarged by the significance of his head, by his arrogant impersonality, and smoldering compactness of movement. Holding the 'cello between his knees, he would turn his head slightly away over his right shoulder and, meeting himself alone in some far place that lay beyond the mechanism of his instrument and the sure dexterity with which he touched it, would listen with unyielding curiosity to the music that issued from it. The sound structure which he built, the austere discipline with which he built it, and the poignant beauty of tone which pervaded it were unique.

So it began, that golden era of life in London.

II

A magnetic nucleus of music had formed, and it behooved me to provide more space for the increasing reach of its radiations than the Holland Street house afforded. So I hunted for a larger house.

As almost every house in London is livable, I did not have to hunt for long. Being bound by no conventions as to locality—two mad young Americans could go where they liked—I found, at 19 and 19a Edith Grove, two houses, one behind the other, and I took them. Edith Grove! The two words are a country to me as I write them to-day, and in that country number 19 is the Capitol. There had been a Maud Grove and a Clara, due to the paternal sentiment of a previous landholder toward his

three daughters, among whom he had, doubtless, divided the property and stamped it with their dear silly names. Maud and Clara Grove had given way to less fragile designations, but Edith Grove miraculously remained.

By pulling out all the insides of 19a, I made of a house a room big enough for an orchestra, to say nothing of chamber music. I left only the brick walls, which I pierced with windows and a fireplace, and the roof of the house, in which I put a skylight and across which I stretched iron rods for support. By knocking a hole in the wall, I pushed a staircase through 19a to 19, taking down a solid little stone fence that had separated them, and then we moved in.

It was the autumn of 1912. Arthur Rubinstein, returned to London for the season, found us a matchless Bechstein piano. A Kein Lung screen unfolded itself on one side of the room, and a huge sofa was built to fit another side. Plenty of small chairs for the players and plenty of big ones for the listeners were chosen; floor cushions, of a size that made it possible for a half dozen people to sit, or one tired artist to sleep, if he arrived exhausted from a performance, were piled high in the corners of the room. Amazing how a pianist could sleep while someone sang, or how a violinist could dream during a suite for 'cello!

Musicians were flocking back to London, and we planned our welcoming party in Edith Grove to coincide with Thibaut's first concert engagement. Rubinstein had lured the distinguished violinist Paul Kochanski back with him from Poland and brought him to Edith Grove on this occasion, an act for which I am forever in his debt. Friends brought more friends, as the echoes of the music made in Holland Street the year before had spread far and wide, and all musicians like to play.

Certainly they did in Edith Grove. Knowing that the only reason people are listening is because they desire it, and that the taste and musical knowledge of fellow-players enable them to give and

take every phrase at full value, brings a pleasure to such a spontaneous exercise of their gifts which is often lacking in professional performances. The only condition I ever imposed was that no one who did not make music or love it should be there. The limitless generosity of these great artists who filled my house and ears and heart and mind with the pure golden stream of their accomplishment was too rare a gift to be endangered by an imperfectly grateful acceptance. It was all I could offer in return.

In their honor, the first fire was burning in the fireplace of 19a. Huge candles were lighted in every dim corner of the room. Small powerful electric bulbs were snapped into use over the music stands, and on them the parts of the Mendelssohn Octette were opened at Page 1. This was one of Thibaut's favorite works, and when he arrived from his concert, in a frenzy of delight and high spirits, he wanted to begin it at once. Paul Kochanski, Lionel Tertis, and May Mukle were among those who played with him. They brought to the Octette a dignity and brilliance for which its composer should thank them if ever the uncertainties of time and place involved allow. Excited by the beauty of the performance and the thrilled listening contained within those brick walls, everybody wanted to play everything—to make music and more music forever. They decided on the Beethoven piano trio in D Major, and proceeded to play it—Bauer at the piano, Thibaut violin, and Casals, who had begged to listen to the Octette as he indulged his vices of smoking a long cigar and drinking a long glass of milk, playing his beloved instrument. The brilliant opening movement, the moving theme of the second, and the vigor of the last, played by those three men sing in my ears as I write. Casals, by now really aroused, followed the Beethoven trio with a Bach suite, unaccompanied. The flawless organic growth of the work from the first note to the last was presented with all the serene conviction this artist could bring to it.

III

From that first night hardly a week passed without music at 19 Edith Grove. Some new work to be heard or some newly arrived musician to be welcomed brought us together at a moment's notice.

If, on a night when an artist was giving a concert with orchestra, to be followed by an evening in 19a, we found ourselves faced with a possible vacancy in the personnel necessary to the desired performance of any particular work, our methods were simple. They consisted merely in accosting, on our trips back stage to the artists' room, whatever member of the disbanding orchestra we found possessed of the instrument necessary to fill the vacancy and asking him if he would like to come back to Edith Grove and play some chamber music. To their eternal honor be it said that not one ever refused. On the contrary, I have never known a professional musician who was not willing and, indeed, eager to play with the great artists of their chosen profession. Many's the bassoon and French horn we deterred from their homeward path in the name of music. Many's the double-bass who overcame difficulties engendered by the almost insurmountable proportions of his instrument in order to spend an hour—or two or three or five—in delighted wayfaring through octettes and small orchestral works.

Needless to say, they played through the night. It often occurred that an artist who did not live in London would come for the night of the concert only, leaving London the next day. This meant that he would not arrive at Edith Grove until after the concert and its tedious artists' room salutations and compliments were terminated (though I never knew one who did not like them) anywhere between ten-thirty and midnight, and would not leave until it was time to catch the morning boat-train. He would find perhaps a movement from a Brahms violin sonata, a Beethoven

trio for flute, violin, piano, a Chopin mazurka or German song cycle already in full swing and would creep into a chair or onto a cushion until it was over. Then, usually hungry and a little tired from the strain of a concert, we would carry him off upstairs for food and drink. After this the really serious work of the evening would begin and continue until the skylight in the roof above us would turn from black to black-blue, to blue-gray, to yellow-gray, and at last show clear blue sky beyond yellow sunlight, seen through blue-yellow-gray layers of smoke from burning wood, burning tobacco, and burning candles. It would be six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock in the morning before we would make another visit to the dining room, where the miracle maids had somehow managed to clear away the debris of supper and make room for fresh coffee, scrambled eggs in an enormous chafing dish, raspberries and strawberries in big bowls. Oh! those English berries! We would breakfast, and break day by going to bed.

This morning departure of guests was a source of constant curiosity and astonishment to the neighbors in Edith Grove. Curtain after curtain would be raised, some surreptitiously and only a few inches, others with an angry snap their whole length, and sleep-distorted faces would lurk and look from the windows. Many and varied were the reports that went flying from house to house, culminating at last in the least likely one of all, that those big cases did not carry musical instruments—not they! They carried all the wicked apparatus of gambling! No one could stay up all night to play music. Only for “vice” could they stay so long awake. Neighbors in the more immediate vicinity could, to their great misfortune, emphatically deny this. They *heard* music to the loss of their sleep and occasionally their tempers. Those at the back of our house, who slept with their windows open just over the also open skylight in the roof of 19a, were the most violent in pro-

testation, even staging a public demonstration from window to window on one night, by blowing policemen’s whistles, shooting off torpedoes, and filling the night air with hootings and rattles. They were answered by John Warner and Arthur Rubinstein playing a Bach Prelude and Fugue for four hands on the piano. Bach is stirring enough played by two hands: by four, it is not conducive to sleep. May it here be recorded, however, that in the house adjoining number 19—number 17 to be explicit—there lived a crabbed distinguished old gentleman who, upon his departure from London for the gentler life of the country, wrote to us a letter of regret that he was giving up the only real pleasure he had extracted from life in years, namely that of being “a privileged though invisible listener to strains of music of a kind hitherto undreamed of,” for which he thereby desired to register his thanks. If only we had known!

IV

On a night when Thibaut arrived after one of his London concerts he was dropping with fatigue. We sent him down to the studio for a nap on one of the big floor cushions until he should feel refreshed enough to join us. When we went back to the studio after supper we found him sound asleep, stretched out before the fire. Our entrance failed to arouse him, so did an hour or two of music. People left fairly early that night, until only a handful remained. There was a question of morning boat-trains to catch in order to fulfill an engagement in Paris the next evening; and Chester was getting worried about the depths of sleep in which Thibaut lay as one buried. As I was protesting against the intention of waking him, Thibaut suddenly sprang from the cushion straight up into the air like a suddenly sprouting tree, and very wide awake.

“I will play the Bach Chaconne,” he announced.

He crossed the room, took his marvelous fiddle out of its case, and standing over by the Goddess of Charity under flowers of Burmese gold, a little sheltered by the folds of the screen, he played the Bach Chaconne. No one violinist of my hearing has ever touched the heights that Thibaut reached that night. Perhaps he himself could never repeat it. He placed the composition surely and beautifully before us. He showed us every integral part of that greatly builded structure, and from its summit flung out its full emotional content, with a technic that created itself to meet the demands of his performance.

His small privileged audience found itself on its feet when he brought it to its close, and at the top of the stairs stood my son Paul Jr., red-gold hair standing up on his head, eyes swimming with blue waters of sleep from which he had emerged, cheeks blazing pink from excitement, clad in a bright green dressing gown. No one spoke as he came down into the room saying, "I've come because I heard such beautiful music."

Thibaut caught him up in his arms and leaped up the stairs to the dining room with him. We did not follow them, but half an hour later we found them there, feeding each other dilapidated bits of food and making dangerous experiments with the coffee-machine. . . . Years afterward when I could bring myself to speak to Thibaut of that night's playing of the Bach Chaconne, he said simply, "*Oui, j'ai bien joué ce soir là.*" To play once like that in a lifetime is enough.

V

In May, 1914, Djigaelief and the Russian Ballet arrived, and all London turned out to greet them. One of the most brilliant first-night audiences gathered under one roof sat in row upon row upon row and in box after box after box. The program, if I remember correctly, was composed of "Scheherezade," "Les Sylphides," and "Petrouchka." Dancing that was new, fresh development of

an old technic that wrote another chapter for itself, costumes and scenery that revolutionized the stage, and music that was based on unaccustomed tonalities set London in an uproar.

Djigaelief was the permeating genius who was behind it, through it, around it, and before it: responsible in indefinable ways (as well as those that are definably within the province of a director) for every gesture, light and shade, and measure of tempo. Of all the great artists he has trained what one ever achieved without him that which was possible with him? Bakst, who designed much of the scenery and costuming, has almost fallen into oblivion since, and is recalled to our memory more often by the horrible crudities of his imitators, or the chance happy effect of his color schemes on manufacturers of felt hats and cotton dresses and woollen sweaters than by any fresh creation from his own brain. An occasional exhibition gives evidence that now and again he does something almost as good but never better. The fate of Nijinsky is too tragic to dwell upon. Karsavina is married and mothering, but not dancing. Stravinsky has written "Les Noces," but again it was for Djigaelief. The greatest distinctions of "Les Six," that half dozen of intelligent musical investigators and compilers of rhythm and sound, have been won by writing for his productions. Lopokova has married Maynard Keynes, the English economist, and dances agreeably enough at a party now and then when the spirit moves her. And so it goes.

I have sat with Djigaelief in almost empty theaters during rehearsal and heard him say to the *chef d'orchestre* very politely, "*Non, non, non, maître. Pas tout à fait ça. . . . Est-ce que je me trompe, ou est-ce que ce n'est pas un tout petit—trop . . . trop lent? En tout cas, essayons-le un tooout petit peu plus vite. C'est bien possible que j'ai tort.*" Or to a dancing figure on the stage, "*Non, non, non, ma chère petite. Non. L'estomac n'est pas fait du bois. Attendez! attendez!*"

écoutez-moi, ni de caoutchouc. Non, chère, non. L'estomac est fait de la chair, après tout, de la bonne chair," and so on and so on until by a series of almost chemical emanations rather than actual directions, he had changed the atomic structure of bodies, scenes, and sounds.

I once asked him if he could express in words the exact thing of which he was possessed that brought about his subtle synthesis of flesh and light and tone vibration.

"Je ne sais pas, je ne sais pas, ma chère Muriel. Je ne sais pas. Un tooout petit peu de la connaissance peut-être, et beaucoup de l'amour. . . . Je ne sais pas."

The season was an overwhelming success. And presently the premiere of the "Sacre du Printemps" was imminent. Not a seat was procurable in the house for weeks in advance. Rubinstein and Carl Szymanowski were staying with us at 17 Edith Grove, which I had broken into and annexed, and Paul and Sozia Kochanski were installed in a charming little house across the street, so that no time should be lost getting from one end of London to the other. We started out together for the performance and on our way stopped in at Covent Garden to hear "The Magic Flute." We left in time to arrive at Drury Lane before the first note of "Sacre" began and found our way to our box through seething crowds of almost hysterically expectant people. The lights went down and, after a nervous silence in the darkness, Evan Evans came out on the curtained stage and tried to calm us with a nicely prepared erudite little speech on the virtues and methods of the work we were about to hear. No one listened to him, though no one spoke. Just a ferment of restless rustling and dry coughing could be heard through the house in the darkness, like a many tentacled invisible, but omnipresent, monster. Evan Evans hurriedly faltered into silence and bowed himself off stage. Monteux wormed his quiet way through the orchestra and stood tensely still for a full

moment—an almost unbearable moment—and it began.

It is a part of musical history now, that score, and the ballet is part of the history of the stage, so I will not analyze it from either point of view. I believe it to be one of the few great symphonic works of our time, and the ballet a most amazing visualization of a musical score. Nijinsky had the entire direction of it, with Djiagelief to turn to, and though he did not dance in it, it remains one of his unsurpassed achievements. Monteux extracted the full musical value the score contained, manipulated the complex and crashing rhythms of the final climax with uncanny clarity and coherence, filling the air with a sound that is still sinking down through me with every blood beat. The house broke loose. The intensity of the score which builds itself around and in you with each succeeding note and rhythm, leaving you no escape from its passionate logic, drove them to a pitch of frenzy. The sight of human beings moving in an abstract geometric design that became a symbol of eternal emotions, beyond-human in its effect, increased the force with which the music invaded you. When it ceased, people broke and ran, sat motionless and unapproachable, cried with rage and outraged sensibilities ("You call that *Art*, do you?" "You call it *music*?" "My God!"), rushed to the bar for a drink, or tried to laugh it away. They stumbled over seats, began clapping again in small groups, could not leave the theater, could not go anywhere else. Many were shaken out of any capacity to form an opinion, provided they ever had any, and certainly were unable to pass judgment on a work so completely unrelated to habits of thinking and feeling already formed for them by time—that solid delusion, and environment—that erratic master.

I sat still in my chair until I could go out alone, and told the others I would meet them at Scott's Lobster House, the most neutral spot I could think of in which to talk without bursting with ex-

citement. Edith Grove would have been too much for me that night. I was in a deadly calm at the moment but knew I should have to explode somewhere. For me the stream of sound had been freshly tapped. It is common talk now amongst amateurs and critics of music that "Sacre" is not, after the third or fourth or tenth hearing, so impressive. To those I would say, wait another fifteen years and hear it again: without fear of remembering the mistake you might have made of overvaluing or underrating it in the first instance, you can really listen and judge once more. You can always say "I told you so" in either case.

We met at Scott's and, all talking at once, discussed until the early hours. Even Paul Draper, who was reluctant to relinquish musical opinions and standards held since early childhood, was thrilled and forced to admit that here was something.

And so the season of 1914 progressed from triumph to triumph. Chaliapine in the role of Boris was at the top notch of his powers and was flinging one splendid performance after another at the feet of his adoring London audiences, who showered him with every attention in return. He came to Edith Grove shortly after the season began. His presence animated the rooms like some elemental force. He had the shape and substance of a rock, the smell and sound of vast stretches of earth and water, and breathed like the winds in the air. I could never "talk" to him in that ceaseless "intelligent" currency we use in ordinary parlance. I could only look glad to see him, feel deeply at hearing him, and salute him with a wave of the hand, a pat on the shoulder or a smile. He seldom used any other means of communication, and we never misunderstood each other. Very slow of speech, with irradiating smile, pleasant blue eyes and pale yellow hair, powerfully tall and lithely broad, he was a superb figure in those days. When he laughed it rang under

the dome of his opened mouth like the cathedral bells in "Boris" and filled the room with its reverberations. The same elemental power pervaded his music, and he was the only person who was allowed to sit beside whoever was playing the piano in chamber-music ensemble at Edith Grove, and hum the themes as he read them. This is the most irritating thing that even a good musician can do, as the sound of the human voice has too subjective a quality to be absorbed in the delicate spare strength of a few essential instruments; but Chaliapine became one, and with unerring pitch, could follow the thematic development through every movement with a sound that was like a new and hitherto unused instrument, a cunning combination of vibrations and percussions. He adored Arthur Rubinstein and, chamber music being relatively unfamiliar to his ear, it gave him intense pleasure to watch it unfold under his eyes. Grand man!

VI

Gertrude Stein was in London that year and could be seen at most of the Drury Lane performances, stalking through crowds adorned in a short corduroy skirt, a white silk shirt, sandals, and a tiny hat perched up on her monumental head. She came to Edith Grove, where she would sit in Buddhistic calm until some topic of conversation arose which stimulated her interest. And then she would talk for hours, a steady flow of ideas in almost boring logical sequence, some of them profound and others merely a form of brilliant dialectic. Her point once gained or, in any case, her opponent once retired, she would sink back into calm and absorb intuitively what no longer aroused her intellectually.

She was sensitive about attacks upon her own peculiar form of literary expression, at least sensitive to any expressed or felt doubt of her sincerity. The technical aspect of it she would debate for hours, but her motive for devel-

oping it she would protect to the last drop of her mind's blood. She would say abruptly, "I don't know anything about it. I take things in and they come out that way, independent of conscious process. I don't know anything about it." She said she could not "do" a portrait of me because I "swooped so," she could not keep me still long enough. She wrote me a letter about myself a year ago, though, that kept me still long enough, I can tell you. I like her very much and agree with Sherwood Anderson that she "may be, just *may* be, the greatest word-slinger of our generation." Certainly she tried to break up word habits that no longer convey any meaning, so long have they been used as symbols of things that do not exist and so often have they been dipped in and out of the pools of imagined and actual experience that lie deep in the history of the race. (I wish she would break up mine! Look at that sentence for instance. It does not mean a thing.)

Paul was infuriated by her writing, though personally devoted to her; and many a night was spent in bitter wrangling with him as to whether a person is or is not entitled to use the word *chair* to convey whatever it may mean to that person, regardless of whether someone else conceives of it as an article of furniture to sit on or not. "But Muriel, don't be ridiculous! You can't call anything else but a chair a chair," he would cry out in despair as the dawn appeared at the windows.

"Why, certainly you can," I would answer. "It probably meant something quite different when it was first articulated, and is tired of being used to denote a silly stationary inanimate thing on four legs with a back to support our spinelessness. It probably wants to mean something else, to Gertrude anyway. Can't a word have a good time all by itself now and again?"

"Muriel, you're mad," Draper would begin again wearily. "You are mad, I tell you. A chair is a chair. That is its

accepted meaning. It can have no other. I repeat, a chair is a chair."

"You know you are beginning to doubt it already. You have said it so many times that if I made one or two more passes with that word in front of the eyes of your ear, it would probably mean a kite to you. Let it fly."

"The eyes of your ear—My God! A kite! *Stop*, or I shall go mad too!"

He was so greatly antagonized by this, to him, deliberate misuse of the Anglo-Saxon tongue that he maintained it was perfectly easy to do, that Gertrude was not serious about it and was just having a good time by mixing up a lot of words, and that there was no technic or principle involved. Anyone could do it, he declared; and what is more, G. S. could be fooled by it and think it a serious attempt. "Try it!" I challenged. "Very well, I will. Give me a pencil and paper. I will do a portrait of Rubio" (the benevolent 'cello-playing Spaniard whom Casals had brought to Edith Grove), "and have it ready by tea time." This was just after lunch one day. "Go ahead," said I. "I will come and get it at tea time, and I will send it to Gertrude through a third person whom she'll never suspect, E. Grant Watson" (whose books are written in the good old-fashioned way, and very well too). "I will get him to say he doesn't indorse it, but that a friend of his has sent it to him to be forwarded to her for criticism, and will she graciously accord him an opinion as to the advisability of his pursuit of this method and his talent for it. Agreed?"

"Yes, agreed."

"All right—tea time, remember," and I left him.

I came back at tea time and he pounced up at me from a corner of the sofa. "Go away," he yelled in a murderous tone. "I'm not done yet."

"Forgive me," said I, and I left the room.

At dinner time I returned. He was walking up and down the room. "Paul,

dear," I said as gently as I could, "come to dinner. It's eight o'clock."

"I don't hear you," he said, no longer murderously but in a broken voice, "I don't hear you."

I dined alone.

At bedtime I made one more attempt. He was sitting at the piano, head bent forward against the music-rack. This time I thought I had better be firm.

"Paul, you must go to bed. It's late. You have an early lesson to-morrow. Mühlen will be furious."

He muttered from somewhere under his lowered head, "Mühlen could be furious but Rubio not so, so not furious could Rubio be as Mühlen was as Mühlen is, because of the not chair—No, it was I who was furious about the chair—I can try that—Mühlen furious but not about not furiously about a not chair."

I left him. I heard him come to bed very late. The next morning at breakfast I did not mention it, nor did he, but he left my room with a grim look in his eyes, a batch of paper under his arm, and a freshly sharpened pencil in his pocket. By lunch time he reappeared and, literally prancing with joy, exclaimed, "I've done it! I've done it! It's very good. Here it is. Send it along."

It really was very good—in Gertrude Stein's manner without being in any sense a parody. It was dispatched to Gertrude according to the plan already outlined. It came back to Grant Watson a week or so later with a note from her (which he kept, so I cannot reproduce it here) to the effect that if his friend had any literary gift at all, which she was in no position to judge from the one article submitted, it was most certainly temperamentally unsuited to the style he had so flatteringly chosen; he had best follow his natural writing direction, which was doubtless of a scholarly and conservative trend.

"Have a chair," I said to Draper, when he had finished reading the note.

"Yes, I will, thanks," he answered.

So I mixed him one.

VII

June, 1914, melted into July. In the window-boxes magenta and white stocks filled the rooms of Edith Grove with the spiced magnificence of fragrance they exhale. White awnings at the windows kept out the noonday sun: open fires forestalled the midnight cool. In spite of music-filled nights, breakfasts were early.

The London season was nearing its close. Paul was going to Germany to catch the song-listening populace before it scattered into summer listlessness, and we held a farewell party for him. All the closest friends were there. We were gay but restless. Thibaut was cutting off locks of his hair and throwing them out the dining-room window into the aromatic stocks. He was very entertaining, but he would not play that night. I tried to tempt him with some Chausson, a composer of whom he was very fond; but he insisted that I did not really like the French School of music, and was merely being polite, so I left him alone, throwing his hair into the flowers. It was obvious that he did not *want* to play. Arthur Rubinstein attacked him next. No, it was too hot to play, he mumbled over his shoulder. Arthur became annoyingly persistent.

"Very well," Jacques flung his body quickly around to face Arthur as he spoke, "very well; I will play the Brahms violin concerto if you will play it with me."

Rather a staggering order. The violin score was not in our library, nor was the piano transcription of the orchestral score there either. Violinists do not consider it as part of their chamber-music repertory! Arthur accepted the challenge. I was amazed. "But Arthur," I protested, "I don't believe you have ever seen the piano score, much less played it."

"Why should I have seen it? I am not a violinist. I am not a conductor. But I know it very well. I have heard it. Come, Thibaut; we will begin."

He walked powerfully out of the dining-room, through the small drawing-room, and down the stairs into 19a.

Thibaut, suddenly alive, followed him, flinging what remained of his black hair back from his forehead. From different corners of the house vaguely disorganized guests gathered under the studio roof. Even Chester followed. "The Brahms violin *concerto*! You're crazy. These two Americans have driven you *all* mad. What are you going to play it from?" he asked them.

"Memory," they answered, at the same moment.

"Don't be foolish. It can't be done," he fumed, but remained bolt upright in the biggest chair he could find to sit in, as they walked over to the piano—a little slowly, to be sure.

The Irish angel who guarded my youngest son flew into the room. "Madame," she wailed. "It's long past Smudge's" (a nickname that will never leave him) "feeding time. He's crying with hunger."

"Give him a bottle," I commanded, between my teeth.

"But, Madame—of what? You know he's never had anything but—"

"Of milk, of anything—I don't know. Wean him. Don't you know how to wean a baby? Leave me alone." I turned away from the problem with heartless determination, her faithful "Glory be to God, Madame. You're *terrible*" sounding in my ears. . . . She managed it somehow.

Norman Douglas came up to me and said, "You're getting a little hysterical, Mew. What's the matter? Have you been—?"

"None of that now, Doug. I'm all right. Leave me alone. Thibaut and Arthur are going to play the Brahms violin concerto."

"So I hear. . . . Well, I am going home. You have probably killed your youngest son, but that is a better fate than would otherwise overtake him at the hands of American parents. Much better off dead. Good-night," he concluded cheerfully. And he went home.

By now Arthur was seated at the piano, and Thibaut was tuning his violin. No lights turned on over the music-stands this time. The room had never been so quiet. . . .

And then it began. Arthur became an orchestra, building with the sound of singing strings, soft clear-blown wood, resonant billowing brass, and accurately thudding drums a structure of needed volume for the single melodic unity of Thibaut's violin. In the unlighted corner of the studio they played the work through, without slip or unwritten pause. Needless to say, they had never played it together before. Arthur had never played it at all. And yet no phrase of that immeasurably full work was scanted. Together they had played the Brahms violin concerto from memory.

It was the beginning of the end of that golden era of life in London.



THE PERFECT CRIME

A STORY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

THE world's greatest detective complacently sipped a port which had never been labelled anything it was not and intently gazed across the table at his most intimate acquaintance; for many years the detective had not permitted himself the luxury of friends. Gregory Hare looked back at him, waiting, listening.

"There is no doubt about it," Trevor reiterated, putting down his glass, "the perfect crime is a possibility; it requires only the perfect criminal."

"Naturally," assented Hare with a shrug, "but the perfect criminal . . ."

"You mean he is a mythical fellow, not apt to be met with in the flesh?"

"Exactly," said Hare, nodding his big head.

Trevor sighed, sipped again, and adjusted the eye-glasses on his thin, sharp nose. "No, I admit I haven't encountered him as yet, but I am always hopeful."

"Hoping to be done in the eye, eh?"

"No, hoping to see the perfect methods of detection tested to the limits of their possibilities. Damn it all, you know, a gifted detector of crime is something more than an inspired policeman with a little bloodhound blood in his veins, something more than a precise scientist; he's an art critic as well, and no art critic likes to be condemned to a steady diet of second-rate stuff."

"Quite."

"Second-rate stuff is bad enough, but it's not the worst. Think of the third, fourth, fifth, and heaven-knows-what-

rate crimes that come along every day! And even the masterpieces, the 'classics,' are pretty poor daubs when you look at them closely: a bad tone here and a wrong line there; something false, something botched."

"Most murderers are rather foolish," interjected Hare.

"Foolish! Of course they are. You should know, man, you've defended enough of them. The trouble is that murder almost never evokes the best efforts of the best minds. As a rule it is the work of an inferior mind, cunningly striving towards a perfection that is beyond its reach, or of a superior mind so blinded by passion that its faculties are temporarily impaired. Of course, there are your homicidal maniacs, and they are often clever, but they lack imagination and variety; sooner or later their inability to do anything but repeat themselves brings them up with a sharp jerk."

"Repetition is dullness," murmured Hare, "and dullness, as somebody has remarked, is the one unforgivable sin."

"Right," agreed Trevor. "It is, and plenty of murderers have suffered for it. But they have suffered from vanity almost as often. Practically every murderer, unless he has been accidentally impelled to crime, is an egregious egotist. You know that as well as I do. His sense of power is tremendous, and as a rule he can't keep his mouth shut."

Dr. Harrison Trevor's glasses shone brightly, and he plucked continually at the black cord depending from them as

he jerked out his sentences with rapidity and precision. He was on his own ground, and he knew what he was talking about. For twenty years criminals had been his specialty and his legitimate prey. He had hunted them through all lands, and he hunted them successfully. Upstairs, in a chiffonier drawer in his bedroom, there was a large red-leather box holding visible symbols of that success: small decorations of gold and silver, and bright ribbons bore mute witness to the gratitude that various European governments had felt, on notable occasions, towards the greatest man-hunter of his generation. If Trevor was a dogmatist on murder he was entitled to be one.

Hare, on the other hand, was a good and respectful listener, but, being a criminal lawyer of long experience, he was a man with ideas of his own; and he always expressed them when there was no legal advantage to be gained by withholding them. He expressed one now, when he drawled softly, "All murderers are great egotists, are they? How about great detectives?"

Trevor blinked, then smiled coldly, clutching at his black cord. "Most detectives are asses, I grant you, complete asses and vain as peacocks; very few of them are great. I know only three. One of them is now in Vienna, the second is in Paris, and the third is . . ."

Hare raised his hand in interruption and said, "The third, or rather the first, is in this room."

The greatest detective in the world nodded briskly. "Of course. There's no point in false modesty, is there?"

"None at all. And it might be a little difficult to maintain such an attitude so soon after the Harrington case. The poor chap was put out of his misery week before last, wasn't he?"

Trevor snorted. "Yes, if you want to call him a poor chap; he was a deliberate murderer. But let's get back to that perfect crime of ours."

"Of yours, you mean," Hare corrected him politely. "I haven't subscribed to

the possibility of it as yet. And how would you know about a perfect crime if it ever were committed? The criminal would never be discovered."

"If he had any artistic pride, he would leave a full account of it to be published after his death. Besides, you are forgetting the perfect methods of detection."

Hare whistled softly. "There's a pretty theoretical problem for you. What would happen when the perfect detector set out to catch the perfect criminal? Rather like the immovable object and the irresistible force business, and just about as sensible. The fly in the ointment, of course, is that there is no such thing as perfection."

Dr. Trevor sat up rigidly and glared at the speaker. "There is perfection in the detection of crime."

"Well, perhaps there is," Hare laughed amiably. "You should know, Trevor. But I think what you really mean is that there is a perfect method for detecting imperfect crimes."

The doctor's rigidity had vanished, and now he was smiling with as much geniality as he ever displayed. "Perhaps that is what I do mean, perhaps it is. But there is a little experiment that I should like to try, just the same."

"And that is?"

"And that is, or rather would be, the experiment of exercising all my intelligence in the commission of a crime, then, forgetting every detail of it utterly, using my skill and knowledge to solve the riddle of my own creation. Should I catch myself, or should I escape myself? That's the question."

"It would be a nice sporting event," agreed Hare, "but I'm afraid it's one that can't be pulled off. The little trifle of forgetting is the difficulty. But it would be interesting to see the outcome."

"Yes, it would," said the other, speaking rather more dreamily than was his habit, "but we can never see quite as far as we should like to. My Japanese man, Tanaka, has a saying that he resorts to whenever he is asked a difficult question. He simply smiles and answers, '*Fuji san*'

ni nobottara sazo tōku made miemashō. It means, I believe, that if one were to ascend Mount Fuji one could see far. The trouble is that, as in the case of so many problems, we can't climb the mountain."

"Wise Tanaka. But tell me, Trevor, what is your conception of a perfect crime?"

"I'm afraid it isn't precisely formulated; but I have a rough outline in my mind, and I'll give it to you as well as I can. First, though, let's go up to the library; we shall be more comfortable there, and it will give Tanaka a chance to clear the table. Bring your cigar, and come along."

Together the two men climbed the narrow staircase, the host leading. Dr. Trevor's house was a compact, brick building in the East Fifties, not far from Madison Avenue. It was one in a row of several that varied only in details of decoration, and like the others it boasted bright brass railings, a smart white doorway with pillars at either side, and flower-boxes in the lower windows. Its picturesqueness was rather uncharacteristic of its owner, but its neatness was entirely like him. It was not a large house according to the standards of wealthy New York, but it was a perfectly appointed one, and considerably more spacious than it looked from the street, for the doctor had built on an addition that completely covered the plot which had once been the back-yard; and this new section, as well as housing the kitchen and servants' quarters below, held a laboratory and workroom two stories high. An industrial or research chemist might have coveted the equipment of that room; and the filing cases that completely lined the encircling gallery would have furnished any newspaper with a complete reference department. A door opened from the library into the laboratory, and the library itself came close to being the ideal chamber of every student. Wherever shelves could stand, they stood, running from floor to ceiling, the lower ones being

closed cupboards. Only one bit of wall-space was visible, just above the colonial mantelpiece that framed a cheery fireplace. Books were the reason of the room, and books seemed to possess it utterly; but deep-seated chairs and low tables made it comfortable for human visitors.

Dr. Harrison Trevor's house was, in short, an ideal bachelor's establishment, and he had never been tempted to transform it into anything else. Women had small place in it; a maid spent only the morning and afternoon hours there, returning to her own home after the daily work was done. Tanaka and the cook, Kido, had their quarters in the new wing downstairs. Trevor's secretary, a young Englishman, who at the moment was taking a well-earned vacation in the country, slept on the top floor; and the doctor's own sleeping and dressing rooms were in the front of the house, on the same floor as the library. More than one male visitor had found reason to remark, "Old Trevor does well for himself."

The same idea flitted across Hare's mind as he puffed at his host's excellent cigar and tasted the liqueur that Tanaka had placed on the table beside his chair. He, too, enjoyed the pleasures of bachelorhood, but he had never learned the knack of enjoying them quite so thoroughly. He would make a few improvements in the routine of his life; he could afford them.

"The perfect crime must, of course, be a murder." Trevor's voice broke the silence that had followed their entrance into the library.

Hare shifted his bulk a little and inquired, "Yes, why?"

"Because it is, according to our accepted standards, the most reprehensible of all crimes and, therefore, according to my interests, the best. Human life is what we prize most and do our best to protect; to take human life with an art that eludes all detection is unquestionably the ideal criminal action. In it there is a degree of beauty possible in no other crime."

"Humph!" grunted Hare, "you make it sound pleasant."

"I am speaking at once as an amateur and as a professor of crime. You have heard surgeons talk of 'beautiful cases.' Well, that is my attitude precisely; and in my cases invariably, as in most of theirs, the patient dies."

"I see."

Trevor blinked, tugged at his eyeglass cord, and then continued. "The crime must be murder, and it must be murder of a particular kind, the purest kind. Now what is the 'purest' kind? Let us see. The *crime passionnel* can be ruled out at once, for it is almost impossible that it should be perfect. Passion does not make for art; hot blood begets innumerable blunders. What about the murder for gain? William Palmer is a perfect example of that type of murderer. But men of his kind make murder a means, not an end in itself; they kill not for the sake of eliminating the victim but in order to profit by the victim's death. Palmer wanted Bladon's money, he wanted to avoid paying his debt to Bly. He wanted his wife's life insurance, he wanted his brother's life insurance, he needed Cook's money badly—so he killed them all. If he had possessed the cash he needed, if his horse, Nettle, hadn't bolted and thrown his jockey in the Oaks, those people would probably have been allowed to live; and Palmer would have contented himself with doing away with a few of his troublesome illegitimate children. No, we can't look to murder for profit as the type that might produce our perfect crime."

The sharp-nosed doctor paused and held his cigar for a moment between his thin lips. Hare studied his face curiously; the man's complete lack of emotion in discussing such matters was not wholly pleasant, he reflected.

Trevor put down his cigar. "No, we can't look to the Palmers of this world. Now, how about political and religious murders? They can be counted out almost immediately, for the simple rea-

son that the murderer in such cases is always convinced that he is either serving the public or serving God and, therefore, seldom makes any attempt to conceal his guilt. But there is another class to be considered—those who kill for the sheer joy of killing, those who are dominated by the blood-lust. Offhand you would think that their killing would be of the purest type. But as I have said before, the maniac invariably repeats himself, and his repetition leads to his discovery. And even more important is the consideration that the artist must possess the faculty of choice, and that the born killer has no choice. His actions are not willed by himself, they are compelled; whereas the perfect crime must be a work of art, not of necessity."

"You seem to have written off all the possibilities pretty well," remarked Hare.

The doctor shook his head quickly. "Not all. There is one type of murder left, and it is the kind we are looking for: the murder of elimination, the murder in which the sole and pure object is to remove the victim from the world, to get rid of a person whose continued existence is not desirable to the murderer."

"But that brings you back to your *crime passionnel*, doesn't it? Practically all murders of jealousy, for example, are murders of elimination, aren't they?"

"In a sense, yes, but not in the purest sense. And, as I have said before, passion can never produce the perfect crime. It must be studied, carefully meditated, and performed in absolutely cold blood. Otherwise it is sure to be imperfect."

"You do go at this in a rather fish-blooded way," remarked the good listener as the doctor paused for a moment.

"Of course I do, and that is the only way the perfect crime could be committed. Now I can imagine a pure murder of elimination that would be ideal so far as motives and circumstances were concerned. Suppose you had spent fifteen years establishing a certain read-

ing of a dubious passage in one of Pindar's odes."

"Ha, ha!" interrupted Hare jocosely. "Suppose I had?"

"And suppose," continued Dr. Harrison Trevor, not noticing the interruption, "that another scholar had managed to build up an argument which completely invalidated your interpretation. Suppose, further, that he communicated his proofs to you, and that he had as yet mentioned them to no one else. There you would have a perfect motive and a perfect set of circumstances; only the method of the murder would remain to be worked out."

Gregory Hare sat bolt upright. "Good God, man! What do you mean, 'the method of the murder'?"

The doctor blinked. "Why, don't you understand? You would have excellent reasons for eliminating your rival and thereby saving your own interpretation of the text from confutation; and no one, once your victim was dead and the proofs destroyed, could suspect that you had any such motive. You could work with perfect freedom, you could concentrate on two essentials: the method of the murder and, of course, the disposition of the body."

"The disposition of the body?" Hare seemed to echo the speaker's last words involuntarily.

"To be sure; that is a very important item, most important in fact. But I flatter myself," and here the doctor chuckled softly, "that I have done some very valuable research work along that line."

"You have, eh?" murmured Hare, absently reaching for his empty liqueur glass. "And what have you found out?"

"I'll tell you later," Trevor assured him, "and I don't think I would tell any other man alive, because it's really too simple and too dangerous. But at the moment I want to impress on you that the disposition of the body is perhaps the most important step of all in the commission of the perfect crime. The

absence of a *corpus delicti* is curiously troublesome to the police. Harrington should really have managed to get rid of West's body, although it probably wouldn't have kept him from sitting in the electric chair two weeks ago. He was too careless."

Hare again sat up sharply and exclaimed, "Was he? Speaking of that, it was the Harrington case that I chiefly wanted to talk to you about to-night."

"Oh, was it? Well, we can get around to that in a minute. And, by the way, that came pretty close to being a murder of elimination, if you like; but the money element figured in it, big money, and gold is apt to have a fairly strong smell when it is mixed up with crime. Harrington's motive was easily traced, but his position made it impossible to touch him until we had our case absolutely water-tight."

"Water-tight, eh? That's what I want to hear about. You see I was abroad until last week, and didn't even know Harrington had been arrested until just before I sailed. The North African newspapers aren't so informative. I was particularly interested, you see, because I knew both men fairly well, and West's wife even better."

"Oh, yes, his wife, gorgeous woman. They were separated, and she's been in Europe for the last two and a half years."

"Yes, I know she has—most of the time."

"All the time. She hasn't been in the United States during that period."

"Hasn't she? Well, I last saw her at Monte Carlo, but that's not important at the moment. I want to hear how you tracked down Harrington."

Dr. Harrison Trevor smiled complacently, adjusted his eye-glasses, and then launched forth in his characteristic manner. "It was really simplicity itself. The only flaw was that Harrington finally confessed. That rather annoyed me, for we didn't need a confession; the circumstantial evidence was complete."

"Circumstantial?"

"Of course. You know as well as I do that most convictions for murder are based on circumstantial evidence. One doesn't send out invitations for a killing."

"No, of course not. Sorry."

"Well, as you probably know, Ernest West, Wall Street operator and multimillionaire (as the papers had it), was found shot through the heart one night a little more than a year ago. He had a shack down on Long Island, near Smithtown, that he used as a base for duck shooting and fishing. The only servant he kept there was an old housekeeper, a local inhabitant; he liked to lead the simple life when he could. Never even used to take a chauffeur down with him. The evening he was killed the housekeeper was absent, spending the night with a sick daughter of hers in Jamaica. She testified that West had sent her off, saying that he could pick up a light supper and breakfast for himself. She turned up the next morning, and nearly died of the shock. West was shot in what was a kind of gun room where he kept all his gear and a few books—cosy sort of place and the best room in the house. There was no sign of a struggle. He was sitting slumped in a big armchair. The bullet that killed him was a .25 caliber. Furst, of the Homicide Bureau, called me up as soon as the regulars failed to locate any scent, and I went down there immediately. West was an important man, you know." The doctor tugged self-consciously at his black cord. "I went down there at once, and I discovered various things. First of all, the house was isolated, and there was no one in the neighborhood who could give any useful evidence whatsoever. The body had been discovered by a messenger boy with a telegram at about seven-thirty; medical examination indicated that the murder had been committed about an hour before. Inside the house I found only one item that I thought useful. After going over the dust and so forth which I swept up from the gun-room floor, I had several tiny thread-ends that had pretty obviously come from a tweed

suit; and those threads could not be matched in West's wardrobe. But they might have been months old, so I didn't concentrate on them at first. Outside the house there was more to go on. The ground was damp, and two sets of footprints were visible: a man's and a woman's . . ."

"A woman's?" Hare was all attention now.

"Yes, the housekeeper's, of course."

"Oh, yes, the housekeeper's."

"Certainly. But it was difficult to identify them, for the reason that the man, apparently through nervousness, had walked up and down the lane leading to the road several times before finally leaving the scene of his crime; and he had trampled over almost every one of the woman's footprints, scarcely leaving one intact."

"That was odd, wasn't it?"

"Very, at first glance, but really simple enough when you think it over. The murderer had hurried out of the house after firing the fatal shot; then he hesitated. He was flurried and couldn't make up his mind as to his next step, even though he had an automobile waiting for him at the end of the lane. So he walked up and down for a few minutes, to calm his nerves and collect his ideas. It was a narrow lane, and the obliteration of the other tracks was at once accidental and inevitable."

"He had a car waiting?"

"Yes, a heavy touring car. Its tire marks were plain, as were those of the public hack that West had ordered for his housekeeper that afternoon. And there was one interesting feature about the marks. There was a big, hard blister on one of the shoes, and it left a perfectly defined indentation in the mud every time it came around."

"I see. And both sets of footprints ended at the same spot?"

"Naturally. The hack stopped for the woman just where the murderer later parked his car."

"Hum." Hare had now lighted a new cigar, and he puffed at it reflectively

before asking, "And you are quite sure the woman did not get into the car with the man?"

Trevor stared at the speaker blankly and exclaimed, "You must be wool-gathering, Hare. The woman was the housekeeper, and she went off in a public hack at least two hours before the crime was committed. In any event, Harrington confirmed the correctness of all my deductions when he finally confessed." Dr. Harrison Trevor was obviously nettled.

"Oh, yes, of course he did; I'd forgotten. Sorry. Let's hear how you nabbed him."

For a moment the detective looked at his companion doubtfully, as though he feared the other might be baiting him; for Hare's questions had not been of the sort that his alert mind usually asked. He seemed to have something up his sleeve. But Trevor thrust his suspicions aside and returned to the pleasant task of describing his triumph.

"With the bullet, the footprints, the tire marks, and the threads, I had considerable to go on. All I had to do was to relate them unmistakably to one man, and I had my murderer. But the trail soon led into quarters where we had to move cautiously. With my material evidence in front of me, I set out to fasten upon some individual who might have had a motive for killing West. So far as anyone could say, he had no enemies; but on the other hand he had few friends. He believed in the maxim that he travels fastest who travels alone. However, he had nipped some men pretty badly in the Street; and it was upon his financial operations that I soon concentrated my attention. There, with the facilities for investigation at my command, I discovered some very interesting facts. During the three weeks prior to West's death the common stock of Elliott Light and Power had risen fifty-seven points; four days after he had been shot it had dropped back no less than sixty-three points. Investigation showed that on the day West was murdered Harrington was short one

hundred and thirty-odd thousand shares of that particular stock. He had been selling it short all the way up, and West had been buying all that was offered. Harrington's resources, great as they were, weren't equal to his rival's. He knew that unless he could break Elliott Common wide open he was a ruined man, and he took the one sure way to do it that he could think of. He eliminated West. It was murder for millions."

Trevor paused impressively; Hare did not say a word.

"That's about all there is to the story; the rest of it was routine sleuthing. One of my men found four tires, three in perfect condition, which had been taken from Harrington's touring car and replaced on the day following the murder. They had been put in a loft of the garage on Harrington's country place. Three perfect tires, mind you; and on the fourth there was a large, hard blister. Harrington's shoes fitted the footprints in West's lane, and the thread-ends matched the threads in one of Harrington's suits. And, to top it all off, after the man was arrested, we found a .25, pearl-handled revolver in his wall safe. One shot had been fired, and the weapon hadn't been cleaned since. Harrington's chauffeur testified that his master had taken out the big touring car alone on the afternoon of the murder; the man remembered the date because it had been his wife's birthday. It was all very simple, and even such elements of interest as it possessed were lessened by Harrington's confession. The press made much too much of a stir about my part in the affair." The doctor smiled deprecatingly. "It was really no mystery at all, and if the men involved had not been so rich and so prominent the case would have been virtually ignored. But we nailed him just in time; he was sailing for Europe the following week."

"What kind of a revolver did you say it was?" Hare asked the question so abruptly that Trevor started before answering.

"Why, it was a .25, pearl-handled

and nickel-finished. Rather a dainty weapon altogether; Harrington was a bit apologetic about owning such a toy."

"I should think he might have been. Was the handle slightly chipped on the right side?"

Trevor leaned forward suddenly. "Yes, it was. How the devil did you know?"

"Why it got chipped when Alice dropped it on a rock at Davos. The four of us were target-shooting back of the hotel."

"Alice!" exclaimed Trevor. "What Alice? And what do you mean by the four of you?"

Hare answered quietly, "Alice West, my dear fellow. You see, it was her gun. And the four of us were West, Alice, Harrington, and myself; we were all staying at the same hotel in Switzerland four years ago."

"Her gun?" The doctor was speaking excitedly now. "You mean she gave it to him?"

"I doubt it, much as she loved him," drawled Hare. "He probably took it away from her, too late."

"You're talking in riddles," snapped the detective. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that that little weapon helped to execute the wrong man," said Hare wearily.

"The wrong man!"

"Well, that's one way of putting it; but in this case I am very much afraid that the right 'man' was a woman."

Trevor's apparent excitement had vanished abruptly, and now he was as calm as a sphinx. "Tell me exactly what you mean," he demanded.

Hare put aside the butt of his cigar. "It all began back in Davos, four years ago. Harrington fell in love with Alice West, and she fell in love with him. West played dog in the manger: he wouldn't let his wife divorce him and he wouldn't divorce her. They separated, of course, but that didn't help Alice and Harrington towards getting married. I was on the inside of the affair from the first, you see; accidentally to begin with,

and afterwards because they all made me their confidant in various degrees. West behaved like a swine, because he really didn't love the woman any more. He simply had made up his mind that no other man was going to have her, legally at least. And he stuck to it—until she killed him."

"She killed him?" The great detective spoke softly.

"I'm as sure of it as though I had seen her do it. To begin with, it was her revolver that fired the shot, as you have proved to me. I've seen it a hundred times when we were firing at bottles and what not for fun. There was no reason for Harrington to borrow it; he had a nice little armory of his own, hadn't he?"

"Yes, we did find a couple of heavy service revolvers and an automatic."

"Exactly. He never would have used a toy like that in a thousand years; and besides he would never have committed a murder. He was too level-headed. Alice, on the other hand, is an extremely hysterical type; I've seen her go completely off her head with anger. Beautiful, Lord, yes! But dangerous, and in the last analysis a coward. She's proved that. I never did envy Harrington."

"But she was in Europe, man, when the murder was committed."

"She was not, Trevor. She was in Montreal that very month, to my certain knowledge, and Montreal isn't so far from Long Island. Harry Sands ran into her at the Ritz there; they were reminiscing about it at Monte Carlo the last time I saw her. She was in Europe before and after the murder, but she wasn't there when it happened. Anyway, that's not the whole story."

"Well, what is it?" Trevor's mouth was grim.

Hare's fingers were playing with a silver match box, and he hesitated a minute before answering. Then he spoke quickly and to the point.

"The rest of it is this. As I told you, Alice is hysterical, and during the past few years drink and dope haven't helped

her any. Well, one night at Monte, just before I left, she went off the deep end. We had been talking about her husband's death, and I had been speculating as to who could have done it. Harrington hadn't been arrested then. And I'd been asking her, too, if she and Harrington weren't going to get married soon. She dodged that question, obviously embarrassed. Then suddenly she burst out into a wild tirade against the dead man, called him every name under heaven, and finally dived into her evening bag and fished out a letter. It was addressed to her, and the post mark was more than a year old; it was almost broken at the creases from having been read over and over again. She shoved it at me, and insisted that I read it. It was from West, and it was a cruel letter if I've ever read one. It was the letter of a cat to a mouse, of a jailer to his prisoner: West had her where he wanted her, and he intended to keep her there. He didn't miss a trick when it came to rubbing it in. It was so bad that I didn't want to finish it, but she made me. When I gave it back to her her eyes were blazing; and she grabbed my hand and cried, 'What would you do to a man like that?' I hemmed and hawed for a minute, and she answered herself by exclaiming, 'Kill him! Kill him! Wouldn't you?' As calmly as I could I pointed out to her that someone had already done just that; and she burst into a fit of the damndest laughter I've ever heard. Then she calmed down, powdered her nose, and said quietly, 'It's funny that you can shoot the heads off all the innocent bottles you like and no one says a word, but if you kill a human snake they hang you for it. And I don't want to hang, thank you very much.'

Hare paused as though he were very tired, and then he added, "That's about all there was to it; it wasn't very nice. I left for Africa the next day, and I scarcely ever saw the papers there. But I hadn't any doubts as to who had bumped off Ernest West."

While the minute-hand on the mantel

clock jumped three times there was silence in the book-lined room. Then Trevor spoke, and his voice was strained. "So you think I made a mistake?"

Hare looked him straight in the eye. "What do you think?"

The detective took refuge in another question. "Have you any theory as to what really happened?"

"It's hard to say exactly, but I'm sure she did it. Her reference to the bottles showed that she knew what weapon had been used; she must have done in a thousand bottles with it at various times. My guess is that she and Harrington went down to see West together, to see if they couldn't make him change his mind after all, and that they failed. Then she pulled out that little toy of hers. She always carried it around in her bag. I used to tell her it was a bad habit. She shot West before he could move; she was a better shot than Harrington, he could never have found the man's heart. Then they left the house and drove off in Harrington's car; but first of all he went back and thoughtfully trampled out every one of her footprints and, just to make sure he wasn't missing any, he walked over the housekeeper's as well. There were three sets of tracks there, Trevor, not two; I'll bet on that. Then Harrington took the gun away from her—if he hadn't taken it before—and drove her to wherever she wanted to go. She left him; she left him to stand the gaff if he was suspected, and it was like him to do what he did. He loved her if any man ever loved a woman; and she loved him in her own way, but it wasn't the best way in the world. She loved her own white neck considerably more." Hare smiled a wry smile. "She had forgotten that New York State doesn't go in for hanging. Altogether it is not a pretty tale. But Harrington, poor devil, wanted to save the woman even if she wasn't worth it. You see, to him she was."

"It's impossible!" Trevor snapped out the words as if despite himself.

"What is?"

"That I made a mistake."

"We all make mistakes, my dear fellow."

"I don't." The tight mouth was tighter than ever.

"Well, it's a damned shame, but what's done is done." Hare shrugged his shoulders.

Trevor looked at him with cold eyes. "Obviously you do not understand. My reputation does not permit of mistakes. I simply can't make them. That's all."

Hare mustered a genial smile; he was genuinely sorry that Trevor was so distressed and he sought to reassure him. "But your reputation isn't going to suffer. The facts won't come out. Alice West will be dead of dope inside of two years, if I'm any judge, and no one else knows."

"You do."

"Yes, I do; but we can forget about that."

Trevor nodded nervously. "Yes, we must. Do you understand, Hare, we must."

Hare studied him quizzically. "Don't worry, old chap, your reputation's safe with me; I'll keep my mouth shut."

Trevor nodded again, more nervously and more emphatically. "Yes, yes, I know you will, of course. I know you will."

"And how about a drink?" Hare swung himself out of his chair.

"On the table there. Help yourself. There's whiskey and brandy and soda and White Rock; take your choice. I'm going into the laboratory for a minute."

The doctor disappeared through the low door, and Hare busied himself with the decanters and the bottles in a pre-occupied manner. He was sorry that Trevor was so upset; but what colossal egotism! Perhaps he should have held his tongue; nothing had been gained. He would never mention the subject again. It was a stiff drink of brandy that Hare finally poured himself, and he held it up to the light studying it affectionately, with his back to the labora-

tory door. But he never drank it; for he dropped the glass as he felt the lean fingers at his throat and the chloroform pad smothering his mouth and nostrils. He managed to say only the two words, "My God . . ."

About fifteen minutes later, Dr. Harrison Trevor peered cautiously over the banister of his own stairway. There was no one below, and he descended swiftly. In the kitchen Tanaka heard the front door slam, and almost immediately afterwards his master's voice calling him from the first-floor landing. Tanaka responded briskly.

"Mr. Hare has just left," said the doctor, "and he forgot his cigarette case. Run after him; he may still be in sight."

Tanaka sped upon his errand. Yes, there on the corner was a tall man, obviously Hare *san*; but he was getting into a taxi. Tanaka ran, but before he was half way down the block Hare *san* had driven off. Tanaka returned to report failure.

"Too bad," said his master, who met him on the landing, "but it doesn't really matter. Telephone Mr. Hare's apartment and tell his man that Mr. Hare left his case here, and that he is not to worry about it. You can take it to him in the morning."

Tanaka went downstairs to obey orders; and his master was left to wonder at the coincidence of the man who looked like Hare getting into the taxi. The accidental evidence might prove useful, but it was quite unnecessary, quite unnecessary; he had no need of accidental aid. At the door of his library the detective paused and surveyed the scene with a critical eye: everything was in place, comfortably, conventionally, indisputably in place. There were no fragments of the broken tumbler on the floor; only a dark, wet spot on the carpet that was drying rapidly. Brandy and soda would leave no stain. Dr. Harrison Trevor smiled a chilly smile and then walked resolutely towards the laboratory where his task awaited him.

Once the door had been locked behind him, his first act was to switch on the electric ventilator fan which carried off all obnoxious odors through a concealed flue. After that he worked on into the morning hours.

The disappearance of Mr. Gregory Hare, eminent criminal lawyer, within a week after his return from abroad, furnished the front pages of the newspapers with rather more than a nine days' wonder. It was Dr. Trevor who was the first to insist upon foul play; and it was Dr. Trevor who worked fervently upon the case, with all the assistance that the police could give him. Naturally he was deeply concerned, for Hare had been an intimate acquaintance, and he had been among the last to see the man alive; but the body was never found, and there was no evidence to go on with. Tanaka repeated what he knew, reiterating the story of the taxi; and a patrolman on fixed post confirmed the Japanese's testimony. The tall gentleman had come from the direction of Dr. Trevor's house, and had driven off just as the servant had come running after him. All of which helped not at all. A certain "Limping" Louie, whom Hare, years before when he was District

Attorney, had sent up for a long term, was dragged in by the police net; but he had a perfect alibi. The mystery remained a mystery.

Dr. Trevor and Inspector Furst were discussing the case one afternoon, long after it had been abandoned. Furst still toyed with the idea that it might not have been murder, but the doctor was positive.

"I'm absolutely sure of it, Furst, absolutely sure. Hare was killed."

"Well," said the Inspector, "if you are so sure, I'm inclined to agree. You've never made a mistake."

The tight-lipped doctor spread his hands in a deprecating gesture. "Not yet, Furst, not yet; but over-confidence is dangerous. Have a cigarette." And he held out a gold case.

From the point of view of the criminologist it is a great pity that some years later, when Dr. Harrison Trevor was preparing his memoirs for posthumous publication, death should have snatched the pen from his hand just as he had written the heading for a new chapter. For the chapter heading was: "The Perfect Crime."

"Now I wonder which one that would be?" pondered Furst when he saw the unfinished manuscript.





TEMPERATURE AND THE FATE OF NATIONS

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE rise and fall of nations depends on five main factors—geographical, biological, anthropological, sociological, and psychological. Each of these may vary independently, but each is also greatly influenced by the others. The geographical factor is the most nearly independent. Although man is tremendously influenced by climatic changes of every size from glacial periods to the droughts and storms of to-day, he cannot prevent or alter them. But he can and does clear the forests, slay the wild animals, impoverish the soil, irrigate the desert, and change the distribution of the organisms that spread disease.

The biological factor is concerned with all the influences which alter human inheritance. Mutation, natural selection, migration, marriage, and the crossing of races illustrate the agencies by which it works. The anthropological factor includes the entire range of man's material equipment, his food, clothing, shelter, tools, art, and mechanical inventions.

Closely related to this, and often merging into it, is the sociological factor dealing with institutions of all kinds and with the relation of man to man as part of an organized society. The remaining phases of human activity are summed up in the psychological factor, the *Zeitgeist*, or spirit of the age, which somehow swings man hither and yon in spite of the other factors.

In many cases it is hard to say whether a particular phenomenon belongs to one factor or the other, for in most cases all alike are concerned. In fact, the out-

standing failure of most attempts at a philosophy of history is that the five factors are not given equal weight. Historians and philosophers usually act as if the psychological factor were predominant and the remaining roles were played by an economic factor which may be defined as a combination of limited portions derived from the anthropological, sociological, and geographic factors. It is as if the physiologist should be content with a discussion of the nervous system and a brief treatment of the circulatory and respiratory systems as a single unit and should scarcely mention nutrition, reproduction, and the like.

The present article is an attempt to show how an approach to history from the standpoint of the neglected factors helps to clear up some of the great problems. Our theme is the relation of climatology, biology, and anthropology to the "coldward course of progress," as Mr. S. C. Gil Fillan calls it, or the "northward course of empire," to use the phrase of Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

One of the most far-reaching discoveries of recent decades is summed up in the biological laws of climatic limits and climatic optima. According to the law of limits, each climatic factor—and every other environmental factor for that matter—may become so extreme that it renders life impossible. Few plants or animals can endure a constant temperature of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and all would soon perish from cold or hunger if the temperature never rose above freezing.

According to the law of optima each climatic factor has a certain optimum, or golden mean, to use the phrase of Aristotle. For the vast majority of living creatures, the optimum or most favorable temperature lies between 40° and 90° F. For plants it often lies near 80°, but for polar bears and many oceanic creatures it is presumably not far from 40°. The optima for growth, for physical activity, and for reproduction may differ, but that does not alter the general law. Any departure from the optimum means a diminution in vigor; the greater the departure the less the vigor. At first people simply feel uncomfortable because too cool or too warm; as the departures increase, people become more susceptible to disease, less able to work vigorously, and much more likely to have their physiological functions deranged through excessive muscular activity in keeping warm, or an exhausting effort of the lungs, heart, and skin to prevent the internal temperature from rising too high in hot weather. One of the special effects of departures from the optimum is an excessive death rate among infants, and the consequent necessity that many babies be born in order to maintain the population. Such conditions may impose a terrific strain, even though people themselves are not aware of it. When the limit is reached the creature either dies or fails to reproduce itself.

II

These biological laws furnish one of the chief keys to the distribution of civilization and to the rise and fall of nations. Man may be something more than an animal; he is certainly nothing less. His physiological activities are subject to exactly the same laws which govern the rest of the organic world. One proof of this is a great body of experiments and statistics concerning man's climatic optima. The experiments show that in the northern United States the most comfortable temperature for white people who are lightly clothed and absolutely at

rest in motionless saturated air is about 66° F. If the air is drier or is moving, a higher temperature produces the maximum feeling of comfort; if people are heavily clothed or at work, a lower temperature is best.

Statistics make it clear that general health is best when the average outdoor temperature for day and night together is about 64°. For workers in factories an average of 60° promotes the most active work. Babies in both Paris and New York have the best chance of survival when the outdoor temperature averages about 56°. For football and for mental activity a much lower temperature is ideal. People's minds may not work best while they shiver on the bleachers and watch a football team; but the students at West Point and Annapolis, and presumably other brain workers, are mentally most active when the outside air averages about 40°. Thus, under modern conditions of clothing and shelter the optimum temperature in the northern United States varies from 66° to 40° according to the type of activity. It is lower for work than for idleness, for reproduction than for health, and for mental activity than for physical.

Among the various climatic limits those of individual existence, reproduction, and civilization are especially important. So far as civilized man is concerned, the climatic limit of individual existence is probably not reached on the earth's surface. No place is so cold or hot, so dry or wet, so windy or still, so monotonous or so variable, that individuals cannot survive. In primitive times and in the glacial period, however, half of the earth's surface may have been so cold that unprotected savages would have frozen to death had they tried to live there. Even now in regions like Greenland and Antarctica the well-equipped, vigorous, adult white man stands an extremely good chance of freezing to death if he tries to remain year after year. In such places families cannot survive. Until our skill in-

creases very materially it would be suicidal to attempt to raise a family on the Antarctic ice sheet where the intrepid Scott froze to death. It would be almost equally foolish to make the attempt in Death Valley where the thermometer rises above 135° , and the summer is one long discomfort because one's tissues call for water no matter how much one may drink. Men can live there, but not mothers and babies; the climatic limits of reproduction are more narrow than those of individual existence.

Wherever the limits of existence and of reproduction are closely approached, the susceptibility to disease is high, the death rate appalling, and the average span of life is short. That means that people have little or no surplus strength. Near the cold limit their energies are largely consumed in protecting themselves from the fierce cold and in wresting a miserable sustenance from an unwilling environment. At the other extreme physical activity causes the body temperature to rise so rapidly as to produce a chronic feeling of exhaustion or at least of disinclination toward any work beyond what is needed for getting a living and maintaining a family. But surplus energy and the surplus wealth which it creates are essential if civilization is to advance. Their scarcity, it seems, reduces both material and spiritual progress almost to the vanishing point. That in large measure is the reason why the climatic limits of civilization are even more strict than those imposed upon reproduction and individual existence.

The most favorable climates on the contrary are marked by superabundant vitality. High standards of living can be maintained and yet leave plenty of energy for new inventions, new ideas, new experiments, and the like. Everyone who does not work with his hands at the task of procuring food, clothing, and shelter, is part of the surplus. We are free to play our part in the advance of civilization only because many generations of men in the lower ranks have had

energy enough to provide food and other materials not only for their own families, but for others. They have been able to do this only because they have lived where the temperature is nearer to the optimum than to the limits.

The laws which apply to temperature apply also to humidity and variability. Practically every statistical investigation of humidity and health indicates that fairly moist air is favorable except at high temperatures. Dry climates are usually valuable as health resorts not because the dryness itself is good, but because it fosters a free life out-of-doors. The optimum humidity at all temperatures below 70° appears to be an average of eighty or ninety per cent. Thus the best sort of day has dew at night with a temperature of 60° or lower and a mid-day temperature of 70° or more with a relative humidity of perhaps sixty per cent. Watch the weather until such a day arrives and see how delightful it is.

A climate with few changes is doubtless very pleasant and may be ideal for people who are old or feeble. But for health in general, and for steady, effective work it is by no means so good. Piece workers in factories, for example, achieve distinctly more on days when there is a drop of temperature than on those when there is no change or a rise. The most striking evidence is furnished by daily deaths in New York City. If the temperature from one day to the next varies very little during a ten-day period, let us say, the death rate tends to rise regardless of the season. If there are violent fluctuations, on the other hand, the death rate is likewise high, but not so high as in the first case. Between the two extremes comes the optimum—the golden mean. In spring, summer, and autumn the death rate in New York is lowest when the average change of temperature from one day to the next is about 3° . In winter when high variability forces us to protect ourselves against the weather, the lowest death rate comes when the change from day to day averages 4° or 5° . Thus variability,

like temperature and humidity, displays a distinct optimum, on either side of which human health and energy decline.

III

Having seen the nature of climatic limits and optima, we may well inquire as to their variation from place to place and race to race. Such variation is clearly evident, but it is nothing like so great as is usually supposed. The people who live in Finland, for example, seem to have nearly the same climatic optimum as those who live in Sicily. The Finns never seem to be warm enough; for even in July the temperature does not rise to the optimum. The Sicilian summers, on the contrary, are always much too warm, dry, and free from storms. In Florida the cigar makers of Cuban extraction work best at a temperature only about 5° higher than that which is best for workers in New England. In Japan such figures as are available indicate once more that the optimum is little if any higher than for white people of European origin. Even among the negroes of the United States the best health is experienced when the average temperature is only about 5° higher than the optimum for white people.

Does this slight difference mean merely that the negroes have become acclimated here in America? If you think so, look at Java. There we have a race which has lived for unknown generations in a moist climate almost under the equator. Their ancestors, like those of the negro, must have lived for scores of generations where the temperature averages close to 80° every month in the year. Yet the Javanese who have gone into the cool highlands have a far lower death rate than do those who have remained below in the climate of their forebears. Among these tropical people, as among the negroes, the optimum temperature is not far from 70° . Moreover, such scanty evidence as is yet available suggests that even the tropical races are benefited by a fairly high but not ex-

treme humidity and by a moderate degree of variability. Thus, although the optimum climate varies somewhat from race to race, the differences are nothing like so great as those between the climates in which the respective races have lived for scores of generations.

All this suggests some curious possibilities. One of these is that long, long ago a single stock of anthropoid creatures lived in a certain kind of climate so long that they became completely adapted to it. When a period of rapid evolution set in that old stock rose to the human level and ultimately divided into various races, some of which still persist. The climate in which the original human stock lived so long was presumably much like the present optimum. That is, the average temperature was probably somewhere near 70° , the hottest months having an average of 75° or even 80° , and the coldest perhaps 60° . Presumably the humidity was fairly high and the storms frequent enough to give abundant but not extreme variability. To-day the nearest approach to such a condition is found in central Florida. Two or three million years ago when man's progenitors were approaching the human status and when great arms of the ocean penetrated far into Asia, a similar condition may have existed in regions like Persia, or even Tibet which was then a lowland.

There is a widespread opinion, unproved but probable, that the uplifting of Asia and the consequent increase in aridity were major factors in hastening human evolution and in causing the original stock to split up and migrate. Since then migrations have led mankind into practically every known climate. But have tens of thousands of years in the new climates produced complete acclimatization? Not a bit of it. The old adaptation to climate is still so strong, and man has so much power to modify the effect of climate, that no race to-day appears to have an optimum greatly different from that of the original human stock. In other words, man—unlike

the animals—adapts himself to climate by artificial means and only slightly by changes in his own body. But the artificial adaptation is so imperfect that mankind rarely or never lives under the optimum climatic conditions either natural or artificial. Southeastern England, averaging 64° in summer and about 40° in winter, and with fairly high humidity and frequent but not extreme changes of weather, seems to approach the ideal more closely than any other civilized region. Perhaps some primitive tribes in latitudes like that of Florida may be equally well adjusted, but most of mankind lives where heat, dryness, cold, or monotony forces the climate away from the optimum, and in some places carries it well toward the limits.

This gives a new understanding of the problem of civilization and climate. Knowing the facts as to optima and limits, it is not difficult to prepare maps showing how far the climate departs from the optimum. Such maps of climatic energy are almost identical with maps of health and progress as indicated by many kinds of statistics. The agreement among these maps is far too great to be accidental. It can mean only that climate is a main factor in the geographical distribution of health and that health, energy, and people's consequent ability to acquire surplus wealth and carry out enterprises beyond the immediate demands for existence are among the major factors in promoting human progress.

That sounds logical, says the thoughtful reader, but how about the past? Does not the low latitude of ancient centers of civilization disprove the whole climatic hypothesis?

IV

Here both anthropology and changes of climate come to our aid, but I have discussed climate so much elsewhere that here I shall deal only with anthropology. Suppose you were a primitive savage, unclothed, fireless, and as shelterless as the animals. The best climate

for you would presumably be the optimum already described where the average temperature ranges from 60° in winter to 80° in summer, and storms are frequent enough to give proper moisture and variability at all seasons. What will happen if some genius, or more probably if some group of highly ingenious people working for generations, develops the art of making fire? Cool weather will lose much of its discomfort; and the cooler, drier parts of the zone where people are thus far living will increase in popularity. In the warmer, moister parts, on the contrary, the savages will have little use for fire because it will not be comfortable.

The use of fire is in due time almost certain to lead to other inventions and discoveries. Mere accidents and then experiments will teach the savages to employ fire in shaping wooden weapons, in protecting themselves from animals, and especially in cooking all sorts of products which in the raw state are unpalatable, indigestible, or even inedible. Thus the invention of fire must have stimulated other inventions and at the same time increased the density of population because more people could now find food in a given area. If all the primitive savages were of equal ability, the greatest degree of progress and the greatest increase in population must have occurred in the cooler and drier portions of the zone then inhabited. There fire was wanted and could easily be made, while in the warmer and moister regions it was less desirable and not so easily started. Thus the art of making fire, which is perhaps the greatest of primitive inventions, must have shifted the climatic optimum and hence the center of progress slightly away from the equator into the cooler parts of the zone of early habitation.

Since that early day, a thousand other inventions big and little, as S. C. Gil Fillan has well pointed out, have produced a similar effect. Long, long ago, perhaps before the invention of fire, some group of clever people found that the

skins of beasts thrown over the shoulders were very comforting in cool weather. Thus the simple but momentous invention of clothing enabled people to be comfortable and preserve their health in regions heretofore too cool for occupation. This invention likewise presumably stimulated other inventions, for the desire for better, cheaper, or more effective methods of obtaining and fashioning clothing must have placed a new and enticing problem constantly before men's eyes.

The invention of artificial shelters made of skins, boughs, or other materials doubtless produced a similar effect. In the long run such shelters must have enormously increased the area where people could endure the rigors of a cold winter. Moreover, they must have furnished a constant challenge to inventive ingenuity. "Our skin hut rots," said a savage. "How can we preserve the leather? Here are holes through which the rain pours down our necks. How can we get rid of them? If we build a fire inside a hut it fills our eyes with tears and burns down the hut. How can we keep warm and yet avoid these difficulties?" In the whole realm of human inventions few problems are more stimulating than those connected with architecture. Most of the problems become a greater and greater incentive to progress as one goes from warmer to colder regions.

Now note another phase of the coldward march of the centers of progress. As soon as fire, clothing, and shelter enabled primitive man to migrate into the cooler regions, and thereby stimulated still further progress, two other kinds of stimuli must have increased. A moderate degree of variability, as we have seen, is decidedly valuable in promoting health and activity both physical and mental. The variability of the weather increases from warm regions to cool. The early races who most fully utilized the inventions connected with fire, clothing, and shelter would be the ones who would be able to

migrate into relatively cool regions. By doing that their health and energy would be increased, and they would be still more stimulated toward further inventions and progress.

An even more important phase of the matter is the necessity for foresight, thrift, economy, and careful planning which arises as soon as people migrate into a region where it is necessary to provide for a dry or a cool season. How much food do we need for the winter? What kinds of nuts, seeds, roots, or other forms of food will keep best? How can we preserve our food against the ravages of insects, rodents, men, and other enemies? How about fuel? Have we the right kind of clothing and enough of it? Shall we eat all we want each day, or shall we eat sparingly so that our supplies will last till warm weather? How shall we overcome the effects of bad seasons? These and a hundred others are the kind of questions which confront the dweller in regions where there is a strong contrast between summer and winter. What stronger incentive to progress has mankind ever encountered? And what could be more effective in causing the center of civilization to shift into cooler regions as soon as the necessary inventions and discoveries enable people to live permanently where the winters are cool? Those primitive inventions seem very simple to us, but they were perhaps more difficult, probably more revolutionary, and certainly more fundamental than our greatest modern inventions.

The series of inventions which began with fire, clothing, shelter, and the preservation of food has gone on steadily from that time to this. The invention of the fireplace illustrates a minor step in the chain of progress. For a long time people doubtless built open fires within their shelters, but the smoke which filled the interior must have been a terrible nuisance. As long as one must either forego a fire within doors or else suffer from the smoke, how far can he go in using the leisure time of a cold winter

in the more delicate kinds of work which are so important a feature of man's higher progress? So long as the house is lighted only by unprotected openings without glass the chilliness of the house greatly hampers the development of science and of such arts as writing, painting, and music. Shutters over the windows do not help much, for they make the house dark and smoky whenever it is kept warm in cold weather. Such conditions almost prevent the higher utilization of the leisure time which comes in the cool season.

The invention of the smokeless fireplace helped greatly in this respect. The invention of metal stoves, central furnaces, and modern heating plants has made it still more possible to produce the optimum temperatures within doors regardless of the climate. All this has helped the center of civilization to move into cooler and cooler regions.

Another great help in this respect was the invention of windows of oiled paper whereby light is admitted but not cold air. Finally window-glass began to become common about three centuries ago, and houses at last became places where one could see for any kind of work and yet be warm in any kind of weather. In our own day a still further improvement permits the ultra-violet rays to penetrate within doors and thereby brings the indoor conditions nearer to the optimum.

If you would know what all this means, sit down as I have done, on a winter day in a smoke-filled room beside a tiny opening about a foot square. Let it be placed a foot or two above the floor so that the warm air may not all pour out, as it would if the window were higher. Then with streaming, smoke-reddened eyes, and with fingers chilled and stiff in spite of the fire on the other side of the room, try to write or read or draw. You have to sit there because nowhere else is there light enough. Such conditions prevailed even in the more civilized of the colder lands a few centuries ago. Try them for yourself and you will real-

ize how tremendously man's ability to carry out the higher functions of life in the cooler and more stimulating climates has been increased by modern inventions. No wonder such countries as Scotland, Norway, and Sweden keep rising in the scale of civilization.

To-day the ventilating engineer is the heir of all the ages in these various inventions which have permitted the centers of human progress to move from the warm optimum of the unclothed, fireless savage into the cooler optimum of modern civilization. To-day man succeeds best where the summer approaches fairly closely to the original human optimum, and where the winter is cool or cold but not so severe as to prevent us from creating within the house a climate which again approaches the optimum. But our artificial climates are far from successful. Could there be any more striking sign of failure than the monotonous and appalling regularity with which the death rate rises 40, 50, or even 100 per cent higher in winter than in summer? A few decades ago our hottest summer weather here in the United States was also characterized by a distressing rise in the death rate, chiefly among children. To-day the excess of deaths in summer has been practically eliminated in the more advanced parts of the world, but the winter excess is still portentous. That means a corresponding decline in all kinds of energy and activity winter after winter. The reduction in the summer death rate is mainly due to the medical profession and so is the general reduction which applies also to winter although not so much as to summer. The failure to bring the summer and winter death rates much nearer, relatively speaking, is due perhaps to the failure to appreciate the part played by climate and weather. Such an appreciation appears to be the next great step in this age-long fight to overcome the effects of unfavorable climates and to give man as nearly as possible the optimum climate at all seasons.

When the ventilating engineers learn

not only to regulate temperature but to produce within the house the right conditions of humidity and variability, and when human beings learn to clothe themselves properly both indoors and out in all kinds of weather, and to modify their diet in full accordance with the demands of the seasons, we shall pass another milestone. We may reasonably hope that the difference between the health and strength of summer and winter will be largely eliminated. Will that cause civilization to take still another step toward higher latitudes? Will it cause Canada and Scandinavia to forge ahead as never before? We dare not prophesy, for in this respect as in others there is an optimum beyond which decline once more sets in. But the next few generations are going to find this problem interesting.

Still another great step may follow in due time; we may conquer heat as well as cold. In the far future such a con-

quest may send the centers of civilization back once more into warmer regions. Thus far practically every invention of the kinds here discussed has been directed against low temperature. Therefore, the center of civilization has tended to move into colder regions. At the same time the people in the cooler regions have been stimulated to further progress not only by the new inventions themselves, but by the lower temperature and greater variability. But practically nothing has yet been done to conquer heat in the same way. The inevitable result is that tropical countries have remained at a low level, and have rarely made any important advance in civilization except as new ideas are introduced from cooler regions. Yet in the far future there is no apparent reason why the conquest of heat as well as cold may not send the centers of civilization back once more toward the warmer regions where they started long ago.

FOREWARNED

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I *FELT it in my bones that this would not
Last through the winter. Other people store
Their apples in the cellar till they rot,
But you and I had never bargained for
A barrelful of anything—Love
Was a bright sweet windfall that we found,
Picked up and polished, never doubtful of
The moment we must toss it to the ground.
Only the moment hurts more than it should.
We were forewarned, but that is not enough,
Our brave ironic laughter is no good,
No earthly good. Old Time has called our bluff.
Spring leaves us cold, incredulous, and bored,
Poking in bins where there is nothing stored.*



TAKE YOUR CHILDREN TO EUROPE

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

SOMETIMES children are taken to Europe because parents are going abroad and prefer to have them on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean. Sometimes parents go along to Europe because they prefer to be on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean as their children.

The first time our children went to Europe, in 1910, they were merely taken along. One boy was a year and seven months old, the second son was at the ripe touristy age of four months. The trip over was as lost on him as it is on many an adult whose world centers in a meal and a place to sleep.

When we reached Hamburg and went forth on necessary errands with the nineteen-months-old heir, we drew after us an ever-increasing crowd of kindly but curious spectators. Within two hours of landing in Europe we learned the lesson that what seems the height of propriety in one land may nearly cause a riot in another. In this case it was a knitted pointed cap with a fluffy ball on the end, and white knitted sweater and leggings—the sort of winter costume worn by ninety children out of a hundred in this country. No one in Germany had ever seen anything like it. We could have charged admission.

We spent three years in Europe. When we returned to California we learned the lesson all over again. Our three- and four-year old sons were dressed as every German and English small boy was dressed (we had outfits from both countries, all of which seemed quite ordinary to our three-years-away eyes). It was like traveling with a circus.

Everyone whisperingly decided that the German costumes were bathing suits, and giggled.

When our sons came back in 1913 they spoke only German. "We'll always keep it up with them!" we said. But within two months after reaching Berkeley the boys were rebels. Daily they heard people say, "Make them talk German to us, it sounds so cute!"—or else the callers, waiting for no interpreter, essayed a fearfully pronounced, "*Sprechen Sie Doytsh?*" After a few weeks of being considered sideshows, naturally the boys "spreked" nothing when requested to perform. In no time English was the language of the day.

"*Warum hat the man gecut the Kopf from the chicken ab?*" asked Jim breathlessly, in the transition period.

"I know what dat in English is!" announced the elder brother one day, pointing to a puddle of water left by the rain.

"*Was denn?*"

"It's a poodle!"

One year later they could, or would, speak no single word of German.

We had learned another lesson. In a foreign country small children pick up a foreign language without an ounce of effort and with perfect pronunciation. Back in the United States they forget it completely. Herculean efforts may keep a semblance of a foreign language going, especially if one can afford to employ someone about the house who speaks that language and no English. But in the case of average busy sociable American parents with average busy sociable offspring, the foreign language

becomes a memory to be sighed over by parents, and not even that by the young.

For all the years which followed, we cherished the dream that when the gods saw fit, back we should rush—bag, baggage, and children—to the Europe we loved. For years if the sons went to bed promptly part of the reward was being sung the German songs they held dear: "*Hänschen Klein*," "*Kommt ein Vogel geflogen*," and "*Es regnet, es regnet, der Kuckuck wird nass*." Taking them back to Europe was as firm a part of our educational plan for them as sending them to college later. How to bring it to pass we had not one concrete idea. Yet Thoreau says of his two years at Walden, "I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary."

And in September, 1921, we found ourselves on an eastbound steamer again. Nandy was now thirteen; Jim, eleven; my daughter, five. We were to spend *two whole years* in Europe! We spent five. We couldn't have torn ourselves away after two years, nor after three, nor after four. At the end of five we were able to bid Europe farewell, though it was none too easy.

In Miss LeGallienne's recent article on educating children abroad she gave an idea of the adverse criticism which such a program encounters. Everything dire is predicted. One apparently intelligent friend even hinted that feeble-mindedness would almost inevitably result for my sons if not for my daughter. Those close enough to us to feel justified in showing any concern over dollars and cents naturally expressed little faith in my ability to finance the plan. We are a pleasant mixture of Micawber and New Testament faith in something turning up. What was our bank balance when we docked in New York harbor in 1926? Had we been immi-

grants we should have been deported. But who cared? Every cent earned abroad was immediately put into a trip here, there, or elsewhere with the children. I sold a short story—we packed off to Venice and Verona. Once some money I had lent was paid back—within a month the sons and I were bound for Spain. The most expensive touring we indulged in, a trip to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, was undertaken on expectations—wasn't a novel going to bring in many times more than enough to pay for our jaunt? That novel brought in about enough to pay for our Norwegian breakfasts. But the Norwegian breakfasts were fit for heaven. Many a best seller has never bought such breakfasts!

We managed to finance our five years in Europe, and we persist in believing we did the wise thing in staying there five years. When friend after friend had asked me hopefully if I did not feel that I had kept my children away from this country too long (to many people three months away from the United States is three months of life lost) I began to wonder myself if my assurance might not be questionable. So I cornered each son and demanded, "Tell me the absolute truth—you've been back in this country long enough by now to answer. Just exactly how do you feel about having spent five years in Europe?" Each son answered in practically the identical words, "Every day I live I'm more grateful to you for having given us that European experience." I asked the children the same question again as I began this article. "How can you ask? You know how we feel about our years in Europe, we wouldn't have missed a day!" All three children will pore by the hour over the six European memory books, albums bursting with photographs, programs, tickets, mementos of everything we did during those five years abroad. "Will you ever forget that time—!" "Wait, Jim, don't turn the page yet, I'm not ready!"

Why did we stay five years instead of

two? Why our enthusiasm over Europe as an educational experiment? In short, why Europe at all for children?

II

In certain respects I must be discouraging. Because of our enthusiasm for Europe, especially as an educational background, we have been knowingly and unknowingly responsible for something of a mild family exodus to the Old World. Recently I received a letter from Geneva asking if I were aware of the American families, or fractions of families, in Switzerland for whose presence I was wholly or in part responsible. It is a disturbing thought, since most of them may end by thanking me little if at all. If some of them are as cool toward such experiments as we are enthusiastic, I attribute it mainly to three causes.

First, most families can plan for only one year abroad. One year is enough to give adults a rich European background. It is too short a time to accomplish valuable results for American children in foreign schools. And if the children are homesick because of the new alien language, if they feel they are falling behind in their work, if they are unhappy in the midst of totally strange surroundings—comrades, school methods, sports—naturally their unhappiness reacts on the parents, and all regret leaving the old familiar haunts.

I warned them, I warned them, those who sought my advice! Children should have it least two years in a foreign school if humanly possible. It takes the greater part of the first year to become sufficiently accustomed to a foreign school to derive any great benefit from it, unless perhaps a boy or girl begins such a year already thoroughly familiar with the language, and is unusually pliable and adaptable. I never saw a more unhappy boy than our Jim during the first months at his Swiss school. He hated it all! But by the end of the first summer vacation he could hardly wait to get back. Over and over during my

five years' contact with French- and German-speaking schools I saw the same thing: *woebegone*, homesick, lost boys who couldn't make themselves understood, eating strange foods, wearing strange clothes, sitting through lessons in a strange tongue. Presto—skies cleared! They "fit-in." From that moment on their parents drew relieved and contented breaths. (Not that the difficult period of adjustment may not have had its high educational value.)

In such matters one can speak with no exactness, yet I am tempted to venture that two years of Europe have from three to four times the value of one year, plus the fact that a child has double the opportunity for travel and sightseeing (and one must always bear in mind that a very little travel and sightseeing at a time go a long way with children.)

Some over-hopeful parents beset me for detailed advice as to just how they can go about getting in one European summer what we were the richer for after five years. "We want the children—nine, seven, and four—to see all they can of Europe and get German (or French or Italian) as thoroughly as possible, but we can spend only three and a half months abroad. Where should we go?" And I tell them to stay at home. "Well, I must say you don't sound like your books!" I didn't write those books after three and a half months.

One reason why some disappointed parents upbraid me is because they insist it is French they desire their offspring to learn in one year, and it must be in a French-Swiss school. Whereupon they proceed to pick a school in which the majority of boys or girls are English-speaking, as is the case in most of the French-Swiss schools I know. The children may be happier than if they were spending a year in a really foreign school, and their mother and father get a chance to travel (which goodness knows they deserve), but the children learn little of a foreign language. I would have no objection to

such a choice if only the parents hadn't a tendency to blame me when scant French is learned and that with a Yankee accent.

The second cause for lack of enthusiasm on the part of other parents who take their children to Europe is a resentment against the attitude of foreigners toward Americans. We met so little of such unfriendliness that I can honestly say it was a negligible element in our experiment. The reasons why we met so little were perhaps twofold.

When we landed in Europe, in 1921, war psychology held devastating sway. Americans were more popular in France than they are to-day, less popular in German-speaking lands. We spent our first summer tramping and traveling through Germany. Knowing how Germans would feel, with some justification, toward Americans, we determined to speak no English in Germany; besides, this would be much better for our German. We traveled with rucksacks only, we stayed in the simplest hotels, we rode third class. People took us for Germans—Germans from some distant part of Germany, since our accents were never equal to an exact imitation of any particular locality. If they learned through friendly curiosity that we were Americans it seemed to make no difference. Time and time again we were in places where no American had ever been seen.

It was the same during the summer that we spent bicycling in France. We spoke little French to one another—my French is hopeless—but we traveled almost entirely in parts of France where American tourists were unknown. Innkeepers, French fellow-travelers, shopkeepers were full of interest in three Americans with bicycles and rucksacks, and their friendliness was never failing. The only time when we encountered aloofness—and that was hardly rudeness—was when we had to spend one night in an expensive hotel frequented by American tourists.

Americans often complain bitterly of

rude treatment at the hands of Swiss hotel-keepers and shopkeepers. Again I plead the happily mollifying influence of speaking the same language and of sampling life simply along untouristed byways. My two sons speak Swiss dialect like natives—or like a mixture of several natives, since their dialect is made up of bits of Zurich, Bern, Schaffhausen, and Appenzel. So few foreigners speak the dialect at all that it warms the cockles of Swiss hearts to be greeted with an ardent "*Wie läbsht'st?*" (I can come no nearer the dialect sound of "*Wie leben Sie?*") In Switzerland, too, we usually traveled as the Swiss do—with rucksacks and mountain boots, or with skis and sleds. The Swiss are not an impulsive, breezy race; but as for the attitude of Swiss boys toward my American sons, year after year, in school, in five Christmas vacations in the snow mountains, in a summer of mountain-climbing, on a bicycle trip across the land, I heard always the same story, "I've made the nicest new Swiss friends!" There was no single experience to make the boys feel outsiders. My daughter spent most of her time in French Switzerland. Her French was like a native's. No one ever made her feel strange. She also could and did feel perfectly at home in German-speaking Switzerland.

The third cause of our enthusiasm was our luck in enjoying good health throughout almost the entire five years. It can be a woeful thing to be sick, or have one's children sick, in a foreign land, where language, doctors, and ways are all strange. No wonder certain unlucky American families return with a vow never to travel again—and give me hard looks because they hold me in part responsible for their having crossed the Atlantic Ocean. One year abroad, and a good part of it ailing . . .

If we had had only our first year abroad! Jim was miserable almost the entire first half of his school year and just as things began to go to his liking, he came down with pneumonia,

and I spent three weeks in the hospital with him; my daughter acquired measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and mumps in her German-Swiss kindergarten; Nandy was none too enthusiastic at first over his Swiss school (the boys were separated their first year). If we had left Europe after one year neither boy would have had any facility in German, and none of the three would have learned any French at all. We had seen something of Italy, a good bit of Germany, and had had one Christmas vacation in the mountains.

The second year, that second year I plead for: French begun with the boys, fluent for the daughter, German fluent for all three, an understanding of all the school work, good friends made, homes visited. In addition, more of Italy, another and finer Swiss mountain experience at Christmas, a taste of Spain, a summer of Swiss mountain climbing plus Paris and the battlefields. The children now felt themselves an integral part of the Swiss life about them. We could have left Europe no sooner than at the end of that second summer with any feelings of real satisfaction. As a matter of fact, we couldn't have been dragged away then. And not an ailment. . . .

Even such upsets as we had over the five years, and such need of professional services, had their compensations. We found Europe such a cheap place in which to get patched up! The four of us went every six months to the dentist. True, usually there was nothing to be done but polishing. For the same sort of work as usual our first dentist's bill in this country was a few dollars more than the combined bills of our two American-trained Swiss dentists during the whole five years abroad!

In Berlin I had a serious eye infection, my only mishap in the five years. Indeed, I was threatened with blindness. When I realized the seriousness of the situation I at once sought out Doctor Vogt, head of the University Eye Clinic in Zurich, who is considered by many the greatest oculist in Europe. His

treatments lasted over five months although I visited him personally only some six times. The total charges were under thirty dollars—and the result was two good eyes.

We had one slight operation in the family. They tell me that in this country it would have cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars. The Swiss specialist charged ten dollars for everything.

If you feel an ache or a pain coming on—Sail! (Or perhaps listen to a few stories of the other kind of luck first.)

III

When I sailed for Europe with two sons of thirteen and eleven and a daughter of five, I had not the slightest notion that I was escaping any difficulties in the raising of modern young people. I left these shores to add to our store of culture in a way not possible in the new United States. Only little by little did I begin to realize how easy I had thereby made my own lot as parent. And not until our return to this country have I been fully aware of the problems I never had to face.

Take for one thing the automobile. It has brought manifold blessings to humanity, yet sometimes it adds to a parent's perplexities. In Switzerland we knew about the same class of people we know in this country, only not so many, of course; yet we had been abroad four years before we possessed a single friend who owned an automobile, nor did such a state of affairs ever strike us as in the least strange. It would be safe to say the children rode in automobiles (not counting Paris taxicabs) five times in the five European years. How did the Swiss get around? How did the Parkers get around? They walked, they rode bicycles. In Zurich one rode in spotless blue-and-white street cars. For long distances there were trains. Not so pleasant, that, as a car, I admit. But is not life lived at a more wholesome pace if you and all the people you know walk and ride bicycles?

Again, take the movies. What I escaped when we packed ourselves off to an almost movieless life! "Can't I go to the movies this afternoon? All the boys—or all the girls—are going!" Did I hear that week after week in Europe? I never heard it once. Oh, yes, we went to the movies now and then, perhaps ten times in five years, except that during the last four months in London the boys and I went oftener. We could seldom afford the London theaters and were able to pick out some excellent "pictures." Certain European countries, Austria and Germany for instance, did not allow children under sixteen—in some parts eighteen—in the movies. We were debarred on several occasions when we thought to rest our weary feet in the midst of sight-seeing—and from such innocuous films!

Can anyone say that day in, day out, year in, year out, having young people see a newspaper practically devoid of any hint of scandal is not an advantage as compared with living where the newspapers have scandal plastered over and through them three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? Compare almost any American paper with our daily *Zürcher Zeitung* or the *Journal de Genève*. Is almost total lack of offensive news, and five years of no comic strips, a detriment to the young?

We have come to accept the tremendous emphasis upon sport and athletics in the lives of many, if not most, of our school children. It has its benefits, I know; yet I cannot help sighing for the utter simplicity of the play life in the European schools I know. (I came in contact with no girls' schools where enough athletics were indulged in.) There is as yet too little group play in foreign schools, with the education which that involves. But if I had to choose between the too little of our Swiss school, and the overemphasis on teams and games and victories in this country, I should choose the Swiss alternative. The ideal is somewhere between the two. The great thing in

Switzerland is that boys of all ages have much to talk about besides sport, and life has a multitude of interests, sport being merely one of them and not overshadowing all else.

What was Sport Day in the Swiss school? Competition in jumping, running, throwing this and that (swimming and tennis events came later)—an American field day minus so much as the thought of a single spectator. There was keen excitement among the boys themselves. It had formerly been the custom to distribute prizes on the evening of Sport Day, but it was finally decided that the most appropriate recognition of athletic prowess was merely the laurel wreath of old. No cups, no letters, no publicity of any sort. Yet there was no less enthusiasm on that account.

Switzerland has not the blessings or otherwise of prohibition, and what that means for good or ill to the present young people of the land. From what I know of Switzerland and from what I have seen and heard of this country, I should say that for the present it is an advantage to be the mother of sons in Switzerland rather than in the United States. Every day I feel more sure that our five years of a sane and unemphasized attitude toward wine and beer abroad (did we ever let the having or not having of either mean five minutes' conversation?) has been a decided asset in helping us to face the American's hectic overemphasis upon the whole problem. Having nothing to drink in this country means nothing at all in our lives. Being able to drink wine or beer abroad when we wanted it meant just so much and no more—something very pleasant indeed if we chose the right label and something very unpleasant if we didn't.

"My dear, the moral tone of to-day—did you find it as unfortunate for your young people abroad as it is in this country?" By moral tone people mean sex tone. (The word *moral* shrinks and shrinks.) European parents, too, think

their children face moral perdition and ask one another, "What are our young people coming to?" But their idea of "lax relations between the sexes" is what ours would have been twenty years or so ago. They contrast the present only with their own past, which was a past so stilted, so unhuman, so supervised that any easy association at all between well brought up young males and females was as good as unheard of. Our difficulty in Europe was that my boys did not see enough of girls, my girl not enough of boys. The boys looked forward to knowing American girls. Jim's comment after five Cambridge parties was that he was becoming a bit weary of wholesome girls getting their teeth straightened. The sons have five lean romanceless years to make up for.

IV

Music—what a difference! I know that in certain localities in the United States marvelous things are being done to encourage the young musically. Yet we shall have to wait generations before music can mean to Americans what it does to any of the German-speaking peoples. From an old *Simplicissimus*:

"Our child is a Wonderchild!"

"So, what instrument does he play?"

"Our child plays *no* instrument!"

Two illustrations I always cite to give a hint of the attitude toward music abroad. The time came for us to leave our fascinating sixteenth-century Swiss cloister jutting out into the Rhine. The children were told they could have a farewell party our last Sunday afternoon. I consulted with the Herr and Frau Professor who owned the cloister and lived in the abbot's apartment upstairs, and we decided that my sons might invite six boys, making eight in all. We feared the antiques would not safely stand more. On the appointed day when the ancient cloister cord was pulled I opened the door to thirty-three. The sons had early learned the ease

of inclusive as against exclusive list-making.

My American heart was horrified. Whatever would happen to a sixteenth-century cloister and its antiques with thirty-three active healthy Swiss youngsters between the ages of twelve and eighteen turned loose in it? In this country the place would have been wrecked. Small cause I had to worry in Stein am Rhein. The afternoon was given over mainly to music. Most of the boys had walked the seven miles from the school at Glarisegg, some rode bicycles. Only those who carried 'cellos and violins came in the train. Almost every mother's son of them played that afternoon, solos, duets, trios, quartettes. There were a few games, expanded from plans for eight to thirty-three; there was some food, expanded from plans for eight to thirty-three. The afternoon was a success—the boys' music made it so. When I tried to explain that such an afternoon would have been more or less impossible in the United States, I gave among other reasons the fact that so many families could not afford music lessons for their children. An older Swiss boy looked at me with round eyes. "But Frau Parker, one doesn't speak of *affording* music lessons!"

I might as well have remarked, "You must realize that in America many families can't afford to feed their children."

My second illustration is the gala festivity which took place in Vienna when the great of the city were invited to celebrate the seven-hundredth time four amateurs had played quartette together—four friends who had lived through that enriching (though no doubt at times disputatious) experience and deemed it worthy of a fitting and honorable ceremony.

How easy to have boys as well as girls grow to love great music abroad! How next to impossible, by comparison, in this country! Oh, yes, they "take lessons" here. They "study" piano, violin, 'cello, voice. How deep it all

goes is not hard to discover. Turn your American boy or girl loose in a room with a victrola and records. What will be played? Jazz, nineteen jazz records to one piece of lasting music. What do they play when they sit down at the piano for a few carefree moments when they are not practicing? Jazz.

I was much impressed by a certain young man at a Sunday dinner in New York. "He plays the piano marvelously," I was informed. "We must get him to play after dinner." I was starved for just that—to curl up in a corner again while someone with loving fingers roamed from Bach to Schumann and from Chopin to Schubert. Not once since my return to this country had I enjoyed such a treat.

I sought the corner of a big davenport. The young man sat down at the piano. Out came such soul-tormenting sounds as one should be made to listen to only for punishment. He knew everything Irving Berlin had ever composed and played his manifold works with original bangings of jazz variations. "Isn't he a marvel?" the guests asked one another.

I knew no one with a radio in Europe. Do you desire music of an evening in Vienna, in Zurich, in Munich? Herr Doktor plays the 'cello, Frau Doktor his accompaniment, their son Adolph the violin. And after music, or instead of music—conversation. Yes, conversation. In these states it is too often "Turn on the radio," or "Let's go to the movies." Which after all is no net loss if one has nothing to talk about.

Another advantage of Switzerland—it makes possible the bringing up of American children without a shred of race prejudice. No matter how tolerant parents may be, there is always the danger that children may unwittingly pick up from their associates regrettable aversions, however slight, to Jews or negroes or Wops or Japs or whoever the butt of their particular locality may be. Our three went to Europe with no race or national prejudices whatever. They

came back five years later—I was going to say with no race or national prejudices whatever. And yet they have a slight animosity toward the French—mainly a holdover from Poincaré's Ruhr policy together with some unfortunate contacts in their French school.

I listened to a doubter cross-question my elder son, then a Freshman at Harvard. "Let me ask you a direct question. You go out for football practice; a negro and a white student are standing near you. Which boy would you address first?"

Without hesitation Nandy answered, "The negro."

"Why, but—you're just saying that to be—"

"I mean it." The boy was evidently honest. "There are a lot of bores at Harvard. I haven't talked to a negro there who hasn't been more interesting than the average run of white students."

V

The last advantage of Europe is something very intangible and yet very good for young and old. There is more emphasis on the cultural, less on the commercial things of life. An American can spend five years abroad so living that the possession of money seems indeed insignificant compared with what it would mean in the United States. It is possible to unearth just as much commercialism in many parts of Europe as one finds right here; it is possible to find people in this country who are untainted by commercialism, but the general atmosphere is different.

Is there not something to be said for educating children in a land where education is so respected that each year new secondary school teachers are for the most part recruited from among the more brilliant university men? What type of male teacher for young boys and girls does our attitude toward education all too often produce? What even of the desire to have one's sons brought up, especially if they have no father, in a

land where in every branch of education men teachers predominate?

I too, like Miss LeGallienne, had ardent desires for world-mindedness in my children, for internationalism as against the type of "patriotism" fostered in this country after the War, and by numerous "patriotic" organizations since then. One *can* teach a foreign language to a child in the United States; one *can* instill a love of the finest in music in the heart of a child who never leaves these shores; one *can* bring up a child whose ideas and ideals will not stop with a halt at national boundary lines. Does the value of the results increase proportionally with the difficulty of realizing them? I argued that a child would learn internationalism in Switzerland without being taught; he would become an unconscious internationalist. I still believe it. My boys and girl spent five years of their lives living, playing, learning among Swiss and a sprinkling of German, Swedish, Italian, Czech, Austrian, French, Belgian, English, Hungarian children—such a conglomeration of nationalities as one is apt to find in Swiss boarding schools. In

our vacations we traveled into every possible land. We lived for a time in London and Vienna. All three of the children had a chance to see the League of Nations at work. Could I conceivably bring back to their native land three "hundred per centers" to add to the dead weight of national arrogance and aloofness? One of the main reasons for our going to Europe was that I might return with three Americans possessed of a breadth of vision and understanding which might be of some use in the service of the Republic.

Have they, after their five years abroad, found it difficult to fit into their own country's ways? What does one mean by "fitting in"? Absolute acceptance of everything American? Not even your modern witch-hunter does that. They are happy and they are open-minded. Travel young, for youth is the age of fitting in abroad. Return home still young, for youth is the age of fitting in at home. A parent's concern may be over the natural tendency of the young, as of the old, to fit into their environments too unquestioningly.





THE SENSE OF THE FUTURE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN EARLIER days, before we were all divided into the tough-minded and the tender-minded, introverts and extraverts, and kindred categories, we were frequently listed as optimists or pessimists. Very few adults, I take it, were really either one or the other. The pessimist was the man who insured himself mentally against the shock of catastrophe by pretending to expect it; the optimist attempted to avert disaster by denying it. Both were to some extent practitioners of verbal magic. It worked, as magic does. The pessimist contrived never to be thoroughly disappointed, and the optimist managed never to be wholly discouraged. Dickens isolated both mentalities, and in the same book—Mrs. Gummidge and Mr. Micawber. Really complete types are to be found only in art—we human beings botch perfection daily with contradictions and complexities. Yet there were, and still are, roughly speaking, two such groups: you could prove it by their mutual hostility. Was it Oliver Herford, or someone else, who said that a pessimist was a man who had been intimately acquainted with an optimist? Yes, there was—there is—a hint of generic difference: a matter of temperament rather than of philosophy.

Fortunately, one never has actually to live with either Mrs. Gummidge or Mr. Micawber. As we said, those pure and perfect attitudes are practically never incarnated. The pessimist often turned cheerful on your hands, and the optimist frequently registered gloom. For this reason we avoided civil war.

Apart from intensely and intimately

personal problems, I know of no field on which these antagonistic types clash more inveterately and inevitably than the politico-social. The most fortunate pessimist could always be depressed about his community and the race in general, and the most luckless optimist could center his hopes in mankind; and nobody could authoritatively contradict either of them when they spoke in those large terms. The future was certainly the shibboleth that most authentically separated them. The difference has been more emphasized than ever since the War; for the War, which rent the planet, brought the riven and scattered elements back together in intimate and terrible shock. Millions of people who, before the War never considered the planet, have learned to consider it—however ignorantly. Even in the United States we have had to become aware of races, nations, problems not officially our own. So one has a chance to see the optimist-pessimist clash where one did not see it before; for everyone, nowadays, has something to say about general problems.

What is nearest the hearts of most of us is America. We cannot remain Allies forever; ten years after the War, to be pro-British or pro-French is mere Jacobitism—outdated. After the wrench of the War it is harder than it used to be, to be parasitic to Europe. If we wanted to be European, we could not—Europe would have none of us. One is not necessarily proud of being an American: one simply is, as one has brown eyes or blue, and one acts accordingly. Being an American is a funda-

mental, inalterable thing—not like being a conservative or a radical, a Republican or a Democrat. We may delight in it or regret it: we must in either case base our attitude to the world upon the fact.

The boosting and ballyhoo, the "God's own country," the provincial materialism, of the United States, our pathetic pride in commercial success, our brash readiness to exchange traditions for absurdities that can never become traditions, our easy-going boisterousness and our strange sectarian fervors, our willingness to declare non-existent what does not please us, have all combined to make us appear the most optimistic folk on earth. The man "from Missouri" has always had childish Missourian delusions of his own. To suggest that most Americans are perhaps not optimistic enough probably sounds strange. And yet, in a certain sense, it is coming to be true. Large numbers of civilized Americans have, within two decades, lost most of their optimism, and are among the most melancholy people on earth when they envisage the future. Since the War we seem to be stunned and awaiting catastrophe. Those of us who have looked to Europe all our lives, kept within our fingers the frail thread of historic continuity, have seen a hostile grin on the face of Europe, or felt the thread snap. For the last ten years I have seen my acquaintance divide between a general mundane dismay and a pathetic pretense that red revolution would be at least interesting. Change, political, social, international, has been so overwhelming in our own lifetimes that we cling to the present moment. The ship of state has become, in our eyes, a raft. Most of our talk is annotating Heraclitus.

All this seems to be less a moral than an intellectual matter. What one sees oneself and a lot of other people losing is not faith, not courage, but the actual sense of the future. No one greatly likes the look of the future except the born iconoclasts, the people who love smashing for its own sake, and want a

"kick" from life even if they die of the kick. Most Americans, however, are not like that; and not greatly liking the look of the future, we have—naturally, perhaps—ceased habitually to look at it. Thereby we cripple ourselves.

What one comes to feel, as one wanders about this great land of ours and talks with many people of many kinds, is that there is here a real cleavage of types. Both optimist and pessimist had a very vivid sense of the future; they differed merely as to its nature. Both took it heavily into account. This is something different, and categories seem to be reshaping themselves. Out of both ranks a group is forming that does not reckon with the future at all; that deliberately excludes the future from the present. That seems to me to take nearly all the decoration out of the house of life, if not to darken the window permanently.

To talk with people who still reckon with the future is like having a landscape where there was only a blank wall. More than that, it is like being an American among Americans again. That the sense of the future should pass out of American mentality is a monstrous joke; for Americans, more than any other Western nation, have lived on hope. To be pioneers for three hundred and fifty years, scrapping every year as soon as another began—yes, we have been shockingly extravagant of material wealth and of moral experience—bred in us disdain of the past; but we staked everything, "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor," on the future. Now, we have only a present. Where this is true, personal happiness is on the decline. I think, if we look searchingly about us, we shall have to admit that personal happiness *is* on the decline. This fact, when perceived, has been attributed to many causes: to the loss of religious faith and the popularizing of science with its belittling of man; to the hysteric greed of a materialistic civilization and the satiety that follows; to the nervous wear and tear of the age of machines and

inhuman speed; to the breaking down of conventions that kept us in safe and comfortable ruts. I imagine that dropping the future out of our daily lives is as responsible as any of these. As a social group, we are losing the sense of the future—that intimate inclusion of it in our personal scheme which was once typically American. It would not be accurate to say that we are turning pessimistic, for the pessimist, we agreed, kept the future much in mind. He was always allowing it to ruin a perfectly good present.

II

No grown-up person, we may take it, expects a plan to work infallibly, or a dream to force its own fulfilment. A world of proverbs has always been there to warn us of our impotence. Yet it is foolish not to plan, and not to dream; and less and less do I meet people who do either—beyond the limits of next week. I realize their rareness by the shock, as of light itself turned upon darkness, when I meet people who do: who add to the joy of the moment the prevision of joys to come; who entertain a reasonable expectation that life will be a more satisfying thing ten years hence than it is now; who take the future to their hearts and hearths, loving it in advance, like an unborn child. They do not seem Utopians, these people, while I spend comfortable hours with them. They know that catastrophe is ever imminent, and make their mental reservations. Yet they know also that the future is what is going to happen, and they mean, within human capability, to make certain things happen rather than others. Eventually we shall have this and this, do thus and so; and meanwhile we will create the causes of those logical results. We will plant for the garden we really want, knowing that trees and shrubs will grow; though we may never be able to have the complete house of our dreams, we will cannily decide on the essential features of it—something we *can* have: space, or sun, or

one great window with a view. We will work to an end; and if we are unexpectedly frustrated, we shall at least have had the satisfaction of preoccupying ourselves with something bigger and more exciting than the mere work itself—namely, the work *plus* its result. In other words, we will be constructive; architects, not day laborers.

All this sounds, perhaps, like something broadcasted at eleven in the morning, when most radio fans are busy elsewhere. Yet we owe America to the prevalence of that gay philosophy. A critic has recently written of the harm done us, spiritually, intellectually, and aesthetically, by the pioneers. One wonders with what type he would have liked to replace them. That the pioneer was destructive and wasteful, one does not deny. But if the pioneer was pure loot and destruction, how comes it that Oregon and California are so different from Mexico and Peru, where the pioneer invaders were notoriously mere looters and destroyers? The same critic, if I remember, reproaches the pioneers with their log cabins. A great many good citizens have lived in log cabins, but most of them had no intention of living in log cabins forever—nor did they. They saw in their hearts the houses they would live in—and, in surprising numbers, those houses came into being. In surprising numbers, the communities that dream realize their dreams. I was discussing recently with an old friend the future of a new institution in a city that is large, though very young, even as American cities reckon youth. I was disposed to doubt its future: to doubt there being enough intelligence, enough genius, you may say, locally available, for the pursuit and achievement of a grandiose plan. I will not record our discussion. There was a hint, in my friend's talk, of *solvetur ambulando*; of confidence in future accretions of intelligence and inspiration, as well as of wealth; of the belief that the plan in itself would to some extent evolve, create, its own fulfilment. The citizens had a

geographical site, and an imaginative intention: these would suffice. And, in all probability, they will. But if you do not see, beside your log cabin, on your empty acres, those other structures, as yet incorporeal but, for you, of a reality only deferred—you will probably perpetuate your log cabin, you yourself denying actuality to the dream. You range yourself with all the uncreative minds that have hampered history. Moreover, you curtail your own legitimate happiness. We should have two presents, not one; to-day, and the morrow which we may as well embrace, since it will surely come.

I am well aware that skyscrapers and tunnels and bridges and dams and irrigation works continue to be projected and built in this great country of ours. Commercially, industrially, corporations still venture much. Yet the average intelligent citizen is certainly less happy, in spite of the new releasing creeds, than he was a few decades ago. There are many reasons for the decline of happiness among the intelligent, some of which have been hinted at, and not least of the reasons, I believe, is that we tend to stand pat on what we have, and refuse to dream. For too many, the sense of the future is atrophied. Let no one pounce on the word "dream" as a give-away. There are dreams and dreams. The dream which is an escape from life, an anodyne, a fairy-tale we tell ourselves to put ourselves to sleep, has its value, and most of us keep a few such on hand for bad days. We shed, for a little, our own characters and possibilities, and are refreshed thereby. Unhappy indeed must be the man or woman who does not keep a dream or two going! I am speaking, just now, of another sort of vision: the dream that marshals known facts as precisely as a blue-print, the dream that has intention in it, the dream that gives one definite work to do, the dream that rejects impossibilities as heartlessly as does a balance-sheet. Every parent knows that children are incalculable, and will surely contradict

their breeding and training at one point if not at many. Yet no good parent turns fatalist about his child. He does his best to guide it to a certain physical and mental condition. A dream, perhaps, but a creative and a reasoned dream. And one in which he reckons with the future as a fact not wholly unforeknowable or unmalleable.

III

After the fashion of the verbalist, I am haunted by inconsiderable phrases out of the great welter of printed books. Perhaps no one else condescends to remember *Marcella*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. *Marcella* (who ate her cake and had it, too) described herself, I believe, as a Venturist—Venturists, I suppose, were Bolsheviks in leg-o'-mutton sleeves and padded coats. Anyhow, she was an unconscionable young Radical, and upset the village by trying to create new schemes for the sales of local basket-work. Better conditions of labor, direct sales, higher prices—something of that sort. Jimmy Gedge was the local middleman and villain. The schemes somehow did not work—*Marcella* was very young, and, besides, destined by Mrs. Ward to marry a rich and not precisely Radical peer. "I reckon Jimmy Gedge'll last my time," mutters one crone who goes away from *Marcella* disappointed, with her baskets. "I reckon Jimmy Gedge'll last my time" I have murmured many times in twenty-five years. We all say it with disgust, if we are young; more hopefully, after we have endured as much disaster as we care about, and are tired of youth's incessant gleeful talk of tumbrils. But it is a fatal thing to say too often. We perpetuate Jimmy Gedge by declaring it.

America has notoriously had little faith in the permanence of Jimmy Gedge. No civilized nation has ever lived so inveterately in companionship with the future. We have been a by-word, for this, among the older countries.

Curious, to see the very spirit of America changing before one's eyes. . . . Curious, to see that long handclasp slackening, and the future abandoned. Yet, except for the political and religious and commercial quacks with an axe to grind and a public to gull, Americans seem to be falling back, in their personal philosophies, on Jimmy Gedge. International, even national, destinies are no affair of mine, and it is not on the political or economic, or even on the philosophic or scientific score, that I would argue for bringing back the future into our most practical meditations. Simply on the score of personal happiness—of deeper breathing and more fun. When I meet, now, a man or a woman who treats the future as if it belonged to him, no more but no less than past and present belong to him, who acts not as if each day were to be his last, but as if he could trust the sun to rise for him as it has a habit of doing, who means to have something to say about what that sun shall shine on, who is neither gambler nor fatalist, but whose attitude to his personal destiny is consciously creative, I come perilously near knowing what they mean by "uplift."

Perilously, I say, because "uplift," in so far as I have met it, takes too little cognizance of facts. I should not like to be uplifted by Glenn Frank or Dr. Frank Crane—I should fall too far and too hard. That sort of uplift is levitation, and I am too matter-of-fact to practice it. I cannot feel with Miss Philura (alas! that I forget both her author and her exact title) that everything I desire exists for me in some divine storehouse, and that I have only to order it as confidently as I would order it from Sears, Roebuck, and it will come—clothes, money, love, anything. "Prayer," someone said to me in my early youth, "is an attempt to hypnotize the secret forces of the universe." I have my own notions of prayer, which are quite different. Miss Philura, however—who did not pray, who merely sent in her order and waited for it to be delivered—was

hypnotizing those forces. In the little book, she got away with it. No: I am not recommending that anyone should be either Miss Philura or Mr. Micawber. One must be very alert, and not a little suspicious—hard-boiled, if you like—to dream constructively. One has to cut out improbabilities, and define the possible very cannily. But if one has a reasonable, you might say a plausible, desire, which in the nature of things cannot be immediately satisfied, why not enjoy tinkering with it, fitting it to conditions and conditions to it; why not enlarge one's landscape by living mentally with the prospect of that desire fulfilled? Why not include the future in to-day—provided one does not confuse the present with the future job? Surely the people who work at their dreams as well as play at them, are the happiest. Frustration is as common as grasshoppers; but folk who, for that reason, refuse to adopt a creative attitude to their own destinies are missing much. They are shutting themselves up with only carbon monoxide to breathe. Sooner or later, their associates breathe it, too, and we are all unhappy together, as Mr. Glowry recommended. In America, above all, this should not be done.

IV

For, as it is only the sensualist who lives wholly in the present, and most people must live partly in past or future, the American spirit had to make its choice. For every historic, economic, geographic, ethnic reason, we chose the future to recreate our minds in. We ignored the past both deliberately and instinctively. We became vulgar, destructive pioneers who lived in log cabins. We

. . . heard the mile-wide mutterings of
unimagined rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw
illimitable plains.

(Not so vulgar, if you ask me.) Ignoring the past, we lost much that would

have been supremely useful to us. We took the future instead, and made the most we could of that. True, we could have made more of the future if we had kept the past with us as well; but it is now too late to repine or change. A European, draping himself from head to foot in the past, might be dignified if pathetic; an American doing the same would be pathetic, and absurd as well. . . . "What you say is true," said my friend, "and yet I think they will be justified. In fifty years, I believe, they will have something absolutely of the first order." My interlocutor's brown eyes glowed with the pleasure of what would probably exist in fifty years, when the brown eyes would be closed forever. It shook me a little; for I realized how many of my friends are able, nowadays, to conceive vividly, and actually rejoice in, only those things on which their fingers can close at the moment—something just coming into being, or mummified, by dead hands, for their possessing.

It is perhaps natural that we should find this joy, this logic, this attitude, more common in the western portion of our continent than here at home. It is the newest part of America and, in our national history, the youngest. Also, the mere emptiness of much of the West, the great reaches of desert and plain, with their attributes of beauty and silence and space, make a thinking man more thoughtful yet. What he thinks of—unless he is a geologist—is, inevitably, the future. There are no mistakes to rectify, even to contemplate; only potentialities. In spite of oneself, one

rediscovers the bright lexicon of youth. But a suggestive landscape should not be necessary to this gayer and saner point of view: nor is it. Every one of us, East or West, has an inestimable interval stretching between himself and dissolution, and nothing was ever accomplished by acting as if this day were to be one's last. To fashion that interval, annexing to-morrow to to-day, taking comfort from logic and the law of averages, and treating the future as if it were partly plastic, is the part of wisdom. And certainly, for Americans, "indicated."

When we stop patting and pulling and molding and loving the future, we stop being real Americans. Considering that we cannot, at any price, be anything else, that is foolish. It is perhaps rather hard to perfect one's own type; impossible, in one's own person, to perfect another's. One need not be sectional, or chauvinist; indeed, to designate any portion of the planet as "God's country" is to insult not only other portions, but the Deity Himself. Yet since we ourselves belong to our own group and origins, we must find happiness within certain conditions of race and situation. Our genius must be the genius of that race and situation. It is no use trying to be early Egyptian. Platitudes, yes. . . . But one sees many Americans contracting, not expanding, their type. For one of the greatest American gifts was that intimate and vivid sense of the future. We seem at the moment nationally disinclined to cultivate that sense; but let us not lose it, until we must, out of our personal lives.



The Lion's Mouth



POET AND PUBLISHER

BY DAVID MCCORD

THE poet knocked on the publisher's door.

"Come in," said a voice.

The poet went in.

"Yes?" queried the publisher.

"No," whispered the poet, for he was alert though shy. "I have a volume of verse."

"Is that a feather on your trousers?" asked the publisher.

"It's a hole," said the poet, glancing down.

"It doesn't matter," said the publisher. "I only wondered."

"I wonder myself sometimes," said the poet. "There are one hundred and forty-three pages of wonder in this manuscript, excluding the title-page, the half-title, the dedication, and three blank sheets. I typed them myself."

"The blank sheets?" asked the publisher, though not unkindly.

"The poems," corrected the poet.

"Did you write them too?" asked the publisher.

"On the backs of envelopes," replied the poet.

"Bills?" mused the publisher.

"Yes," answered the poet.

"Are they cheerful?" said the publisher.

"Did you ever see a cheerful bill?" replied the poet.

"I was referring to the poems," said the publisher.

"No," said the poet. "I wrote them when I was young."

"I'm sorry," said the publisher. "We have three sad poets on our list already."

"But I'm not sad," said the poet. "I only use sad words."

"How sad?" asked the publisher. "Say me some."

"Love," said the poet.

"Love is always sad," said the publisher, plucking an imaginary blond hair from his coat. "Say me some others."

"Tears," said the poet.

"Ah, yes," said the publisher. "I had forgotten about tears. Would you mind shedding a few?"

The poet shed several which fell noisily across his manuscript.

"Here, here," interrupted the publisher, and it could be seen that he was moved. "You are getting it all wet. Say me some more."

"Love," sobbed the poet.

"You said that first."

"Sorry," said the poet.

"You mean 'sorrow,'" corrected the publisher.

"Pain," said the poet. "And misery."

"What do you rime that with?" interrupted the publisher.

"I don't," replied the poet. "I use it internally."

"How very medicinal," remarked the publisher.

"Death," finished the poet.

"I could fancy you were coming to that," said the publisher.

"We all come to it," said the poet in a nasty way that poets have.

"Have you written nothing since you were older?" asked the publisher, as he regained a grip on himself.

"Too much," said the poet in a rather surprising way.

"What is it like?" pursued the publisher.

"It isn't," said the poet. "It is different."

"You mean you don't punctuate," said the publisher.

"No," replied the poet. "I do."

"You mean you don't capitalize, then," continued the publisher.

"Generously," said the poet.

"You have a new form?"

"No new form."

"How pagan," said the publisher.

"I prefer you when you were sad; let me run through this manuscript."

"Let me read it to you," urged the poet.

"No," refused the publisher. "I cry easily."

"Very well," said the poet.

"Which blank page am I on?" asked the publisher.

"The second," said the poet, glancing at it.

"Where's the first one?"

"You must have read it."

"So I have."

"There is a quality to this," said the publisher, putting an expression on his face. He had read the first poem, which made no sense at all.

"I like it," said the poet.

"That makes two of us," said the publisher absently. "Perhaps we can get a bookseller to find a third."

"A third?" asked the poet.

"A reader," said the publisher. "Every book should have a reader. Even yours."

"Then you will print me?" cried the poet delightedly.

"I may as well," said the publisher. "Every publishing house should have a few losing poets. Are you a good loser?"

"I have lost everything."

"You speak with great personal pride," said the publisher.

The following year the poet called again. This time he walked straight in.

"Hello," said the publisher.

"Hello," said the poet. "I have a new book."

"Is it as bad as the first one?" asked the publisher, though again not unkindly.

"I think so," said the poet.

"I hope it's no better," said the publisher. "We've got to get the public used to you."

In the third year the poet wrote a third book. The publisher printed it in Caslon italics and bound it in black boards with a gold shelf-mark. Certain pages he left uncut, so that the reader felt no obligation to consume the whole thing. This made it convenient. There were a number of misprints. These made it valuable.

The fourth year the poet called again.

"Hello," said the publisher. "Got another book?"

"No," said the poet. "I've an idea."

"Fancy it coming now," mused the publisher. "You've been holding out on me."

"I've been thinking," began the poet.

"Will the critics know?" asked the publisher parenthetically.

"That you can bring out my selected poems," pursued the poet.

"Who will select them?" asked the publisher.

"I will," said the poet.

"Take every third one then," suggested the publisher. "I have always been lucky with threes."

The fifth year the publisher spoke first.

"Another idea?" he said.

"Yes," admitted the poet.

"They're coming fast," said the publisher. "One of these years you'll have two."

"This is a good one," said the poet.

"I'm glad of that," said the publisher contrastingly.

"Bring out my collected poems."

The publisher fainted.

The sixth year the publisher would have been out if the poet had not surprised him. He came in through the window.

"Hello," he said.

The publisher sighed. "Don't tell me you've got a posthumous volume on you?"

"No," said the poet.

"Or another idea?"

"Yes," said the poet. "You must have me discovered."

"You aren't an island," said the publisher. "How can I?"

"I'm a poet."

"Well, you're not a dead poet," said the publisher, "though I often wish you were."

"My poems are," said the poet. "It's the same thing."

The publisher didn't understand this.

"Who will discover you?" he asked.

"I will," said the poet. "Under a false name."

"John Drinkwater?" suggested the publisher.

"No," said the poet.

"Thomas Hardy?"

"No," said the poet.

"Buster Keaton?"

"No," said the poet.

"*Pro Bono Publico*? That's a good one."

"I shall find it," said the poet.

So in the sixth year the poet "discovered" himself in a long article which was printed in a literary journal. He said he was neglected. He was. He said he was important. He wasn't. He said he was coming into his own. Heigh ho!

During the week that the article appeared the publisher had three telephone calls asking if this neglected poet was the same one who had written that terrible book (which they spelled out for him). After that things quieted down.

"Hello," said the poet some days after.

"Hello," whispered the publisher from his couch. He was a broken man. "Go away and die."

"I have a little thing here," began the poet. His shirt was like shredded wheat.

"So have I," said the publisher, peering into the cartridge chamber. "I hope I don't have to use it."

"It begins like this," said the poet. There was soup on his waistcoat.

"But it ends like this," said the publisher, with a slight squeeze of the trigger-finger.

There was a small report. A manuscript fluttered to the ground. It had a bullet hole in the second stanza.

"I'm sorry you did that," said the poet, weakly, from the floor.

"So am I, in a way," said the publisher.

"Do you fancy I will sell now?" asked the poet. He was dying rapidly.

"Sure," said the publisher in his old cheerful manner.

The poet fumbled at the typewritten sheets.

"What do you think of this line?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't like to say," said the publisher. "You're a dying man."

"So I am," said the poet. "Where are you going to bury me?"

"I shall have you remaindered," said the publisher. "I always have."

"I'm glad I didn't hear that," breathed the poet with some satisfaction.

He was already quite dead.



THERE ARE NO POST CARDS IN PATAGONIA

BY PHILIP WAGNER

NOW that our friends are all in Europe for the summer, Helen and I are trying once more to decide what to do with the picture post cards they send us. This (to use the jargon of international diplomacy) was a Question three years ago. Two years ago it became a Problem. And last year we began to think we had a full-fledged Menace on our hands. We are now quite desperate. We face each day's mail with morbid dread—dread of find-

ing in it another view of the walled city of Carcassonne or of the water front at Marseilles. We already have an even dozen strip post cards of the walled city and at least ten of the water front. We want no more of either.

There was a time when Helen and I heard the call of Europe. Friends of ours were marrying right and left and all of them were going to Europe for their wedding trips. Others, unmarried, were signing up for tourist third-class voyages, which, so we were assured, offered such a delightfully informal way of getting across the Atlantic. Others of more adventurous spirit were arranging to cross on cattle boats, or by polishing silver, or by swabbing decks, or (in the case of several girls) by acting as understewardesses whose chief duty was to hold the heads of sick old ladies. Some of our wealthier friends were planning luxurious tours which involved the renting of expensive motor cars. A few whose inclinations were toward scholarship were planning several months of bliss at the inevitable Sorbonne. They went about for months muttering darkly about *lycées* and all sorts of things.

Helen and I were disturbed by all this hustle and bustle. A quite disgusting poverty required that we get to work while the words of the college valedictorian were yet ringing in our ears; and so we entered the service of Industry at just about the time our friends were starting to fight the European customs officers.

We first heard from England. A thoughtful friend sent us a picture post card showing Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare (1564-1616). A few days later a view of Lord Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square popped up in our mail. And our first picture of Buckingham Palace followed shortly after it. But these were mere preliminary sprinklings. The deluge really started when our friends began to reach Paris. How well we both remember our first post card picture of the cathedral of Notre Dame! The friend who sent it was very faithful and fol-

lowed it with views of the Jardin des Tuileries looking toward the Avenue des Champs Elysées, of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Place Vendôme, of the Avenue at Versailles, and of the Place de l'Opéra, in rapid succession. Details were filled in by other friends. There was one who specialized in panoramic views of Paris taken from every conceivable position. Another exercised his good taste by sending us pictures of famous statues, such as the Winged Victory of Samothrace and Venus de Milo.

But Paris was not the only place on the continent from which post cards were sent. No, indeed! Provence was a popular shipping point. We found out what the Maison Carrée at Nîmes looks like. A view of certain Cloisters at Arles was sent us by one who had our edification at heart, and a lovely card showing An Old Hill Town of Provence. As I say, we have also learned about the walled city of Carcassonne from practically everyone who has taken passage during the last three years.

And of course there was our friend the Hispanomaniac, who showered us with cards from every post office in the Iberian peninsula. Salamanca, the cathedral of Burgos (with a pretty close-up of one of the towers, showing all the carving), the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra, the monastery at Montserrat, the old Roman Aqueduct at Segovia, the old Roman bridge at Toledo: the beauties of all were brought to our attention by this diligent friend. He even added a nice view of the Main Watchtower to our Carcassonne collection.

It is unnecessary to go farther. A catalogue of our collection would require many stout octavo volumes. I need only mention a few outstanding items, such as the Baths at Baden Baden, the Beach at Biarritz, the Nordfjord, the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, and the Probable Site of Calvary, to indicate the extent and variety of it.

The result of all this is that we have become quite wearied of Europe. To

tell the truth, Europe is an old story to us now. The novelty has worn off. We are sick and tired of it. It was fun at first to advise enthusiastic innocents who were going to Europe for the first time—to tell them about quaint little out-of-the-way places which they simply *must not* miss, and to let them in on the less frequented nooks and crannies of the continent “where you aren’t so likely to run into a bunch of tourists.” It was fun, I say, for a while; but the novelty has worn off. The time has come when, as a good queen once said, “We are not amused.” The beauties of the old Moorish mosque at Cordoba have ceased to impress us; and as for the walled city of Carcassonne, perhaps the less said the better. Helen grows distinctly white about the gills when this medieval citadel is mentioned. Yesterday, when we received a post card showing the ramparts of the Aude gate, she fell into a swoon.

We have wondered a great deal about this post card trouble with which all of our traveling friends are afflicted; and we think we understand it. They journey (let us say) to the walled city of Carcassonne. When they get to the walled city, there it is. It is much as they had expected it to be. They look at it. They look at it again. They walk about in it, looking at it. They view it from this angle and that. The church of St. Nazaire is apparently where it ought to be. Dimensions are all just about what the travel books said they would be. In short, there they are. But they quickly find that they must do something besides just *be* there. Only the authors of travel books are content to sit in one spot for hours and just *be* there. So the traveling friends start to dash about with a look in their eyes which says, more eloquently than words, “What shall we do next?” Inevitably they run into a place where post cards may be bought. They think of the loved ones at home . . . and the proprietors of *Toute La France—Edition Jové* chalk up another sale.

If this description is correct, the post

card has its place in the therapeutics of traveling. And in view of this therapeutic value I should hesitate to recommend the sudden and complete abolition of the practice of buying them. Those of us who stay at home must do nothing to harm our traveling fellows. We must not be brutal. Rather, we must bring to the consideration of this problem all the kindness and sympathy at our command. The flower of America’s manhood and womanhood, we must remember, sails for Europe on the First of June each year; and nothing must be done which might cause any general psychic disturbance among them.

Yet there is no point in seeking a scheme which will simply dispose of the cards once they are received. After all, that would only add the toiling ash man to the long list of those who are getting a trifle tired of Europe. It would not strike at the heart of the matter at all. So it seems to me more sensible to stop the flow gradually at its source by weaning individual travelers from the habit. A gentle agitation might be inaugurated in favor of visiting lands which are now little frequented by travelers, and have not yet been brought before the lens of the post card photographer. When one or two travelers are gathered together, let us insinuate a word in praise of wave-washed Zanzibar. Let us dwell on the exotic loveliness of southern Senegambia. Let us extol the allure of Tierra del Fuego; or better yet, of the broad rolling pampas of Patagonia. Perhaps a few will try Patagonia next time instead of Europe. And the first time a Patagonian wild ass (or whatever it is that runs wild in Patagonia) charges on them from a nearby copse, they will lose all symptoms of the “What shall we do next?” disease of which post cards are the remedy, and lose them for good. They would then be able to visit the walled city of Carcassonne and other European “points of interest” without feeling themselves the unofficial cultural ambassadors of every relative and acquaintance in the United States.



Editor's Easy Chair

GOING TO EUROPE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THIS writing the annual migration of citizens of the United States to the continent of Europe has for some weeks been proceeding full swing. Fast steamers, six or seven at a time, sail out of New York with huge loads of passengers for the European ports. It is a little troublesome getting out of New York on foggy days or nights, but they usually do it. Fleet after fleet, off they go and will continue so to do through June and July and well into August, the migration never ceasing but going out crowded in the early months of summer and returning crowded in later summer and early autumn. It is like a great tide that rolls out and in due time rolls back, and so far it seems to increase from year to year. It probably will so increase until it gets some check either by a disturbance in Europe or by some slackening of profits in American industry which will make for economy for a while.

Why do people go to Europe? Food and shelter are abundant though somewhat costly here, and even drink seems obtainable. Beds are good here, roads are good here, and motors abound as nowhere else on earth. Not one in a thousand of us has seen his own country; and really it is something to see. Yet we flock in multitudes every summer to Europe and keep it up all through the rest of the year but with diminished numbers.

Do we go to see Europe? Some of us do. Some of our travelers have a con-

suming desire to look at the Europe that they have heard about and read about, and to that end will work and hoard with long self-denial and live and travel frugally when they get there and see what they can. It is a good show. No one who has seen Europe is quite the same again as he was before he saw it. The people who are really worthy of the picture are considerably educated by it. People go to Europe to see Europe, go because they have business there, go to be cured of disease, go to study something, go to buy something, but probably the larger part of our travelers go to Europe because they want to get out of the United States. A large proportion of them are fairly indifferent about what they shall see or about the improvement of their minds, but go because they are tired and need a change and because Europe is the best and easiest change offered. They think it will be nice to sit in a steamer chair for a week and not do anything. They hope their nerves and tempers will improve and even their appetites. They hope to grow more amiable, and freer and more edifying in conversation; but what they want above all things is to get away from life as they have been living it and gain new points of view. If they could go to heaven and shop about a while they might like that, but there would be the difficulty about coming back. Anyone can get into the *au delà* who is sufficiently audacious, but return is not yet on a satisfactory basis; and nearly all of these Americans who

go to Europe expect to come back and are confident the time will come when they will want to.

I should wonder what they think of it if I believed they thought. Of course most people do not think or at least not so as to have really impartible views. Impressions are made upon American visitors to Europe, but they are not always impressions which the visitors can locate at the time. The way to educate the eyes is to look at things with them. Of course some eyes see more in Europe than other eyes do, but it is incredible that any eyes should look at Europe and not learn something. I think the eyes of our travelers must be improved in Europe. It may take the minds behind them years to find it out, but probably the improvement exists. Then there is the palate—the palate may pick up a thing or two, and to increase one's discrimination about food is worth some roving.

What the mind gathers is quite likely to go to the subconscious mind. Travelers can go to Europe and come back and not discover what it has done for them until long afterwards. The improvement of the mind is considerably accomplished by that method. Of course there are minds already improved, or believed to be, by reading, meditation, traveling, observation, like Count Keyserling's, and capable when they go traveling of telling, as he does, what's what about all the countries and all the people that he inspects. But there are drawbacks about this. When the Keyserlings say what is not so about various things and people it is always important, whereas when it is done by our travelers who cannot make any claim to real mental processes it does not make any difference.

At all events, the real profit of going to Europe must be expected to transpire after the traveler gets home. An American who goes to Europe sees what he is capable of seeing, increases his capacity to see, and, coming back home in due time, adds something to the assets of the

country. But some Americans stay in Europe. If they add anything anywhere it must be to Europe; but probably the most valuable thing which most of them confer on that continent is what they have learned in the United States.

THERE seems to be an increasing appreciation of what can be learned in the United States. There has been a considerable change since some European asked, "Who reads an American book?" Not that Europeans read American books so very freely as it is, but Europe does pay increased attention to American ideas. Our country and people in it have got rich, and in the stage of development mankind has now reached people who have got rich are very generally interesting. Riches are an evidence of things unseen. Riches of American origin observed in Europe inspire curiosity as to what is behind them. Of course the Europeans are more interested in us than they used to be! They have to be. People who are concerned nowadays to know what is going on in this world and what is likely to happen next are constrained to study the United States.

One could wish it were a more edifying study, but to real students it is good enough. Dead remains have an interest, and stories of exhumations get space and good positions in the newspapers, but modernity is more important than antiquity, and modernity at present in most particulars is best investigated in the United States. This country is freer to be modern than any other country. It is less loaded down with tradition, habit, law. It is well nourished. It has the means to make terrific experiments, reconstructions, and developments of all sorts, and is passing through curious stages of experiment in religion, education, and government. Europe is quite alive to these matters. Our people go abroad mainly for change and recreation, but Europeans seem to come here in increasing numbers to try

to find out what is going on and what sort of results the goings-on produce. Even the least complimentary of them admits that the subject of his observations is important; some of them think that we do some things better than other people. Others think whatever we may be now, we are on the way to amount to a good deal.

This increasing curiosity of peoples about one another which is illustrated in the growing disposition of Americans to wander all over the world is a good thing. For one thing, it is a sign of a growing perception that mankind and all the races which compose it is one great species tied together by a common origin and a common destiny. To have that idea get around promotes the brotherhood of man which in these times, in spite of all squabbles, does seem to be prospering. It is helped in that direction by the increasing realization that unless it does prosper the races and nations are in danger of wiping one another off the earth. For more Americans to know Europe better and more Europeans to know America better, North and South, is all to the good, and so are the increasing facilities of transportation which is so helpful to it. One is bored by the reiteration of the flying stories and usurpation of the best spaces in the newspapers by successive tales of adventures of the explorers of the empyrean, but after all there is more to flying than a problem of mechanics. It does promise to be a great factor in human life, more than an economic—more than a sporting, factor; one that concerns the relations of nations and human brotherhood.

That came out in the immense enthusiasm over Lindbergh. One would have got out of patience with it, as perhaps Lindbergh did, if it had not been for the sense of its underlying spiritual importance.

Meanwhile the crowds that go to Europe still go and come back in ships, and of the adventurers that try the aerial path a considerable proportion, so

far, land in the *au delà*. There is a good deal of likeness between going to Europe and going into the next stage of life. It is true that in Europe we can still find uses for money, if we have any, whereas in the Big Beyond we do not; and in Europe we still have our bodies for better or worse and are subject to the possibilities of misbehavior and illness which bodies imply, whereas in the Beyond we are no longer bothered with them. But aside from that there is a likeness. We get in Europe what we are prepared to receive. Very ignorant people do not see much that they can understand. "Chartres to St. Michel" will not mean much to them though they will learn by what they see.

People whose pleasures are in the bodily senses may do better in Europe than they will in the Beyond, but the same general truth applies to both localities—that visitors can get only what they are qualified to take in. The Beyond is much more important to us than Europe, and our education for it is of much greater concern; but in so far as it gets through the heads of mankind that their residence on this foggy planet is to prepare them for a better atmosphere somewhere else, we may hope for a considerable improvement in human development. The changes now going on make for that, as the reiteration of the idea that our system of education is still very imperfect and that we pay too much attention to cramming the mind with facts and not enough to developing its capacities for thought. All that marches with the idea that the great acquirements in this life are the things we can carry with us when we leave it. Travelers in Europe, buyers of various articles, have always in their minds the Custom House in New York where they must settle for what they are bringing in. There is another Custom House they will pass through in due time where their separation from their accumulated baggage will be considerably more thorough than it is at the Custom House in New York.

EUROPEAN travelers who come here are respectfully notified that they are entering a realm in which change is proceeding with even greater velocity than in most of the countries they leave. They will not see our government, though they may feel it, and perhaps some of them will take our word for it, well backed by much better-informed minds, that it is not what it used to be. This is the complaint of our thoughtful politicians, that our government has changed and is no longer the mechanism which our fathers designed. Possibly something on this subject will have been said in one or the other nominating conventions, but at any rate it is being abundantly said outside of them, the opinion of many observers being that local self-government has been hard hit and that the central government has ominously increased in meddlesomeness and irresponsibility. There is a great deal of grave complaint about government by committees of Congress, but the particular spot in which the palladium of our liberties fell down hardest was in the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Visitors will not notice perhaps that the American people are in a state of revolt, though they may read something about it in the newspapers, but the revolt is going on and may be more visible in August than it is in June. It will not be violent, not at all an armed revolt, but something in the nature of resistance so strong and with so powerful a support in the public mind that it cannot be put down.

Evidence of the strength of that resistance appeared in the observations of four members of the United States Supreme Court on a decision handed down on June 4th that sustained the use in convicting certain rum runners of evidence obtained by tapping telephone wires. The wires of the persons suspected were tapped for months and their conversations listened to. That was a

crime under the laws of the State of Washington where it was done. Nevertheless, five members of the Supreme Court, including the Chief Justice, sustained the use of this testimony obtained by criminal means in convicting the accused.

It was not that which was so remarkable. What was startling was the vigor of the sentiments of the four dissenting justices, as expressed chiefly by Justice Brandeis, but also by Justice Holmes and Justice Butler. They were nothing less than scandalized at the decision. "If the government," said Justice Brandeis, "becomes a law breaker, it breeds contempt for law and invites every man to become a law unto himself. It invites anarchy." "For those who agree with me," said Justice Holmes, "no distinction can be taken between the government as prosecutor and the government as judge. If the existing code does not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business, it does not permit a judge to allow such iniquities to proceed."

Sooner or later most fundamental questions invite attention to the Supreme Court of the United States which has to pass on some detail of them. That Court in this case decided that law-breaking of a contemptible description was permissible for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. Four members, as said, dissented from that decision. In that decision alone there is enough of an issue to run a presidential campaign on, for surely it is important that our next President, when there is a vacancy in the Supreme Court for him to fill, should fill it with a lawyer whose action in such a case as this can be foretold.

President Butler at the recent commencement at Columbia College talked about the lingering zeal to persecute. There is a lot of it in this country at this time, and few more inviting activities offer than such as may be directed to its eradication.



Personal and Otherwise



NO contemporary historian could be better equipped than *Charles A. Beard* to answer wisely the question whether Western civilization is on the way to destruction, as Spengler and others have claimed, or is strong enough to resist attacks from without and decay from within. Mr. Beard, formerly professor of politics at Columbia University, has taken American history as his special field; his most recent and widely-known book is *The Rise of American Civilization*, written in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard. But his studies and his experience have not been confined to the United States: he has written on European history as well, and he has had first-hand contact with Oriental problems as director of the Institute of Municipal Research at Tokyo in 1922, and as adviser to Viscount Goto, the Japanese minister of home affairs, after the earthquake of 1923. Mr. Beard has recently been engaged in editing a book to be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co., entitled *Whither Mankind?*; his present article will appear in extended form as the introduction to this book.

The short stories of *Katherine Mansfield* (Kathleen Beauchamp, who became Mrs. J. Middleton Murry) have made her name familiar wherever English literature is read and have had a striking influence on the work of many a contemporary writer. We are privileged to bring out a hitherto unpublished story, presumably based on recollections of her childhood in New Zealand. Miss Mansfield died in 1923; her best-known books are *Bliss*, *The Garden Party*, and *The Doves' Nest*.

The text of the article on which *Doctor G. V. Hamilton* and *Kenneth Macgowan* collaborated explains the nature of the investigation by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York of which it is a partial record.

(The directors of the Bureau of Social Hygiene include John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as chairman, Charles O. Heydt, as secretary and treasurer, Dr. Katherine B. Davis, and Raymond B. Fosdick, with Dr. Abraham Flexner as associate.) This investigation, pursued in a thoroughly scientific spirit with the aim of finding facts about some of the human relationships upon which our opinions most acutely need to be tested by facts, is the sort of study which Mr. Haldane probably had in mind in his recent article on "Science and Ethics," when he spoke of the contribution which men of scientific temper might make to the solution of various problems of human conduct. Another article by Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Macgowan, "Marriage and Money," based on the same investigation, will appear shortly.

Zona Gale gives us this month a paper which is not fiction yet has the same sort of charm as her most delightful stories of Wisconsin life. Her novels (*Miss Lulu Bett*, *Faint Perfume*, *Preface to a Life*, etc.), her plays (including the dramatization of *Miss Lulu Bett*, for which she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1920), and her short fiction (some of it collected in her recent volume, *Yellow Gentians and Blue*) have established her position among the leading American writers of our time. Miss Gale was married in June to William L. Breese, a fellow-resident of Portage, Wisconsin.

Two months ago we printed a none-too-flattering study of the American political system by *Harold J. Laski*, one of the most brilliant of English political philosophers. Professor Laski now turns his attention to a problem the difficulty of which those who administer our great foundations would probably be among the first to recognize. He writes from varied first-hand knowledge of the educational world on both sides of the Atlantic: for he was once lecturer

in history at McGill University and at Harvard, he lectured also at Amherst and Yale, he knows Oxford as only an Oxonian can, he has taught at Cambridge, and he is now professor of political science in the University of London and vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, always a valued contributor to HARPER'S, spent the past winter (after completing *Meat*) in Charleston, South Carolina. His story in this issue grows out of his study of local negro types during his stay in the South.

The Olympic Games for 1928 will be held at Amsterdam while this issue of the Magazine is in the hands of its subscribers; **John R. Tunis's** critical analysis is therefore timely as well as penetrating. Mr. Tunis, former sporting editor of the *New Yorker*, now tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post*, is one of the few American writers on sport who has not fallen a victim to the "Great Sports Myth" of which he wrote in our March issue.

McCready Huston, a Pennsylvanian who moved to Indiana to do newspaper work after serving a Pittsburgh paper for several years, has been a contributor to the *Lion's Mouth*, but "Tenth Sunday After Christmas" is his first HARPER story. Mr. Huston has written two novels; the third, *Dear Senator*, is to be published this fall. He lives in South Bend.

After fifteen years of almost uninterrupted experience as European correspondent for American newspapers, **Raymond Gram Swing** is well fitted to point out to readers on this side of the water the major differences between European and American political thought. Mr. Swing is now London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Evening Post*.

Those who enjoyed **Muriel Draper's** memories of Henry James and Norman Douglas in recent issues of the Magazine will especially welcome her account of the music made at her London house by some of the greatest contemporary musicians during the years when her husband, the late Paul Draper, was studying the singing of German *Lieder* under Von Zur Mühlen. Mrs. Draper is now living in New York; her book, *All*

This Is True, including these and other lively recollections, will be published shortly by Harper & Brothers.

Ben Ray Redman, war aviator, poet, editor, translator of several books from the French, and author of a book on Edwin Arlington Robinson, has contributed verse and *Lion's Mouth* articles to the Magazine.

Since the appearance of *Civilization and Climate* in 1915, **Ellsworth Huntington** has been recognized as an authority on the social and economic effects of climate. A geographer of wide-ranging interests, Dr. Huntington won many years ago the Gill Memorial of the Royal Geographical Society of London and the Maunoir Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris for his explorations in Asia, and subsequently became assistant professor of geography at Yale University. He is now research associate at Yale and chairman of the National Research Council's committee on the relation of atmosphere to man.

Those who were discouraged by Hesper LeGallienne's experience with foreign schools, as set forth in her article in our April issue, may now take heart. **Cornelia Stratton Parker's** view of European schooling for American children is quite different. Mrs. Parker's first book, *An American Idyll* (1919), dealt with her husband, Carleton H. Parker, the economist, and their life together. Some of the European experiences on which she bases her present article were recounted in a later book, *Ports and Happy Places*. Several years ago she studied conditions among American working women by taking a series of low-paid jobs herself, and described her adventures in a series of HARPER articles and a book, *Working with the Working Woman*; at this writing she is beginning another similar experiment.

The essays and stories of **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** are favorably known to the HARPER public. Her books include *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, and *The Aristocratic West*; her recent articles in this Magazine have covered a range of subjects from the definition of culture to the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia.

The poets of the month are **Sterling North**, who was brought up in Wisconsin, now lives in Chicago, won the Witter Bynner Inter-

collegiate Poetry Prize for 1927, and appeared in this magazine for the first time last March; *Mary Elizabeth Robinson* of the staff of Harper & Brothers, a new contributor; and *Ruth Fitch Bartlett* (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett) of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, several of whose sonnets we have published recently.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are *David McCord* of Cambridge, author of a book of essays, *Oddly Enough*, a book of poems, *Floodgate*, and a forthcoming collection of humorous dialogues in the style of "Poet and Publisher"; and *Philip Wagner*, who lives in Schenectady because the General Electric Company is located there, and in his spare moments occasionally feeds the Lion.



Sears Gallagher, whose etching of a familiar midsummer scene is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a Boston artist whose work is represented in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Brooklyn Museum, and other important collections. He won the Logan prize for etching in 1922 at the Chicago Society of Etchers.



A reader in Ohio, who informs us that his mother was a Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West, takes fervid exception to Miss Wylie's statement that Dumb Lizzie spurns criticism from young writers. On the contrary, says he:

The real literary devil of America is the chap who defiantly flings to a non-believing world the accusation that the Middle West is O.K., that it is young, and hopeful, and constructive; that the Kiwanis motto "We build" is quite true, but that it perhaps has some of the faults of youth. No writer in the Middle West under thirty-five would have the nerve to claim this. Every member on the porch of the Country Club at Akron would cut him dead. Even the Baptist Preacher would only claim that he meant well—but went too far. And God help him with the Woman's Club.

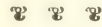
The manner in which to make a popular talk to the Kiwanis Club is to pan the Kiwanis Club in the style of Sinclair Lewis. They will make him a life member. I would advise the young author

if he would be popular to make fun of all platitudes, even truth, even religion, to take a couple of knocks at Rotary, to make three wise-cracks at the Baptist minister. He will go over big if his novel has a Mid-West background, and the odor of the sewer hangs over its genius.

I would advise this young talent *not* to put it nicely, but to "offend the susceptibilities of Baptist Ministers, Purity Campaigners, Anti-Vivisectionists, Anti-Tobacco Leaguers, Prohibitionists, Kleagles of the Ku Klux, Roman Catholics, Jews, and the Lord's Day Alliance."

I will positively guarantee "that Dumb Lizzie will not only lay her heart and fortune at his feet," but will kiss the poor prune. . . .

I would say that the article by I. A. R. Wylie is a flop, but she is a lady and I am a gent and my Mother (signs of breaking completely down) is a lady and a Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West.



There is great variety among the numerous replies to Mr. Kenna's "Minister or Business Executive?" One reader claims that what the ministry needs is not less business efficiency, but more; if church organizations were really well run and were not forced to rely on the services of inefficient committee-women and clerks who hold their jobs as a form of charity from the church, the minister, he says, would not find himself so overburdened. A former clergyman, on the other hand, feels that the real difficulty for the modern clergyman lies elsewhere:

DEAR SIR:

I have read with interest and considerable sympathy the article in your current issue, "Minister or Business Executive?" I am not unacquainted with the problem with which Mr. Kenna deals. But I cannot agree with his implied remedy, namely, that if organization were simplified by the employment of a sort of general manager, the problem would be solved. Although I have no quarrel with him about the baneful effects of over-organization, I do not believe that simplification of the organization would very greatly alter conditions. The real problem seems to me to be that which is stated earlier in Mr. Kenna's article, namely, that people do not find anything tangible in the church. If the word valuable is substituted for tangible, I think we shall have a true statement of the difficulty. The church is not "delivering the goods" and all people of intelligence are aware of the fact.

Now may I suggest a way out? It is not the

way I, myself, took. I grew disgusted with the sham and pose of it all and pulled out bag and baggage. And I would do it again. But the suggestion I am here making is for the man who desires to remain in the ministry. The church can make itself valuable by encouraging its ministry to be intellectually honest. Leisure because of freedom from the minutiae of church work will, indeed, permit the minister to give greater time to study, but that alone will not save the church. We need honesty in addition to intellectuality in the pulpit. . . .

The salvation of the church rests not upon any reorganization or financial adjustment. It rests solely upon an open-minded, frank acceptance of modern scientific thought, and the untrammelled presentation of that thought by its ministers.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE W. DARNELL.



From Dr. Wingate M. Johnson of Winston-Salem, N. C., we have received a reply to Ford Madox Ford's "O Hygeia!" which we wish we could quote at length. We have space only for Dr. Johnson's comment on Mr. Ford's "two great truths": that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and that "nothing will do you any harm that you like."

Upon the first "truth" depend many of the food fancies that make life miserable for so many people. It is true that occasionally one encounters an individual with a true idiosyncrasy for a certain food. For instance, every pediatrician has had to deal with children who develop a violent urticarial eruption and perhaps vomit persistently when given their first taste of egg. Most of these, however, can be made to acquire a tolerance for egg if given in small quantities at first, the amount being slowly increased at intervals of several days. With rare exceptions most people who claim not to be able to eat certain articles of diet are really suffering from overactive imaginations. Stefansson, in *The Friendly Arctic*, says that he himself thought he could not eat fish until he was twenty-five years old, but admits that he might have

learned to eat it much sooner if it had not furnished such a fascinating topic of conversation.

What is one man's meat will usually serve as meat for the overwhelming majority of other men, and likewise one man's poison will usually prove effective for others also.

Mr. Ford's second "truth," "Nothing will do you any harm if you like it," as applied by him to dietetics, has in it something of good and something of bad. I am absolutely in accord with his statement, "No child should ever be induced to think about his health." It is bad psychology to make a child eat anything "because it is good for him." Eating should be a matter of course for a child. No child should ever be coaxed to eat; he should be given the proper food at proper intervals, and allowed to take it or leave it.

With all due respect to the precocity of the youngest generation, however, I cannot agree that an infant in arms, or just out of arms, or even of school age, is quite as capable of selecting a suitable ration as is an older person who has made some study of it. After witnessing the untimely departure from this mundane sphere of numerous cherubs who were allowed to choose their own provender by over-indulgent parents, I am sure that Mr. Ford is a better writer than pediatrician. It is unsportsmanlike to bet on a certainty, hence I will not offer to wager him that at least nine out of ten children between one and fifteen years of age, if left to order their own meals, will do as my own youngster did when, at the age of seven, she bought her first meal at the graded school cafeteria. When asked at home what she had for lunch, she proudly said, "A chocolate-milk, some cake, some ice cream, and a bar of chocolate." It was several days before she recovered from her sugar spree, and an interview with the school dietitian resulted in her having, after that, a plate lunch which was chosen for the children with some care.



With this issue of the Magazine, the single-copy price of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is advanced from 35 to 40 cents to bring it in line with the prevailing prices for magazines of its class. The subscription price, four dollars a year, is unchanged.



MARGARET

By George Bellows

Courtesy of the Hurdner Galleries



Harpers Magazine

RELIGION FACES A NEW WORLD

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Mind in the Making"

VARIOUS notable attempts have been made during the past two thousand years and more to understand and explain man's religious life; but these have been rare and inconspicuous compared with the heated polemics of convinced factions, engaged in attacks and defense. When I was a boy, among the protagonists were Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Tyndall, Ingersoll, Gladstone, Bradlaugh, Beecher, Horace Bushnell—each after his kind. There was Emerson, and some recollection of Theodore Parker. All these did their part in keeping religious issues alive and in shifting them somewhat from their old moorings. Lecky's *History of Rationalism* and his *History of Morals* furnished hitherto neglected material for a reconsideration of the actual record of Christian leaders. But all these seem now far-off echoes of a remote past, if one happens to be reading the newer books on religion.

The intellectual climate in which religious beliefs and practices must hold their own to-day underwent a sharp and surprising alteration in the early twen-

tieth century. New, or hitherto neglected, information about man, his origin and proclivities, his ancient ways, and his observable habits in various stages of culture promised to explain—or at least recast—the whole estimate of religious phenomena. Considerations which could not have occurred to Arnold, Huxley, and Lecky have now become fundamental. It is to this astonishing revolution, wrought by increase of knowledge rather than by theological controversy, that we propose to turn our attention. But first some general reflections on the current use of the words "religion" and "religious" are called for.

Almost everyone takes his own religion for granted, and only in rather exceptional circumstances does he bother much about its contrasts with other forms of belief. But to affirm that one has no religion would not only seem shocking but downright unintelligible to most of our fellow citizens. It is a common, but by no means novel, feature of our times for those who have lost faith in the older tenets to construct a new re-

ligion "to put in its place." Marxism has become a religion for many who have no patience with the older foundations of faith. This has been acutely shown by Max Eastman. Langdon-Davies and C. E. Ayres even suspect that Science is being taken for a new religion.

Books on reconstruction of religion flow in an even stream from the presses. The newer varieties usually turn on how much can be retrieved from the desolation wrought in old convictions by increasing knowledge. They ask what an intelligent person can continue to cling to in the way of comforting purposefulness in this universe of ours. I have on my desk a tiny volume called *Troasm*, written by a Middlesex schoolmaster who for prudential reasons would not have his name revealed. I will quote his opening sentences as pertinent to this discussion:

"There is an ancient anecdote, almost threadbare with service, of a disputant who closed his argument with the aphorism that all sensible men professed the same religion; adding, when asked what that religion might be, that no sensible man would ever tell." This has been the attitude of a good many thoughtful people in earlier times. The writer continues, "There can have been few periods in the world's history when the need for a religion that would stabilize and comfort mankind was felt more deeply or more universally than now. Organized creeds seem to the majority of men to have had their trial, with almost everything in their favor, for so long a time that their failure to influence even the surface of the conduct of mankind places them out of court as possible foundations for the religion of the future."

So it seems agreed that religion is something fundamentally essential to human welfare and that those dissatisfied with current beliefs must find some substitute. But what is religion?

II

The word religion is perhaps the vaguest of all the important nouns in our

language. Innumerable pathetic efforts have been made to define this most indefinite of terms. Benjamin Kidd in his *Social Evolution* busied himself collecting definitions of religion, from Seneca to Dr. Martineau. Kant says that religion consists in our recognizing all our duties as Divine commands, while Ruskin declares, "Our national religion is the performance of Church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work while we amuse ourselves." Huxley and John Stuart Mill, not reckoning any more with God, still clung to the word religion and found it to be reverence and love for ideal conduct and our efforts to pursue it during our life. Alexander Bain, following a new trail, says that "The religious sentiment is constituted by the Tender Emotion, together with Fear, and the Sentiment of the Sublime."

All these definitions are about as individual and personal as the portraits of the men who forged them. So far as Europe and the United States are concerned all religious people, and most irreligious ones, would concur fundamentally in Dr. Martineau's view that "Religion is a belief in an everlasting God; that is, a Divine mind and will, ruling the Universe, and holding moral relations with mankind." God is to be feared, praised, worshipped, beseeched, and obeyed. We do his will when we attend the ceremonies prescribed by the particular church to which we belong. Certain forms of sacrifice, fasting, and penitence are deemed pleasing to God and essential to the soul's welfare. It is the duty of Christians to follow the strait and narrow way of salvation described in the New Testament, through belief in their Saviour. They are commanded to love their neighbors as themselves—and neighbors are those who hold the true faith. All these things would be commonly accepted as salient features of religion in Christian lands.

So much for the attempts to define religion. Would it not be better in the interest of clarity to regard religion, not

as a mystic and essential entity, but as a label which we attach to one division of our beliefs, emotions, and deeds? We have many moods, fears, hopes, aspirations, scruples, loves, and abhorrences. Some of these we are wont to call religious, but not so very many. We take various and varying action every day of our lives; we make decisions and pass judgments. A part of our decisions and judgments affecting ourselves and especially others we classify as religious, and a much smaller part of our overt behavior. Secular affairs may well engage us from Monday morning to Saturday night while on the great day of the Sun a goodly portion of our population goes to church and remains there for an hour, mayhap. This is deemed a religious performance. If one goes to his office on Tuesday and writes out a check to the order of the Charity Organization Society, is that a religious performance? If so, would it be a religious act to write a check to replenish the funds of Paterson strikers? Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father has been described as visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, but does this include the widows and children of labor agitators? So even if we give up trying to define religion we are beset with difficulties when we try to distinguish between what we are inclined to call "religious" as over against things of this world, where such adjectives as holy and sinful seem inapplicable.

The word religion represents something that practically all those who have turned their thoughts to the matter regard as an essential to social and individual welfare; as the great and only barrier against moral corruption and intolerable anarchy. Nevertheless, they come to no agreement on what religion is, or even what things are religious. They agree only in thinking that those who differ from them have a false religion. St. Paul was sure that St. Peter was wrong; Luther denounced Erasmus; Calvin, Servetus; Kant could not stand for Voltaire's God; Huxley was certain that

the Archbishop of Canterbury harbored fantastic superstitions. The author of *Troasm* sees no hope unless we give up the most fundamental elements of older religions and substitute recently revealed scientific discoveries in regard to human motives and their purposeful modification in the cause of righteousness.

What about false religion? It seems to abound, according to all accounts. Does its noxious falsity offset its precious religiousness? Writers often give the impression that they think religion in general essential and yet condemn pretty much everything that passes for religion among their fellow-creatures throughout the world. The Roman emperors are applauded by Gibbon for cherishing religions that suited the tastes and traditions of the various peoples of the Empire on the ground that they were all good and useful so long as they did not, like that of the Christians, preclude due respect for the imperial government and the goddess Roma. This seems a consistent recognition of the value of religion and the need of gracious toleration. It has not been the view promoted by Christians; yet something of the attitude of the Roman government seems to lurk in religious discussion today. It is urged, for instance, that religion is good for "the masses," even if their beliefs seem a quite absurd set of notions to the person who advances the argument.

In this welter of confused thinking it seems some gain to give up the idea that there is an entity or supernatural agency, religion, which can be discovered and defined. The case is at least somewhat simplified by resolving religion into thoughts, beliefs, moods, revelations, scruples, judgments, and acts which take place under auspices which would be generally pronounced "religious" by participants or on-lookers. We cannot hope for any very precise agreement even on the basis of the older conceptions of religion, much less if one takes account of the newer developments to be mentioned in due time.

What has gone on and goes on under religious auspices, seems to fall into two rather easily distinguishable divisions. Santayana, who defines religion as poetry mistaking itself for science, distinguishes between *primary* and *secondary* religion. The first takes the form of convincing personal experiences, and peace and comfort, lifting of intolerable burdens, sense of security, relief from perplexity, active fighting for God and his righteousness and, ultimately, a fine sense of merging into the eternal. On the other hand there is a mere acquiescence, an unquestioning pursuit of sanctified routine—going to church, singing the appointed hymns, listening to the lessons or sermons, repeating the creed or litany, following the prayers, and greeting one's neighbors when the service is over. In Catholic churches there is more warmth and symbolism in the ancient ceremonies—the Mass, the resonant Latin, the ringing of bells, the swinging of smoking censers, and the richly garbed officiant. And it should not be forgotten that over two-thirds of the Christians of the world are either Roman Catholics or belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. In the United States the Catholics claim about a fifth of the population.

Each one can come to terms in his own mind as to how much of his religion is primary, how much obedience to habit; in what respects he feels strongly, in how much he merely accedes and obeys. The range of varieties of religious experience, as William James names his book, is tremendous, from the light-hearted choir boy cheerfully chanting the recessional and looking forward to a Sunday dinner, to Saint John of the Cross in his cell, who sought to mortify joy, hope, fear, and grief; to deprive himself of every natural satisfaction and to imitate Jesus, as he thought, in repudiating everything agreeable.

III

We come now to the main purport of this article. What kind of new knowledge has placed the matter of religion in

a setting so different from that in which it was conceived fifty years ago?

In the first place, a great deal more is known by European and American scholars of wide-ranging religious phenomena than was possible a half a century ago. Herbert of Cherbury, as early as the days of Charles I, denounced bitterly the provinciality of Christian controversies. He maintained that the belief in God and man's responsibility to him, in a future life of rewards and punishments, had existed among men everywhere and always—although fearfully disguised was this "natural" religion by priestly imposture. With the mastering of Sanskrit, of Pali, of Chinese, of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Mesopotamian cuneiform, and of Pahlavi, an incredible addition was made to the scanty stock of information upon which previous estimates of religion had been formed. Christianity took its place for the first time in a large group of still more ancient forms of belief, each with its venerable wisdom and teachings in regard to man's duties and fate.

During the period in which the comparative study of highly developed religions was progressing, travelers and missionaries were busy reporting the religious practices of wholly illiterate tribes in Africa, the Americas, Australasia, and the isles of the sea. These reports contained suggestions respecting the assumptions and myths upon which the more sophisticated religions had been built. This invited attempts to surprise primitive survivals in the early portions of the Old Testament, in the Vedas and the Homeric poems. And such attempts have proved highly successful; and disconcerting to older theories.

A second and rather unexpected contribution to the understanding of religious scruples, emotions, and aspirations has come with the recognition of the overwhelming importance of childhood; not merely the so-called childhood of races, but the childhood of each and every man and woman. It has been shown that a great part of the general im-

pressions which remain with us through life are gained in childhood and are never very seriously modified. As Mr. Trotter has pointed out, it is just those beliefs which were inculcated or absorbed in childhood which retain the most inescapable hold on us and which it seems perverse and unholy to question. This fact was not formerly recognized in dealing with religion. It is now eagerly grasped by many as the golden key for unlocking previously mysterious doors and seeing within them the forgotten survivals of earlier days.

The third and far more distasteful suspicion is that many extreme perturbations of human emotions, which have been deemed divine and holy manifestations of saintliness, suggest common enough dislocations and exaggerations which if not cloaked with religion would land one in an insane asylum.

In addition to the newer types of criticism suggested by (1) the comparison and interplay of other religions than our own; (2) the recognition of highly primitive elements in all religions; (3) the reckoning with the survival of childish impressions; and (4) with the possibly pathological nature of mystic experiences, we should take note of two more novel factors in our efforts to assess religious matters to-day. There is (5) a historic trend toward secularization, that is, the reduction of the number of the thoughts and deeds of mankind which display themselves under religious guise; (6) the weakening of the old belief that religion is essential to right conduct in a worldly sense, for this seems to decline *pari passu* with the shrinking of the dominions of religion. Here we have six fairly new and at present very conspicuous considerations in handling those aspects of experience which are commonly called religious. These will be taken up in turn.

IV

It is obvious that whether one is engaged rather dully in routine religious practices or is filled with religious fervor

he consciously or unconsciously refers his acts and feelings to a remote past. That is, without a substantial historic background he could neither act nor feel as he does. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, lurks behind religious security. Accordingly, the recently developed study of comparative and, especially, of primitive religious phenomena is bound to make far clearer than ever before the heavy traditional element which is to be discovered in even the most novel formulations of religious beliefs. Veneration for the remote past, for the long-accepted assumptions, for the incomparable wisdom to be found in the sayings of ancient seers and in venerable books, are in all the more advanced religions—in India and China as well as in the Western World—primary in establishing religious faith.

Syncretism is the name given by historians of religion to the recombinations and blendings and modification of traditional elements which enter into all seemingly new religions. And, as Hatch, Reville, Legge, Harnack, Glover, Conybeare, and many others have shown, Christianity is in no way an exception. It is explicitly founded on the ancient religious beliefs of the Hebrews; but many tributaries which did not have their origin in the hills of Palestine augmented its stream during its development under the Roman Empire. The religious beliefs of the Hebrews had already been deeply affected by Mesopotamian and even Egyptian influences. Christmas and Easter, for example, far antedate, as festivals, their adoption by the churches.

It is assumed by most Christians, ignorant of history, that the teachings of Jesus were highly novel and that the prevailing of Christianity was so startling an event as alone to prove its divine character. Neither of these beliefs can be held by one familiar with scholarly books on these matters. There is a gap between the latest books contained in the Old Testament and the earliest writings in the New. This "period of silence"

has been narrowed down to somewhat less than two centuries, by the recognition that *Daniel*, for instance, and certain of the *Psalms* were written in the second century before Christ. "But recent research," according to one of the chief scholars in this field, R. H. Charles, "has shown that no such period of silence ever existed. In fact, we are now in a position to prove that these two centuries were in many respects centuries of greater spiritual progress than any two that had preceded them in Israel." A number of the religious works of this intermediate period still survive, "written probably for the most part in Galilee, the home of the religious seer and mystic. Not only was the development of a religious but also of an ethical character. In both these respects the way was prepared by this literature for the advent of Christianity." Jesus, it seems, was a son of his time so far as his views and admonitions are reported to us. Many of them can be readily duplicated or paralleled in the contemporaneous religious literature of Judea. The fatherhood of God and the kingdom not of this world had been already proclaimed. This discovery, be it observed, *in no way diminishes the value or importance* of the Gospels, it merely serves to reduce the miraculous and revelatory element in their origin hitherto claimed for them.

As for the spread of Christianity it was gradual, and turbid with the controversies between innumerable sects, calling themselves the only true followers of Christ. Harnack, one of the greatest certainly of contemporaneous church historians, shows how the revised beliefs spread to Jewish communities scattered over the Roman Empire. It will be remembered that Jesus addressed a terrible rebuke to the clergy of his time, reported in the twenty-third chapter of *Matthew*. Among his many accusations was that "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves." The Jews

had far more missionary ardor than used to be supposed. If, as is now discovered, the teachings of Jesus were in accord with the advanced religious and ethical ideals of his people, his disciples, who accepted him as the long-expected Jewish Messiah, could find ready converts among the many Jewish communities throughout the Roman Empire. About three hundred years elapsed, however, between the death of Jesus and the effective acceptance of the new religion by Constantine. This was no prompt or surprising victory compared with that of the religion of Mohammed, which spread with really miraculous speed and exceeds in its adherents to-day all the Protestant Christians in the world.

V

But Christianity is itself a recent religion compared with all in the way of religious beliefs and practices which preceded it. Even the Old Testament, which in its earlier portions contains many primitive ideas, is recent compared with man's history. The belief in a soul, in the gods and their propitiation, in a life to come, are all so very much more ancient! The thoughtful Greeks and Romans were quite as "monotheistic" as the Christians through the Middle Ages. The Stoics often talked of "God"; it is true they used "the gods" too, which was equivalent to our "heavenly powers." Catholics accept a great number of beings which the Romans would have called gods—Christ, the Virgin, angels, archangels, and the saints to whom they appeal, as well as Satan and various other wicked spirits. The Protestants say less of the devil and his minions nowadays, but cling to the persons of the Trinity, and deny not the angels who surely are supernatural and godlike beings, as the classical peoples would have estimated them.

Vestiges of what modern archeologists are impelled to class as religious observances are indicated by prehistoric remains and are reported from every

known tribe of illiterate people whether in Melanesia, Polynesia, or the Americas. It would clearly be out of place to go into details in recalling the various classes of precautions which primitive people have been wont to take in dealing with the mysterious "powers" or virtues of things which they believed endangered or promised to benefit them. Animism came with the assumption of a sort of spirit or soul with its humanlike desires and purposes. Such a spirit could be lodged in animals and plants, stars and rocks.

All this, however, touches human nature so congenially that it needs hardly such lengthy disquisitions as are devoted to it. Solomon Reinach reports that as a child he had a blue shell which seemed to be a faithful protector. William James says that when the earthquake happened in California in 1906 it shook his bedroom as a terrier would shake a rat. Reinach's shell was an up-to-date fetish, and William James enjoyed the animistic dismay of a savage.

We still have our mascots and animal emblems, such as the American eagle and the two-headed, now extinct, Austrian bird. On any British consulate one can see the lion and the unicorn. These things are altogether too contemporaneous to seem very strange when we reflect that apprehensions and irrational precautions are not unlike in us all, and have been since culture began. We can detect tendencies to fetishism, totemism, animism, and the observance of taboos, with not a little lust for magic, in our feelings and sometimes in our behavior.

All these primitive elements continue to find religious sanction in one form or another although they tend to take a symbolic form. For example, savages are commonly fearful of the dead. They take elaborate precautions to prevent their return. The relatives may paint themselves black, and cautiously close all entrances to the hut so that the spirit may not recognize them or penetrate into the house. Lewis Browne finds here the

traditional background of deep mourning and of closing the shutters of a house in which a dead person lies.

It is from primitive beginnings, ignorant and squalid though they may seem to us now, that modern anthropologists believe that the higher and nobler conceptions of the immortal soul, of one supreme God, maker of heaven and earth, of salvation, heaven and hell, all must inevitably have originated. The visions of the night have played a great part in the creation of ancestor worship, which is of profound religious significance in India, China, and Japan, though singularly enough it has no such significance in the West. But in dreams one not only saw and talked to the dead but he might himself leave the body and wander forth and so realize that he had a double or spirit far freer in its movements than his heavy body. As he viewed the dead he could see that their spirits had departed.

As these discoveries which have come with the study of religions of to-day and yesterday are more and more widely known, in spite of the ignorance and extrapolations of those who see in them a very real menace to the perpetuation of their particular beliefs, they will inevitably influence both the older and newer religious ideas. To the earlier defenders of existing religious systems the discovery that "Religion" was a universal characteristic of the human race came as a comfortable and efficient weapon to be used against supposed "atheists." They did not suspect that the new knowledge might influence their own particular faith far more potently than the talk of any unbeliever.

VI

Along with the examination of the religious beliefs and practices of primitive and ancient peoples has appeared another approach to the subject of religion. This has to do with childhood, when religious ideas and scruples are implanted. Once it was supposed that religion was the product of the mature

and inspired thought of highly exceptional religious experts. Whatever contributions these may have made they are gravely modified by childish impressions derived from father and mother and such elementary religious instruction as reached us when children. Bryan exhibited through his life no more knowledge of religious matters than he could easily have acquired at ten years of age. Sermons of the commoner sort contain only what both preacher and audience accepted before they were grown up. Religion does not tend to mature in most cases. It is what we learned at our mother's knee. In later life we are preoccupied with business and amusement, and there is no time to keep up with the course of religious investigation, even if we had the slightest disposition to do so. Billy Sunday talks as a big husky boy to other boys and girls. Even distinguished scientific men solemnly discuss the relation of religion to science, when, if they but stopped to think, they would find that they were assuming that they knew all about religion, without having given it much thought since childhood; although they would readily admit that after a lifetime's work they knew very little about science. Paul says confidently that "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Alas, this does not take place with many of us. Religious beliefs, we are early taught, are matters of simple faith and not subject to individual modification, rectification, or rejection—doubt is sin.

The very language of the Christian religion is that of the family. We are all God's children. There is the Heavenly Father and, among the Catholics, the pure and devoted Mother whose arms are open to those who call upon her; Christ is the son and elder brother.

To all the timid and sensitive as well as to the downright "sick souls" life is beset with menace, self-reproach, perplexity, disappointment, bereavement, the sense of ill-usage, and sometimes

with the keenest and most poignant suffering. We hunger for a defender and protector and one who will right our wrongs. We thirst for assured tenderness and love in a hard and fickle world. We long to rest in someone's loving arms, to return to our mother's bosom and have our tears wiped away. We become children and fall back on the child's hopes of comfort and reassurance.

But the solaces of religion are not confined to moods of apathy and suffering; it meets our requirements for glory and ultimate victory, for successful conflict and the utter undoing of those who have refused to open their eyes to the light vouchsafed to us and ours.

The faithful will join the divine cohorts, and be participants in the final conquest of evil doers, and reign forever. What heart so torpid, whether of believer or unbeliever, that he can, without heightened beat, read:

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

VII

Religious moods in rare cases take on an intense, obsessive form, in which mystic intimacies with God or the Saviour occur. There may be ecstasies which the subject does not think of as religious; but there are scattered through the history of Christianity (as well as the history of primitive religions) instances of absorbing interest in which the saint finds himself ineffably one with the divine. Special works are devoted to mysticism, of which William James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is one of the altogether most remarkable.

It is impossible to take up these unusual instances of saintliness. One unfamiliar with the literature will be shocked and repelled by many of the experiences reported. Modern psychiatrists will readily resort to hysteria and sex-repression to dispose of some of them. They are to be found at almost

every level of culture and are connected with artificial intoxication of various kinds — fastings, stimulants, narcotics, excessive exertion, macerations—but by no means always. In solemn ecclesiastical conclaves mystics have been canonized and beatified long after their death. We may leave this phase of religious phenomena with the suggestion of Professor Leuba, that it may be that the ideas of the “divine” were derived from what the “possessed” person did or said, as in the case of the Pythian priestess of Delphi, who wrought herself into a frenzy before she delivered her oracles. One’s assessment of mysticism will always depend fundamentally on whether he is looking for divine revelations or is not. I take it Professor Leuba is not, whereas Marguerite Marie Alacoque, born in 1647, *knew* that Christ had told her most simply and directly, “I have chosen thee for my bride.”

I infer that a good many persons have some kind of mystic experiences during their lives. Dreams often seem revelations. So as in almost all cases there are intimations in usual human experience of those things that appear in more grandiose fashion among the few. James’s discussion of asceticism is very ingenious, but more recent psychopathological studies have gravely altered the analysis and evaluation of mystic phenomena. In general the Protestant sects are much less hospitable to reports of saintliness than the Catholics. They seem to feel that God reveals himself in less spectacular fashions.

VIII

There is a persistent claim, often finding expression even to-day, that idealism, morality, decency, and fairness depend upon and are re-enforced by religious beliefs. No one thinks that the godly are always good, but only that the godless have thrown off the restraints which hold them back from a life of heartless self-indulgence and wicked disregard for the rights of others. The relation of religion to ethics is a far more

obscure and intricate question than would appear at first sight. That at least may be safely said. There has been much of a religious nature in the past which had to do merely with prudential measures in making terms with gods who were themselves no better than they should be, and with fighting off devils. Then the Christian theologians have disputed much over “good works”; and Calvin taught the Presbyterians to hold that every man and woman was predestinated before the foundation of the world to heaven or hell, without any reckoning with his earthly conduct. The number of the saved and damned is, according to the Presbyterian confession of faith “so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.” Yet Presbyterians are not conspicuous either as saints or sinners in spite of their theory of the hopeless irrelevancy of daily behavior to salvation.

There is space here available for only a few observations on the modern phases of religious faith and works. They would seem to be drifting apart. Careful observers detect an unmistakable tendency toward the secularization of human affairs. That is to say, less and less goes on under religious guise. So rich and varied and ever-changing are human preoccupations to-day that it is impossible to bring them within the ancient religious categories. The per cent that seems in accord with God’s behests, or in violation of them, tends to decrease.

Modern physicians do not assume that the devil is at the bottom of disease; they do not resort to prayers and exorcisms but to serums and the knife. The provisions of the *Rituale Romanum* for dissipating an approaching storm would seem futile to most of our countrymen. Treaties between nations are no longer concluded in the name of the Holy Trinity as they were a hundred years ago. No one would longer justify negro slavery, as did the Southern clergy before the Civil War, on the ground that Noah had cursed Ham and his offspring for

making light of the old man's drunken relaxation. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. So it is clear that not only have modern business corporations failed to assume the religious tinge of the medieval guilds, and telephones and motor cars to ask for religious sanction; but many previously heavily sanctified affairs of life have become secularized. It is this worldly tendency that has created suspicions with regard to the older claims that the supernatural directs and controls human improvement.

A Brooklyn clergyman, Richard Storrs, whose learning and eloquence would overwhelm the most wary, wrote a large book over fifty years ago on *The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects*. Further increase of knowledge and less eloquence has produced reservations in the minds of historical students. But such reservations are easily countered if one accepts the Reverend Dr. Storrs' warning that Christianity, like the sun, may be hidden at times behind thick clouds. "It may seem grotesquely or hideously tinted, by steaming vapors rising to intercept it from forges and factories, from chemical laboratories, or from the noisome reek of slums. But these pass away, and the sunshine continues: the same to-day, when we untwist its strand into the crimson, gold, and blue, as when it fell on the earliest bowers and blooms of the earth."

Warming to his argument and the unflinching abundance of incontrovertible evidence as he comes down through the ages, Dr. Storrs closes triumphantly, "Whatever may be our just criticism of modern society . . . it seems almost impossible to doubt that the religion of Jesus is at this hour the commanding factor in whatever is best in the character and the progress of persons and states. It has not merely rectified particular abuses, removed special evils, exerted a benign and salutary influence on local institutions. It has formed and instructed a general Christian conscious-

ness in the world, which is practically ubiquitous and commanding in Christendom: to which institutions, tendencies, persons, are more and more distinctly amenable; which judges all by an ideal standard; to which flattering concessions to wealth, to power, to genius or culture, are inherently offensive."

It was perhaps easier to write these lines in the early eighties than it would be now. The crimson, gold, and blue have been notably obscured in the years that followed. But flattering concessions to genius and culture have at least grown no more servile in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century. This seems the only striking instance of the constancy of Christian influence.

To claim, however, that the disappearance of witchcraft and slavery and the introduction of religious toleration were the effects of Christian teachings seems not to stand inspection. The leaders of the various churches have most rarely raised their voices against what seem to us now ancient and happily extinct atrocities. They were not the ones who did away with them. On the contrary they very generally supported religious intolerance, accepted slavery, blessed war, and cursed those who suspected the gloomy deceptions of witchcraft.

The clergy have not been ethical innovators. Leo XIII in 1891 summed up what until very lately has been the theory of the Protestant churches, not alone the Catholic. Labor is the painful expiation of sin, the rich and the poor are ordained by God to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic: "To suffer and endure, therefore, is the lot of humanity; let men try as they may, no strength and no artifice will ever succeed in banishing from human life the ills and troubles which beset it."

However, in preventing strife between rich and poor and making it impossible, the Pope continues, "The efficacy of Christianity is marvelous and manifold. First of all there is nothing more powerful than religion (of which the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing

the rich and poor together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other, and especially the duties of justice."

One sees slight evidence in the account of contemporaneous labor disputes that issues and adjustments turn often on the marvelous and manifold efficacy of Christianity. Nor have they in the past. When the German peasants in Luther's time drew up their twelve godly articles based on evangelical fairness, Luther sided not with them but with the possessing class, and urged them to use all bloody measures necessary to put down the rebels on the ground that "they deserved death of body and soul many times over."

When we come to daily observations we cannot distinguish between the believer and the unbeliever by his conduct, by his honesty, generosity, and other homely virtues. Bradstreet does not reckon with religion in establishing one's credit. The custom house official would not pass unexamined the luggage of one professing the Athanasian creed or submitting a certificate of good standing in the Brick Church. The rain continues to fall on the just and unjust alike; and Jesus asks, in a passage almost universally neglected by his followers, whether anyone supposed that those on whom the tower in Siloam fell were "offenders above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem." As late as 1897 the horrible fire in a Paris charity bazaar was attributed by a French priest to God's vengeance on those who rejected the teachings of the Catholic Church. But in general this primitive notion is on the decline. It was not widely urged when

San Francisco and Yokohama were desolated by earthquakes. These horrors were generally accepted as the result of geologic faults, not as "acts of God." Scientific knowledge has spread far enough to discredit the older cosmology. As Samuel Butler says, it was not hard in his boyhood for the ordinary English clergyman to think of God's molding Adam in the rectory garden, and retiring to the greenhouse to form Eve. Those who cling to a heavily anthropocentric universe have now to alter their lines of arguments. Henry Drummond set this example late in the nineteenth century.

It has become apparent that there have been many, many elaborate systems of religious belief, of which the various Christian churches and sects afford modern instances. It is not the aim of this article to appraise these as to the truth and value of their claims. It is possible to have hopes and aspirations to which none of them have assigned a prominent place—for example, the increase of human knowledge and imagination as over against ancient dogma. The effort to engineer life in the light of already existing intelligence would in itself be perhaps as holy a task as any hitherto essayed by saint or martyr. Contrasting St. Anthony's fierce struggles against temptation in the Egyptian sands and the ideal community described by Rabelais, where desire merged into prompt fruition, Havelock Ellis wisely closes his *Dance of Life* with the suggestion, "How vast a field lies open for human activity between the Thebaid on one side and Thelema on the other."



AFTERNOON OF A BIOLOGIST

A STORY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

FOR the first time in his fifteen years at Morrison University Professor Fanning found himself cordial to the botany department. One must credit to long dead glaciers the little hills down which the campus marched to the river, where canoes made toward the bank while a crew flashed by; but without the botany department there would have been no lilacs. He stood still, a little surprised by his sudden recognition of them. It wasn't the color, though the science quadrangle was splashed with white and lavender and cerise. No, it was the perfume. That was what had stopped him here where the walk turned downhill toward Laut Hall, had brought him to a dead stop while he remembered—while he remembered that nothing in his memory was particularly worth remembering.

He did not go on toward Laut Hall. He stood sniffing the heavy fragrance. His gaze went on down the slope to the river, across it, on to the rising ground beyond that climbed through haze to where he knew were hills. So many shadows of clouds moving across the new grass! He felt a novel reluctance to go on. He wanted to sit down here and let his eyes grow leaden with sun. He remembered having gone to sleep with the sun on him—he, Peter Fanning. But that must have been a long time ago . . . when he was a boy . . . in an orchard. Was that why he seemed to be seeing orchards in the science quadrangle?

"Peter Fanning!" he said derisively to himself, "you aren't grown too old to be a fool—you know, oh, quite accurately, that May days can do this to a man. It is an excess of water-vapor in the air, after the dry winter. You think you are being poetic, responding to sunlight and the botany department's lilacs, but the truth is—you are hydrolyzed. It is a little silly in a biologist to mistake metabolism for a poetic nature."

He went on toward Laut Hall. It was Saturday afternoon, and Morrison University's baseball team would be playing Wisconsin. Professor Fanning approved of athletic departments. Morrison's was making sure that he would have the laboratory to himself all afternoon, and that was something. Quite a good deal. After all, you might pause to savor the perfume of lilacs, but it wasn't in it with formalin. Or hema-toxylin. Real smells, those. Or even Hussakof's dogfish, which made most noses writhe—there was something to be said for them. They weren't lilac blossoms, of course, and by no means formalin, but they were a companionable smell. At least, if you didn't want to see genius staging a tantrum, you had to tell Hussakof so.

Hussakof himself came riding toward him, away from Laut Hall. The highest bicycle in the world wasn't high enough for Hussakof. His gaunt knees bowed out from it and gyrated like something on a steam engine. A green book bag was swinging from the handlebars, and Hussakof's hair, never degraded by a

hat, was flaring in the wind. He saw Fanning, leaped off the bicycle, and rushed toward him waving both hands. If you handcuffed him he would be dumb.

"Peter, you have been my friend for fifteen years!" Hussakof was shouting, in the enormous basso profundo that, in an hour or so, would be doing its best to disconcert the Wisconsin battery. "You have been my benefactor! You have been my protector!"

Professor Fanning sighed. Why did Hussakof have to explode so? He was always unveiling a monument or dying in the fifth act. He was now about to ask, no doubt, for a new centrifuge—and there was so much money at Morrison these days that he needn't even ask; but first he must call Fanning his benefactor and speak of himself as a genius. It was true enough, but it seemed a little wasteful when the issue was only a centrifuge.

"Nowhere on earth, Peter, nowhere on the civilized earth are there so many fools as at Morrison University. Pfui! I do not object to fools. Who am I to say there is not a place for them? Let them become psychologists. But their place is not my laboratory, Peter. Ten thousand times have I told you so. Do you heed me? No, you are jealous of me and you inflict them on me by the dozen, by the score, by the hundred. I will no longer stand it. You will get rid of that Chapman fool this afternoon or I will move my dogfish to Chicago."

It was Chapman, then. He was a nice boy, but no one could hope he was ever going to be a biologist. Professor Fanning supposed he would have to tell the boy as much, sometime. Soon, if Hussakof was upset again. "What has he smashed this time?" he asked.

Hussakof's eyes blazed. "He has been among my dogfish tissue sections!"

That, if true, was reprehensible. In the laboratory of research zoölogy a man's apparatus and specimens were sacred. Still, Chapman wasn't given to meddling—only to inaccurate en-

thusiasm. "Are you sure you didn't invite him, John?"

He could see at once that Hussakof had invited him. "I had forgotten he was a fool!" the bellow choked with chagrin. "I give him the privilege of helping me. He can make my stains, fifty of them. To-day I come and find my fifty stains. Oh, they are well done, Peter—so well done that almost I could believe it was little Carol made them, not Chapman. But Carol, she is a biologist. She would know that I must not have eosin stains. She would know I am not concerned with the color of bulls and apples. Pfui! Fifty of them! He is a fool. I must now do them myself."

"Quite so, John." Fifty stains! It was an enormous labor, and not Chapman's business in the first place. The privilege of assisting Hussakof was not entirely an honor. "You are old enough to watch out for yourself, John. Run along, now. Mount your derrick again and get on to the game. You know you're not a scientist—you would rather see Morrison make a home run than synthesize a new dogfish of your own creation in a test-tube. Go and shout yourself hoarse, John, and neglect the duty of losing your abominable temper."

"Ho! I am not a scientist! Ho!" Hussakof roared his enormous laughter, restored to reason. "Denn are there three of us in Laut, eh, Peter, you and me and Chapman—is that it? Well, you fire for me Chapman, and you and me, we will dispute which is the worser. We will lay ourselves before the President and ask him which shall go to the Trustees and accept the new laboratory. Ho! The man that would give thanks for that, he is no scientist. It is, thank God, your job. I will telephone who wins the game. Good-by, Peter."

Hussakof bestrode the emaciated bicycle. He swooped on down the hillside, pedalling madly, one hand waving, his hair volcanic. Professor Fanning went on toward Laut Hall. Old, rickety, sodden with fifty years of stinks, it held

about all that a man could think worth laboring with. The new laboratory—they would occupy it next fall—would not quiver and creak when you climbed its stairs. In fact, you wouldn't climb stairs at all, but would have yourself hoisted up in an elevator, as if biologists felt themselves as important as bond salesmen. He disliked the new building intensely. Very nice to turn on oxygen at a tap, no doubt—but not quite indispensable to science.

The laboratory wasn't empty. Professor Fanning resented the voices he heard till he realized that one of them was Carol Emery's. You didn't resent Carol. She was too delightful—and, as Hussakof had said, too fine a scientist. Still, he wanted to be quite alone this afternoon. Not to do anything in particular. Just to dawdle, and poke some *paramecia* under a microscope, and smoke a pipe, and fiddle with apparatus, and write up the laboratory daybook, and enjoy the stinks. He hoped that Carol was going to the baseball game. She usually did. A good girl. Ridiculous to call her Dr. Emery. One wanted to call her "daughter," or "my dear child." Not "that she-Ph.D.," as they had called her five years ago, when she first came to begin her graduate work. Carol had soon changed that.

She seemed, just now, to be quarreling. Well, she did that often enough. Too much life in her, too much pugnacity. She fought with everyone from the President down at least once a year—except him, Professor Fanning. She called him "Uncle Pete," which was far from respectful, and affected to be very filial and very superior by turns. A nice child. She had humanized the laboratory.

He opened the door. It was Chapman she was quarreling with. The note he entered on was reminiscent of Hussakof. "You're a pretty rotten scientist, Jerry," she was saying, her eyes very combative and her whole slender body disdainful.

She had made Chapman mad. She

knew how—that tongue of hers was as competent as the hands whose deftness made her the best in the department at delicate jobs. Chapman was sulky and wrathful both at once. He wanted, you could see, to say something crushing, but Carol was probably in the right. Being right was another outrageous habit of hers.

"Ask Uncle Pete," she hurried on as Fanning came in. She turned and shook her short-cropped, copper-colored head at him. "This insect thinks some pet hand-grown *paramecia* of his lived over night in a solution of hydrochloric acid. I can't convince him they didn't. He thinks he has upset the whole creation."

"There they are!" Chapman held a watch glass under Fanning's nose. "They still wiggle. Put 'em under a 'scope and see."

"Idiot!" Her nose, just a trifle shorter than it should have been, wrinkled contemptuously. "If they're still alive, that proves it wasn't hydrochloric."

"What was it, then?"

"Water." She slid off her high stool, stepped over to Chapman's table, and uncorked a flask. She tipped it up and drank deep of the contents. "Water, Jerry. There goes your world sensation. I tested it this morning, when you began to strut. Real scientists have a way of checking up on their reagents."

Chapman dashed the watch glass to the floor. The tinkling seemed to give him some relief. Not so much, Fanning supposed, as he would have got from slapping her face. He glared at her. She made a face at him and went back to her microscope. Chapman found a broom and swept the splintered glass into the waste bin.

"Coming to the game with me, Carol?" he asked casually, after a while.

"No, darling. I'm being a biologist this afternoon. You run along and root for Morrison quite loudly. If Hussy hears you, you can stay with us a little longer."

Chapman scowled at her and banged out through the eroded doorway. Fanning watched Carol glue her eyes to the binocular microscope, and then he went on through the laboratory to his kennel at the end, a pair of small cubicles that served him as office and library and private workroom. A breeze came sweeping through the wide-opened windows, drawing a tune from the shutters that had squeaked for fifty years. It brought him again the languorous fragrance of lilacs, and the sense of hills beyond the river, and spring flowering out across a world of orchards. "Will you stop making poetry about spring, Peter Fanning?" he demanded. "Are you an undergraduate in the literary magazine?" And, trying to surprise a hint of apple blossoms among the lilacs, he went on to the bench that held his glassware world, his population of *paramecia*. His nerves glowed with the pride that this nation of micro-organisms always roused in him. People had heard of Peter Fanning's *paramecia*! All the world had heard of them. Here, in eight feet of glass, was the cosmos that he had created. Thirteen thousand generations of *paramecia* had lived here—a history far longer than the human race had had—and of this cosmos Peter Fanning had been the god.

How warm and soft and quiet it was in these rooms! He would let the cosmos be. He would sit and smell the spring. Beyond the river, slopes rising to the distant hills, and the hills white with apple trees and plums, rose-pink with peach blossoms. Rose-pink! What a word to be in a biologist's mind, as if science sold ribbons to women. Oh, decidedly, he was hydrolyzed.

Well, then, he would let the *paramecia* alone, this afternoon, but he could at least read his mail. The head of a department should do that occasionally, even with the breeze bringing a perfume of lost and belatedly priceless childhood. There was nothing—advertisements by the dozen, applications for fellowships, a mass of scholarly reprints about or-

ganisms that were not *paramecia* and hence were hardly respectable. The last envelope bore the address of Kirtland College. Old Stephen Cross was head of zoölogy there, old Cross with his notion that sea-squirts proved, oh, such a preposterous nonsense about the human organism. Professor Fanning ripped it open and found that Cross was formally inquiring about the scientific attainments of Dr. Chapman, who had applied for a position there and who might be given charge of freshman zoölogy and a course in elementary bacteriology.

That was the trouble with small colleges—they asked a man to know everything and teach it. So Chapman was already calling himself Doctor! That was premature: his Ph.D. examination was still two weeks off, and Mr. Chapman's scientific attainments were not well thought of in the department. He would have an agony in that examination, before a dozen scientists not remarkable for charity. Fanning could hear John Hussakof's bellow assaulting the poor lad, reducing him to stuttering helplessness, as it had reduced many a candidate before him. "Is that science, Mr. Chapman; is that biology? Would a scientist so commit himself? If you are sure of that, Mr. Chapman, denn should you have made it public to an ignorant world long since. We have not your faculty for divination, Mr. Chapman—it is not something we can widely use in biology."

Well, he decided, he would control Hussakof. This was a convenient way out. He would insist on giving the boy his degree. Then Cross would hire him for Kirtland College, and no one would be hurt. Chapman was assuredly a mediocre biologist, but he was a good teacher. It was teachers you wanted at a small college, not scientists. He would not stand in Chapman's way.

Why was he so restless this afternoon? He stood at the window, looking for orchards, for orchards such as he had known too many years ago. Nothing.

Only the sun on lawns sloping down to the river, and a wind from the hills. Biology, he muttered, biology does not take account of sun and wind. Or lilacs, either. "You are not working in your specialty, Peter Fanning, and scientists who step outside of their specialties promptly become asses, as the world knows. Suppose you leave the May wind to teachers of poetry. You were not designed for the fine arts."

He went out into the long, squat laboratory with its shiny glass and steel, its corroded piping, its banked, inchoate mass of apparatus. For the first time it seemed a little unsatisfactory. The lilacs were victorious over all the stinks, and the breeze could not be ignored, even here. . . . Carol had not gone. She was talking to someone at the door, someone obviously a student. He saw her smile and shake her head. Little redhead! He had a sudden vision of her as a small girl, who had certainly been taunted about that hair. He resented those jeers. Well, growing up, she was no longer taunted about it: it was something that assailed young men and captivated them.

She dismissed the student and came down the long, wide aisle between the tables. The sun threw shadows of bars and cylinders across the gleaming white laboratory-smock she wore, and the wind twitched it about her knees. She was smiling for him. So merry and derisive, always, and so self-contained. Coming through clean sunlight and yellow shadow, speckled with the images of retorts—Carol, Ph.D.!

"Someone trying to talk an A out of you, Carol?" he asked.

"There aren't any marks when the wind is in the south, Uncle Pete. This one wanted to take your carrot-top to the Wisconsin game. I'm gratified—it's the triumph of red hair over pedagogy. Have you noticed the lilacs, Uncle Pete?"

She stood beside him, her head caught back till he must see the shadows on her throat. "So!" Fanning said, "you

flirt with your pupils. You flirt with everyone, Carol. You pretend to be a biologist but I think you would rather be something sinful in the movies."

"Is red hair unscientific, Uncle Pete? Can straight legs possibly be unbiological? I suppose you want my pupils to admire my report on the differential grown potentials of *amblystoma punctatum* and *ablystoma tigrinum*. I'd rather they thought well of my eyes."

"Bah!" He grinned mildly. "I will smear you with oil or molasses and stop up a student's eyes and ears and nose, and see what it is about you that attracts the male. I have done that with ants and spiders and *drosophila*."

She laughed and let him see her gray-green, friendly eyes. "I think I'd be a very charming study for you. You're just disappointed because it's been more than a month since you caught me kissing anyone behind the brine tanks."

She did that. She was an instinctive flirt and she kissed nearly as many scientists as she quarreled with. His grin widened. "The last one was the young assistant in Steele's geology. He thought I would have him fired. Did he think, too, that he would have to marry you because your boss had seen him kiss you?"

"I don't marry an awful lot of them, Uncle Pete. . . . Hussy saw me kissing Jerry yesterday."

Oho! But what Hussakof had spoken of was the dogfish stains. "But you're always quarreling with Chapman, Carol. I'm always hearing you belaboring him with abuse. The boy will spank you properly some day. You bedevil him beyond reason."

"He's such a rotten scientist. He makes me frantic with his wild ideas and his miserable technic. I'm ten times the biologist right now that he ever will be. But he's a teacher, Uncle Pete, better than I am—I think better than you or Hussy or anyone in the department. You're going to give him more Zo A and some Zo 3 next year, aren't you?"

He most certainly was not. Carol

herself was going to have Zoölogy 3, and he was going to send Chapman to Cross at Kirtland College, where he could botch as many experiments as he pleased. He shook a finger at her. "I will not discuss my department with a flirt, nor award courses to young men because you kiss them."

"Some day I'm going to kiss you, Uncle Pete. My passion for experimental biology will lead me to, I'm sure. Days like this you might approve of the experiment."

She made a face at him and swaggered on to her table and stool. He followed her through the undulant, dust-dancing sunlight and stood at her shoulder while she peered through the binocular 'scope. She glanced up from it intermittently and made deft, quick strokes with a drawing pencil on the sketch beside its base. He studied the drawing. Like all of Carol's, it was exquisite. This one, he perceived, had to do with the ovarian transplants she had made in *amblystoma*. She added to it, observing, recording, correcting. Little circles of blue light quivered under her eyes. The sun came across the transverse bar above the table and turned her hair to living copper.

He was suddenly startled by a realization that never till now had he really seen Carol Emery. No wonder all young men were troubled by her. Her eyes were like the haze on those distant hills and her cheeks were like the blossoms of those orchards that he had missed. Trust nature! Nature had perfected Carol, had designed her out of the sum of all its mighty balances, as it had designed the dust and golden-brown flecks on a moth's wing. And young men found themselves tormented and bewildered. That was what nature had intended; that was why there was dusty gold on a moth's wing. There was no need to smear Carol with oil and pin her to a filter-paper while males with their eyes blinded gave evidence that they were aware of her.

Professor Fanning smiled gently. The

laboratory of research zoölogy tried to become aware of nature's workings by looking at pieces of embalmed dogfish under microscopes, or photographing the action of cyanogen on minute cells. What fools biologists were! Students came timidly to ask Carol to a baseball game, assistants kissed Carol when she was done mocking them, and nature performed its routine while Peter Fanning counted the thirteenth thousand generation of *paramecia* and John Hussakof recorded the modifications of dogfish cells.

He would have to tell Carol sometime that a mirror would help her more than a binocular microscope to surprise the methods of nature. Still, Carol was certainly not unaware of herself. She co-operated with nature candidly. She had, for instance, sewed a belt to that shapeless smock, so that one could observe how her waist narrowed above her slender hips. It was, too, about all she had on. It merely veiled that straightly sloping figure. Carol, herself, the sum of nature's calculations, was splendidly apparent beneath the linen. Odd that he had never really observed Carol before this moment.

She glanced up at him, caught his intent gaze, and smiled. "What are you thinking about me, Uncle Pete?" she asked.

"Why," he said, "I was referring you to my experiments with spiders. And I was wondering just how much science you attribute to contemporary fashions. Your clothes, Carol. They are phenomena to be observed in the experiment, and there are so few of them. Do you mind telling me how many garments you have on?"

"Garments is such an ugly word!" She climbed down from the high stool. "Look!"

She tugged out a bit of orchid-colored silk into the open neck of the smock. "One!" she said. Then she lifted the smock above her slender knees, just tinged with the smoky chiffon of stockings. The smock climbed on. It dis-

played frivolous garters with orange-colored bows on which black kittens were stencilled. "Two stockings and two garters make five." The smock exhibited satiny skin and then, beyond it, silk still more frivolous. "One step-in makes six. And the smock is seven. I'm positively smothered with garments, Uncle Pete."

"Where," he said sadly, "where is the stern, ascetic unworldliness of science? You are a movie heroine, and there is no impersonality about you."

She tossed her head. "I'm a darned fine biologist, Uncle Pete, and you know it. But I'm not partial to hair shirts, or even homespun. I will not wrap the organism in protective coloring. I wouldn't wear clothes that weren't frivolous for any *amblystoma* in the world, or even for you. And you know you think they're dazzling. You don't want me looking like an assistant librarian."

"I will smear you with molasses," he repeated.

He started away, feeling that his face must be red, but she said, "Oh, Uncle Pete, Professor Cross has offered me an assistant professorship at Kirtland College."

As the meaning of her diffident words reached his mind, he felt himself shaken by such a blast of anger as he had not experienced in years. Was Cross trying to steal his whole department? Take Carol and bury her in that idiotic little college a thousand miles away? Hardly! He saw himself composing a letter to Cross that would pulverize him among his sea-squirts.

"Do you want to leave us, Carol?" he asked gently.

"You know I don't. There isn't any other laboratory in the world. But still, Uncle Pete, even biologists have to be worldly people sometimes. I'm only getting an assistant's pay for an instructor's work—and think of being called professor! And my abused dad wouldn't have to pay for my seven garments any more."

He put his hand on her shoulder, discovering that he was really disturbed. "We will take care of you here. We can outbid Kirtland—we have become a millionaire university. I forbid you to think of leaving, Carol. Don't be preposterous."

"You're such a darling!" Her eyes were soft, but they held a residuum of doubt. "But there are so many things to think of. I don't know. Oh!"—her hands seemed to gather up the laboratory in one maternal gesture. "I don't want to leave my brine tanks. Where could I go to be kissed at Kirtland?"

"You are not to think of it."

He marched off to his cubicle. Such rage as he felt might not be decorous in a biologist, but he was certainly going to pulverize this man Cross. That doddering old ass! He must be a hundred and fifty years old, but he would have to be born again in 1998 to catch up with biology. And as for the ethics of trying to steal a man's department—simply unspeakable! . . . He sat down at the typewriter that was used by the secretary he shared with Steele of geology. Very deliberately, with exquisite precision, he began to pick out a letter to Cross. He expressed his formal approval of Mr. Chapman's scientific attainments. They would, he was officially confident, enable Mr. Chapman to take his Ph.D. with sufficient distinction. Professor Cross might congratulate himself on securing the services of a splendid teacher.

He adjusted the carriage for a new paragraph. Now to be at once crushing, conclusive, and ironical. He paused. What would the laboratory have become without Carol? He tried to remember how it had been before she came. He couldn't. In five years she had made herself as much a part of it as he himself. She should continue to kiss her young men behind the brine tanks as long as she would. Maybe he would kiss her himself.

The sun had made flames in her hair. Preposterous to think of letting her go

to Kirtland. . . . That paragraph must certainly be written and with a most arrogant finality that would obliterate Cross, but he was reluctant to begin it. Carol had got mixed up with the strange May breeze and the lilacs. He remembered that he had played in blossoming orchards, when he was a boy, yes, and slept in them, too, drugged with sun and scent. He wondered if Carol had done that, and could see a little girl sleeping under trees with apple blossoms caught in the hair which had shone so in the laboratory sun. That was the girl who was to grow up to test-tubes and stains, who was to mock Hussakof to his face, jeer at Chapman, kiss the geology assistants, and take Peter Fanning considerably less solemnly than most did.

He decided that he had been wrong about the English department. They had always seemed inexcusably trivial. And yet—well, he had suddenly found that there was a great deal to be said for the poetry they dealt with. Something had broken his skull open and let the sun in. Yes, a great deal to be said for poetry. He felt a little proud of himself: after God knew how many years of biology, here he was realizing the lilacs and the May wind. He might drop round to call on someone in the English department and speak casually to him, one expert talking with another.

His office door banged. Turning, he saw that Hussakof had come in. The man was a giant and a genius—and an execrable temper. Life in Laut Hall was never monotonous: you could depend on Hussakof. If his face wasn't lighting up like a transparency and his great voice booming out a new, highly emotional pleasure in some new nonsense, then he was fuming about and waving his arms and asking God to destroy everyone in the laboratory. Hussakof was the greatest man in the world in his field, and they had been friends for a long time, but Professor Fanning didn't, to-day, feel very cordial toward the outburst that was obviously on its way. Hussakof was going to be a genius for an hour or

two, or he wouldn't have left the game, which couldn't possibly be over. Why must he act out the role of John Hussakof, genius, on this particular afternoon? Fanning infinitely preferred the lilacs.

"Was there a home run, John?" he asked, not hoping to divert the storm.

"Maybe. I did not stay to see." Hussakof's face was worried. It always was. He had found that someone was persecuting him—asking for a record of his experiments for the President's report, or turning off the current in his bake-oven. "Peter, you are my friend. There is something on my mind and will not let me be. I tell myself, you must tell Peter. He has been, Hussakof, your friend for all these many years. He has done for you everything. He knows you, oh, so much better than anyone. Him you must now tell about this—this new thing."

He could have written down, now, the whole course of Hussakof's tantrum. It was like an act that players went through over and over. It never varied. There would be the loftily dignified recitation of his worth, the itemized account of its undervaluation at Morrison, the resolution to take himself to the University of Chicago where scientists were held to be somebody. . . . To have to submit to all this on an afternoon when a man had suddenly come alive!

"I have solved your problem, John," Fanning said, resigning himself. "You will exercise self-control and not hold up Chapman's degree. Then we will ship him off to Cross at Kirtland and be done with him. He will not be here to pollute your dogfish with eosin. But, you see, in order to do this, we must make him a Doctor. I insist on that, John: you will deny yourself the luxury of an outburst for another month."

"Chapman? Pfui! I had forgotten about him. Yes, we will get rid of him as soon as possible. But it is not Chapman on my mind."

The great hands closed into fists and swept out in vast arcs. Hussakof shook

himself, levelled a finger at Fanning's chest, and found tongue. "Peter, I am going to be married!"

After forty-six years! Laughter rose up in Fanning's breast, but he suppressed it. He was wondering what a woman would make of these outbursts. He was, himself, a person of extraordinarily sunny poise, but Hussakof had worn him paper-thin many times. Women had a short way with temperament—he enjoyed a vision of Hussakof halted in mid-flight by a readily extemporized, thoroughly feminine outburst much more expert than his own. . . . Then he softened. It was good for John to marry. And women did like to look after, or pretend to look after, just such strange, paradoxical, incomprehensible folk as John.

He held out his hand. Hussakof wrung it till the bones protested, holding to it with childish eagerness. His forehead wore the perspiration of confession.

"You rejoice with me, Peter? I had fear you would say, 'John, you incorrigible madman, whose life do you now undertake to make as miserable as you have made mine?' You do not reproach me that I am cantankerous and, oh, an impossible person to have about the house. Ho! I am also John Hussakof, eh? who counts for something. You will not be angry when John Hussakof marries a woman out of our laboratory."

Fanning remembered that the little blonde technician who chewed gum so violently had always made great round eyes at Hussakof. So that was it?—a romance unguessed by the laboratory, somewhat more in earnest than Carol's flirtations behind the brine tanks. Well, if the blonde technician was being promoted to the status of professor's wife, who was he to be amused? Old John needed a wife who would always be impressed by him, who would regard his temperament as evidence of his greatness, on whom he could expend his warm and human childishness.

"You do not mind, Peter, that I take Carol away from the laboratory?"

Carol! . . . The room merged into a mysterious noise and movement. He could see nothing clearly, think nothing. But he could think that it was true, then, after all, what they said about the heart. For his heart was squeezed between clamps, so that he felt his breath as a labored, impossible effort. Carol! He thought he had whispered it—or perhaps shouted it.

Hussakof had swung into an excited striding, up and down the narrow room. "I know your mind, Peter. You are asking who is John Hussakof to deserve Carol? It is my wonder that I also have asked myself that. You ask what the devil has John Hussakof to offer Carol? Well, too, I have myself wondered that . . . I will tell you. I cannot offer her youth." His hands gyrated and his voice swelled. "Dere are other things, Peter, and Carol she is not a simpleton. I can offer her John Hussakof—and that is not altogether nothing. She is a scientist, and she knows what John Hussakof is in science. I tell myself, no, Hussakof, that is not altogether nothing."

The excited face of John Hussakof seemed to fill the whole room, flushed and tremulous, enormous eyes that stared at Fanning and were distraught. Fanning could not avoid them, could not see anything else. It wasn't possible to think, to do anything but feel that tightness. But something was urgent, tenacious, in his nerveless mind. Carol—she had spoken of going to Kirtland College.

He managed to command his voice, just enough. "Do I understand that Carol has assented to your plans?"

Hussakof shook his head. "I have as yet said nothing to her. It has taken me of a great suddenness, Peter, so that I have been beyond myself. You do not know women, Peter, so you do not know that she will understand. Carol will see how things go with me. Soon I will—"

But breath, action, and clarity had come back to Peter Fanning. He was out of his chair, gulping incredible relief.

"Then you will take my advice," he said. "You will not show Carol that you are an elderly fool. You will not expose yourself to her tongue. I know you, John. You are a great biologist, and the spores of genius were blown into you. But you have sometimes been a great fool. Usually you show your folly only to me—don't make it public any farther."

"Ho!" Hussakof's bellow shook the glass cosmos of the *paramecia*. "So that is it! You call me a fool."

"Yes, but I will do my best to keep you from acting like one. You will not suggest this preposterous marriage to Carol. You will go off by yourself and meditate that you are twenty-one years older than Carol, and that she—"

"Youth I cannot offer her—I have said that. Bah! Youth is something one gets over in a great hurry, Peter, and then where are you?"

"It is something that laughs at old fools. You would make at best only a very rheumatic Cupid, John, and you would not like the giggle that Carol would greet you with."

"I am John Hussakof, the biologist, and Carol is a girl with good sense—"

"Good sense would set her telling the campus that you had gone mad. Don't blind your eyes, John—the idea is disgusting. You are a victim to your imagination. If you really think it can be done, let me tell you that you are talking about impossibilities. An old man, a young girl! You would be in a sanitarium when Carol was thirty-five. And all your life you would be a fool. It is worse than nonsensical, John. It is criminal. Why, you conceited old fool, do you suppose Carol could look at you without laughing?"

"Enough is said!" The glassware vibrated again. Hussakof was posed, now, beside the *paramecia*, one hand pointing at Fanning. He had room, for all his emotions, to understand the dramatic possibilities in the scene. He must play the role as it offered itself to him. "I go now, Peter. You have

made it forever impossible that there should be friendship between us. I open to you my heart, and you return me a sneer. You shall say no more to me but reflect that you have taken our friendship in your hands and broken it and thrown it away."

The hand was accusing for a moment, then fell away, in quite the best manner. Hussakof walked out. The door closed, not loudly, and heels measured off the length of the laboratory beyond.

He supposed he had. Yes, he had had to destroy the friendship of fifteen years. The surprising thing was, he didn't care. He had learned something when that intolerable suffocation lifted at Hussakof's admission that Carol had not passed upon his plans. That moment of agony, followed by that celestial release—yes, it had taught him something.

He understood. At his age, when one awoke to a realization of lilacs and sunlight and flowering orchards, it had a meaning. He was not only Peter Fanning, scientist. There had been, all along, a man lurking in the barren pedantry of Peter Fanning.

Someone was going to marry Carol. Someone who was not John Hussakof.

He felt that it would be gratifying to smash all the glassware of the universe which held the *paramecia*. Oh, merely to signify that he had beheld the sun, after these years. Let Hussakof rejoice in the glory of being a scientist. It was contemptible: Peter Fanning preferred to be a man who had seen that there were lilacs. In a moment he would go out and tell Carol that he had found her, after the barren years. But first he would sit here and despise the poverty and shadow of the science he had lived throughout his life. He had been a little hasty, perhaps, describing to Hussakof the elderliness of years that were, really, hardly middle age.

He was aware that his senses were keener than they had ever been. His cheeks, his hands, seemed to breathe the wind—it was a little fresher, a little more odorous of lilacs and the hills. That

was what Carol could do to a man, break through the shell which shut him off from the world and make him live. He supposed that even Hussakof, mired in the sickly nonsense of biology, had somehow felt the influence of Carol. For a moment, in Hussakof's life, she had probably had almost the full importance of an embalmed dogfish. But for Peter Fanning she was the world at springtime. And he had not known it till to-day.

It could only be Carol who was tapping at his door. He wondered that he could stand, he was so nerveless when he opened it to her.

"Tea, Uncle Pete," she said.

She had been doing that for five years. He followed her to the bench where a bunsen burner hummed under a battered old kettle that she had got at a ten-cent store. He watched her take a lemon from the refrigerator where Hussakof's dogfish were kept, and slice it with a dissecting scalpel that she had sterilized. There were cups in a drawer of her bench, and sugar and wafers in a cupboard where the dry chemicals were stored. She was intent above the kettle, as deft as if she were titrating something for research.

They sat on high stools by the bench, partly facing each other, and the light was level through the western windows, drawing shadows of test-tubes on her cheek and shoulder, cylinders and pyramids of shade. Her hands played through striations of light above her cup. She was drowsy and relaxed after her afternoon's work.

He wondered that she could be so unaware of the turbulence within him. Surely he could be read like a printed page! But she was as she had always been, affectionate and detached. An almost unbearable tenderness made him tremble. She would see his hands. But her own hands—they were so fine, so sure. . . . In a moment, Peter, in a moment you shall speak to her. Then this unawareness will vanish forever. He could feel his lips, out of manage-

ment, drawing back to speak her name.

"Uncle Pete," she said dreamily, "I don't want to go away from Laut Hall."

That absurd notion belonged to an old and vanished era. But it annoyed him. "I will not let you go away from me, Carol," he said. The warmth of his voice, filling the laboratory, surprised him. But, then, that was natural. There was reason for vehemence.

She touched his hand. "You're a darling, Uncle Pete. I'll bawl like a baby if I have to go away from you. But," her eyes strayed away from him, "there are so many things . . . Are you going to let Jerry Chapman stay on?"

He blinked. The question required a readjustment of his mind that annoyed him. He was holding off, by sheer will, the moment when he must speak to her. And he could hardly be asked to think of more than her throat, played over magically by shadows that were turning dull orange with the late sun. "Chapman?" the name roused a feeble enough response in his memory. "Oh, Cross wants him at Kirtland."

"I know . . . That's why I've been bargaining with Cross."

He didn't understand that. It had no meaning or suggestion. "Why?" he asked, preoccupied with the shadows on her throat.

"Well . . . I'll tell you, Uncle Pete. I've got to, I suppose. I want to be with Jerry. I'm Mrs. Chapman."

"You're Carol Emery!"

"Lucy Stone was in the world, Uncle Pete. We got married last July. Think, almost a year ago! . . . You don't pay assistants much, you know, and poor Jerry had only his fellowship. My dad is a resolute old soul with money in the bank—for a daughter, you understand, not for a wife. Oh, dear, no—a wife must look to her husband for support." Tears were apparent in her eyes, veiling the first shyness that Fanning had ever seen there. "I'm tired of being furtive.

Why shouldn't we live together openly? Kirtland College would make that possible."

In the enormous quiet of catastrophe he could hear the flywheel of Hussakof's refrigerator churning methodically. A flywheel in himself whirled on to make him say something. Anything. "But you fight with Chapman. All the time."

"I fight with everyone. Being married to me hasn't the placidity of life among your *paramecia*, Uncle Pete. But I only fight with Jerry about his fool experiments. . . . Don't think it counts when I kiss someone else. I like to kiss people. . . . Oh, Jerry won't set biology on fire, I know. I'll have to earn the family honors in research. But he'll be one darned fine teacher—much better than I can ever be. Don't you think that counts?"

It was imperative to turn away from her eagerness, her glowing eyes, the immortal wonder of Carol that had this moment become a lost wonder. He went to the window whose square panes had laid their shadows against her cheeks. The lilacs were sharp and cool in his nostrils. He wasn't seeing them. In one afternoon—the spring, a realization, a catastrophe.

But he could not let Carol go from Laut Hall. He must keep her here. There would be the knowledge that he had aspired to that great loveliness, quite uselessly, but that knowledge would be—oh, far more a pride than a sadness. He would keep her here. To know that she had been denied him was nothing, nothing at all, compared to having her gone. Suddenly, he distrusted even the May wind: was it all, merely that he wanted her about?

He turned back and found that she had been watching him, very anxiously. She was uneasy, a little pale, more disturbed than he had ever seen her.

"You shall be our new assistant professor in the fall, Carol," he said. Damn Hussakof—let him rage at Chapman. The laboratory could afford glassware for Chapman to break, and they would

restrain his world sensations from getting beyond the walls. Chapman should stay. He was a good teacher, and a few dozen broken beakers a year and some spoiled reagents and ruined specimens—was not Morrison grown wealthy beyond all reason? "I had decided you should have the professorship as soon as I heard that Cross was trying to steal you from us. And I will give the vacant instructorship to Jerry. Will he like his wife's outranking him?"

"You'll promote him the next year." Her cheeks flushed deeper than the late sun. "Oh, Uncle Pete, then I don't have to go away!"

"You have to stay here. I have ordered you to."

She had flung her arms round him and was kissing him, holding him with eager strength, pressing her cheek to his. He held her—held her so that she could not see his eyes. Just below the level of them the sun was on that shining hair.

"Uncle Pete, Uncle Pete!" she was whispering. "Your little Carol a professor! And no longer Lucy Stone!"

She did not move away. . . . Carol was in his arms. Not as he had expected. Not as the afternoon had promised him. But this was the only way that ever, in his life, he was to hold Carol in his arms.

She raised her lips to his cheek again. Then, after a moment, energy flamed up in her. "Can I tell Jerry? We're having dinner in a canoe. I'll tell him we're decent married folks at last."

Ignoring her cups and kettle, she dashed away to the closet where her dress hung. Through the door floated her piercing, ecstatic whistle atrociously off-key. In no time at all she was out again, dressed, powdered, swaggering.

"Professor Emery!" she said. "No, Professor Chapman! I feel like a bride, with Jerry's name. And like a pedant, Uncle Pete, oh, like something so biological that it ought to go into a Journal."

Her young arms went round him again, and her lips pressed warmly on

his cheek. "You're the most remarkable scientist in the world, and the dearest old darling, and you know more about *paramecia* than it's decent to expose. I told you I'd be kissing you eventually. What you haven't done for Carol! Tell me you love me almost as much as Jerry does. You and I, we don't have to go behind the brine tanks, do we, Uncle Pete?"

She was gone, silly French heels clattering down the chasm of the stairs. Flight by flight he listened to them, till Laut Hall was echoless again. Then, methodically, he gathered up the cups and spoons and saucers and carried them to the fan-hood, where he held them under a tap. It seemed right that they should be clean, that he should put them away where Carol kept them.

So that had been born in an afternoon, and, in an afternoon, had died.

He was in his office again. The light was fading, but the wind was still among the lilacs, and through the twilight came knowledge of the hills. He watched the patterns of shadow fade out to even darkness.

His telephone was ringing.

"Peter, this is I, Hussakof. Wisconsin have won the game. But I telephone to say, you are right. I have been a fool, an elderly fool. A man should stand off sometimes and look at himself with a friend's eye. To make a marriage with little Carol—that would be silliness for an old codger like me. Ho! I would drive the dear child to stick a scalpel between my ribs. You were right to tell me so. . . . I tell you

what, Peter, there are on this campus too many lilacs. Ho! I should be a botanist and not get swept out of my sane mind when there are flowers on them, eh? . . . You will come and eat cheese and drink beer with me to-night, Peter? We will sit and talk and thank God that when we are fools we hide it from all the world but each other, eh? You will come, Peter?"

"Yes, John," Professor Fanning said, "I'll come."

But first he would sit here and smell the lilacs in the darkness and realize the hills beyond them. And remember that Carol was not to go away from Laut Hall.

Yes, and be proud that he had proved himself something more than a biologist. He had seen the sun and known the orchards for an afternoon. For an afternoon he had been a living man. He had, if tardily, at last seen loveliness. He had discovered something unguessed, unrumored, something that would not go away. That he could know and realize. It was something to be proud of, even if you ascribed it, finally, to no more than the lilacs and a remembrance of one's boyhood. He could think about it, in the midst of science. He had, thank God, for one afternoon—he had been alive.

Professor Fanning rose, deeply satisfied, and went to the glass cosmos of the *paramecia*. It was, he discovered, possible to take an observation. He fumbled for the light-switch and began to arrange the beakers in the correct order.



INTERNATIONAL WINDOW-SMASHING

THE ROLE OF OUR NEWSPAPERS IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY SILAS BENT

FOR three years there ran intermittently through the American press a story that the British had elevated their naval guns. Despite denials from Downing Street this was reiterated until it engendered bitter ill feeling on both sides of the water, and undoubtedly contributed largely to the failure of the Geneva Conference. On December 30, last, Secretary Kellogg issued a correction of the canard; and the attitude of our newspapers toward his statement illustrates aptly, I believe, one phase of their irresponsibility in foreign affairs. The State Department "press release," as given out over Mr. Kellogg's name, follows:

My attention has been called to a press report stating in substance that the British Government had elevated its guns after the Washington Treaty, and then had objected to the United States' doing the same. This is a mistake. The British Government informed the United States that it had not elevated its guns and this Department and the Navy Department are satisfied that this is correct. The British Government is not now objecting to the United States' gun elevation.

Now, although I read newspapers pretty carefully, my first intimation of this statement came from an editorial paragraph in the *Manchester Guardian*. Commenting on the "mischievous inings" the story had enjoyed in our press, the *Guardian* noted that this was the first official denial from Washington. Any statement about naval programs affects profoundly the whole interna-

tional atmosphere; and Mr. Kellogg's brief belated denial, which was issued when a big-navy ballyhoo was at its height, was charged, it seems to me, with a considerable public importance and interest.

On inquiry I learned that the statement had been distributed through Washington correspondents and news agencies in a way to blanket all the daily papers of this country. From the Associated Press I obtained a copy of the story it had sent out. But when I began a searching and widespread examination to learn what newspapers had printed it, I could find only two, the *Boston Evening Transcript* and the *Washington Star*. Why were the others silent? One might suppose that editors in general, after repeating for years a damaging untruth about a friendly foreign government, would feel a certain moral obligation to print a correction. It is indeed difficult to reconcile the character of newspaper men with the occasional lack of character in their papers. On the basis of long acquaintance and observation, I am persuaded that as a class they are men of personal integrity; but they take to their homes a different kind of conscience from the conscience they take to their desks.

In a talk I made to the American Society of Newspaper Editors at its last meeting in Washington I reproached the members present for their failure to print the Kellogg correction. The managing editor of the *Buffalo Evening News*, in whose town a short while before I had

addressed a branch of the Foreign Policy Association, made a reply, admitting that he had "felt keenly" my criticisms there; and then read copies of my correspondence with the Washington manager of the Associated Press. The next day his paper printed a story with the headline: "Bent's Accusations False, Editors Told." The editors had been told nothing of the sort. There had been no charge of mendacity. But I suppose the bright young man who perpetrated the hoax felt he must vindicate editorial honor at any cost.

The true explanation would have been just as effective. There was no organized conspiracy to suppress the Kellogg statement. It was spiked because it was not exciting, because it dealt with a story three years old, and because editors dislike to admit that they are fallible. The canard that the British were violating the spirit of the Washington Treaty, on the other hand, was calculated to arouse the sort of emotions on which newspapers continually play, in the belief that the method increases circulation. The correction was merely informative, not emotional.

II

"Every country in the long run," said Bismarck, "is held accountable for the windows which its newspapers break. One day or another the bill will be sent in, taking the form of other countries' ill-humor." He did not hesitate himself to manipulate the press on a gigantic scale; and yet he said on another occasion that to maintain peace in Europe he need only kill half a dozen editors. His comment on window-smashing, however, was more than an indication of prankishness in the press. On analysis it goes deeper. For if we apply it to the American press to-day, we find that the formula which governs news selection and presentation makes for disturbance of the peace. The formula looks to the stimulation or satisfaction of primitive appetites and passions. It is based on

tribal taboos, sex, religion, property, romance, suspense, and conflict—above all on conflict. Stories of the prize ring, the race course, the ball park, the courtroom, sex triangles, even aviation stunts—which exhibit man's struggle with the forces of nature—indicate the value which newspaper men place on the element of conflict. This is the main circulation-building attribute of news, this and not substantial information; and on circulation building is predicated fat advertising revenues.

The formula I have described applies impartially to foreign as to most domestic news. The greater volume of international news which our press has carried since the World War is less likely to act as a guarantee of friendliness than as a threat of ill-temper. Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, taking the contrary view, says:

Before any progress or development can be expected as between individuals, there must be acquaintance. The same is true as respects nations. The mode of living, the manners, the customs, the knowledge of incidents in their daily lives, the trends of thought on every-day affairs—in other words, the little things of life, comprise much in the way of opportunity for understanding a people in their views on matters of great import.

This theory is grounded, presumably, on the saying of Charles Lamb that he could not know a man and hate him. But what Lamb had in mind was personal acquaintance, not third-hand acquaintance based on patterns of news which put a premium on controversy and bigoted nationalism, or which trumpet the trivial and sordid. In the latter category any item about the Prince of Wales is a crown jewel. Thus I find an Associated Press story under a two-column headline: "Wales Learns New Dance in Judy O'Grady's Arms." Judy was the wife of a sergeant at a regimental ball. And again (this not an A. P. dispatch, but a copyrighted and cabled New York *Evening Post* story of another sort): "Flapper Tragedy Up in

Berlin Court; Youth in Sordid Tableau of Adolescent Love Goes on Trial for Murder." The story concerns degenerate young folk of not the slightest social consequence.

Presumably these are "the mode of living, the manners, the customs" to which Mr. Cooper refers. They are not extreme examples. The bulk of the news in our press affecting foreign affairs, when not dealing with matters of State, is trivia of this type, as any casual examination will show. I doubt whether the type is likely to promote international good feeling.

Let us look farther at news dealing with international affairs of State. In the January issue of HARPER'S, William Howard Gardiner quoted at length a statement by Burton L. French, chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Naval Appropriations. The statement was made during a long debate, and was a reasoned, temperate, and friendly analysis of the industrial, colonial, and geographic conditions which make British naval needs different from our needs. The analysis was considered so important that it was read to Parliament and again at Geneva.

When I asked Mr. French to have his secretary look through his newspaper clippings, and give me a list of those papers which had used his statement, he was obliged to refer me to the *Congressional Record*. I had already failed to find any part of the statement in the files of the New York, Philadelphia, or Washington papers. The debate was pretty fully reported, but Mr. French's friendly remarks were not reported. No; the Representatives who said that Mr. Coolidge was making "a political football" of the navy, that our fleet was "a bad third," and that Great Britain was going to have 431 torpedo tubes to our 134—speeches such as these were fully noted and headlined, as I found on going to the files on my own account. What the newspapers wanted was not friendly argument tending to mitigate the ill-feeling which prevailed, but

inflammatory, alarming, or demagogic statements. The report of that debate reveals quite clearly one of the news patterns which dominate the daily press, and illustrates also their peace-disturbing quality.

I venture to say that no person who depended solely on newspaper accounts of the Geneva Conference was left with any total impression save that "the next war" would be fought between this country and Great Britain. The stories sent to American newspapers were of such a nature as to prompt a British diplomatic protest—the first time, I believe, such a thing has happened. For the American correspondents at Geneva were as indifferent to Mr. French's statement, when it was read there, as the Washington correspondents had been. At Geneva our reporters listened to representatives of munition makers and to naval "experts." They listened to men who are no more fit to discuss limitation of naval armament than a group of chorus girls is fit to discuss limitation of musical comedy.

No naval "expert" thinks of a navy as meant to do anything but sink an enemy fleet. Actually, the main duty of these craft is to police the seas in time of peace. Now, savages wear their war paint only in time of war; but civilized nations, presumably superior to savages, keep their fleets in war paint year in and year out, even when they are engaged on missions so commonplace that a savage would scorn paint, performing them. Mr. French saw clearly that in peace time a navy occupied somewhat the same status as the Washington police; but American newspaper correspondents, at home and abroad, declined to report a view so comfortably reassuring.

Comfortably reassuring news does not sell papers. Harmony seldom makes a headline. The practices of our press militate against merely informational, unexciting news.

In the 1928 Year Book issued by *Editor and Publisher* it is noted that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh "gave to

the press the best running story concerning an heroic figure that this generation, at least, has known *in peace time*." I have italicized the significant phrase. In the very center of any picture of our newspapers as they relate to international affairs this fact must be set: that mere peace time news is always regarded by the editor as less valuable than war news. The insecurity, heroisms, and horrors of armed conflict are the best-selling story. The economic thrust on the daily press is toward militarism and junkerism. The editor always has an ear to the ground for the alarums of war.

III

Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, has made complaint that the newspapers suppressed an interview he obtained with Pope Pius in which the pontiff said that Mexico was conducting toward Catholics "the worst persecution ever known." Mr. Williams was told this was not printed because it was "propaganda." If that be so it has a comical air, for about half the stories printed in the daily press are propaganda of one sort or another. But it may be argued that this statement was ruled out, despite its international weight, on account of religious prejudice and, therefore, cannot fairly be accepted as part of our criterion. So be it. I cannot refrain, however, from quoting here part of a letter Bernard Shaw wrote to Mr. Williams when he learned of the incident.

As to the objection that the Pope is a Roman Catholic and not a Baptist from Dayton and that his views are therefore not admissible to American newspapers, no European comment is necessary; Europe cannot make comments if its breath is taken away. . . . Are these newspapers being written for children . . . or for grown-up citizens of the greatest federation of modern States?

Even this inquiry got small attention in the non-sectarian press; but the Shavian suspicion that there might be in

this country a journalism for juveniles found confirmation, of a sort, in an unexpected quarter. Karl Bickel of the United Press not only confirmed it but rationalized it. If a newspaper were made interesting to children, he said, the children would continue to read it all their lives, and would persuade others to join the audience!

Whether or not the policy of this government toward the Catholic situation in Mexico had anything to do with the suppression of the Pope's statement (we shall see presently that the press is sometimes obliging in such matters), there was another instance in which the Mexican situation caused the publication in twenty-six newspapers of statements which were wholly false. I refer to the series of forged documents, purporting to have been pilfered from the files of that Government, published by William Randolph Hearst. After a Senate investigating committee had found that Hearst editors had not taken even the precautions which an intelligent high school boy would have applied to test the authenticity of the documents, Hearst announced that "as a patriot" he felt the news behind the publications to be true, and thought the American public was entitled to know it. Hearst's patriotism is only a little more blatant than that of many other American editors. I think it a little more blatant because, during the World War, he telegraphed S. S. Carvalho of the New York *American*:

If situation quiets down, please remove color flags from first page and little flags from inside pages, reserving them for special occasions of a warlike or patriotic kind. I think they have been good for this week, giving us a very American character and probably helping sell papers, but to continue effective they should be reserved for occasions.

There is a lot of one-hundred-per-cent newspaper flag-waving in type, but Hearst does it in pictures.

The hospitality of the press to propaganda, particularly when it has the stir

of conflict, was illustrated when a price war broke out between the Standard Oil of New York and the Royal Dutch Shell, a corporation owned in part by Englishmen. The New York company charged that its competitor was offering "secret rebates," and resorting to "desperate and destructive measures." To this the newspapers gave large headlines, and impartially gave display also to the Dutch Shell statement that the Standard was buying "stolen oil." The controversy, which concerned certain deals with the Russian Soviet Government, raged for weeks; and some of the newspapers which encouraged it unblushingly commented on the international danger their conduct involved. The *Springfield Republican*, for example:

We doubt whether the public will be much interested in these mutual recriminations, or disposed to look for a moral issue in what is essentially a world-wide struggle for supplies and markets. Yet that struggle is one which needs to be watched carefully, because it may by degrees so link itself to international rivalries as to become disturbing to peace. . . . Oil is so tremendous a factor in modern life, and so vital to national prosperity and prestige, that a prolonged clash between rival international groups of capitalists is not without menace.

In *Back of War* Henry Kittredge Norton notes the bitterness expressed in certain parts of the British press toward this country, from 1919 to 1927, on account of our attitude toward the debts, disarmament, and oil; while in the United States, he observes, we have had a continuous campaign of propaganda telling us of European hatred for us. All who read newspapers can agree with him at least that the dailies of the United States have gone pretty strong on this. "The inflated accounts of European hatred," Mr. Norton says, "will be seized and used to evil purpose if events should take a malevolent turn"; and he reminds us that what the American press is doing now the English and German press were doing between 1908 and the outbreak of the World War:

whipping up "fear, antagonism, hatred."

This tendency of the press to inflame ill will manifests itself when international conferences are held, as, for instance, at Williamstown and Honolulu. Such unofficial meetings are becoming more numerous. They present an opportunity to get acquainted in the way Charles Lamb had in mind. Differences are debated, and sometimes belligerent statements are made on both sides. It is the truculent statement which gets into the newspapers, and thus gives an impression of hostility which the whole debate does not justify. The real purpose of such gatherings should be, not to obtain publicity for the organization or institution which promotes it, but to establish contacts between thoughtful groups of nationals, who, returning to their own lands, may spread temperate reports of the issues involved. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who attended the last Honolulu conference, observed that publicity should be "so conducted as not to give to the man with a bitter tongue an audience he could never secure as an individual."

IV

If I have given a fair picture of the American press in its general inflation of sensationalism, how much more reprehensible is this characteristic if it is accompanied by a tendency to put the soft pedal on news likely to embarrass Washington officials whose favor correspondents curry. It may be argued that daily newspapers have reported quite frankly what was going on in Nicaragua. Not quite frankly! True, they reported that the "official seal" of Sandino's "republic" was a picture of a rebel beheading an American marine. There was no military justification for this "atrocious story," inasmuch as there was and is no occasion for arousing widespread and bloodthirsty hysteria in this country against a handful of half-starved soldiers. The story was printed

either to gratify Washington or because it was good window-smashing stuff: no other reason can be found for it. But when Corporal Hemphill of the marines was killed his father's indignant letter to the War Department, demanding to know in what cause and for whose interest his son had given his life, found a place in only a handful of dailies; as a fact, I know of only one, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

It is unnecessary to repeat here the familiar statements about those Washington conditions which stultify the efforts even of able newspaper correspondents there. I think it is pretty generally understood by now that we get only a modicum of news from the capital, mixed with propaganda. But it may be as well to see how the system affects news about foreign relations.

When the British rubber restrictions under the Stevenson Act went into effect some five years ago, Harvey Firestone was conspicuous among the big rubber consumers because, apparently, he wanted to go to war about it. The other tire manufacturers, through the Rubber Institute, entered into negotiations with British officials. They were quite willing to pay a price which would make rubber-growing profitable, and were reasonably disposed to deal with the situation on that basis. Subsequently Secretary Herbert Hoover emitted certain fulminations about alien monopolies of raw materials consumed in American industry, and Harvey Firestone announced that he would buy a rubber plantation of his own. Not even Henry Ford, that past master of personal publicity, who had similar schemes for plantations, got more space in the news columns than Mr. Firestone. He had bought vast areas of rubber lands in Liberia. He would show those Britishers whether they could gouge Americans for long. The newspapers acclaimed his initiative and sagacity, but they failed to tell on what terms he had got his Liberian concession. The conditions of the concession had been imposed with the ap-

proval of the United States Government but the State Department has recently refused to divulge the text of the agreement.

The failure of the newspapers to tell the facts about the Liberian deal may have been due to indolence, to fear of offending Washington, or to a kindly feeling toward a big advertiser. Whatever the cause, the main facts have now been made known by Raymond Leslie Buell in his book *The Native Problem in Africa*; and they bear on our foreign policy. Mr. Firestone has not actually bought any land in Liberia; he has leased immense tracts for ninety-nine years at an annual rental of six cents an acre. Further, he has agreed to lend the African republic five million dollars for forty years at seven per cent. Part of this is to be used in retiring a Liberian loan at five per cent, which will not expire for more than twenty years. The republic, that is to say, must pay seven instead of five per cent for its money. Mr. Firestone's security is a lien on the country's customs. Both the customs and the internal revenue are to be collected under the eye of an American "Adviser," who also will supervise the budget and all disbursements. American military officers are to command the forces of the nation.

These arrangements were made without authorization by Congress, and without the knowledge of the American public. They commit this country to a situation incipiently similar to that we occupy in Haiti, where for twelve years marines have supported our virtual administration of the republic. The Haitian Constitution, originally drawn by Americans, has been amended recently at American instigation in drastic and far-reaching fashion. Under the amendments the rubber-stamp President, who occupies an office protected by our marines, may now remove any Judge of the highest court, although these Judges formerly were appointed for life. He may now suppress any newspaper, and the right of trial by jury is denied to any

ditor or political offender. So it goes. What was formerly a republican form of government has been transformed, and its President has been converted into a Mussolini.

Not many newspapers maintain correspondents in Haiti. They depend on the Associated Press and the United Press. The correspondents of both these news agencies are officers of the machines, answerable to their superior officers (and therefore to Uncle Sam) for any news they transmit. If they sent news about these highly significant happenings in an American "protectorate" I cannot find that any paper printed it. An outside correspondent, assigned to Haiti to act as ghost writer for Colonel Lindbergh's "own" story during his Central American flights, looked around him, got the facts, and on his return wrote a series of articles for the *New York Times*. This newspaper, apparently, is the only one which has printed the facts about Haiti.

Whether or not one regards our occupation of Haiti as imperialism, one must agree that the American public was entitled to the facts while they were happening.

In Japan and on the continent of Europe the principal news agencies are subsidized by their governments. Their outgivings on matters of State are recognized as semi-official, and the reader knows where such stories originated. In this country our newspapers boast that neither they nor their agencies are subsidized by the government; but the agencies put out, and the newspapers accept from them and from their Washington correspondents, statements about domestic affairs affecting our foreign relations (such as army and navy matters, as well as diplomatic statements), made by anonymous officials. That is to say, our newspapers are in such matters semi-official, but the reader is not apprised of the fact. I know, for instance, that the falsehood about the elevation of British guns originated with a naval official.

Which is the safer system? Is it better to have twelve hundred of our dailies print on their own authority, for example, a story obtained from an anonymous State Department official, that Mexico is effecting a Bolshevik hegemony in Central America; or, when we read such a story, to know that it is semi-official, and that someone in Washington stands back of it?

Heaven forbid that we should have a Government-supported press. The point I am making is that in many respects our press is no better than if it were the avowed puppet of Washington, and ignobly subsidized.

It is a curious contradiction that American newspapers, acting thus at home as quasi-Administration organs, refuse toploftily to accept material from the semi-official news agencies of Europe and Japan. They depend for information from world capitals either on American news agencies or on their own correspondents. At Geneva they got into a dispute with the semi-official European agencies regarding what has been called the Open Door in news-gathering. Was there to be a recognition of "spheres of influence" in the distribution of information? Questions of censorship were involved, too. The controversy degenerated into a discussion of the sacred property right in news, which is a commodity owned and exploited, in this country, by the agency which has "mined and refined" it. But the Open Door in news is an issue which must be settled in time; and upon the answer will depend to some extent the reliability of the tidings we get from abroad. It will be an ironical commentary if American news agencies, in the process, must answer for their own dubious status at home. Or abroad, in some cases! At the Geneva Conference and in Haiti they acted as government organs.

V

Now, it may be argued that, whether in Geneva or in Haiti or in Washington,

whether inflating sensationalism on occasion or soft-pedaling American indiscretions, our press should be one-hundred-per-cent American. This assumes that if war threatens, for example, the whole press should bellow for war. I do not think it should. It is worth remembering that during the Venezuelan dispute, when conflict seemed imminent between this country and Great Britain, the *World*, to its everlasting credit, lifted its voice for peace and almost single-handed averted war. I say to its eternal credit because to adopt that course required no end of courage. To drift with popular passion, to sound the bugle and beat the drum when millions of readers want to hear them is the easy and profitable thing to do. If war comes the editor is a patriot; if war doesn't come he was no more mistaken than those millions of his fellows. If war comes he has his best-selling story, as I have reminded you. And if war doesn't come it touches his pocket-book. On many occasions the elder Pulitzer was capable of disregarding selfish considerations. My complaint is that the American press to-day presents a personnel below that caliber.

The commercialized press of to-day appears to have forgotten that the *World* was built to its peak, and an immense fortune founded, on the disposition of Joseph Pulitzer to champion unpopular causes and combat mob hysteria. It is impossible for me to fancy that an editor of that sort would do many of the things I have been criticizing here. I do not use the phrase "commercialized press" lightly or in-advisedly. Let me cite one example, touching a journal greatly admired by most newspaper publishers and owners. Well may it be admired, for it has an annual net profit of about four millions, and has boasted editorially that it spent half a million dollars in a single year on cable tolls from the Far East. Yea, verily, it spent thrice that sum in a single year on stories of stunt aviation. This same newspaper paid its Mexico

City correspondent, until he was expelled by that government, sixty dollars a week. (The correspondent must have sold a side-line, for he had five children.) As a fact nearly all foreign correspondents are notoriously underpaid, perhaps because any police reporter can send most of the stuff American newspapers seem to prefer.

John Galsworthy once said that if there was to be an improvement in the character of foreign news it must come about through the efforts of editors and newspaper writers. I suspect he knows more about playwriting than about the press, at least the American press. So long as editors pay, and correspondents accept, niggardly wages, we are likely to get a niggardly showing of solid and trustworthy information about foreign relations. The niggardly showing we now get consists of an occasional verbatim report of a treaty or a speech by Poincaré, and Sunday supplement cables. By and large, it is poor pickings.

As to salaries, there is this to be said in fairness. Correspondents in many world capitals send but a small budget of news, and cable rates are high. The rate from Tokyo is thirty-seven cents a word, from Buenos Aires fourteen cents, and so on. Only seven of our newspapers, therefore, maintain any considerable foreign service. The others take what the news agencies supply, and in some cases supplement it with material from one of the seven bureaus. But it may be maintained in equal fairness, I believe, that if the press of this country were to lop one-fourth, let us say, from its outgo in the ballyhoo of murder trials, prize fights, electrocutions, and stunt flying, it could afford a less frivolous service from abroad. Perhaps it could afford also a somewhat better service concerning domestic developments affecting our international relations.

This is offered mildly as a suggestion, not as a solution. There will be no solution until the news editor takes a less irresponsible and reckless attitude toward his role in foreign affairs.



MY SON GETS SPANKED

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

MY nine-year-old son has been tried, condemned, and punished for punching a class-mate's nose.

It was not, I gather from the eye-witness testimony of my outraged and retribution-demanding wife, an entirely discreditable performance. I have concluded, after divesting her report of heated imagery, that the blow was a straight right or, at worst, an upper-cut with the weight of the body behind it. This is encouraging. In the past my son has shown a perverse fondness for windmill swings.

Nor was it an unprovoked punch. The classmate had taken our offspring's dearest treasure, a pair of miniature field-glasses through which by myopic squintings one may view a speckled picture of Trafalgar Square, London, had refused to return them and, when importuned, had slapped my son's face. In addition, his classmate was larger than he in every dimension.

Yet my son is in disgrace and, until recently, in tears as well, for I, being also larger than he, have smitten him, not on the nose, thereby upholding poetic justice, pacifying a vindictive mother, and satisfying the demands of fair—well, pretty fair, anyway—chivalry.

For the punched classmate was a little girl.

I have seen her, a fat and sponge-shaped maiden with the sponge's powers of absorption. She plays by choice with the boys of the Fourth Grade and obtains much plunder thereby; for most of her playmates,

already initiated into the mysteries of Politeness to Ladies, relinquish their property rather than hit, or even tell on, a little girl.

So, I have no doubt, will my own child in the future. The thought should be more gratifying. There is something about Sally's smug pudginess that affronts me, though she never has had opportunity to annex belongings of mine.

And yet I have just spanked my child for sharing too sincerely my own antipathy. He will be obliged to apologize to the larcenous Sally when he returns to school to-morrow. That, as well as the spanking, is my wife's idea.

To-day I have not tried to reveal the moral of his punishment. Usually, when the tumult and the shouting dies we consider together the rights and wrongs of the case. This time we have omitted such discussion. I did not dare open it. I felt my position was precarious, that I might topple therefrom at my son's first "Why?" I might be forced to confess that punching a lady's nose was a crude performance, yet more salutary and sensible than many of the over-emphasized standards of chivalric forbearance. And my wife, I know, is on the alert for further evidence of masculine heresy.

Women are, which is why the institution of chivalry has outlived so sturdily its normal background of tournaments and troubadours, crusades and cuirasses, parfit, gentil knights and queens of love and beauty. These properties of medievalism are

dead as Ivanhoe. Chivalry endures, and my son, for offense thereunder, gets spanked. Thanks to my paddling his manners toward the other sex will be meeker and milder henceforth, and those of the girls he knows will keep right on being bad. I have bound him to that wheel of courteous behavior on which we men of to-day pay for the sins of our forefathers.

The descendant of Dominant Man who swatted his vassal, woman, more often than was necessary expiates his ancestor's iniquity by squirming helplessly in handcuffs fashioned by woman-fostered ethics.

By spanking my son to-day I have done more than correct a misdemeanor. I have, to some extent, crystallized his future. Vague though that still may be, I can read its outline. From now on, acquisitive little girls will take things away from him with impunity. Horrid little girls will make hideous faces at him, mock the clumsiness and shyness that he inherits from me. Jeering little girls will make his life exquisitely miserable.

When he attains the Terrible 'Teens girls, a little drunk with discovery of their power over males, will do hideous things to the first flowerings of romance in his adolescent breast. In maturity women will bump into him in crowds, jostle him on car platforms, break engagements light-heartedly, forget appointments, delay him, irritate him, disregard him, all without word of apology or recognition of offense, thanks to the spanking I have just administered.

I am sorry for my little boy. He is not yet old enough to be sorry for himself. He has not attained that stage of faintly wilted maturity at which a man wonders why a woman who thrusts herself into a line of purchasers ahead of him should not be thrust out again, why sex equality does not extend to manners, why women enjoy an immunity, extending from murders to memoirs.

II

Chivalry had much to recommend it in 1028, or even in 1908. It has less to-day, in the face of woman's growing independence. It will have little, if anything, to justify it when my son comes of age. Women have proved that they can support themselves most satisfactorily. Why, then, I wonder, must a lad with his first job pay for dances, theaters, meals in order to enjoy the company of girls who are earning possibly more than he? It is custom, I know, but that seems an inadequate answer. And yet my son when he earns his first wages will do it too. Chivalry demands it, and he is going to be chivalrous, even if I have to spank him again.

It is years since I have punched anyone in the nose. Being large and blessed with ponderous clumsiness frequently mistaken for power, it is years since any man has given me provocation. A male who treads on your privileges will rectify his error, grouchy or willingly, if you insist. A woman who offends in like manner generally ignores whatever feebly muttered objections you venture. A man knows that behind your objection lies a possible punch in the nose. A woman is sacrosanct under the code of chivalry, and she knows it.

When his chatelaine got on the nerves of bluff Baron Udo de Fitzurse chivalry curbed and redirected his instinct for felonious assault. His wife remained intact while the good baron girded on his armor and worked off his matrimonial grievance on the nearest dragon or ogre, proclaiming meanwhile that his was the fairest, most gracious ladye in all Christendom. Chivalry was a salutary theory for its time and place. But women are not chattels to-day, and all the dragons have been slain. So, I am a little sorry for my son.

He will hear women preach sex equality. He will see them practice

sex superiority. He will see men hanged for killing men and women triumphantly acquitted of the same offense. He will cling, by grace of my spankings, to the hallowed code of masculine reticence. He will read, if feminine memoirs continue their present trend, glibly meticulous accounts by women of their amorous hours. He and his father and ninety-eight per cent of the American male population would lynch right joyously the man who, following the death of his beloved, revealed in print all the clumsy, pathetic details of the woman's illicit love for him. Meanwhile, waiting the advent of this super-swine, we read precisely similar disclosures by women, and sympathize.

My son will see women do many other things that would start a fight were men to attempt them. He will learn that men, the sufferers from feminine presumption, are amazingly willing to punish any of their brethren who resent it—as I have just spanked my own son.

Women as a class are loyal to women, quick to resent affront to one of their number. The man who makes a woman uncomfortable or unhappy, no matter how much she deserves it, is a brute to other women—and to other men.

I worked in a newspaper office with the most completely incompetent, irresponsible girl who ever had the delusion she was a reporter. In the month of her employment—a man as helpless and careless would not have lasted a week—she committed all possible newspaper offenses. That was her sole consistency. She came in late for assignments. She forgot to come back from those she received. Her copy was a latent hornets' nest of misstatement and libel.

When at last she was fired she wept quite publicly, and the men of the night shift who had suffered her negligences and ignorances for thirty days were vastly indignant. They called

the belatedly just city editor who had discharged her a brute with no decent feelings, only they said it less printably.

For such masculine lop-sidedness women are responsible. In the first place, mothers pump into their male offspring the ideals of chivalry. They teach their sons that members of the opposite sex are gentle, tender, more delicately and finely fibered, with a higher moral instinct and a cleaner intelligence than men. In the second place, the overwhelming majority of women justify this statement. Unfortunately, majority is not unanimity, as my son is beginning to discover. He will find in time that one aching tooth makes the sufferer forget the thirty-one that are sound. He will spend much of his life marvelling at the consistency of woman's inconsistency.

If he had punched a little boy, his mother might have concealed her pride under a disapproving exterior but secretly she would have been amused and pleased. She would have told me about it, not in a horror-stifled whisper but with a ring of exultation in her voice. She would have rejoiced that our youngster was learning to defend himself, to stick up for his rights—against other males.

I have never heard of a mother who instructed her son in defense tactics against the depredations of little girls. It isn't done. It would be faintly treasonable. Mothers are firm believers in disarmament—by men.

My son will find out that woman, however, retains her traditional and essential weapons. Hers is a quicker, keener, more impatient mind, as any husband will testify who has tried to tell a story his wife already knows within earshot of her. Hers also is an intuition and a stability against passion the average man lacks. Thus equipped, she outranges and outguns man, whose superior hitting power was once his chief defense.

Thanks to this system, man suffers in childhood. He goes through ex-

quisite agony in adolescence unless he be more fortunate than one boy I knew.

The list of women he loved vainly from four years old on is long and sad. The list of women who deserved to be punched is longer and sadder, and many names on the first roster appear also on the second.

He recalls a verse. It wasn't a very good verse, even for twelve years old, but it was the best he could accomplish, and the most perfect of Keats' was never fashioned in a whiter flame. Its first stanza ran:

Oh, Marion, oh, Marion, I love you
with all my heart
And I'll be with you, Marion, till
death it do us part.

He stuffed it into his inspiration's pencil box during recess. He waited, perspiring, ears glowing violently, on the school steps, fatuously certain that an obviously unprepossessing physical exterior would be disregarded henceforth for the sake of the lyric it had fathered.

And while he lingered, his beloved appeared with a tittering group of satellites and, pausing for their edification before him, recited his poem in the nastiest, most jeering voice his ears have ever admitted. The other little girls screeched horrid glee, and within him he felt his vitals wither and drop to dust.

Eventually he fled, stricken. There was nothing else to do. Had a member of his own sex betrayed trust so foully, his course would have been plain, satisfying, pugilistic.

And again, at fifteen, he sat long in the moonlight with Elizabeth. Probably he was funny. Others have found him so in his devout moments, and Elizabeth and the moon together would have lent the Sphinx eloquence. Elizabeth seemed sympathetic and yet, the next morning, the village soda clerk quoted for his benefit and the merriment of bystanding contemporaries the most perfervid of his protesta-

tions, word for word. He forswore ice cream sodas for the rest of that summer. He dared not approach that fountain again. His immediate impulse was to seek out Elizabeth and upon her recently adorable snub nose . . . Oh well, women have their prerogatives and Elizabeth passed out of his life, unscathed.

A man who tells is a dog; a girl who reveals is just a flirt, protected by modern chivalry which is far more long-suffering and spacious than its prototype. Guinevere made a fool out of Arthur but she did not boast of it. My favorite among medieval heroes is not Arthur, Lancelot, or Bayard. It is he who is embalmed in a trumpery poem I was forced to learn in grammar school. I have forgotten the name of my hero and the title and the author of the verses that celebrated him, but I do recall that the knight's inamorata asked if he would dare enter an adjacent cage of lions were she to drop her glove therein. He said he certainly would and she tossed the glove in. He recovered it, unhurt, and then, I recall

He threw the glove
But not with love
Straight in the lady's face.

All the spectators applauded. I still do. The sole improvement I can suggest is that he should have put his hand into the glove first. Medieval chivalry had its moments.

III

My son, in time, may come to wonder whether consciousness of immunity is a particularly good thing for anyone. He will find it an improving exercise for male self-control never to resent feminine boorishness but he will grow to doubt whether this restraint is really beneficial to women themselves.

Eventually he may become the least bit resentful and jealous. A man cannot see women triumphantly perform-

ing things which, were he to attempt them, would result in a swift ride to the nearest hospital, without a lurking wrath which, thanks to chivalry's strictures, contents itself with lurking.

Women can argue successfully with traffic cops. I know a girl who ran over one once and, when her justifiably indignant victim pursued and overtook her, wept so prettily that she escaped with nothing more severe than a lecture on traffic laws.

Women can publicly berate men as no male may. I cherish the average human's antipathy to headwaiters, yet I was almost sorry for one who because he stepped by accident on a woman patron's foot was forced to endure, gasping and cringing, a tirade audible to the entire restaurant. When at last she had finished the headwaiter gave me a miserably false smile and shrugged. That is the most a man can do.

Five of us on the late watch in a newspaper office played poker after the last edition had gone to bed. Andy had opened the pot when suddenly the rest of us were aware that a woman, rigid of body and face, had materialized behind his chair. There she stood, voiceless, while we four stared, mute, abashed, as men must be when confronted by the specter of outraged femininity. The fifth, poor hapless Andy, spread his cards in his cupped hands and reiterated, "Opened for a dime." He looked up, saw our faces, and turned.

He seemed as dumb-smitten as we and, besides, she gave him small margin for speech.

"So," her voice rang through the empty office, "this is the way you work late, is it?"

"But, my dear," the culprit protested. "I—"

"You get your hat," his wife interrupted.

Andy strove to regain at least the semblance of independence.

"Just as soon as I play this hand," he told her with the mirthless, fixed smile of the seasick.

"You'll march right straight home now," she ordered with a ponderous emphasis on every word, and Andy picked up his hat and marched. After he had been led away the survivors told one another what we should do if our wives acted like that. The recitals were impassioned, sanguinary, but it was only the vainglorious babble of men not under fire, and each of us knew all the others were lying.

Furthermore, had Andy embarked upon reprisal, we should have pitied his poor wife wedded to a brute.

The above, I recognize, is comic-strip material yet it is sober fact, reported as accurately as one with newspaper training may write. And I who have just recreated that hideous incident have recently spanked my son for not being more like Andy.

And speaking of comic strips, the irate wife who beats her husband with a rolling pin, or whatever weapon is handy, has an apparently deathless flavor of humor. I have never seen a comic picture in which a woman was smitten by a man, no matter how well she deserved it. Chivalry reigns inviolable, even in cartoon land.

My son may disagree, but there are few more pacific than I. Whatever irritation prompted this has been spent long since. Some of my best friends are women. I shall live on excellent terms with their sex until:

I see a woman deliberately hold up a line before a railway ticket window while she discusses trains at length, trembles for minutes on the brink of decision, at last orders a ticket, waits until it is made out and pushed toward her before she begins to fumble in her purse, deals out money, and continues to block the window while she counts her change, bit by bit, serenely ignoring the impatience of the line dammed up and damning her. I shall think the thoughts suitable to a person brought

up by a chivalry reverencing mother until then or until:

I stand in a queue before a box office and see a woman, unthwarted, barge in and purchase seats belonging rightfully to men who have waited long minutes in line, or until:

The next woman shopper calmly appropriates the clerk who had been about to wait on a mere man, picks up something a male has selected, announces that this is just what she wants, and scowls indignantly if the man protests. I shall perpetuate, after my fashion, the Arthurian tradition, blind to anachronism, until the next woman crowds into a station exit against the outpouring crowd, or stands blocking a car doorway while passengers squeeze past her, or takes the seat I offer as if it were something I had borrowed without permission and was returning belatedly.

And even when I survey these offenses again, as I shall certainly within the next week, I shall only squirm inwardly or at most mutter to my near-

est male neighbor that women are the limit. He will agree. And that is all that will happen.

Were a man to attempt the violations of fairness, consideration, courtesy cited at random above, he would be dissuaded by the threats and curses of other men or, were he then to persist, some guardian of masculine freedom, what there is of it, would punch him. Men know what will happen if they offend. Women know what will happen if they do. And there we are. And there we stay.

I suspect that if I had praised instead of spanked my son the absorbent and suety Sally would grow into a better and more considerate woman and my offspring himself might become eventually a prophet, an iconoclast, overthrowing Tenth-Century images of chivalric conduct. Yet it is better that I spanked him. The world is unkind to Messiahs, and even the father of a herald of true sex equality would fall heir to an insupportable amount of misery.





MARRIAGE AND MONEY

BY G. V. HAMILTON, M.D., AND KENNETH MACGOWAN

This is a second article based on the detailed scientific research into the married life of one hundred men and one hundred women, conducted by Doctor Hamilton under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The first article, "Marriage and Love Affairs," appeared in our August issue.

—The Editors.

THIS is the story that two hundred men and women told about marriage and money—their marriages and their money. They were intelligent people. Nine-tenths of them had been to college, and most of them were employed in more or less important work. They weren't the sort of people that go to nerve specialists. They were as happily married as most of us—about fifty per cent had found reasonable contentment with their spouses. As for their money—half of the men earned less than five thousand dollars a year, and half of the women had never earned anything or never enjoyed a private income from investments. Half of them did not own a home. A third had saved nothing, and a third had saved less than five thousand dollars.

These two hundred people knew a good deal about the problem of trying to live a satisfactory and harmonious married life while keeping a weather eye on the lean wolf crouched just outside the door. They confessed how far friction over money had jarred their married lives. They showed how much more complacent men were over small incomes than women. They discussed the failure of budgets and the effects of allowances or joint bank accounts on the happiness of wives. They determined whether their partners were extravagant, fair, or stingy in money matters. And they went exhaustively into the moot question

of whether modern, money-earning wives are happier than old-fashioned, dependent women.

They talked on a great many other problems of married life. For they were answering about four hundred questions that dealt extensively, and very frankly indeed, with the most intimate relations of husbands and wives. It took them nearly two years to answer the questions: they came one at a time to the examiner's office and spent from two to thirty hours each on the job. This was no mail-order questionnaire, but on the other hand it wasn't a psychoanalytic cross-examination, with the doctor injecting suggestions, distorting the natural responses, and altering the method of examination for each person. The questions were typed on cards, and all the examiner did was to sit still and write down exactly what the men and women said—two million words, all told. The result was a great deal of information which could be compared and analyzed with scientific accuracy.

The purpose of this research was not to get a picture of the average marriage. The institution that financed the research and the committee of scientists who sponsored it knew that it would take many years, thousands upon thousands of human guinea pigs, and God-given clairvoyance to achieve any such thing. But they did believe that this study would tell a number of important things

about the marriage relations of at least one group of intelligent human beings in a large city. The completed study does just that. It provides a mass of information on marital happiness and unhappiness, mothers-in-law, birth control, jealousy, child-bearing, the family background, day dreams, thirteen hundred and fifty-eight love affairs, alcoholism, "inferiority complexes," pay envelopes, and dozens of just as miscellaneous matters. Out of all this the present article is going to try to present some of the findings on the money problem.

II

Obviously, money plays a big part in married life. Poverty and prosperity must affect any relationship of two human beings, not to speak of so intimate a one as marriage. The mental attitudes of men and women—instinctive extravagance, instinctive stinginess, natural dependence, combative touchiness, all the quirks of human nature—add their complications to the simple fact of income and expense. Even the cave man faced this problem; for a hard winter or a dearth of game meant something emotional for the Neanderthal husband and wife which finds an exaggerated parallel nowadays in hard times, strikes, a cut in pay, or bankruptcy.

Modern life, particularly the life of a great, sophisticated city, provides a fine lot of special complications. Since those days when the advent of machinery brought on the industrial revolution of a century ago, woman's whole place in marriage has been enormously altered on the economic side. She used to run a sort of home-factory for the making of clothes, candles, soap, canned food, and dozens of other things right alongside of the nursery. Now she goes out to work for hire in a factory run by some other woman's husband, or stays at home in what is often unnatural, worried idleness. Woman earns money and spends money for the first time in her career. Hence she judges marriage on a wholly new basis—for better or worse.

She isn't so dependent on her father or her suitors as she used to be, and she isn't so important to the industrial welfare of the home. The married woman demands or expects money of her own instead of important or vital work in her home-factory. Often she contributes to the support of the family. She isn't so dependent on her husband, and he in turn isn't so dependent on her. The complications of this wage-earning machine-age are almost endless in their bearing on the financial relations of married men and women.

It is an odd fact that all the illumination which the work of Sigmund Freud has brought to human psychology tends first of all to complicate the question of what effect money has on marriage. For Freud has made us see that our financial attitudes aren't the simple, obvious things we imagine them to be. He has shown us that many a man may be stingy or extravagant, not because he was brought up in poverty or affluence, but because his mother bent the forerunners of his sex instincts in an unhealthful way before he was five years old. Further, Freud has shown us why it is that a woman who gets no deep physical satisfaction out of marriage is likely to be extravagant with money, and the explanation lies in what her mother did to warp her infantile equivalents of the sex instinct. And, incidentally, this research has shown that only a third of the women who are conscious of extravagance enjoy their marriages to the full, while two-thirds of the women who seem fair and balanced in money matters get complete physical satisfaction.

Here is another complication which may prepare your mind for appraising the facts of this research. A large number of wives earn enough money to affect seriously the old dependence of the woman on the man. The research shows, curiously enough, that such wives are not as happy as those who are less independent financially. But you must pause and consider whether this may

not mean merely that wives who find themselves unhappy in marriage go out seeking the satisfaction of money-making.

III

Before he began this research the examiner had long felt that money played a most important part in marriage. He believed that a great many marriages were wrecked on either the hardships of inadequate income or the dissipations of too much leisure. The study changed his opinion to a very large degree. These two hundred intimate autobiographies strongly suggest that friction over money is usually a symptom of something else wrong with marriage. It is not necessarily the cause of the trouble.

These interesting documents have turned out, in a sense, to be studies of the child in the man. They emphasize and re-emphasize the fact that things can happen to a boy in the first five or six years of his life which will make it almost impossible for him to find a reasonably satisfying marriage. Let us take a few instances. A boy who is constantly thwarted by his mother in thing after thing which is not important to anyone else gets an instinct for resisting thwarters, and a conviction that all women are principally concerned with interfering with him. He carries this attitude over into marriage and instinctively resists his wife. Another boy gets such a violent attachment for his mother that he can be happy only when married to a duplicate of her, and then in adolescence certain tendencies drive him to marry someone as different as possible from the only woman he can be happy with. Other children are made to fear sex so violently that they cannot possibly live comfortably in a relationship based on sex. Fathers who constantly belittle their wives create in the infantile mind of the son a contempt for women which mars his later ability to love and admire any wife—even his neighbor's!

The man—or woman—whose nature

has been distorted like this in childhood will be unhappy in married life, and he will be fatally impelled to look for pegs on which to hang his dissatisfactions. He won't even see the fault in himself. He will look for some fault in his wife. Differences of opinion about how to use the family income are some of the handiest pegs available.

It is very difficult and expensive to undo after you are married the things that your mother or father did to you while you were putting your first six birthdays behind you. Even if you are lucky enough to find a very good psychiatrist it is sometimes impossible to correct the harm already done. The ideal method, of course, is to get yourself cured of those traits which keep you on the lookout for something in your marriage to be discontented about; but, as this ideal can never be fully attained, the wise spouse will give some thought to the possibility that a good many sources of surface discontent are preventable. Since family economics is traditionally one of these sources, an analysis of what a hundred husbands and a hundred wives have to say about money has a practical bearing and perhaps a vital interest for all of us.

IV

How many of the two hundred men and women, do you suppose, were living in a state of matrimony aggravated by friction over money? A little over a fifth of them. Some of the forty-two were more irritated than others. Twenty-six men and women answered a short, sharp "Yes" to the question: "Is there much friction between you on account of money?" The rest said "Yes" and then hedged in the direction of a denial.

But how did the men and women compare? Which sex felt more sharply the spurs of economic pressure—the male, ever occupied with the problems, dilemmas, and dangers of money-hunting, or the female, more or less sheltered from the business world and concerned

with child-raising and home-making? To an altogether astonishing degree, it was the wives who found economic friction in their married lives. Twenty-six people answered an unqualified "yes" to that question, but only four of them were men. Among those who hedged the men predominated; yet, all told, there were only seventeen husbands who admitted any kind of friction, against twenty-five wives who were unhappy over money matters.

Some of the answers—paraphrased enough to disguise them even from their authors—will inject a little human nature into these statistics. A few men penetrate the secret that domestic economics may be merely a peg on which to hang a more general complaint; one of these says, "There has never been much friction. That has all been a by-product of other kinds of irritation." Another man says, "Yes, there's been friction, but the roots of the friction went down into temperamental differences between us—in our sense of the values of life." Most of the answers are more conventional, more limited in outlook, more typical of that insensitiveness to money matters which is commonly attributed to husbands:

"I haven't been successful, and my wife can't forgive that." "Right now I think money is the cause of much unhappiness, though we don't mention it often." "She thinks I am too much of an easy mark with other people. She complains that, when there is a party, I'm always the first one to ask for the check." "We never have any friction except about money." "I don't think we have any real friction, but I'm afraid she'd be a lot happier if I earned more money and was as thrifty as she is." "We don't have any friction except on the evening when I have to write checks for the month's bills. I get peeved then, though I always realize that I haven't any right to be."

At least one woman knows that "the money friction is a reflection of other things that are wrong." But

the bulk of them take money very seriously, far more seriously than the men: "Money has always made for friction in some way or other." "We don't talk about it much, but he knows I think he ought to show more interest in making a better income." "I'm balled up about money. I don't like to ask him for money for things even when he has told me to get them. It always seems as if when I ask for money for a hat he sits down and starts reckoning his bank account." "I am irritated that he spends as much money on clubs, cigars, and his car as would give me a servant. It made me bitter to have to scrub and do the laundry while he was living the life of a well-fixed bachelor." "Just one thing has made friction between us and that is not having enough money. We've both been getting frightfully sensitive about it. We hadn't realized how important it was—not just having too little money, but the uncertainty of not knowing how long it would keep up." "There's friction when he drops good-paying jobs and takes on non-paying ones." "I think the most irritating thing about our marriage is the struggle for existence." "There has been some friction, but I think there is in most families with small incomes."

Now these two hundred men and women had all been married, but they were not all married to one another. They did not all come in couples. A little more than half of the men who answered these questions were married to women who were also taking part in this research in marriage. Let us explore the records of these couples and throw out the rest.

Here we find the same phenomena of economically upset women and comparatively comfortable men. Out of the fifty-five wives whose husbands answered the questions about financial friction, eleven said unqualifiedly that there was "much friction on account of money." Only two of their husbands were aware of it, and three more hedged. There was only one husband who re-

corded friction that his wife was unable to observe. The couples bore out the significant reports of the two hundred men and women *en masse*. Obviously, a large number of such husbands are unable to recognize economic friction when they meet it—or else their wives are seeing phantoms.

So far as these men and women are concerned, economic friction seems to have been more important in early married life than later. And the men snapped out of it sooner than the women. The next question in the research shows this. While the first question asked if there were *present* friction, the second asked if there had *ever* been friction in the past. Where forty-two of the two hundred admitted more or less present friction, almost twice as many reported trouble at some previous time. And here the men stood up pretty well by comparison. There were thirty-eight men who either answered “yes” or hedged, and there were only forty women. But again the women were far more ready with a downright affirmative.

About a dozen of the questions provided enough information for a general estimate of the number of men and women who had found satisfactory marriages. There were fifty-one men who “passed,” but only forty-five women. This test provided an interesting angle on the economic frictions of married life. Ninety-six per cent of the satisfied husbands found little or no financial friction, against only eighty-six per cent of the satisfied women. Not one man among those who were satisfactorily married reported any present friction over money, while six of the same class of women felt that they and their husbands were at odds over it.

V

The cause of economic friction isn't easy to spot—which ought to bear out the idea that money matters are merely a convenient peg for the complaints of

the unhappy. The answers that the men and women gave to questions about the extravagance of their mates were much too temperate and easy-going. The only illuminating thing about them was that, again, the women were much more sensitive and apprehensive than the men.

The first question on this topic sought to penetrate into the extravagance of wives. The men were asked if their wives spent more for personal and household things than they considered fair, and their wives were asked if their husbands thought they did. Eighty-two of the hundred men promptly answered “no,” but only seventy-five wives were at all confident that their husbands thought them economical.

In answer to the next question, eighty-seven men said their wives were fair in reference to money matters, but only sixty-six women said as much for their husbands. Not one man said that his wife was generally stingy, but nine women thought their husbands were stingy. Four men said their wives were extravagant, but seventeen women thought their husbands were. Three men said their wives were erratic, and five women made the same charge. Again, the women saw a much blacker picture than the men.

The most interesting angle on marital extravagance came from a question as to what each spouse thought the other thought about him or her. The examiner made the rather astonishing discovery that, although only four men had said that their wives were extravagant, no less than fifteen women went about imagining that their husbands thought them profligate in money matters. On the other hand, the men succeeded in guessing pretty accurately how many wives thought them extravagant.

There are three possible explanations: Perhaps wives are more extravagant than their husbands realize, *and the wives know it*. Perhaps husbands try to keep their wives in check by pretend-

ing a great deal of alarm over money-spending. Or else women are much tenser about money matters, much more sensitive and apprehensive of criticism than any mere man appreciates.

How far is economic friction due to the size of the income? If a man earns less than five thousand dollars a year, is he more likely to be unhappy in his marriage than he would be if he earned more? With the men of our research the size of income seemed to make very little difference. Fifty men earned more than five thousand a year, and fifty earned less. Twenty-six of the richer men turned out to have satisfactory marriages, and twenty-five of the poorer. The largest difference—and it wasn't very large—came in the men who were separated from their wives or divorced.

The pay envelope does seem to affect wives—or at any rate the hundred wives we are dealing with. Twenty-seven wives of the richer husbands were happy in their marriages, but there were only eighteen poor but happy wives against the twenty-five poor but happy husbands. To sum it up in a different way, fifty-two per cent of the prosperous men were happily married against fifty per cent of the not-so-prosperous. Among the women the figures were fifty-four per cent against thirty-six per cent. To these women there was something of importance in the pay envelope.

VI

The income may be large or the income may be small, yet a husband or a wife can find plenty of dissatisfaction in the way that the income is managed. A small income fairly distributed between the two of them may prove far less troublesome than twenty thousand dollars a year controlled by a niggardly husband who doles out even the household expenses grudgingly.

There are three main ways of dividing a family income. One is the old-fashioned system of the husband's taking

charge of all the money, paying all the bills, and doling out funds to the wife as she asks for them. Another is a little more modern—the setting aside of an allowance for the wife, or perhaps the use of a complete budget system. The third is more apt to be found in matings where feminist theories are prominent: here there is a joint bank account, or the wife handles all the money.

Sixty-six of the men and women of this research ran their finances on the oldest plan—no allowance for the wife. Seventy-three had arrangements involving some sort of allowance or budget. Fifty-four went on the joint bank account or partnership basis. There were a few who could not be easily classified.

As far as the examiner could judge, the method of handling the family funds bore a certain relation—though not a very marked relation—to the satisfaction of these men and women in their marriages. Remembering that fifty-one per cent of the men and forty-five per cent of the women were happily married, consider the following figures:

	<i>Per cent of men happily married</i>	<i>Per cent of women happily married</i>
<i>System of family finance</i>		
No allowance for wife.....	54%	53%
Allowance or budget.....	54%	42%
Joint account or partnership...	46%	39%

The old-fashioned no-allowance method easily won out over the modern partnership method of handling domestic finances. Allowances left husbands a little better satisfied than the average and wives a little less satisfied. The men and women were equally unhappy under the partnership arrangement. The only system that worked well for the women was the no-allowance system. The only system that didn't work for the men was partnership. In other words, allowances seemed to make little difference, husbands and wives who shared alike appeared less happy, and those who threw economic independence out of the window were the most contented of all.

This may merely mean, of course, that couples who are naturally and instinctively happy together won't bother their heads about modern methods of handling family finances. Complicated attempts to avoid unfairness and possible friction over money may be only for those who feel uncertain enough of their happiness to need it.

Test out these three financial systems by what these men and women said about friction over money matters, and we get another piece of interesting evidence that money may be merely the peg for general complaints. Consider the following table which gives the happiness of the men and the women under each of the three systems of domestic finance, and the friction under each system:

<i>System of family finance</i>	<i>Per cent happily married</i>	<i>Per cent reporting friction</i>
	MEN-WOMEN	MEN-WOMEN
No allowance for wife . . .	54%-53%	8%-35%
Allowance or budget . . .	54%-42%	17%-23%
Joint account or partnership	46%-39%	24%-11%

Note how the friction reported by the men increases as their happiness decreases, a perfectly obvious pattern. With the women—as so often in this research—it is just the opposite. A third of the women in contented economic subjection find this condition something to talk about. They may be happier than the rest, yet they are happier not because of the financial arrangement but in spite of it. Their relations to their husbands are sound on other scores. Would a joint bank account make their physical or temperamental satisfaction any less?

Incidentally, the research brought out that eighty per cent of the women kept within their allowances when they had any. A half of the men and women had used the budget system, and half of those that had used budgets found them unsuccessful or a nuisance.

VII

A wife with an allowance is one thing. A wife with her own income—earned by her own work outside the home—is another. The common supposition these days is that a wife who earns her own living is likely to be happier personally and also happier in marriage than a wife wholly dependent on her husband. At least that is the “modern” view of it. As this research had to do with a large proportion of the kind of people who hold this view, the information on this point seems particularly significant.

In discussing friction over money matters a certain number of men and women brought up troubles over the wife's earning money. None of the men referred very heatedly to the subject, however. One said, “My wife has resented some of my activities because she has contributed to the family finances.” Another said, “There was a good deal of friction. This seems strange to me, but I think it amounted to this—she always wished to be economically independent, and the child prevented it. There wasn't friction so much as continual disappointment on her part because she wasn't earning some of our income.”

Here are paraphrases of two comments by women which show the very opposite sides of the problem. One said, “He thought I ought to go out and earn money.” Another said, “Shortly after we were married the necessity for my contributing anything to the family income stopped and I quit my job. Now he throws it up to me that I'm living on his money.”

It is a little hard to say just how much of an income a wife has to have to make its weight felt by the husband. A simple approach is to divide the women on the basis of no earnings at all against any earnings no matter how small. This produces a group of about thirty-five wage-earning wives and a group of about sixty-five who never earned a

penny. Test these wives—and the husbands, too—as to how satisfied they are with their marriages, and the results are highly interesting.

The ultra-feminist will not be at all surprised to find that the husbands whose wives earn nothing are far more content with their marriages than the husbands of wage-earners. Sixty-one per cent of the husbands with dependent wives are satisfied, against only forty-four per cent of the other husbands. *Ergo*, man wants to keep woman in subjection, and he is happiest when she hasn't the slightest shade of economic independence.

But what about the wives? With no regard whatever for feminist theory, they agree with the men—and even go them one better. Sixty-three per cent of the dependent wives proved satisfied, while only twenty-five per cent of the wage-earning women found their marriages distinctly comfortable. It is particularly interesting to note that among the separated and divorced the wage-earning women lead all the rest by a very wide margin.

The research provided another way of testing this matter. There were two questions which tried to learn how far men were annoyed by having their wives help them support the family. The men were asked, "Does your wife ever make you feel uncomfortable because she contributes toward the family support or her own support out of money of her own?" The women were asked if they believed they made their husbands uncomfortable by helping out financially. Thirteen of the men admitted that at one time or another they had felt uncomfortable over this, but only eight declared emphatically that they were uncomfortable at the present moment. Fifteen women believed their husbands had been made uncomfortable, and all fifteen said so emphatically, and for the present moment. Again the women were exaggerating in numbers and vehemence the replies of the men.

In their actual answers the men are

almost tepid on the subject. One replies, "Not a bit. I'm rather proud that she can make money of her own. It makes her feel that she is not a mere shadow of a man. We're each doing our share in the different activities necessary to carry on a home." Another says, "I'd like her to do more of it. I have no pride in wanting to furnish the money she spends." Here is a man who is a shade displeased, "At times I feel uncomfortable. She has her own money, and I can't tell her not to waste it." Another answers, "She has contributed a great deal more than I have to the support of the family, and she has done it with a fine spirit that everything she has is mine. But I have certain feelings of injured pride because my earnings aren't enough." And here comes the conventional he-man, "She doesn't try to make me uncomfortable, I know. But I dislike very distinctly the fact that she went to work."

The replies of the women are far more variegated, sensitive, and vehement, "He has always had a fit when I got a big order. He has always had a fit over my earning anything in any way." "I was sublimely happy during the year I worked." "I suppose I made him uncomfortable the first few years without intending it. If the subject ever comes up I have to appear pretty disinterested." "I try not to make him feel uncomfortable. I think a man does feel uncomfortable if his wife helps him support the family. He's extravagant in little things, and I hate to see him not doing his share toward supporting the family." "I often pride myself on being able to make him uncomfortable because I can support myself." "I thought if I did things for him he would love me more. But I think, instead, he has accepted things and resented, too." "If I didn't have any money of my own he'd be more ambitious." "God knows, I'm afraid I have made him uncomfortable. Men are so sensitive about that. You have to walk a tightrope to keep them from feeling

uncomfortable. He has a theory that women expect the men to support them, and I guess that bothers him." "I think my husband has the feministic idea about this even stronger than I have. We both feel a wife ought to be contributing to her own support. Sometimes I'm very uncomfortable about not earning anything." "My husband is very modern. Instead of feeling uncomfortable because I help, he agrees with the partnership idea. He feels that this age is unfair to men, because it gives women a monopoly of leisure." "I should feel humiliated if I had been the one to be supported. I wouldn't want to be supported by a man."

Now there were not only wage-earning wives in this research. There were also wives who contributed an inherited income to the family support but did not go out to work. From these cases we may get a suggestion as to how important the *source* of a woman's income may be in affecting her husband's happiness and her own. There were twenty women who had had unearned incomes totaling more than \$500 over the period of their marriages, and twenty-four men with wives in this class. These men were happier than the husbands of wives who went out to work and only a shade below the average for the whole hundred; they showed 50 per cent of happy marriages. The stay-at-home women with unearned incomes were even happier—60 per cent—though not quite so happy as the wholly dependent women. The comparison is perhaps clearer in the following table:

	<i>Per cent of happy husbands</i>	<i>Per cent of happy wives</i>
Where wives were wholly dependent.....	61%	63%
Where wives contributed income but did not earn money.....	50%	60%
Where wives earned money	44%	25%

This pattern is plain enough. It may be merely the pattern of a passing generation, a generation taught in childhood that woman's place is the home;

but, at any rate, it is the pattern of these two hundred people of the second quarter of the twentieth century. The men and women are happiest where the wives are wholly dependent financially. The men don't object to receiving money from their wives—for these men are average happy. The women who center their lives about the home are happy to contribute some financial aid from inherited income, and they may be happy, too, to know that they stay with their husbands of their own free will and not because of an inability to support themselves. But the women who give time and energy to money-making do not show happy homes. The difficulty seems, perhaps, to arise not from economic independence so much as from the desire to work outside the home. Economic independence seems more the consequence of an unhappy marriage than its cause, and yet we cannot definitely say. Here we have the old dilemma of the hen and the egg. We cannot know whether the economically independent egg hatches a dissatisfied hen, or the dissatisfied hen lays an economically independent egg. But we do know that the hen is far more interested in egg-laying than the rooster. She is quite emotional on the subject. You have heard her cackle.

VIII

It was rather surprising to learn that almost a third of the men and women had saved nothing during married life. It was still more surprising to discover that seven men and fifteen women didn't know whether they had saved anything. And perhaps the biggest surprise—and the most satisfactory—was that the blame didn't rest on the wives. Twelve women said it was the husband's fault, and a dozen husbands admitted that it was their own fault. Six wives were equally ready to accuse themselves, but only four husbands pointed the finger of accusation at their wives. Nine men and eight women

said both of the spouses were to blame.

If somebody has to be blamed for the failure of these men and women to save a reasonable amount of money, the examiner believes that the fault must be laid at the door of his own profession. It is the doctor's fault. They levy an enormously large tax on married couples. After the formal study was over the examiner extended it informally, and in the course of his inquiries he found these men and women constantly referring to the fact that they had been kept in debt by doctor's bills. Where the average income of these couples was less than five thousand a year the doctors who treated them undoubtedly earned far more, without having any greater ability or longer apprenticeship than most of these laymen. The doctor who earns twenty-five thousand dollars a year may be no better equipped and no more able than the five-thousand-dollar college professor, or the engineers, artists, teachers, and writers among the hundred men of this investigation.

The question whether men and women who save are more happily married than those who do not showed the same result as most of the other questions involved in the economic side of this research. The women exaggerated the conclusions of the men.

Not so many of the happily married were to be found among the men and women who had saved nothing. Less than thirty-seven per cent of the men who hadn't saved could be listed as satisfied with their marriages. And the women whose husbands hadn't saved showed a still smaller percentage—thirty-two per cent. Lack of saving appeared to be tied up with marital unhappiness, and the women exaggerated this more than the men.

IX

By and large, this research seems to show three things about money and marriage.

It shows, first of all, that money is a less important factor in married unhappiness than the examiner had believed.

It shows, in the second place, that women put much more store by money than men do. Apart from the general impression that you must have gained from the evidence, another collection of figures certainly suggests that wives are more likely to go on loving men who bring home the bacon. Fifty-five per cent of the women married to business men were happy, while no other class came nearer than forty-five per cent, and the average of all the rest was still lower.

It shows, further—and here is where husbands can learn something of practical value from the research—that women are far more sensitive than men to all these matters of money. They are more conscious of friction over finances. They are unhappier over small incomes and the threat of poverty. They are absurdly apprehensive that their husbands think them extravagant. They are sensitive about economic dependence and yet money-earning seems to make them unhappier in marriage than their husbands. They are unhappier over the failure to save money and they are readier to blame themselves for it.

The obvious conclusion—which every husband should take to heart—is not that the old economic order is the only possible order in marriage. It is rather that a hundred other things—some far back in the past—are making trouble which men and women blame on money, and that men must exert the greatest amount of thought and consideration to do away with all the irritations over money which go to complicate man and woman's already very complicated difficulties over marriage. There is no general recipe. Every case is a special case, especially created by a father or a mother a generation ago.



THE TWO BUSINESS MEN

A STORY

BY MARY JOHNSTON

"I alwuz liked dead people en done all I could for 'em."—*Huckleberry Finn*

FOR a tired teacher of mathematics in a small woman's college (small college; the girls were average), without much money and scrumpy with teachers, Fisherman's Luck proved the round hole for the round peg. It wasn't expensive. It used to be a modest log house, but got added to in various directions until it sprawled in a comfortable way. It had called unto itself offspring in the shape of three or four detached cabins: happy, old-time, log ones, buried in hemlock and white pine and mountain linden and such. The guests at Fisherman's Luck, or Berry's, as it was mostly called, were hardly what you call fashionable, though they were solid enough, some of them. Once a man tired of staggering under big business found this place out, and he told three or four others in a like predicament. Year after year they came to Berry's for a few weeks and wiped off the world. As near as might be, that is.

Fisherman's Luck, or Berry's, lived two thousand and odd feet above the sea and in untrammelled mountains, ten miles from a railroad, and with some peculiarity in the sunshine. It had a spring of ice-cold sulphur water jetting from a cliff hung with ferns and topped by Judas tree and shad bush and rhododendron. Black bass inhabited Winding River, and mountain trout Old Woman Creek and Calico Creek. Yes, those business men enduringly liked it. So

did I who wasn't a business man. So did three or four other teachers, men and women, and a poet from New York, and a mighty fisherman from Kentucky, and old Colonel Corbin and his daughter-in-law and her children, and a botanist who was making a botany, and his offspring, two young rascallions, boy and girl, and the Reverend Mr. Birdsong, and Miss Watkins the librarian, and a few others who are dimmer in my mind. The food was good. After the second day, no matter how many colleges were behind you, in walked mountain appetite. Thin, sun-packed mountain air, right exercise, and a kind of diffused peace-on-earth sensation—that was Berry's. The proprietors were Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. Berry born on the spot, sixty years earlier, Mrs. Berry his cousin. They had a daughter, Lucinda Berry, the sunny side of forty and a strong, industrious piece of mountain timber. Two nephews, Tom and Luke, pretty good, tall, lank young fellows, completed the family. Each summer half a dozen colored folk came from the nearest town, lived in two or three shacks down by a small, abandoned saw mill, and furnished service of kinds. Fisherman's Luck was a primitive place, all right, but, Lord! how we liked it and looked forward through all the grind of the year to getting up there each summer. I know I looked forward to it, and the business men did, for they told me so.

They were big business, miles away from any ideas that the rest of us

at Berry's could entertain. My first three summers there were four of them. Then I missed a year, having to teach mathematics at a summer school. The next June I was back again, and glad enough to be there. But this year I found only three big business men. The other one had died in the winter.

Miss Watkins the librarian and I went walking beside Winding River. I've always been a lonely fish, and I don't usually go walking with young women. It's enough to teach them. Not that I have anything against women. That would be absurd. But I am one of the kind that have the hermit in them. However, Miss Watkins was like a sister or a first cousin raised in the family. The river that was very clear and quiet with great sycamores slanting over it and alder and willow and maple and the rest of it made my heart ache with pleasure after college. A boat passed, a man fishing, a darky rowing. It went over to the other side under the willows, and we walked without Mr. Arnold seeing us.

"He isn't like himself this summer," said Miss Watkins. "I suppose it's Mr. Beckwith's death."

Arnold was Iron and Steel. Beckwith had been Railroads. Arnold came first to Fisherman's Luck but brought Beckwith the next summer. They had always fished together. We watched the boat. It kept on past a certain pool, a little bay in the river, with a huge sycamore leaning over and a tall pine shooting up to the sky and a bed of ledgy slate. For some undecipherable reason black bass had a penchant for this place. That being so, this reach of the river had come to be regarded as sacred to the big business men, and finally to Mr. Arnold and Mr. Beckwith.

"He hasn't fished here at all this summer," said Miss Watkins. "But Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson seem to consider that it would be indelicate for them to step in just yet. Captain Schloss also seems to have some feeling about it. Come to think of it, no one

does fish here this summer, not even the boys."

My Lord, it was clear and peaceful and sweet! A fish jumped. A little cloud, stretched like an Arabian Nights' traveling carpet, sailed over head. Under the sycamore there ran out into the water a tiny horn of sand and pebbles, and beside it lay an old scarred broken boat. "The Berrys left it there," said Miss Watkins. "No one uses it unless it is the colored men after hours."

The botanist's two children, who were thirteen and fifteen, and as wild as March hares, carried me off to see a cave they had discovered up Calico Creek. Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson and Captain Schloss the Kentucky fisherman were all up Calico. We passed them, going on to the cliffs. Said Jane, "Mr. Arnold's down Winding, just with old old Peter."

Jim said, "He's a lonely cuss!"

"He's got something," said Jane, "on his mind."

"He's got ten millions, father says. Whew, it must be heavy!"

"Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson have got most as much, I reckon. It don't seem to turn them sulky! No. It's about Mr. Beckwith."

"What about him? He's dead."

I said, "They were old friends. Don't you know what 'old friends' is, Jim and Jane?"

"I know all about it," said Jane. "Captain Schloss told Mrs. Berry and I heard. He said that Major Jackson told him. She said that Mr. Arnold was that gloomy and not a bit like himself, and he said that Major Jackson said it wasn't just sorrow for a friend, for friends had to die, and time and the world went on, certainly in the world of finance it did, and you had to live and men went out and came in all the time. But Major Jackson told Captain Schloss that Mr. Beckwith died at the beginning or in the middle, he didn't know which, of a big misunderstanding or quarrel or feud between him and Mr. Arnold. Captain Schloss it was that called it a

feud. He didn't say whether it had come to laying for each other with guns behind corn shocks and worm fences. But anyhow Major Jackson said Mr. Beckwith died, that quick! before they could settle it. He told Captain Schloss that nobody really understands it, for it wasn't like either of them. He said that there ought to be a provision of nature against dying with things unexplained, but there isn't. It was a quarrel, all right. And he says Mr. Arnold can't digest it or get rid of it and it's that that makes him gloomy."

In a week's time my newness wore off and we all settled into our own ways. Winter school and summer school and other things had worn me down. I wanted just rest in solitude for at least half the time. I walked a good deal, but chiefly at last I came to lie on the banks of Winding River. It seemed to be sufficient.

At last I settled down to the shore of that pool where no one fished this summer.

I liked the sycamore, I liked the pine tree, I liked the little horn of sand and pebbles, I liked the old, cracked boat. On this side the river juts, and lines of slate had gathered earth upon them and become islets and peninsulas, miniature and faëry, with mint on them and some aromatic yellow flower, and tall stems of Joe-Pye with large heads of feathery, smoke-pink bloom.

Mr. Arnold, Mr. Allworthy, and Major Jackson no longer fished up Winding. But there were plenty of places below this boat, down river. They used, on the days they were after bass, to bring in good strings. Other days they fished for trout in the two lovely creeks. That is, Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson did. Mr. Arnold remained faithful to Winding and his own company. Just he and old black Peter in a boat to themselves, but they always went down river. Captain Schloss tried the old pool. But he had no luck. "I never knew it before!" he called, passing the sycamore and me

in his boat. "Never in twenty years! Besides—don't you feel something hanging around here?" So he didn't come any more.

One day I met Peter going from the river to the kitchen with Mr. Arnold's catch. We stood to talk. "Where did you get them?"

"This side Walter's Mill, sah. But the bes' fishing in Winding, sah, is Black Bass Pool where Mr. Arnold won't go no more."

"He won't go because he thinks of Mr. Beckwith there. And Mr. Allworthy and Major Jackson don't take it over because of a feeling of delicacy. But Captain Schloss says . . ."

"Yaas . . ." said Peter. His old eyes, deep in his charcoal black face, fixed an oriole in a tulip tree.

"What is it, Peter? Do you think Mr. Beckwith likes it still?"

"That oriole sho makes a fine nest. . . . Mr. Grymes, you is a noticin' pusson, sah. I knowed that the minute I fust set eyes on you. The trouble with that pool is it jes' don' want anybody to come er-fishin' there but Mr. Arnold, en' he don' want ter go. He stop likin' Mr. Beckwith befo' he daid, en' he got all the reminderin' he want. He say he thought he try it, comin' back heah this year, but he ain' gwine come back nex' year. . . . Yaaas, ma'am! Yaas, Miss Jinny, I'se comin'!"

The following day, down at the sulphur spring, I came upon Mr. Arnold. He was drinking the ice-cold water out of one of the three gourds kept hanging in a row in the arbor over the spring. There never was such water. Mr. Arnold said so now, "There never was such water!"

"No. It's cold and light and there's just enough and not too much sulphur. The ferns about it help it out, and this dark hillside."

"When I first tasted it—the first summer I came—the laurel was in bloom. 'My God,' I said. 'This is good enough for me!'" He hung the gourd carefully

in its place. "But I shan't be here, I think, another year."

"I'm sorry for that," I said. "The pleasantest thing about Berry's is that folk come back and back."

He was a big man, tall and large and well made, with a massive, handsome face. "That's just it," he said slowly. "And if you don't like it or them . . . If they broke the whole thing up themselves—broke it for keeps—and you can't get it out of your mind . . . You'd better go to Europe."

He stood looking out of the arbor at the mountains with an unhappy, far-away look, and then departed without any more language.

It was about this time that I quit being over-energetic and took to lying beside Winding instead of tramping to Black Rock or Laurels or where not. At last I fell to spending each day a couple of hours beside Black Bass Pool, under the huge sycamore, upon the little sandy horn with the old boat alongside. I had my plaid, and I had a book, and I suppose I read it. At least the mark got changed from part to part.

I don't remember what day it was but I had been coming here steadily for a week or more when I began to have a curious feeling. I recall when it first struck me. I can't describe it, only things seemed of a sudden very quiet though as busy as ever, and then a conviction visited me, like the dragon fly and those yellow flowers, flitting to and fro like the dragon fly but then settling down and occupying the field. "*I'm not the only one here.*" I wasn't alarmed, though I got a kind of anxiousness in the air.

I was curious to see if, next day, I'd find the same feeling. I did. I couldn't localize it. It seemed as general as the air, around and through the whole sunny pool and the trees and the shore. It was not a disagreeable sense. I did not feel any meaning of injury. At the house and with the others I said nothing about it. Why should I, who was never afraid of such things? Though, indeed,

this was the first time I could spot so actual an experience. But I had always thought such things just as possible as anything else.

The third day it was the same, only stronger. Something intelligent was there and, it seemed to me, coming to a focus. It was concentrating, and it was near.

The fourth day I deliberately stayed away.

That evening we had a bonfire and corn roast and other matters. It was the birthday of the Corbin twins. They sat up till all hours with their big eyes and their touzled heads like two wakeful young flickers—Courtenay and Carter. Berry's had a croquet ground, and we built the bonfire and roasted the corn on the edge of this and set off Roman candles and half a dozen rockets from the middle of it, and all the dining-room chairs and the porch benches were brought out for the convenience of the invited party which included every human being at Berry's and the dogs. It was a gorgeous night.

Beside the corn there was ice cream, and Courtenay and Carter had two saucers each. Also, Tom Berry and Mr. Allworthy and I who managed the fireworks let them handle the Roman candles. They jumped up and down and squawked, and with a little more excitement might have flown. The fireworks came at the end of the party, and before them we had a speech from Mr. Arnold. Someone had told Mrs. Corbin that he spoke very well and was in demand for public dinners and so forth; and she had great, soft dark eyes and the most appealing way. Wouldn't he make a little birthday speech, no matter how short—just a little talk to Courtenay and Carter that they might remember? Maybe he would tell the twins how they should grow up to be really successful? I was there when she tackled him, and of course at last he consented. He naturally liked to talk, but he was modest about it too.

So after the corn roast and ere the ice

cream and the fireworks, he stood under the stars before the chairs and benches with all of Berry's seated on them, and Courtenay and Carter on a bench in front and exactly in the middle, with their legs swinging, and the old Colonel in a split-bottomed armchair on one side of them, and Mrs. Corbin in a lavender muslin on the other.

Mr. Arnold said that he was a business man and could really talk only about business, but that there was a lot of business, a great variety of it in short, in life. When he looked back to his own boyhood he saw that he was possessed of a business sense very early. He thought he appreciated the main problems even when he was little. He thought that that was the case with many children. It might be so with these little fellows. "At any rate, Courtenay and Carter, I'd like to tell you a few things that real business sense ought to suggest to you."

He made them interesting. We all saw that business sense was a very sensible thing, and Courtenay and Carter kept as awake as young flickers at dawn. He talked about fifteen minutes, and he got a great deal in them. Toward the end he came to business associates, and made it clear that all our associates—all the associates the two young flickers were likely to have—are and would be business associates. He took business in quite a large sense.

Mr. Arnold's voice became more and more vibrant. Something in his own talk was taking him unawares. When he said "business associates" he might have been saying "friends." And when he spoke of honesty and honor and loyalty in business it was as though he were talking of what should obtain between close friends. It seemed as though he were warning Courtenay and Carter, and also himself, "Don't you hide things. Don't you ever go in for any shadiness in business!" (Business had got to be life.) "Don't you ever turn down your associates—your associate! Don't you, when you seem to

be on one side of a house, creep through the woods without a sound and come up on the other, with the fruit that was for both in your hands, for your own eating alone! Don't you take advantage of what you know to line your own pocket and increase your own prestige while the other's whistling at the door and thinks he knows all about it and that you're in together, in whatever the thing is. Don't you ever treat associates like that. Don't you ever fool and betray. I know a lot of cases . . . A man thinks his associates are not like that—a man thinks his friend is as loyal as God. And all the time . . ."

Mr. Arnold stood for a moment looking at the stars, then wiped his brow and seemed to catch himself up. His voice came back to normal. "And so, my dear Courtenay and Carter . . ." And presently his speech ended and was much applauded. The ice cream came on and the fireworks, and then good-night, with the big stars looking at us and the katydids as busy as bees.

Next day was Sunday and, as the Berrys were Presbyterians and objected to it, there was no fishing. Everybody lay around and read or talked or wrote letters, and the children built a dam in Calico Creek, and in the afternoon seven or eight of us climbed Eagle Knob to see the stupendous view and the sunset.

Up on the Knob were all manner of separated perches. Mr. Allworthy and I found ourselves on one together. Major Jackson and Mr. Arnold, massively built, both of them, never undertook the mountain, but Mr. Allworthy moved through life and high finance as lightly as a grasshopper. Now he remarked, "Beckwith was an active man. He used to come up here quite frequently. Poor old Arnold! Of course you noticed, last night? It was of Beckwith he was talking there at the last."

"What came between them?" I asked.

"What comes between most people? A deal. It don't matter just what's its

nature. A deal is a deal. Well, whether Beckwith just got there first naturally, or whether he knowingly twisted it, or whether there was an honest mistake is beyond me. I don't know, and I don't suppose anybody does. He died just as the deal became visible. But Arnold thinks he knowingly twisted it and meant all the time to let him down. It seems they had some misunderstanding shortly before about something else, and he thinks it went on to this. He's bitterer than gall about it, is Arnold. He don't talk, except in a sidewise way like last night, but he's bitter. I don't think he'll come here another year. He won't even fish where he used to with Beckwith."

I had missed two days at the pool and now I wanted to know if I should find that very especial feeling again. I did. It was there, all right. I met it stronger than before. It seemed to gather up to meet me, and to take on solidity and a definite place. Any old pioneer forbear would have conceived at once, "That Indian is over there," and have begun to lay his plans accordingly. But it wasn't an Indian, I knew that, and it wasn't anybody just at that moment precisely like the rest of us at Berry's. There was about it something otherwise . . .

I threw myself down upon my old plaid on the sand and pebbles, with the water lapping within reach of my hand if I leaned towards it. It lapped a whole little forest of mint and Joe-Pye and that yellow flower I had meant to ask the botanist about and forgot, and it lapped the side of the old boat. . . . In the boat formed the figure of Mr. Beckwith.

No, I wasn't alarmed, and it didn't occur to me to scramble to my feet and vacate the place. In life he hadn't been terrifying, and in death, whatever else he was, he wasn't terrifying. Instead, he was—what shall I say?—ingratiating. I felt at once that he wanted something badly.

Unlike Mr. Arnold, who presented an

extent, vertical and horizontal, of body, Mr. Beckwith was only of middle height and inclined to sparseness. Mr. Arnold had a massive, handsome face, cut like a Roman Emperor's. Mr. Beckwith's face was narrower and shrewder, yet not disagreeably shrewd. He had a humorous mouth, hair inclined to red, and on the right cheek bone the scar of some old hurt. . . . He was all there, form and face and the old suit in which he fished. Of course he came thin and sheer, so to speak. He had his differences. His voice, when he spoke, was rather thin and whistling. But it was Mr. Beckwith's and not calculated to induce terror. The point about him generally was just that—that he tended toward the general, and there was evidently some difficulty in bringing about the concrete again. His presence tended to spread around, and also, strangely enough, into me. I say "strangely," but at the time it appeared quite natural. And yet he had succeeded in condensing a vehicle, like his old one, there in the boat. I do not know if I make myself clear.

It took a little while for his figure to come into definiteness and the feeling with it, and the voice to emerge.

Moments dropped by, round and quiet, while Mr. Beckwith grew stronger. His voice, that had begun like a whisper, now filled out to natural, though still with a kind of distance, farther away than should be, considering that the boat lay so near. But that was true, too, of his figure. There it was, but it seemed farther away. Both near and far away—and of course I know a paradox when I see it.

Mr. Beckwith spoke, "How are you, Mr. Grymes?"

I answered, "Quite well, Mr. Beckwith. How are you?"

He said, "Why, I should be well, I think, if I were not worried to death. But I am happy to have managed this at last. It's you, of course, as much as me. Perhaps you know that you are probably the only one at Berry's who

would allow just this and help me out with it too."

"Believe me," I said, "it was entirely unconscious."

"Very likely," he answered, "nevertheless, effective. However, I did my part, and I can assure you it takes both will and ingenuity."

With that, as though he had become retrospective, he tended to fade a little. "Don't go!" I said abruptly.

He promptly strengthened. "I won't since you are so kind. And I am sure that you are going to manage to help me."

"What," I asked, "is wrong? You say you are greatly worried. Aren't you—aren't you in the right place? I beg your pardon! Just my joke. I have heard you make them yourself. Of course you are."

"All those things are relative," he said. "I am where it is natural for me, I find, to be. Just as in what we so amusingly called 'life.' You feel entirely 'natural,' do you not? And yet you may be greatly worried—though I hope, I am sure," he said politely, "that you are not. If you have your anxieties you of course endeavor to remove them. That is natural to men everywhere. Now—"

"I had always supposed," I said, "that anxieties and pleasures were confined to, and could only be relieved or gratified upon, the plane to which one was, so to speak, assigned."

"You think too much," he said, "in solids and not enough in gases and in what may be finer than gases. Things are so pervasive. There are, so to speak, frontiers, but also relations of commerce and travel."

"It is highly interesting," I said and meant it. "So you preserve certain connections, and your happiness or unhappiness is still affected by us here? In a terminology which you used to use, you continue to draw interest or to have dividends passed?"

"Yes," he said. "A good deal of the latter." He paused and seemed to

endeavor to grow vivid. He pressed his hand to his brow, then dropped it and appeared collected. "The way," he said, "that you behave toward us has still its effect. And if you leave, as I left, a misunderstanding and heat and bitterness . . ." He pressed his hand again to his brow. "Mr. Grymes, I have tried to reach Sam Arnold direct and I cannot. He is not receptive. It is like trying to swim up rapids. Moreover, the rapids keep beating on me and—you won't understand this mixture, but it occurs here—they are angry and bitter. He can't let me alone, and what he thinks is of a troubling nature. Moreover, I don't want him to think that way of me. I'm his friend. . . . Yet I can't reach him and show him the confounded mistake!"

"You mean that he thinks you injured him and he can't keep his mind and feelings quiet on the subject?"

"I perceive," said Mr. Beckwith, "and not from your words only, that you know the circumstances. As far, that is, as any living person can know them."

"Mr. Allworthy told me something."

He looked at me vaguely, if he ever could have been said to have looked directly. He faded, came again a little, then faded once more. I could see the opposite bank through him. Then suddenly he grew small and bright and stiff again. "It's unendurable!" he exclaimed. "He was thinking of it then, and I can assure you it is devastating! Besides I hate him to have ideas like that! He should know me better. I can't understand why he doesn't know, despite any and every appearance. I am sure that if our positions were reversed, I should never feel as he is feeling. It's unendurable that Sam Arnold should think that I—I, Edward McTavish Beckwith—meant to fool and cheat and harm him in that deal! Well, I didn't. I didn't in the least. And yet I can't get at him to make him see."

He put his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "I can't stop

his girding at me, and I can't make him hear. . . ."

I was truly sorry for him. He didn't seem to me greatly changed, though of course he must have known things now that we didn't. "You mean," I said, "that you never meant to shatter yours and Mr. Arnold's friendship?"

His head came up at that. "Over and over again, no! . . . I had all the lines, in that matter, in my hands. Arnold had piqued me a little, that year, going about with a kind of boasting. It had always been nip and tuck between us—like two boys, you know, emulative and combative and all that, and yet chosen friends—and I thought I'd show him something! But he was to be in on it—on the last word of the deal and the—the loot, so to speak. I only wanted to parade a little. We had had a kind of a quarrel a little earlier—not about business, though. I thought that he didn't think quite enough of my abilities. I thought I'd show him. But I meant him at the last to clap me on the shoulder. He always was rather the bigger of us two. Old Sam Arnold. Everything was all ready, and I meant to call him up and get him to the house that night. I had laid in the cigars, etc. And then, as quick as that, I died. Something inside that I didn't know anything about. Didn't have time for a word to anybody. . . . Well, the thing was at that point that it went through automatically. My sisters and their children got a lot of money that's very bad for them, and Sam Arnold, who was my only real friend, had the bag to hold, and thinks to this moment that I meant to fool, betray, and break with him! I *get* his thought. How could I or anyone settle down, I ask you? I don't want old Sam to be thinking those things of me. I don't want him to be unhappy."

He ceased to speak and sat there, a wavering shade, but otherwise as real as the boat. He seemed to be fixing me with a kind of appeal. "Yes," he said, though I had not spoken. "I have

been feeling my way toward you for some time. You have a heart for these things and a head that does not dodge them when they come your way."

I said, "You pay me a handsome compliment."

He said, "Oh, if you will help me, Mr. Grymes, I will do almost anything for you! Anything, that is, in my power."

I would have helped him anyhow, and told him so. Anything that was in my power. Power being So and So, Limited.

"Precisely," he said. "What I want you to do is to get Sam Arnold to open his mind."

"And how under heaven," I exclaimed, "can I do that?"

"I want you to bring him to consider probabilities."

"Probabilities?"

"Probabilities. Or rather, improbabilities."

"That you should really murder, or wish to murder, your friendship?"

He seemed to rub his hands. "Didn't I say that you were quick? It'll come to you out of yourself—how to do it, I mean. But get him to see and feel that it isn't likely. Get him to consider the possibility that it was all accidental. My going off as I did without explanation. That if I had had time he would have known that it was only a practical joke. My Lord! he knows we used, when we were boys, to play them on each other. And sometimes we were sore, but we always knew that it was only horseplay, and that we would have died for each other—though that isn't so much to say as we used to think it was. Get Sam to feel that it must have been something else; that never and never again would Ned Beckwith really and truly, in any kind of dead earnest, have undertaken to fool and cheat and injure him. No, not in that or any other deal!"

"When you are as energetic as that can't you reach him?"

"No! He's just as energetic in the other direction. He's more so. He'd

like to call me out if it were possible. He'd like to pay me back with interest. He'd like to tell me a few things. He does so, and he doesn't know that he does it. He's vindictive. He's so hurt that he isn't anything more than a hurt wolf toward me now. He's nursed it and compounded it. I can't get at him at all. If he lets it doze for a moment, I try to get in something like us two in the old swimming hole when we were shavers, or when the boat sank and we pulled each other out, or when his wife died twenty-five years ago and I went abroad with him, or when we built the New England, New York, and Mexican, or even this very pool, and eating together under that sycamore, and the bass we caught—this very boat was ours—and how jolly it was! It seems to me that I am succeeding, and I think . . . And then back it comes flying as from armor plate. By God, that's it! he's turned himself as far as I am concerned into an iron-clad. I can't do anything more. It's making me very unhappy. It's hindering me in ways that I couldn't expect you, Mr. Grymes, to understand. And then, damn it all! I have affection for old Sam, and I can't bear . . .”

It seemed to me, almost, that he wept. I felt sorry for him, and I wanted to help.

“You're giving me a hard job,” I said. “I'm not intimate with Mr. Arnold. I don't fish, you remember, and I don't play poker. I don't see how I could ever even get him where I could talk to him.”

“There's just one thing,” he answered. “He's got that passion for picking up neglected knowledge. He wanted you to give him half an hour a day on the latest in mathematics and physics, and you wouldn't for your own reasons. But now if . . .”

I thought it over with my head between my hands. “He was born stubborn and now he's bitter.”

“My God, don't I know it? But there's the chance. I've thought it out. Mathematics makes you cool and de-

tached. Then little by little get him to talk to you, and then you insinuate—insinuate, man! Probabilities now. He knows a good deal about industrial and financial probabilities. Get him to look at moral probabilities. Bring it down to Sam Arnold and Ned Beckwith. The benefit of the doubt, get that in. And forgiveness. Get him somehow within hailing distance of that, even if he had to forgive me nothing more than a piece of rank stupidity. I knew, God forgive me! that he liked to play practical jokes but not to be played them. Soften him and make him reasonable. Get him to tell you stories of his life, behind this last year. It's got to bring me in. Make him see that a man don't change like that.”

“Anything else?”

“Make him start back to his old judgment. It's longer and more thorough than his new.”

“And then?”

“Get him to come back here to fish. I've worked at this place till its malleable, so to speak.”

“And then?”

“I'll try hard to get at him within. He won't know that it is really me, but he'll listen, perhaps, at last to what he'll call ‘ancient affection.’”

He began to fade. “I can't hold it any longer. It has been a great effort. But you'll do it, won't you, Mr. Grymes? It may be that some day I can return it in some way. I've not found anywhere yet where a tip is not useful.”

“It's so absurdly easy!” I said. “Bringing a man like that to be friends with me—and he'll certainly be thinking I want something from him—and then making him see around a corner and find you walking in the open and go back to walking with you. That is what you want?”

“Angels couldn't put it clearer,” he said.

With that he faded. The boat lay empty, the water lapped its sides. Mr. Beckwith was gone, and yet not wholly so. I felt him in a general way.

I went myself presently, and on the porch of his cabin saw Mr. Arnold sitting, reading a detective story.

He had had an irregular, self-initiated training, but he possessed a good mind.

New mathematical uses and the latest physical theories interested him. I am no expert, the good God knows, but as I went along in life I abstracted what I might from the torrent of special literature and pondered other men's findings, and then laid it out as best I could to the classes I taught. I conscientiously gave him what he asked for, and he was good enough to say he got profit therefrom. To be meticulous, his statement was, "You make the days less deadly."

"Why should they be deadly?" I asked. "You've got a lot of things that men want."

"Yes," he answered gloomily. "I've got something also that they don't want."

He stared at the tulip tree that shaded his cabin. A thrush was in his green bower there, singing and singing. I opened our book. "Minkowski," I said, "considered Euclidean, three-dimensional geometry to be a description of a cross-section only of Reality, or of our next proximate conception of Reality."

"It will be some bird," said Mr. Arnold, "who finds out really what is true."

The half-hour that first we talked about grew to be an hour and sometimes much more. He suggested the evening: then his fishing wouldn't be interfered with. Mr. Allworthy, Major Jackson, and Captain Schloss were not ready for poker before eight o'clock. Supper at Berry's was at six. So we used to stroll together to his cabin through the lovely late light.

"These ideas are great things to recover tone upon," he said. He sighed. "And yet I cannot get it back, Mr. Grymes."

"How did you lose it? But that,"

I said, "is an impertinent question. Pray excuse me."

"It might be from some, but not from you, Mr. Grymes. You are not that kind. I lost it," he said, "through the treachery of another. . . . Now this Einstein thing about everything being curved and returning . . ."

It was two evenings after this that he dropped his cigar over the porch railing, leaned forward, and spoke. "There's something else I'm going to ask your opinion about, Mr. Grymes. What would you think if—"

At first it came out with a kind of frozen difficulty, but then with a gush. It was a relief to him, I know. He hadn't talked to anybody like that since last September. Except to Mr. Beckwith, and that had been like turning the sword in his own vitals and didn't relieve him. I let him talk and describe and use names and all. It was not until after a considerable time when he had talked himself down into a kind of calm and peace of shared trouble that I spoke. "I think there's some mistake here, Mr. Arnold. I don't believe that of Mr. Beckwith."

He took offense at that, as people will. They don't want their judgment doubted even if it makes them as unhappy as that. But at least he saw before we said good-night that I thought it improbable.

The next night he played poker. The next we kept to mathematics. The third he again dropped his cigar and said, "A man may keep pretty straight, mayn't he, almost through life and nobody, and perhaps not he himself, know about the rotten spot?"

"The weak spot?" I said. "We've all got them. It doesn't do to throw too many stones. Say that in each of us there's a lot of good, and something, too, that isn't good. Then it's scientifically inaccurate, there also, to take the part for the whole. The good remains good; perhaps the weak place may be remedied, or perhaps we think it deeper than it is,

or perhaps we may have been deceived in its nature."

"You mean that stuff about forgiveness?" he said violently. I said no, that I meant understanding, and got up and went.

Again he played poker the following evening, and the next he told me at supper that he had letters to write. The next morning I was walking beside Winding. I have forgotten to say that after that hour with Mr. Beckwith I had stopped going to Black Bass Pool. The impulse to do so had left me. But now I walked that far, and there I found Mr. Arnold, standing well back from it, under the pine tree, just looking at it.

He did not see me and I turned aside among the rhododendrons. I thought I felt Mr. Beckwith, but I was not certain.

That evening, in the middle of an exposition, Mr. Arnold said suddenly, "God knows I wish it wasn't so!"

"What? The relation between existents?"

"No, no! That Ned Beckwith and I have to be unfriendly."

I put a marker in the book. "What kind of a boy was he? That tells a lot, you know."

He began at once on that swimming hole . . . and then the old barn . . . and then a long tramp and a week out with other boys.

"He seems to have been fond," I said, "of practical jokes."

"We both were," he answered. "But he didn't truly know how to play them.

He was clumsy. His old jokes always missed fire, while I . . ."

He broke off. Over toward Honey-suckle Ridge a whippoorwill began to call, but that wasn't it. Something seemed to drop into the warm dusk and the situation about us, something sharp and intense. It was a thought. I knew it for a thought. I got the wind of it, but he was the target. I don't think it came from Mr. Beckwith. It came from the level of thought, wherever that is. He sat without speaking, with an effect of being drawn up before a firing squad.

Then he said, "My God, he might have been thinking that way about it!"

I got up and said good-night. He did not answer. He was sitting with his big shoulders hunched, and his eyes upon the Great Bear over Honeysuckle Ridge.

The next day, about twelve o'clock, I found old Peter chopping wood. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "I thought you and Mr. Arnold had gone to Walter's Mill."

He leaned upon his axe. "Mr. Grymes, honey, we ain' gwine fish ter day. Mr. Arnold, he sittin' under the sycamore by Black Bass Pool."

"Ah!" I said.

"Des' so," he answered, and began once more to chop, then leaned again upon the axe. "Yaas, sah! I think we gwine fish there again befo' long. That old boat there kin be made river-worthy. Yaas, sah!" He began to sing:

"I got the gift en you got the gift,
All of God's chillern got the gift."



AMERICA'S DEBT TO A GERMAN SOLDIER

BARON VON STEUBEN AND WHAT HE TAUGHT US

BY BRIG. GENERAL JOHN McA. PALMER, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

IT IS well known that Baron von Steuben performed an indispensable service in perfecting the organization and discipline of the Continental Army. That this invaluable officer should have come out of Germany was in itself a striking German contribution to the American cause. But a more critical analysis of his history and his services will reveal that what Steuben brought us could have come from Germany alone. In no other country at that time could any officer have acquired the special training which Steuben placed at Washington's disposal. Nominally, he was Washington's Inspector General. Actually, he rendered Washington all of the services of a modern General Staff.

When Steuben reported at Valley Forge he was a graduate of a school where he had been trained by the only competent Professor of General Staff duties then living in the world. This eminent pedagogue was one Frederick Hohenzollern, more generally known as Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Toward the close of the Seven Years' War Frederick had formed a class in Military Art composed of young officers who had distinguished themselves by brilliant service in the field. The great king was himself the sole tutor of this class. Among his chosen pupils was his aide-de-camp, Captain Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben.

This royal class in tactics occupies an important place in the history of military institutions. It was the precursor of the *Kriegs Akademie* which Frederick

was to establish a little later. It was, therefore, the first source of the trained tactical officers who were to form the Prussian General Staff. Here Frederick employed the system of tactical instruction that later became known as the "applicatory method." It was by this method, more fully developed, that Moltke was to prepare his staff officers and his leaders for the Wars of 1866 and 1870. It was by this method that the American Service Schools were eventually to train our leaders for the World War.

So when Steuben reported to Washington at Valley Forge he brought with him the essentials of the modern general staff institution—and this, thirty years before Scharnhorst established the Great General Staff in Berlin, eighty-eight years before its merits were revealed to an astonished world on the battlefield of Königgratz, and one hundred and twenty-four years before Elihu Root proposed it as a desirable agency in the American War Department.

In order to understand the full significance of Steuben's American services, it is necessary to consider what general staff* training really means. It happens that the real origin of this remarkable system is a part of the personal history of Frederick the Great. Though he emerged from the Seven Years' War with the most brilliant military reputation in

* The phrase "general staff" does not convey the real meaning of the German word, *Generalstab*. It really means *general's staff* or *generalship staff*. Systematic special training for this most important of all military specialties was perfected in Germany long before it was even thought of elsewhere.

modern history, his mastery of the Art of War had been a gradual growth. His first campaign was not a credit to him. He had fled from the battlefield of Mollwitz, thinking himself defeated. The sturdy army created for him by his father won the victory for him after he had fled from the field.

After this sorry beginning Frederick began to reflect upon the essential nature of successful command. He found that military success depends, not upon profound theoretical knowledge, but upon sound judgment and quick resolute decision under stress. Directing a successful attack is, therefore, not the same thing as writing an essay about it. It is a question of grasping a situation, making a practical decision, and issuing intelligible orders to the several parts of a military command. It is a question of *applying* simple tactical principles in a particular crisis clearly, promptly, and resolutely.

This led Frederick to form the habit of giving himself tactical problems in his walks and rides throughout the country. Carlyle shows us the following interesting glimpse of the Great King after he had become a distinguished and successful General:

For Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery. What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? With that hill, that brook, that bit of bog? And advises every officer to be continually doing the like. That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich.

From making this a method of self-culture to making it a means of instructing others is but a step. Frederick soon found that by this method a competent instructor can carry a class of young officers through a series of military situations, and make the exercises approximate to actual professional practice as opposed to mere theory. It is a continual test of judgment, of decision, and of facility in issuing effective orders.

But valuable as this system might be

as a method of training, its greatest practical value to Frederick lay in the fact that it is also a method of measuring military capacity in time of peace. In competent hands, such as his, it became a tactical measuring rod, an instrument of precision through which, without the actual test of war, he could determine whether an alleged troop leader or staff officer was a competent troop leader or staff officer in fact. It was by this means that he proposed to give the Prussian Army tested and calibrated leaders in the future. It was by this means and for this purpose that Baron von Steuben was trained and calibrated by Frederick the Great. So trained and so calibrated, he came to Washington at Valley Forge. An officer so trained and so calibrated is a general staff officer in fact, whatever his official label may be.

II

Steuben left the Prussian service in 1764, shortly after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War. Upon his retirement King Frederick gave him a "living" in the form of a lay benefice in the canonry of Havelsburg. For the next thirteen years he held important court appointments first at Hechingen and then at Baden. In 1777, through his friendship with Count St. Germain, the French Minister of War, he was induced to seek his fortune in America. He sailed from Marseilles on September 26th and, after a tempestuous voyage, landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 1, 1777.

From Portsmouth the Baron wrote to the President of Congress and to the Commander-in-Chief. A part of his letter to Washington follows:

Sir: the enclosed copy of a letter, the original of which I shall have the honor to present to Your Excellency, will inform you of the motives that brought me over to this land. I shall only add to it, that the object of my greatest ambition is to render your country all the service in my power, and to deserve the title of a citizen of America, by fighting

for the cause of your liberty. If the distinguished ranks in which I have served in Europe should be an obstacle, I had rather serve under Your Excellency as a volunteer, than to be an object of discontent to such deserving officers as have already distinguished themselves among you. Such being the sentiments I have always professed, I dare hope that the respectable Congress of the United States of America will accept my services. I could say, moreover, were it not for the fear of offending your modesty, that Your Excellency is the only person under whom, after having served the King of Prussia, I could wish to follow a profession, to the study of which I have wholly devoted myself.

After a prolonged sojourn at Boston where he awaited orders and arrangements for his transportation, Steuben set out to report to Congress. On February 5th he arrived at York, Pennsylvania, the temporary seat of government. Here he met a committee of Congress and offered his services as a volunteer. He asked for no military rank and for no pay. He explained that in leaving Germany he had relinquished his appointments and his living. He proposed that if his services should be successful and if America should win her independence, he would expect the new republic to indemnify him for these sacrifices. He stated that if the American cause should fail, or if his services should not be worthy, he would present no claim whatever. In the meantime, he requested only that his future necessary expenses be paid and that the young officers in his suite should receive appropriate commissions in the American Army.

Congress was deeply impressed by Steuben's proposal to risk his fortune upon that of the United States and passed the following resolution:

Whereas, Baron Steuben, a lieutenant General in foreign service, has in a most disinterested and heroic manner offered his services to these States as a volunteer,

Resolved, That the president present the thanks of Congress, on behalf of these United States, to Baron Steuben for the zeal he has shown for the cause of America, and the disinterested tender he has been pleased to make

of his military talents, and inform him that Congress cheerfully accept of his services as a volunteer in the Army of these States, and wish him to repair to General Washington's quarters as soon as convenient.

The Baron left York on February 19th and arrived at Valley Forge on the 23d. Here he was received with distinguished honors. Washington rode out several miles to meet him and escorted him to his quarters where an officer with twenty-five men reported to him as a guard of honor. The countersign for the day was "Steuben." On the following day the Army was mustered and the Commander-in-Chief accompanied his guest to review it. A few days later Washington wrote to the Congress:

Baron Steuben has arrived at camp. He appears to be much of a gentleman, and so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge and acquainted with the world.

Steuben's impression of the situation at Valley Forge is given briefly in the following extracts from his writings:

My determination must have been firm that I did not abandon my design when I saw the troops. Matters had to be remedied, but where to commence was the great difficulty. . . . The arms at Valley Forge were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which not a single shot could be fired. . . . The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers at a grand parade at Valley Forge, mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed cover. With regard to their military discipline, I may safely say no such thing existed. In the first place there was no regular formation. A so-called regiment was formed of three platoons, another of five, eight, nine, and the Canadian regiment of twenty-one. The formation of the regiments was as varied as their mode of drill, which only consisted of the manual exercise. Each Colonel had a system of his own, the one according to the English, the other according to the Prussian or the French style. There was only one thing in which they were uniform, and that was, the way of marching in the

maneuvers and in the line of march. They all adopted the mode of marching in files used by the Indians. . . . It would be an endless task to enumerate the abuses which nearly ruined the army as I found it at Valley Forge in the month of February, 1778.

After giving Steuben a few days to examine the situation, Washington asked his advice. Steuben proposed the establishment of an inspectorship empowered to examine abuses and to recommend remedies. Washington approved the idea in principle and asked the Baron to prepare a scheme for the organization of such an office. This Steuben did and, recognizing his ignorance of American conditions, he secured the advice and assistance of Laurens, Greene, and Hamilton. When the plan thus completed was presented to Washington he approved it and asked the Baron to carry it into effect as a temporary Inspector with assistant inspectors to be detailed from the line.

Steuben now had the very opportunity he had crossed the Atlantic to seek. How he availed himself of it, let him tell in his own words:

I found it useless to trouble myself about the many things which I could not remedy. I directed my attention to the organization and discipline of the army. . . . I commenced operations by drafting one hundred and twenty men from the line, whom I formed into a guard for the General-in-Chief. I made this guard my military school. I drilled them myself twice a day; and to remove that English prejudice which some officers entertained, namely, that to drill a recruit was a sergeant's duty and beneath the station of an officer, I often took the musket myself to show the men the manual exercise which I wished to introduce. All my inspectors were present at each drill. We marched together, wheeled, etc., and in a fortnight my company knew perfectly how to bear arms, had a military air, knew how to march, to form in column, deploy and execute some little maneuvers with excellent precision. . . . It must be owned that they did not know much of the manual exercise, and I ought to mention the reasons why I departed altogether from the general rule of all European Armies, and commenced with the man-

ual exercise in drilling recruits like children learning their alphabet. In the first place I had no time to do otherwise. In our European Armies a man who has been drilled for three months is called a recruit; here, in two months, I must have a soldier. . . .

To follow the thread of my operations, I had my company of Guards exactly as I wished them to be. They were well dressed, their arms clean and in good order and their general appearance quite respectable.

I paraded them in the presence of all the officers of the army, and gave them an opportunity of exhibiting all they knew. They formed in column, deployed, attacked with the bayonet, changed front, etc., etc. It afforded a new and agreeable sight for the young officers and soldiers. Having gained my point, I dispersed my apostles, the inspectors, and my new doctrine was eagerly embraced. I lost no time in extending my operations on a large scale. I applied my system to battalions, afterwards to brigades, and in less than three weeks I executed maneuvers with an entire division in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief.

Steuben's tactical course for the army as a whole commenced on the 24th of March and terminated in "grand maneuvers" on the 29th of April. Two months later, on the 28th of June, his tactical system received its battle test on the field of Monmouth. On that day, and thereafter throughout the war, the American Citizen Army proved itself superior, battalion for battalion, to the British Regulars.

III

A letter written from Valley Forge gives us the following impression of Steuben's influence upon the army:

Baron Steuben presents us a truly noble example. He has undertaken the discipline of the army, and shows himself a perfect master of it, not only in the grand maneuvers but in the most minute details. To see a gentleman, dignified with a lieutenant general's commission from the great Prussian monarch,* condescend, with a grace peculiar

* The erroneous impression that Steuben was a Lieutenant General in the Prussian Army was widespread at that time. It seems to have been due to a misunderstanding on the part of Benjamin Franklin who transmitted it from Paris in his letters of introduction. Steuben's only commission as a general officer was in the Circle of Suabia, a species of Imperial Militia.

to himself, to take under his direction a squad of ten or twelve men in the capacity of drill-sergeant, commands the admiration of both officers and men, and causes them to improve exceedingly fast under his instructions.

Steuben's personal peculiarities also appealed to the soldiers and awakened first their amusement and later their affection. It appears that he had a violent temper which found difficult expression in his broken English. But according to Duponceau, who served as his secretary and aide-de-camp:

His fits of passion never offended the soldiers. When some movement or maneuver was not performed to his mind, he began to swear in German and then in French, and then in both languages together. When he had exhausted his artillery of foreign oaths he would call to his aids, "My dear Walker, (or my dear Duponceau) come and swear for me in English—these fellows will not do what I bid them." A good-natured smile then went through the ranks, and at last the maneuver or the movement was perfectly performed.

Indeed, tradition preserves the Baron's precise language on one of these interesting occasions: "*Viens, Walker, mon ami, viens, mon bon ami, Sacré. God dam de gaucheries of dese badauts, je ne puis plus. I can curse dem no more.*"

Duponceau gives us another glimpse of Baron Steuben at Valley Forge:

Once with the Baron's permission, his aids invited a number of young officers to dine at our quarters, on condition that none should be admitted that had a whole pair of breeches. This was of course understood as *pars pro toto*; but torn clothes were an indispensable requisite for admission, and in this the guests were very sure not to fail. The dinner took place. The guests clubbed their rations, and we feasted sumptuously on tough beefsteak and potatoes, with hickory nuts for our dessert. Instead of wine, we had some kind of spirits with which we made "salamanders," that is to say, after filling our glasses, we set the liquor on fire and drank it up, flame and all. Such a set of ragged, and at the same time merry fellows, were never brought together. The Baron loved to speak of that dinner and of his "Sansculottes" as he called

us. Thus this denomination was first invented in America and applied to the brave officers and soldiers of our revolutionary army.

The key to Steuben's success as a military instructor lay in the power of example. In acting as drill-master for his little guard company, he created a new spirit in the Continental Army. He still stands as the true model for the professional instructor of citizen soldiers in the modern democratic state. His guard company is an example of what is now known as a "demonstration unit." In inventing it as a training agency he anticipated our present general staff by more than a century. But he is still far ahead of the times. His experiment also proves that the best "demonstration unit" for citizen soldiers is one composed solely of citizen soldiers. So composed, it teaches confidence, self-reliance, and self-respect as well as drill. It is an "inspiration unit" as well as a "demonstration unit." The little guard company composed of ragged soldiers drawn from each regiment was a better model for Valley Forge than King Frederick's best Guards Company could have been.

When Steuben landed at Portsmouth he was still a soldier of fortune—a foreign adventurer. Two months later, after his overland journey to York, he wrote in a letter to John Hancock, "Now, Sir, I am an American, and an American for life." The most remarkable thing about him was his quick appreciation of the American character and of the spirit of democracy. This is most striking in a professional soldier reared in the rigid school of Frederick the Great. He saw that he could not make Prussian grenadiers out of the colonial Americans, but he saw that he could make them something better. In a letter to an old comrade in arms, Baron de Gaudy, he said:

In the first place the genius of this nation is not in the least to be compared with that of the Prussians, Austrians or French. You say to your soldier, "*Do this,*" and he doeth it. But I am obliged to say, "*This is the reason why you ought to do that,*" and then he does it.

IV

It is characteristic of Washington's habitual prudence that he tried Steuben as an acting inspector before recommending his permanent appointment; but the period of probation was a short one. In a little more than two months after his arrival at Valley Forge the Baron had proved his competency and had established his prestige throughout the army. On the 30th of April Washington recommended his appointment to the vacant inspectorship which had been created originally for Conway. On the 5th of May, by resolution of Congress, Steuben became Inspector General of the Army with the rank of Major General.

When Clinton evacuated Philadelphia and Washington started in pursuit, Steuben served him as a staff officer. In a brilliant general staff reconnaissance he secured contact with the British Army and ascertained its future objective. When Washington's plan for a decisive battle at Monmouth was defeated by the disloyalty and incompetency of Charles Lee, Steuben was ordered to rally Lee's shattered division and to bring it back into the battle. He accomplished this difficult maneuver with brilliant success. For the next month he remained in command of the division. Like all true soldiers, he sought the honor and responsibility of command. When Washington found it necessary to relieve him and to order him back to staff duty he was so chagrined that he contemplated leaving the service. Eventually his devotion and loyalty to Washington prevailed, and he returned to the less conspicuous but more important duties for which he alone was qualified. And Washington was right. Steuben could be replaced as a division commander, but no one could have replaced him in his special field. For he was much more than an inspector. His proposals molded the organization, administration, supply, training, and operations of the army. In this he performed all the duties of a modern general staff.

During the autumn of 1778 Steuben began the preparation of his *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*. This manual was known to the army as the *Blue Book*, and was the basis of its discipline and efficiency. In it Steuben condensed the essentials, but only the essentials, of the military information and instructions required for officers and men. It was approved by Congress in March, 1779, and was printed and issued to the army. The *Blue Book* was the bible of the Continental Army. It was drill regulations, administrative manual, and field service regulations combined.

In July, 1779, a detachment of light infantry under Anthony Wayne captured Stony Point and its garrison without firing a shot. This was one of the most brilliant exploits in the military annals of the Eighteenth Century. Wayne is justly credited with the victory. But as it could only have been won by troops of the highest training and discipline, it marks the triumph of Steuben's training system. In the days at Valley Forge he had complained that he could not convert his pupils to the use of their bayonets. The colonials considered them only fit for toasting beefsteak and, as they were not worth carrying for that alone, they generally "lost" them. The capture of Stony Point at the point of the bayonet and without firing a shot marked a new triumph for the Baron and his *Blue Book*. The day after the victory Washington visited Stony Point with his staff. When the young soldiers saw the Inspector General they surrounded him and assured him that in the future they would not lose their bayonets or roast meat with them. The Baron improved the opportunity to secure an order from the Commander-in-Chief that thereafter bayonets should not be removed from the muskets. From that day the Americans kept their bayonets "fixed."

V

Shortly after the capture of Stony Point Steuben exercised another func-

tion of the general staff. By direction of Washington, he prepared what is now called an "Estimate of the Situation." In this paper, in true general staff style, he weighs the relative strengths of the British and American forces and carefully considers every possible means of assuming the offensive. But the preponderance of hostile strength was so great that he could only recommend the vigilant waiting attitude on the Hudson which Washington adopted.

In the early summer of 1780 Washington caused his general staff officer to make another "Estimate of the Situation." In this one Steuben considers the favorable prospect of increased strength in the Continental Army and of French support. Subject to these contingencies he points out several promising lines of offensive action and recommends an attitude of readiness for them. In September, after the failure of the States to furnish their new contingents and the prolonged delay of the French, he makes another "Estimate" as to the best means of continuing the war effectively now that the means for decisive action have failed. These studies are highly competent general staff documents. They show the relations between a commanding general and his chief of the general staff, both forced to a defensive attitude, but both eagerly seeking the first opportunity for decisive action.

Steuben's services at Yorktown were most conspicuous. A veteran of the Seven Years' War, he was the only officer in the American Army who had had extended experience in siege operations. This was of great value to the Commander-in-Chief. At Yorktown Steuben also achieved the coveted honor of command. On the 11th of October, his division opened the second parallel about three hundred and sixty yards from the enemy's batteries. It was also during the Baron's tour in the trenches that Cornwallis made his first overtures. They, therefore, passed through his hands.

Perhaps the finest tribute to Steuben's

reputation is to be found in the following "Creed Adopted By The Officers Of the American Army at Verplanck's Point In 1782":

We believe that there is a great First Cause by whose almighty will we are formed; and that our business here is to obey the orders of our superiors. We believe that every soldier who does his duty will be happy here, and that every such one who dies in battle will be happy hereafter. We believe that George Washington is the only fit man in the world to head the American Army. We believe that Nathanael Greene was born a general. We believe that the evacuation of Ticonderoga was one of those strokes which stamp the man who dares to strike them, with everlasting fame. We believe that Baron Steuben has made us soldiers, and that he is capable of forming the whole world into a solid column, and displaying it from the center. We believe in his Blue Book. We believe in General Knox and his artillery. And we believe in our bayonets. Amen!

Washington's feeling for Baron Steuben and his appreciation of his services are shown by the following farewell letter written at Annapolis, December 23, 1783:

My Dear Baron,—

Altho' I have taken frequent Opportunities, both in public and in private, of Acknowledging your great Zeal, Attention and Abilities, in performing the duties of your Office, yet I wish to make use of this last Moment of my public life, to Signify, in the strongest terms, my entire Approbation of your Conduct, and to express my Sense of the Obligations the public is under to you, for your faithful and Meritorious Services.

I beg you will be convinced, my dear Sir, that I should rejoice if it could ever be in my power to serve you more essentially than by expressions of regard and Affection; but, in the meantime, I am persuaded you will not be displeased with this farewell token of my Sincere Friendship and Esteem for you.

This is the last letter I shall write while I continue in the Service of my Country. The hour of my Resignation is fixed at twelve to-day, after which I shall become a private Citizen, on the banks of the Potomack, where I shall be glad to embrace you, and testify

the great Esteem and Consideration with which

I am My Dear Baron

Your most Obedt and Affectn.

G^o WASHINGTON.

VI

But America did not avail herself of Baron Steuben's most brilliant service in her behalf. For some time after the war he devoted himself to the preparation of a plan for the future defense and security of his adopted country. As he had perfected the organization and discipline of the Citizen Army which won our independence, so now he sought to perpetuate that institution for the future.

Steuben completed his plan early in 1784 and submitted it to Washington who was then in retirement at Mt. Vernon. In a letter to the Baron, dated March 15th, 1784, Washington says:

I have perused, with attention, the plan which you have formed for establishing a Continental Legion, and for training a certain part of the arms-bearing men of the Union, as a Militia in times of peace; and with the small alterations which have been suggested and made, I very much approve of it. It was no displeasing and flattering circumstance to me to find such a coincidence of ideas as appears to run through your plan and the one I had the honor to lay before a Committee of Congress in May last. Mine, however, was a hasty production, the consequence of a sudden call and little time for arrangement; yours, of maturer thought and better digestion. . . . It therefore meets my approbation, and has my best wishes for its success.

In his own plan referred to in the above letter Washington had pointed out that our national defense should rest upon a well-regulated militia. He had definitely referred to the military organization of Switzerland as the model for a modern republic. He had shown that the old Colonial Militia was defective because it attempted to embody every man from the age of eighteen to the age of fifty. By a "well-regulated"

militia he meant a small fraction of the younger men actually organized, armed, and trained. He had suggested several feasible means of accomplishing this but did not commit himself to any one of them.

In his plan Baron Steuben, as a trained general staff officer, attacked this specific problem and solved it in a most rational and scientific manner. He pointed out that the total enrolled strength of the militia, in the year 1784, was more than 400,000. Any effective plan to arm and train such a number would involve prohibitive expense and would be an intolerable social and industrial burden. On the other hand, no possible emergency could demand so large a force. It was, therefore, absurd to maintain such an establishment. He then estimated the numbers that might be required and concluded that a peace force of 21,000 men, expansible to 42,000 on mobilization, would be sufficient for the defense of the United States at that time. As he needed only 21,000 men out of a total militia strength of 400,000, his "active fraction" would be a small one—much smaller than the active fraction required in Switzerland. If he had to embody every third man, as the Swiss then did, it would be necessary to resort to compulsion. But as he needed only every twentieth man, he proposed that the ranks be filled by enlisting volunteers for three years. He proposed to pay these young men a small bounty, to arm and clothe them at public expense, and to call them into training camps for thirty-one days each year. From the standpoint of economy, he showed that adequate training for this small fraction would cost much less in money and in industrial burden than the totally inadequate training then demanded of the whole militia.

It will be observed that the military force proposed by Baron Steuben is practically identical with the National Guard as it has been reorganized since the World War. The only difference is in the mode of training. The present

National Guard relies largely upon armory training distributed throughout the year. Steuben proposed thirty-one days in training camps each year.

VII

One of the advanced ideas that Steuben had received from Frederick the Great was the importance of combined training in order to insure the intelligent team-work of infantry, cavalry, and field artillery. The full importance of this was but little understood outside of Prussia at that time. Steuben sought to secure this advantage for his American National Guard. In order to accomplish this in a sparsely settled country of great area, it was necessary to divide his total force into small training teams. If he should make his training team a "division" of 7,000 men, he would have only three teams in all, and each of them would occupy approximately a third of the whole national area. With so large an area and with the communications then available it would be impossible to assemble such divisions for team training. Steuben, therefore, invented a smaller team with a strength of 3,000 men which he called a legion. This gave him seven training teams each billeted in a much smaller area. Each of his legions would comprise two small brigades of infantry with a squadron of two troops of cavalry, a battalion of artillery of two batteries, and an organized field train. Indeed, by this arrangement, each brigade with a troop and a battery preserved his team proportions and gave him fourteen territorial teams for training purposes. Although the advantage of combining tactical organization with territorial distribution is quite obvious, it was not adopted in our peace establishment until one hundred and thirty-seven years after Steuben thus proposed it.

For purposes of inspection, supervision, and administration, Steuben also proposed to divide the country into three departments as follows:

The Northern Department comprising New

England. (To this area he allotted two of his militia legions.)

The Middle Department comprising New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. (To this area he allotted three of his militia legions.)

The Southern Department comprising Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. (To this area he allotted two of his militia legions.)

As these Departments were each to include a munitions service and a system of popular military education, they must be recognized at once as the forerunners of our present Corps Areas. Here again Steuben anticipated our present organization by one hundred and thirty-seven years.

It should also be understood that if Steuben's plan had been adopted the military schools proposed by him must have trained and developed an effective general staff from the beginning of our national history. It might not have been called a "General Staff," but it must have performed the general staff function. Steuben was a general staff officer, trained in general staff methods and imbued with sound general staff doctrine. It was the purpose of a military academy, as he and Washington conceived it, to transmit and perpetuate those methods and that doctrine in the American Citizen Army. If Steuben had been permitted to supervise the establishment of his schools, we may be sure that he would have transmitted the method of instruction which he had received from Frederick the Great. Thus, the "applicatory method" both as a means of training and as a "tactical measuring rod" must have been adopted in our Citizen Army more than a century before it finally crept into the curriculum at Fort Leavenworth.

Steuben also proposed a small regular army to garrison the posts on the Indian frontier. Washington's plan of 1783 contained the same proposal. But neither Steuben nor Washington advocated regular troops for purposes of national defense. They proposed a strictly limited number of professional

soldiers to perform certain continuing duties that cannot be performed by citizen soldiers. In addition to this small specialized regular force, the plan also contemplated a limited number of highly trained professionals to provide for military instruction and administration in time of peace. Steuben's own history proves that professional guidance is essential to the efficiency of a Citizen Army—but in terms of quality rather than quantity.

VIII

As a partial test of the soundness of Steuben's ideas, let us assume that his National Guard had been adopted in 1784 and had grown with the country. How would it have affected our position in the War of 1812? By that time practically all of the revolutionary veterans would have gone, but they would have been replaced by officers who had risen from grade to grade in Steuben's legions. Most of the commanders and staff officers would have been graduates of the central military schools. With staff officers so trained, there must have been plans of concentration, strategic deployment, and supply based upon the conditions and requirements of an organized force actually in being. Each legion and lower unit would have had a commanding officer accustomed to handle it in the field. Each officer and man would have been accustomed in peace to camp and march with his war unit. The War Department would have been prepared to administer the War organization because the War organization and the familiar Peace organization would have been the same.

The strength of Steuben's National Guard in 1812 would have been 49,000—more than doubled with the growth of population since 1784. Throughout the country there would have been 100,000 young men who had graduated from the force in the past ten years. With these to draw from and with more than half a million untrained men of military age,

there could have been no difficulty in attaining and maintaining the war strength of 98,000 men. Under these circumstances, can there be any doubt that the war must have ended with the conquest of Canada in a single campaign?

Or, let us consider the situation in 1860, assuming that "a well-regulated militia" had developed as Washington and Steuben sought to develop it. By that time Steuben's National Guard would have had a peace strength of 200,000, expandible to 400,000 on mobilization. There would have been a uniform territorial organization throughout the country. There would have been competent leaders and staff officers both North and South. For every organized battalion in the States that ultimately seceded there would have been four organized battalions in the rest of the Union. Lincoln defined the Civil War as an appeal from ballots to bullets on the part of a disgruntled political minority. Could there have been such an appeal to force if the potential military power of the nation had been in negotiable form?

By 1914 Steuben's National Guard would have attained a peace strength of 600,000 men, expandible to double that number on mobilization. Further preparedness would have required nothing more than prolonging the training season. Further expansion would have been the simple process of duplicating a familiar pattern in each battalion area. We should have been prepared to do in our first year of war what, in the actual event, we could not do until the second. But could there have been a war of autocratic reaction under these conditions? If America had done her part toward *keeping* the world safe for democracy could it have been necessary to fight a war to *make* it so?

IX

When Washington became President he tried to establish his "well-regulated" militia. In his annual message of Jan-

uary 8, 1790, he said, "*A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined: to which end, a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite.*" Thirteen days later he submitted his own "uniform and well-digested plan" to Congress. His diary shows that in preparing this plan he considered his own plan of 1783, Steuben's plan of 1784, and a plan prepared by General Knox in 1786, and that he carefully compared all three* with the militia systems of Europe. The official plan of 1790 was known as the Knox Plan because it was drafted by General Knox who was then Secretary of War. But it was really Washington's because it was based upon his written instructions. In this document Washington proposed training for all able-bodied young men of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty instead of the purely voluntary training proposed by Steuben. The remarkable thing about it is that it is a highly scientific modification of the Swiss system. If to-day the President should direct the General Staff to work out a plan adapting the Swiss system to the needs of a sparsely settled country of great area, it would hardly be possible for it to make a more perfect solution than that which Washington submitted to the First Congress in 1790.

But political conditions did not permit the adoption of Washington's program at that time. The enemies of the new

federal government were unwilling to give it any effective military power. Instead of establishing Washington's "well-regulated" militia, Congress, in the Act of 1792, gave federal sanction to all the vicious features of the old Colonial Militia. Washington had proposed militia in terms of "gilt-edged bonds." Congress issued it in terms of "watered stock." It was this ill-regulated old type militia that failed in the War of 1812. Washington's "well-regulated" militia was not tried.

That Washington was right is confirmed by the final result of more than a century of spontaneous but costly evolution. All of the valuable features of our existing military organization under the Act of 1920 were contained in Washington's original plan in their simplest and most economical form. The National Guard, as it has been organized since the World War, is structurally and functionally the same as that which Steuben proposed in 1784. If our existing organization is not identical in all respects with Washington's, it is because another military system, entirely different in kind, and based upon the idea of an expansive standing army, has gradually developed since the War of 1812. This system, founded upon an exploded interpretation of the Constitution and supported by incomplete and uncritical historical research, still obstructs the development of our traditional military policy as perfected by Washington and as endorsed by all of the soldiers and statesmen who founded our government.

*Washington's Studies on a proper military policy for the United States, with papers on the same subject submitted to him by Steuben and other general officers, are to be found in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress. Other more detailed studies by Baron Steuben are contained in the "Steuben Papers" in the Library of the New York Historical Society.



CHINA'S COVERED WAGON

BY OLIVE GILBREATH

Drought, warfare, and extortionate taxation are a chronic curse to the peasantry of North China. The margin of subsistence in the best of seasons is exceedingly narrow. Famine follows the slightest disarrangement of economic conditions. Eight years ago an extensive drought brought one-third of the fifty million people in the Yellow River Provinces to the verge of death.

To the peril of drought there has been added the scourge of constant warfare. The Chinese Republic, for more than a decade, has been overrun by a succession of contesting war lords. And always Peking—the nation's capitol—has been the goal for which these generals fought. The theater of war, therefore, has been the north, and the consequent suffering has fallen most heavily to the lot of the already overburdened peasants of this northern territory.

These peasants, moreover, have been forced not merely to suffer from the devastations of the war itself, but to submit to heavy levies in order to finance the generals who sought to continue it. This has been particularly the case since Chang Tsung-ch'ang, bandit ally of the late Chang Tso-lin, assumed the governorship of Shantung Province.

From these three evils the peasantry of North China are fleeing in the extraordinary migration described in the accompanying article.

Their goal is Manchuria. Its soil is fertile and widely unoccupied. In 1906 one million of a total of twenty million available hectares of land were under cultivation. In 1927 the total had reached eleven million.

This increase is due, on the one hand, to Chinese immigration and, on the other hand, to the world-wide increase in the use of the soya bean. The bean harvest of Manchuria, in 1906, amounted to 600,000 tons. By 1927 it had mounted to four million tons.

It is, therefore, the economic hardships of life in North China and the economic opportunities waiting in Manchuria that combine to account for China's Covered Wagon.—*The Editors.*

IT is the end of a long day. In the train sheds, so far as eye can reach, the dusk is blotted with heads, cheek-bones, bundled bodies, eyes. Eyes—so many thousands of eyes that they appear part of a film portraying the details of a guilty conscience. Thousands of pairs of eyes: they scan the wickets, the tracks, the gates, the guards. They scan everything with animal curiosity, but particularly the guards and the gates. The latter, it must be confessed, seem frail defenses should that human tide decide to go over the top. The crowd is quiet, but in its quiescence is something more striking than another crowd's agitation. Almost any multitude staggers the individual mind; unable to bear the reckless fertility of nature, it seeks to escape. But there is no escaping this horde; it's unknowing, un-

caring mass paralyzes the imagination. It is Conrad's sea—but an earth sea.

At last a glare lights up the long sheds. From behind comes a blind urge forward. The floor of the sea itself seems to have slanted up. The train is obscured, submerged. The police and soldiers do their best but they are helpless; they can only gather up the wreckage afterward. Nō, it is not the arrival of Charles Chaplin or even Colonel Lindbergh at le Bourget. The place is Harbin, the time is any day and every day of 1928. It is China's Covered Wagon moving out to the North.

What giant source can possibly keep supplied this mammoth tide flowing day after day? From all over North China—from Chihli and Shantung and even from farther provinces—come streams, all flowing to the sea. Along a dusty

road in Shantung plods a man in tattered and faded blue. He is girt about the head, girt about the middle, girt about the ankles against wind. Behind him, with tortured feet, peps a woman. On her back she carries a heavy parcel bound in filthy wrappings. Children trudge in the rear, the smallest one last: the eldest—a boy of nine—bends under a burden of bedding and kettles. The elder little girl carries an urchin almost as big as herself. The man bears a burden too. Astride his back sits a wizened figure—his aged father. It is cold, the wind blows, they do not talk. They travel slowly against the wind, but they travel. Day after day, all winter long, all spring long, these lines of gray-blue beetles move over the hills.

Day after day all winter long, all spring long, from all over North China, even in the dead of winter when the soil is frozen and offers no hope of livelihood, against the advice of authorities, these lines move over the hills. Whither bound? For any exit by which the starving may escape China. Through the ancient break in the Great Wall at Shanhaikuan in open box cars, by junk and steamer from Tsingtao and Tientsin to Dairen and Newchwang, by Shanks' mares all the way, the greatest migration of the world is taking place—comparable only with the rush of fifty years ago to our own Northwest. Two million people are one on the move into Manchuria.

Migration is no new phenomenon in China. Every spring Tsinan has seen hundreds of coolies leaving for Manchuria. But they are only seasonal laborers, "come spring, go autumn." At Chinese New Year they will be back to kowtow before the tablets of their ancestors, eat *chiaotzū* and drink *paikan*. But these processions are different. Instead of lines of single men, they include whole families. And yet not whole families. There is something peculiar about them. Here are the aged, the middle-aged, very young children. But where are the girls and the youths? A ticket to the Promised Land costs seven dollars

and thirty-five cents. The girls have been sold to transport the family. The boys have been seized by military orders. These ragged trekkers are not "come spring, go autumn." They have turned their backs on the graves of their fathers and the memory of their children, stuck the title deeds of their farms on the doors. They are not coming back. Slowly they travel but they move with the persistence of nature. They have no such luxury as prairie schooners but if they had, the sides would bear the legend "Manchuria or Bust."

North China has two main exits, Tsingtao and Tientsin. Tsingtao, as the nearer, receives the greater flood. There are no white devils, as there were when they were being packed for France during the war, to poke red-hot needles into their arms or cut their queues. The barbed-wire traps of the Chinese are easier to pass than those of the white devils and, once passed, the hosts swarm the wharves and the piers and settle over the beach like blue locusts. Rude sheds have been erected and soldiers detailed to herd them into shelter, but the soldiers are helpless against that mass. Neither threats nor coaxing move the locusts. They know for what they have tramped over the hills. They have seen their prairie schooners lying in the harbor.

For the Japanese steamship companies this migration is a bonanza. They have stretched their capacities to the utmost, but no carrying power could be sufficient, short of equipping the locusts with wings. A steamer to be loaded makes a five o'clock subway rush look like a quiet game of poker. Within fifteen minutes after the boat has docked, without the steamship company's having lifted a finger, seventeen hundred shoving bodies, seventeen hundred pairs of eyes, hands, and feet are aboard. Why this mad will to live a life harsh, with few rewards? . . . Why does the sap surge upward to the leaves?

The fare from Tsingtao to Dairen has been reduced to one dollar gold and still, at the rate of a cent a pound for coolie

carriage, the profits are enormous. The refugees are excellent cargo. They can be packed as tightly as beans or coconuts and, in addition, they have the enormous advantage of moving off and on by their own feet. No complaints about rooms or food. In fact, there are no rooms and there is no food. On deck and below deck they are packed in tiers like the traditional sardine. They move hardly more than the traditional sardine. There is no room to lie down, barely room for each to squat. If they tried to move, one sardine would have to walk on top of the others. When the boat is emptied, it is cleaned by Japanese sailors wearing gas-masks, using hose shovels and scrapers. The steamship company supplies water. Food? A hand goes into a padded garment and brings out a mud and grass cake. That suffices for the twenty-eight hours. If you would see life reduced to the minimum and courage pushed to the maximum, sail on a boat for Dairen. If the homesteaders feel anxiety, they do not show it. They have an inheritance of two thousand recorded years of suffering in which anything is of more importance than the feelings of a human being. If they have *arrière-pensées*, they keep them to themselves. Their lean copper bodies and nerves undegenerated by soft living and steadied, perhaps, by the common-sense teachings of Confucius—highly diffused on their way down from the scholars but affecting even the masses in China—make for pioneering. Eyes to the North. No forty-niner ever set his face more doggedly toward the golden West than these toward their goal.

II

What must be the thoughts of these medieval hordes dropped into one of the miracles of the twentieth century—Dairen? One must imagine Genghis Khan's army suddenly thronging through the ports of Vancouver or San Francisco. Under the lee of one of the modern stone buildings, a typical Chi-

nese family group squats. The mother, half-naked, is nursing her dirt-smeared child at her breast. Her feet are bound, her hands are small, in one ear she wears a small silver earring; in many ways known to ethnologists, she bears evidence of an old race, but her expression is almost animal. The husband, a Harlequin in blue of all shades, is rewinding his feet with rags which will last about two miles of the six hundred he must walk if he continues his journey on foot. Under the eye of the mother sprawl two other children, sturdy of build but with an infection that will leave their scalps forever bare in patches. At their feet are two shrunken bundles, the accumulation of a life of the hardest labor in the world. Before them lies the mammoth harbor of Dairen with its breakwaters, its fleet of steamers lying alongside the lateen-sailed Chinese junks, its great concrete piers, its warehouses and uncanny cranes reaching out their long arms with devil swiftness and accuracy. That this has all been evoked out of the wilderness by the resolute little island kingdom across the way within the last twenty years, they of course do not know. It is a safe wager that they do not *see*, they have lived too long at the bottom of a well. Their thoughts are, doubtless, *nil*. But they form the strangest of strange contrasts against their background: a point of departure for thoughts on wars, governments, and kindred topics.

Even if they had thoughts they would have little time to think them. "Move on—step lively" is the law of the Japanese who wish to keep the port cleared. Chinese "Same Village" committees meet the boats, conduct them to the trains, arrange for tickets, and act as go-betweens with the innkeepers if they must remain all night. But often they tighten their girdles, rewind their feet, and on the same day they land they are off again. Seventy per cent of those who arrive by boat and forty per cent of the total number make the journey by rail. The others trudge on foot. As the struggle to reach the Promised Land

grows more harsh the rule of "the devil take the hindmost" grows fiercer. No Air Line or California Limited here, no Blue Express; only open box cars. When the whistle blows and the masked policemen open the gates, battle is joined, in which the lesser go down—the aged, the sick, the children. The single coolies—big fellows—climb in first, women and children last. One is reminded of Russia evacuating, but there is a difference. These fight—fight and smile. An urchin is knocked out of the way by a big coolie who takes his place. There is a howl, but his mother drags him to his feet, gives him a cuff, and shoves him through the window. This is no place for pity. A huge coolie entering by the window route plants his feet in an old man's face. The blood comes, but the battered old philosopher only smiles and moves his place. One cannot expect life to be all tea and *chiaotzû*.

The battle over, the train moves out and the police collect the debris: the dead and maimed, the children lost, the babies wrapped in paper and left behind—froth on the surface of this vast torrent of life. Some have been born at the station, others will be born in the trucks or by the side of the road as their mothers peg along on their tortured feet. They will be stuffed naked inside ragged garments or, if there is nothing for them, dropped from the railway bridges as the train crosses a river. The Chinese in normal life love and cherish their children, but this is not life; it is migration.

A ticket to Harbin from Dairen costs about six dollars and a half gold, more money than many Chinese peasants have ever seen. Even for those who can find the money for the ticket it is not a journey *de luxe*. There are no conveniences; modesty is again a mannerism. There is no food. There are long delays at the junction stations, and for those who have invested the last copper in the railway ticket such days mean so much more starvation. There is a certain *kudos*, however, in starving on a train. Only the plutocrats can afford it. The

others starve on foot, straggling along the tracks. Encumbered with their few pots and pans, the women carrying babies, the men often with the sick or aged astride their backs, still they make for the Promised Land—an amazing wave of humanity, which the average Chinese in his preoccupation with wars and rumors of wars, kidnappings, flights, and confiscations passes by without comment, but which, while his gaze is distracted by other matters, may be changing the face of the North, building up a powerful kingdom there beyond the Great Wall.

Since the migration is looked upon favorably, as much help as possible is rendered to the homesteaders; such help as can be rendered a slice of earth changing its geography. Chinese guilds and charitable organizations tax their members to help. Free medical attention and free shelter are provided at the junction stations. The railways have greatly reduced their fares, the Chinese Eastern carrying those over sixty and small children free of charge. But no one could render enough aid. By the time they have reached Dairen a large number have exhausted their resources; the lines begin to thin. Some find work in the Japanese factories; a starving horde seeks work and food along the road. The smallest and the oldest fall by the wayside and meet thus what for the Chinese is the most tragic of fates—an exile's grave. In spite of this, in spite of everything, of hunger and death, of uncertainty, the footsore army plods stoically on. The goal is in sight, a place where they may rest after the terrible hegira from Shantung. They are down to bed rock now, living on millet and grass cakes; it has become a race with starvation to these plains.

If it were not for the incredible vitality of the Chinese peasants, many more would fail to reach the goal. In spite of no sanitation, foot-binding, and a very inadequate handling of disease, they are one of the physical wonders of the world. Centuries of life-war have developed in them a magnificent physique, a

natural resistance to infection, and the recuperative powers of an animal. Let a Chinese peasant be wounded, he will heal like a healthy dog.

So it is that about the station at Harbin legions encamp. Here and there a brasier glows in the dusk. Until midnight and after carts may be heard rumbling over the bridge to the Chinese quarters—plutocrats who still have a few coppers left with which to buy shelter under a roof. But these are only a few. The majority huddle patiently in the bleak sheds, waiting silently to be sorted, shuffled, and re-ticketed like merchandise for their final destination, or roll up in their bedding and sleep on the floor, the sleep of exhaustion. A woman dehumanized with fatigue, lies back, eyes closed in her apathetic face while her offspring crawls over her, seeking nourishment. Another, still in her heavy clothes, her face purple with fever, raves in delirium. The Promised Land lies in sight but it is a question whether their feet will ever touch it. They will be left behind with the other sick and miserable, but where they fall thousands, millions will take their places. Only an act of God could stop them now. Manchuria will be populated.

III

If this army against the background of Dairen formed a strange scene, it is not less strange in Harbin. Outside the barracks which shelter the exiles lies the gayest, most tragic city of the Far East—Harbin, the "City of Nichevo." It is populated largely by exiles from Russia who straggled into it a few years ago in trains better than open box cars, but not much. Backwash of war, as the exiles in the sheds are backwash of war, not many years ago they slept four deep on the floors of Siberian stations—or lived under freight trains on the sidings. Now they form the hectic night life of a city which overshadows in gaiety Shanghai. But to the city of these fellow-exiles the Chinese are oblivious. When they have

become rich merchants—and every Chinese carries in him the seeds of a rich merchant—they too will patronize cabarets. In the meantime, *land*.

Is it possible that they can put forth another effort? Harbin is the last stopping place. An official gives a sharp command. The footsore army struggle to their feet, shouldering bedding, kettles, and children. An attendant prods the lagging ones and brings a stick down on the backs of the slow. Hobbling, staggering, the mob is off for the last time. The future hope of Manchuria—small shining-eyed, rosy lords of creation in filthy garments—wail: they may be potential bean kings but they are thrust into the cars with the other bundles. Within ten minutes the train pulls out. In forty-eight hours, or less, the home-steaders will see the fertile brown plains for which they have gambled. Within a week these incredibly persistent folk will have built a mud-and-wattle hut, they will have borrowed a donkey and seed, and they will be patiently and happily plowing the ground from dawn until nightfall, or scratching it with their hands and a stick. Quickly and pluckily the old volume of China is closed and the new one of Manchuria is opened.

China has something of the same peasant philosophy as Russia. Ask a peasant in the old days of Russia about some misfortune or burden, nine times out of ten he would answer, "*Preveekli*—we are used to it." The Chinese peasant shares the same fatalism. It takes long to exhaust his patience but, once started, he moves. In the last ten days of April the Peking-Mukden railway carried over nineteen thousand people. Into Dairen by steamship have landed roughly three hundred and eighty-four thousand, at Newchwang seventy-five thousand, at Antung twenty-four thousand. An army of seventy thousand tramp along the Peking-Mukden line seeking work. At the flood tide of the American migration to the Northwest, between 1880 and 1890, statistics show a shift of five million and a quarter people. Compared

with the two million expected in Manchuria before October, and their capacity for population, it dwindles in size—if not in importance.

As one watches the blue flood spread over the plain, one is forced to ask what explosive force could have torn those sturdy figures from their hills. According to economists, agrarian migrations occur for one of three reasons: unarable land, unfavorable conditions, or the opening of new colonies. The tattered peasant tramping through the wilderness with a smile on his face and not a copper in his pocket knows nothing of economists, but he knows all three of their reasons. Only he names them more graphically: famine, war lords, and the soya bean.

Which is the greater dragon in Chinese life, famine or the war lord? It is difficult to say. In two thousand years of recorded history the Chinese peasant has met famine eighteen hundred and twenty-eight times. The only variety in the famine seems to be whether it comes as a Wet or a Dry Dragon. When it is a Wet Dragon the Yellow River breaks its bonds, and the peasant lies all night on the dykes in the slashing rain, trying to protect them with his body. Two thousand years ago a man corralled the river once: a feat considered so remarkable that he was made Emperor. In later years American engineers have been entrusted with the task of taming the monster, and their prayers to Imperial Heaven in concrete and steel have been remarkably successful. But so long as there is no money in China to treat the river as a whole, it must always break bounds, overflow the peasant's fields, drown his pig, and melt down the mud walls of his hut and his compound.

This year the famine was dry. The villages melt more slowly, it is true, but they melt. The Peking and Tientsin papers are full of tales which represent a background of appalling suffering. Recently a father near Tsinan, in the clutches of starvation, sold his elder daughter. She was twelve years old and

she brought twelve dollars. The heart-broken mother hanged herself near the Tsinan station; whereupon the father strangled the younger little girl of three on the ground that she cost too much to care for without a mother.

"But why," says the American, putting his hand in his pocket to pay Chinese taxes—the famine relief levy—almost as regularly as he pays his own taxes, "is nothing done?" Drought is difficult to fight, although even in the days of the Chow dynasty a system of irrigation operated in Shensi. The Yellow River, American engineers assert, could be tamed and a hundred thousand farms added to the land for the cost of only *one* famine. Why is it not done? The first reason is simply—China. The second—until he retreated before the Nationalists recently—sat in Tsinan.

Chang Tsung-ch'ang—not to be confused with that other war lord, the late Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria—was an ex-coolie, six feet four tall, with a sullen face enlightened by a child-like smile and a constitution that can toss off three bottles of brandy at a sitting. Only China, land of pinnacle and crevasse, could have produced him or could suffer him. His father is said to have been from the lowest class in China—the ragamuffins who blow trumpets in the funeral processions. He himself started as a ricksha coolie, learned Russian in Vladivostok as a wharf coolie and landed by the bandit route at the dizzy heights of power.

The war lord is not a new phenomenon in China. He is as old as floods and famine, but, with an iron hand absent at the helm of central government, increasingly a new and deadly type of war lord has appeared, of which the governor of Shantung was the perfect flower. "Chang was never an administrator," says an editorial writer in *The China Standard*. "With him, the position was simply an incredibly wonderful opportunity for personal enjoyment. He had about him a gang of sycophants who helped bleed the already tottering province. His generals hardly knew one end

of a gun from another and, moreover, were monstrously disloyal. His troops were rarely if ever paid, a mob of ignorant coolies, ill fed and badly clothed and fearful of fight. . . . ”

Like other adventurer leaders in history, he had his points. In his case it was an enormous gusto for life, a sense of humor that fascinated not only Chinese but foreigners who came into contact with him. Added to this were a careless good nature and trust. Unfortunately this trust in the retainers who overran the mammoth courts of his yamen was not justified. It is said by his defenders that he wanted to pay his troops. He raised money for them, he turned it over to his treasurers, but the cash never reached the army. Not long ago he held a review, at which he expected to inspect the hundred and fifty thousand men for whom, according to the bills presented by his retainers, he had bought arms at the exorbitant prices of European gun runners. A rabble of about sixty-five thousand, ill fed and ill trained, were drawn into a semblance of military formation. His troops have never been notably well disciplined, but whatever discipline they have had has drained away by ignorance and incompetence.

Added to the high cost of an army for a plaything, Chang Tsung-ch'ang has drained the resources of Shantung to support his lavish Oriental taste for hospitality and for a harem. At what was wittily called "The Celebration for the Establishment of the Republic" a huge *pong* was erected at the yamen, Russian singers and dancers were imported from Harbin, a special train brought guests from Tsingtao, and a thousand sat down to dinner with silver service and champagne for all. As principal in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, Chang Tsung-ch'ang would be incomparably charming. As governor of a province living on weeds and grass, he is one of the grim reasons why the Shantungese leave home.

It would take a very prosperous country indeed to support these gorgeous buccaneers. For China it is impossible.

Year after year alternately with the Wet and the Dry Dragon, the Chinese peasant is constantly "only one jump ahead of starvation," and when the tax collector finishes with him he is often not even one jump ahead. It would seem that no more blood could be squeezed from the turnip, and still the tax collector squeezes. The last concubine must have fifty thousand dollars deposited in the bank or she will not come. In general, to list the taxable property in a province is to list all the property of that province. Shantung has a tax on carts, on land, on animals, on piece goods, a tax on many commodities simply in transit through a city. There are taxes on queues and taxes on bound feet. If the peasant has any of the luxuries of life—rice, tea, sugar, kerosene—he is taxed for these; but he seldom has any of these luxuries.

He takes his cart to pieces and hides it in the sand, but unfortunately he cannot take his pig to pieces. Nor can he hide his *mow* of land, and on his land he has already paid taxes three years in advance. Nor can he cut off the bound feet of his mother. The supreme tax strategy—practiced in other provinces as well as in Shantung—seems to have been reached in a scheme around opium. Under threat of arrest every farmer is compelled to sow a share of his land to opium. When the opium is ripe it is then confiscated as being illegal, the farmer who grew it under threat is fined for having grown it, and in some cases the land is seized as a penalty.

For a wealthy farmer or merchant life is even more complicated. The peasant is always in danger of military conscription, but the citizen of property stands in daily danger of being carried off for ransom by bandits. In some cases where villagers have protested a bandit raid, they have been shut up by the bandits in their houses and burned. In any case, there is no recourse. The line between soldiers and bandits is too shadowy, and those soldiers who are not engaged in more nefarious traffic are march-

ing with the war lord against the war lord of the next province—Yen or Feng or Chiang or Wu—or “resting.” In any event, bandits and floods and famine are not the government’s business.

What is to be done? Those men who have turned their backs on the land of their fathers and set their eyes on new goals are the answer.

And what do they expect to find at the end of the trail, a pot of gold? It is not a visionary one, for without knowing it, they have come to one of the richest regions in the world. “The King is Dead—Long Live the King!”—the real king of North China, the soya bean. *Kioliang* has long been the stay of the North—house, drink, food—but the bean, with its newly discovered attributes, is the ruler *de facto*. Few potentates have ever been so powerful. He has already built schools and churches, raised Dairen from a port of fortieth rank in China to third rank, and revived Vladivostok. Long-visioned white men and suspicious yellow men fall headlong over one another to build railways for him; they cannot build them fast enough. All over the world ships await the bean; his needs, his seasons are their chronometer; they sail entirely at his command. In America and China research departments are devoted to the study of his development, psychology, and future. The Japanese use the bean for their soil; Hungary for meat; Mussolini has decreed that it form fifteen per cent of the bread of Italy. Its history since its real discovery, largely by American universities, reads like a tale of the gold rush. Manchuria has discovered a Klondike—not yellow gold but green gold.

Fortunately his migration suits the political schemes of the northern war lords who logically see in a Manchuria, rich in resources and unlimited in man power, new wealth. Since it more than fulfills the dreams of the commercial interests, the emigrant receives very favorable treatment once he reaches the land. Most of southern Manchuria is already occupied, hence the greater num-

ber of settlers spread out in new territory recently opened along the railways in north and east Manchuria. If possible, they settle immediately on the land put at their disposal by the owners of great tracts who divide them up into smaller settlements. Since the owners of these tracts are usually high officials in the railway or government, they clear the land of the first obnoxious undergrowth—not weeds or scrub oak, but *bandits*. In many cases, they even plow the land with tractors and furnish them with seed to carry them over until the first crop appears, the payment being a crop-sharing arrangement. A certain number find work as ricksha coolies, wheelbarrow coolies, refuse gatherers, truck gardeners, but it is the aim of the officials to assist as many as possible to the land, for reasons which fringe one of the dramas of the future.

The drama of the future—aye, there’s the rub in Manchuria. As one watches this incredibly vital figure facing the unknown with fortitude and endless courage, “matching with Destiny for beers,” the question constantly grows: for how long will Destiny be kind? Will she reward his heroism with a respite from wars and taxes, vouchsafe him a chance to find his feet? According to Trader Horn, Nature never indulges in the luxury of pity. Without undue pessimism, one must admit that Manchuria may, in the not too distant future, bear out Trader Horn.

Already the war lord is eyeing this rich plum with renewed appetite. He has plundered China Proper so ruthlessly that it is at least temporarily exhausted. His keen eye is already seeking out new resources. Let Manchuria develop in peace, flood it with brawn and bone; give it every opportunity. Man power means all power. What is the further dream of the war lord as he lies back on his brocade divan and reaches for his opium pipe while the Shantung farmer, working under the fierce Manchurian sun, strips gold out of the earth? Manchuria was Chang Tso-lin’s special

province and already it has been pressed, to its own detriment, into lining the coffers in Peking.

The trick is as simple as Columbus's setting the egg on end. First, large stocks of paper are purchased and run through the government printing presses; although there is practically no silver back of them, they then are named money. The next step is to forbid the use of the Japanese *yen* in Manchuria and to force this worthless paper currency as payment for crops. The immeasurably rich cargoes thus garnered for such paper are then shipped to Dairen and sold to Japanese and other foreign exporters for the solid *yen* forbidden in Manchuria; the *yen* or their equivalents are then remitted to Peking in good Chinese silver. That which purchases beans in Manchuria has no effect upon a gun runner; he does not lay down a gun until his palm is crossed with silver. The logical result is naturally the complete demoralization of Manchurian currency. When the value of the currency threatens to sink out of sight altogether, a part is called in with a large gesture; but secretly the presses are started again. The economic situation does not promise to be unclouded in Manchuria.

IV

The war lord, however, is not the only danger. Japan and Russia, ancient enemies in the Far East, are again in a duel over Manchuria. Japan has always been known to regard with a speculative eye the rich mines of the Yangtze, and the surrender of Tsingtao still aches. For the moment, however, nothing south of the Great Wall holds any interest for her comparable with her ambitions in Manchuria. Russia also—although she has lost much prestige in the Far East—keeps a belligerent eye on her prize port, Vladivostok, and her road to the sea, the Chinese Eastern Railway. But there is a new factor in the case, and that is China herself. She has ceased to be simply the prostrate body over whom the other two

fought, and is struggling to her feet. Thus with the former victim revived, and herself a combatant, the encounter ceases to be a duel and has become a triangular fight for economic rewards of colossal richness and political results which no one can foresee.

The keys of the three-cornered rivalry are the railways and ports. In this Japan has the inside track. Sadly and reluctantly she has at last recognized the fact that the Japanese farmer cannot compete with the Chinese farmer as a colonist, and has resigned the mass population of Manchuria to her great neighbor across the way. But the control and handling of that immense output, that inexhaustible wealth potential in Manchuria, through her railways and ports—that is another matter. To have Manchuria as both a source of raw materials and a growing market for her manufactured goods is Japan's ambition. And it is no small ambition, for who holds the railway control of Manchuria in time will tap a Mississippi valley for richness.

For the realization of this ambition, Japan has a good foundation: the South Manchurian Railway and the port of Dairen with the cheapest cargo handling in the world. If she throws a line to the Korean coast and builds a port there as she plans to do, she will have an even cheaper route; for the distance from Korea to Tsuruga is only half the distance from Dairen to Kobe. In another way, Japan holds the strategic position. She has already thrown three spear-heads of railways into Manchuria. About the end of the Great War she made titanic efforts to obtain possession of the line from Changchun to Harbin. If she had obtained this she would have thus had an elbow of railways—Vladivostok, Harbin, Dairen—by which she would have controlled the north of the Far East. She was frustrated in her designs mainly by the Interallied Commission, but she has since financed a Chinese-built line by which she will soon be astride the Chinese Eastern Railway. This completed, she will then be able to pour

troops into Manchuria against China, Russia, or any power that balks her desires.

From this time on the man power of Manchuria will be overwhelmingly Chinese; this migration alone has made that an accomplished fact. Against the two or three hundred thousand which Japan has presented Manchuria to date, China now sends two million in one year with millions more in the loins of these. Japan has resigned herself to the fact, but one thing she will never resign—her "special position" in Manchuria. This she avers she won by agreement after the Russian-Japanese War, and she has announced that in case of war she will make Manchuria her first line of defense and will defend with blood the South Manchurian Railway.

China's greatest pawn in the game is that stream of life pouring over the hills into the north—a pawn whose significance will never grow less. In the matter of ports, nature and the march of history—especially the march of history—has dealt her a very poor hand. Only the ports of Newchwang and Antung remain and these are ice-bound during part of the export season. For several years China has toyed with the idea of a port between Tientsin and Newchwang, but she has recently renounced that in favor of enlarging Newchwang. At best, however, it can handle only three million tons out of the sea of exports. Certain observers believe that she may break through at Posiet Bay south of Vladivostok, but this can happen only when the pressure of population shut off from the sea becomes irresistible.

In railways China has always been at the end of the procession. South of the Great Wall, this is still true; no new lines are being constructed and those in existence are not operative for commercial purposes or are going to ruin. In Manchuria, however, China has suddenly awakened under the new economic promise and, to Japan's extreme annoyance, has begun to build with Chinese capital. According to the Japanese Government,

by the treaty of 1915 China agreed to construct no lines parallel with Japanese lines in Manchuria. China has raised a question as to the extent of territory to which this applies and, while the dispute is in progress, she cleverly and serenely continues to pursue her railway construction in the face of Japanese protests. So long as she has no port comparable with Vladivostok or Dairen, however, she can never win the battle of the railways. It is only by the ancient boa constrictor process that China defeats her enemies—by enveloping and digesting them.

Against Dairen and the South Manchurian Railway of Japan and the bulk of population of China, Russia holds the Chinese Eastern Railway and her cherished port of Vladivostok. These she wills to keep, for they are her road to the sea. In addition to these, Russia has taken Outer Mongolia from under China's nose, not officially but actually; the offices are nominally held by Mongolians but in reality they are largely controlled by the Soviet. Perhaps with Japan so strongly entrenched in Manchuria and Russian inner affairs still turbulent and unstable, Russia holds in abeyance at least her once large ambitions in Manchuria and is concentrating on the control of Outer Mongolia and on honeycombing China and Japan with propaganda.

The question of Russia is largely a question of her alliances. Will they be with China or Japan—or neither? In spite of the recent cordial gesture of Baron Goto, there is and always has been between Japan and Russia an instinctive racial dislike. Besides Japan is clutched with a fear of communism more deadly than that of any other nation and the arrest of one thousand communists in Tokyo has aggravated the nervousness. In fact, in general the Russia of to-day is looked upon as a slippery and perhaps troublesome bedfellow; China also, both north and south, distrusts Russia. The Russia of to-day is still experimental and chaotic; but the Russia of fifty years

hence—steady, prosperous? No one in the world—not America, not England, certainly not China or Japan—can afford to ignore that giant.

Of war, the present danger seems remote. No power will block Japan at present. China certainly cannot. Her war lords are too absorbed in other affairs: buying and selling one another and arranging for flights and the transportation of heavy money bags to the neutral zones of Dairen, Tientsin, or Shanghai once the game grows too hot. Russia will not. She has no money for a Far Eastern Campaign. Besides, she has other plans, more subtle and far-reaching, both in China and Japan. Japan herself, with her eye on the growing trade with China and those rich fields of Manchuria, seems to be following paths of strict discretion. Although her fleet happened to be on a "friendly visit" to the four strategic points on the Chinese coast at the time of the recent dispute over the Manchurian railways, she brought no threat of action. But that the horizon of Man-

churia promises unbroken fair weather for the future seems more than less unlikely. The last West is too rich.

It can only be hoped that as Nature has no room for pity and the conflict must come, it will delay long enough to give these toiling, tax-crazed masses a respite—one moment in which they may build their mud huts, feed their hunger for the soil, smoke their pipes, and rear their children in peace. Surely there is greatness in a race that can create the arts and temples, the cities and canals of China, and that has borne a Confucius; surely there is greatness in the coolie who, after two thousand years of starvation, can tuck a grass and mud cake in his tattered garment and stride off to new horizons with a smile. If anyone deserves reward, it is China's pioneer, with his "astounding courage to live in the face of uncertainty . . . his amazing talent for happiness in the face of privation." It is he who has taken the curse from this flight and made it an epic of human courage.

BITTERS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

HYSSOP from a grave's edge,
Yarrow from spent lane,
Everlasting from a wood
Wrecked in a dark rain.

Light the seven fagots now,
Make them seven times hot;
Brew the sad herbs leaf and stalk
For the scarlet pot.

Peering griefs, spites, dust of dreams
Cast in one by one;
Drag the wild moon down, to watch
Till the stuff is done!

They that drink of this will know
Sharp and choking breath;
Every day of every year
Smell the mold of Death.



QUACK-DOCTORING THE COLLEGES

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

Professor of Municipal Government, Harvard University

MANY things are wrong with our colleges. I have it on the highest and the lowest authority—that is, on the authority of Nicholas Murray Butler and Upton Sinclair. It has also been intimated to me by athletic coaches and college presidents, who may be said to represent the alpha and the omega of reliability on such matters. As I happen to be both a college professor and a college trustee, I get the bombardment on both flanks. I have positive information that the colleges are no longer educating anybody, and I have equally emphatic assurance that they are educating a lot of youngsters who ought to be left illiterate for the benefit of the unskilled labor market. I hear that the colleges have completely lost the confidence of the business world, and I read in the editorial columns that more business men are sending their sons to college than ever before. I learn from presidents' reports that the colleges have big deficits every year, and from the treasurers' reports that their assets are steadily growing larger. In my spare moments (of which every college professor has an abundance) I have answered no end of questionnaires and participated in at least a dozen educational surveys, each one of which has been able to demonstrate that the methods of instruction used in colleges, although widely diverse in character, are alike in being wrong.

This recalls to mind one of the maxims of equity: to wit, that "there is no wrong without a remedy." In the case of the colleges the remedies far out-

number the wrongs. They are literally uncountable, like the twinklers in the new heavens. Indeed, there is no species of quackery so popular to-day as the educational brand of hocus-pocus. The land is swarming with educational prestidigitators—and no wonder, for to qualify as an educational expert one needs only to be a glib fellow away from home. Every one of these intellectual Esculapians has his own favorite prescription. He believes it applicable to all institutions, big or little, without discrimination as to age or sex. The college of to-day, unhappily, is like a patient upon whom the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, mental healers, and sun-bath zealots all demand the right to operate simultaneously. It is in a worse position, being beset by medicine-men who are ready to diagnose, prescribe, and cure without license or fee.

Out of this welter let us pick a few of the remedial tonics which are being most assiduously peddled at the present time. Number one may be called the Job-Analysis Serum. It is designed to lower the high fever of those colleges which are excitedly doing a lot of things without knowing what they are doing or why. In the language of the educational technician, the colleges have not "clarified their objectives." It may seem strange that, although some of our older institutions have been on the job for more than two hundred years, they have never thought to stop and "analyze it"; yet such appears to be the case. Of course it is an unpardonable

omission. The job-analysis treatment should be applied at once. First, count the patient's pulse—that is to say, begin with a questionnaire. Every survey that aims to be both scientific and sociological (queer combination!) must begin that way. Send the questionnaire to all the professors asking them why they teach. Send it to all the students asking them why they allow themselves to be taught. Send it to the alumni with a demand for information of similar irrelevance. Then, when the replies come in, tabulate the data, find the median and the mode, figure out the coefficient of correlation, and the result will give you an atypical conspectus of the pattern of valuation, which is the true collegiate objective reduced to a conventionalized significance. (Not being a psychologist, I cannot be sure of my terminology, but that is the formula as I remember it.)

Having found its true objective, at any rate, the college can then go full-team ahead. The job analysis will indicate a solution for each and all of its problems—of finance, housing, instruction, athletics, and the social distractions. It will tell you how undergraduate mental vacuity can be transformed into genius as by the touch of a magic wand. There is no other serum like unto this one in its claim to curative accomplishment.

II

Then there is the Orientation Ointment, which has had a brisk sale during the past ten years. Its vendors begin by assuring us that the job-analysts have made a false diagnosis. The colleges know what they are trying to do, but the students don't. Every autumn some thousands of freshmen come thronging through the academic gates and are helplessly whirled into the vortex of an elective curriculum. These young men and women should be promptly "oriented." To that end they should be bidden to arrive for a

"freshman week" before the college opens. During this preview performance they can be told, in abbreviated form, all that they would ordinarily learn during the entire four years of a college course.

It is all very simple. They listen to speeches and they stand in line. They are addressed by the president on what they ought to do, and by the dean on what they ought not to do. The chairman of the faculty warns them in the morning that they came to the college to get an education, and in the afternoon the football coach confides to the mass meeting that an education is the last thing any red-blooded young man comes to college for.

The freshmen should also be provided with advisers, both from the faculty and from the senior class. These advisers make the most of their opportunities, hence advice is the last thing that any freshman lacks when this curtain-raiser week comes to a close. If he assimilated one-tenth of it—which he does not—he would have enough to last him to the end of his days. It is my observation that among all forms of counsel the kind which is given by the senior student-advisers impresses the average freshman as the most interesting and the most useful. For it is from them that the neophyte finds out what courses in the curriculum are "snap courses," where the college bootlegger resides, how to get bids to the sorority dances, and whether the dean is hard-boiled to the alibi of an alarm clock that did not go off in time for a nine-o'clock class. To the newcomer this information is obviously more utilitarian than the assurance of his faculty mentor "that he must seek adjustment to his highest potential, respond to his creative urge, seek to integrate what he learns into a universal harmony of knowledge, and strive to live the abundant life."

Not all the orientation ointment can be applied during freshman week, even with the most vigorous rubbing. Accordingly, this process should have a

follow-up in the way of an orientation course given as part of the regular curriculum and counting towards a degree. This course should aim to be an outline of everything. It should begin with the origin of the cosmos and come down to the election of Al Smith, one lecture a week for ten weeks or thereabouts. To do this, it must cover six centuries per hour, although a little slowing up for the last three or four centuries is permissible in view of the fact that these are somewhat more crowded with happenings. It is said that light travels around the earth in one-seventh of a second; but even at that it is no match for the speed of the orientation lecturer. He flashes through the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene ages, right down to the Obscene—which is the contemporary era. The greatness and decline of Rome are master-stroked in seven minutes, the Darwinian theory is elucidated in four, and the industrial revolution gets by while the lecturer pauses for breath.

The title of this course should be both dignified and designatory. It may be called, "The Story of Civilization," or "The Universe and Mankind," or perhaps just "Life and Its Problems." But the official title does not much matter, for the undergraduate will soon endow it with a nickname. He calls it "Seeing Civilisation," or "The Educational Rubberneck Bus," or, in due tribute to the high spots of the course, he labels it alliteratively as "Drink, Drainage, Divorce, and Democracy."

The orientation course, as given in various institutions which have fallen for this pick-me-up, has developed into a companionate miscegenation of history, politics, economics, pietisms, and sex hygiene. It has length and breadth without the third dimension. This means that the instructor must be a sociologist, in other words, someone who has spent his life learning less and less about more and more until he has become intellectually unbuttoned. As a preparation for serious work in college

or elsewhere these orientation courses have a value that accountants would express in red ink.

III

Then there is Nostrum Number Three, the abolition of the lecture system and the substitution of active participation by the student in the classroom exercises. The usual academic lecture, we are asked to believe, is a process by which things pass from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the heads of either. So let it be amputated from the curriculum. Anyhow, the lecture is a survival of scholasticism, a medieval hang-over quite out of keeping with the genius of the twentieth-century American youth. In its place let us have creative participation by the student—creative participation, that is the newest phrase, and it has an alluring sound without meaning much.

No more shall some *ex cathedra* dogmatist deliver his pontifical discourses from the rostrum with no opportunity for the benches to hit back; but teacher and pupil will exchange ideas, like Socrates and Plato. Encourage the freshman to assume a "challenging attitude" towards everything which the instructor may say, be it an assertion that the earth is a sphere, or that the poles are colder than the equator, or that the Dutch have captured Amsterdam. Develop his spirit of criticism, his propensity to disagree. If this does not make the undergraduate a more intelligent citizen, it will at least qualify him as a municipal reformer.

Everyone who is not himself a teacher likes to scold about the kind of teaching his sons and daughters are getting. It makes them work too hard, or not hard enough. It is too meticulous, or too superficial. It discourages thought by making the subject too simple, or it dampens enthusiasm by making it too complex. It is too old-fashioned, or it

exemplifies some transient fad. Pedagogy is like politics in that anyone can tell you how to do things better than they are being done. Ideas about teaching, like those concerning government, are all created free and equal.

But teaching is an art, and a true art can never be enslaved to formal rules. Teaching is an intensely personal thing; it cannot be standardized any more than leadership can. To teach is to lead, to inspire, to create disciples. Every good teacher has his own way of doing it. Some subjects lend themselves to the lecture method while others do not. Many poor lectures are delivered in college classrooms, no doubt; but I have a suspicion that poor sermons are also delivered from church pulpits at times. Why not abolish all sermons, therefore, and just leave the text to be discussed for an hour by the more garrulous members of the congregation? That would be "creative participation" in a service of worship—and it would empty the churches.

There is no best method of instruction, whether in the home, the school, or the college. Education does not succeed or fail on the issue of methodology but on the capacity and the personality of the teacher himself. That ought to be commonplace, but it is not. Otherwise we should hardly have these perennial announcements from Rollins or Ripon, from Tucson or Tuscaloosa, that someone has discovered in the two-hour conference, or the pro-seminar, or the socialized recitation, a new educational alchemy which enables the undergraduate to get educated without exertion, no matter what kind of faculty the college employs.

IV

Then there is the Antioch Antidote. It consists of hard work outside the college, given in regular doses to offset the lethargic habits that the student acquires within. The undergraduates attend classes for a stretch; then for an equal interlude they go out and earn

their living as best they can. This alternation is continued from entrance to graduation, which covers six years instead of the usual four. The process, in a way, is reminiscent of the Scotch farmer who fed and starved his hogs on alternate days so that the bacon would be of prime quality, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. It aims at the intermingling of the manual and the mental in equal proportions. The hands go to work while the brain lays off; then the intellect is oiled up for another run.

There are some cynics who would argue, of course, that the boy who is both able and willing to do college work ought to spend all his time at it until the job is finished. And as for the boy who needs the spur of alternate months at gainful employment in order to make him appreciate his academic opportunities—well, it is questionable whether he ought to be in college at all, even half the time. Half earning, half studying may be justified in the case of those whose straitened circumstances make it the only way to acquire a college degree. For others, it is a hybrid which sacrifices the highest values of academic training on the one hand and of industrial training on the other by the vain effort to combine them both.

There has been too much deification of the boy who works his way through college. It is natural, in a democracy, that this should be the case. A few fellows derive benefit from the experience of having to earn their way, but the vast majority do nothing of the sort. To them it simply means that these plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit. It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of the highest value. It compels the student to cut corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health as well. Many a man does not learn the real cost of working his way through college until he has passed into the fif-

ties. Then he finds that there are prematurely frayed-out nerves to be entered on the debit side of the account. It is my conviction, after having taught more than ten thousand college students during the past quarter of a century, that nine-tenths of those who had to earn their way to a bachelor's degree would have been far better off without any such handicap. A strange doctrine it is, therefore, that young men and women whose parents can afford to educate them should, nevertheless, interrupt their studies for the sake of the "experience." They will get quite enough of it after college days are over.

V

And so one might go on through the long category of reforms which the colleges are being urged to inaugurate. Fraternities should be abolished. The students should not be taught but tutored. They should be separated into sections on the basis of ability. They should study subjects and not merely take courses. They should devote a whole year, indeed, to a single subject like the civilization of ancient Athens, instead of rustling about in a mosaic of Bible, biography, botany, and business—as they do in some colleges. They should read books for themselves and not be content with the professor's version of what is in the books. They should learn a little of everything and one thing well. (The first part of that syllogism, by the way, presents no difficulty in any American college.) They should have required studies for discipline and elective courses for self-expression. They should be objectively rated and psychologically tested. They should have personnel supervision and vocational guidance. The colleges should impose a limitation upon the number of students admitted. As a prophylactic, this has become very popular among the endowed colleges. But the state-supported institutions cannot employ it, so they make use of an emetic instead.

They throw out those whom they should never have admitted.

The catalogue of panaceas, indeed, is far too long for insertion here. There is the Johns Hopkins plan for a senior college, the Wisconsin plan for an experimental college, and the Michigan plan for a university college. There is the Swarthmore idea, the Claremont idea, and the Wabash idea. It is a rare thing to have even two or three months pass without the launching of some new scheme of educational rapid transit; some way of getting to the top of Mount Parnassus without climbing there. A few of them have meritorious features, but for the most part they merely reflect the age-old and utterly futile attempt to gain the end without the means, the whole without the parts, the victory without the battle.

There is no substitute and there never can be any substitute for *men* in the process of education—for earnest, enthusiastic, capable men in the faculty and in the student body. Given these, you have a great college; without them, all the newfangled methods will never avail an institution much. Nearly all the problems of collegiate education merge into two fundamental ones—hand-picking the student body and recruiting the faculty. The college that does both these things well is on the high road to ultimate distinction; and the one that relegates them to a secondary place in its program, while it goes philandering after mirages, is inexorably headed to the rear of the procession.

It is men, not methods or measures, that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second class. Or, to put it more accurately, first find the men and the methods will take care of themselves. I should like to find some college with the right men and the wrong methods of education. I don't believe there is one. Is it not time to rise and suggest the advisability of less quack-doctoring in the matter of our educational processes, and more earnest concentration upon the vital issue of personnel?



BURIED ALIVE

BY JOSEPH F. HOOK

SOME years ago I found myself in the great mining city of Butte, Montana, without a job and with only thirty-five cents in my pocket. I had never worked in a copper mine, and had always dreaded the very thought of having to do so. However, there was no other work to be secured, and thirty-five cents is not exactly a fortune.

Therefore, early one morning, I stood at the shaft's mouth, with a crowd of miners, awaiting the zero hour—the signal to descend. Three steel cages, each capable of holding eight or nine men, were suspended at the end of a thick cable. These cages are of steel, with slatted steel flooring, through which the scrapings from the miners' shoes in the one above seep down the necks of the luckless ones in the cage below.

My introduction to that strange world of workers who make their living beneath the surface of the earth was both speedy and dramatic. Together with eight other miners, I was crowded into the last of the three cages, and if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the roar of profanity that immediately assailed my ears. Every last man in each cage was bellowing curses at the top of his voice. Day after day the same thing occurred, and I can only account for it in one way: the men needed some safety valve for their pent-up feelings, realizing that their lives depended on the strength of a single cable.

The station tender dropped the steel bar across the cage, pulled the signal cord, and down we shot. Shot is the only word to use in this case. The

swearing stopped instantly and gave place to the roar of rushing air through the grated floors of the cage. It pounded my eardrums unbearably. Down, down we fell; and the nausea that gripped my stomach was indeed terrible.

"E's got 'er!" several miners chorused.

"Got what?" I asked, weakly.

"E's got the bleedin' brakes on 'er," someone explained.

I felt the speed slacken, but so gently as to be almost imperceptible. Then came the worst part of the entire trip. The cage roared past the fourteen-hundred-foot level, paused a second, and bounded back up, down and up, up and down, time after time, in a series of gigantic leaps.

"It's the slack o' the cable," another explained for my benefit.

I did not argue the question with him, not being exactly in the proper condition to argue with anyone on any question. I simply watched, fascinated, as the cage slowly came level with the floor of the station. I never tired of watching those huge, heavy cages stop exactly even with the stations on the many levels of the mine. It was, indeed, in my opinion, a work of art, nothing less.

"That bloody injuneer's used to lowerin' natives in Hindia, an' 'e's got no bleedin' sense lowerin' white men," said one of my neighbors in a pronounced Cornish accent. (I soon found out that the mine I had so suddenly and painfully entered was worked almost exclusively by Cornish miners.)

I leaned against a post on the station and tried to force my stomach down out

of my throat, while the other two cages unloaded and the miners trooped away. The heat was nothing short of infernal, in spite of the big fans, and the sweat ran off my body in streams. Never having worked in a mine before, I wore too many clothes. My idea of a mine, prior to entering this one, gained chiefly from going down into the family cellar, was that it must be a cool place, a very cool place indeed. That idea, along with many others, soon went by the board. Some mines, I admit, are very cool, and some are the reverse. This one was doubly the reverse.

Presently along came the shifter (shift boss), and motioned for me to follow him down the level, which was well lighted by electricity. At the foot of the manway ladder to stope seventy-seven he paused, adjusted a candle in his miner's candlestick, lighted it, and advised me to do likewise. But never having worked in a mine before, I had not thought to purchase a candlestick. This brought forth a lurid flow of profanity from the shifter.

"'Ere, take mine," he said angrily, and shoved the thing at me, "'an' see that 'e bloody well buys one to-morrer. Foller me."

Up the ladder he went, with me after him. Not knowing the correct method of holding the candlestick while climbing, I received a steady stream of hot tallow on my hands and face. On the fourth floor of the stope the shifter pointed to a huge pile of ore, a shovel, and the open mouth of a chute.

"Bloody well 'op to it, me laddie buck," he ordered sharply. "Forty-five ton to the shift. mind 'e. Shovel that thur hore in thur, an' be bloody quick about it." Then he left me.

I stuck the candlestick in a post behind me and fell to work. The effort started my heart pounding and my blood throbbing, to say nothing of the sweat oozing from my brow and pouring into my eyes, blinding me. On and on I shovelled, expecting each moment my heart would burst. Water blisters were

appearing and breaking all over the palms of my soft hands.

It is surprising how little light a miner can work by. More often than not he will be drilling or mucking or timbering in the faint glow of a single candle stuck in a post many feet away from him. Thus, while steadily shovelling into the heart of that pile of ore, I was working farther and farther away from my candle, which meant nothing to me—then.

At length I paused, resting on my shovel handle. Happening to glance to the top of the pile I saw two green orbs staring directly at me. With my nerves somewhat frayed by that swift descent into the mine and by the eerie nature of this my first experience underground, I let out a yell of abject fear and took a flying plunge down the manway, almost alighting on the head of a passing miner on the level below.

I was immensely relieved to see him, and told him what had happened. He was a powerful, squat and hairy Cornishman, about sixty years of age.

"Nowt but a cat," he explained, laughing. "Aye, the mine's full of 'em. The comp'ny puts 'em in 'ere an' feeds 'em, so's they'll stay an' ketch rats, an' the bloody fool miners feeds 'em what's left from thur buckets. an' the bleedin' cats pays no attention to the blinkin' rats. Guts too full o' grub, mind 'e. An' the blarsted rats steals candles an' powder, chaws it up an' wads it in them thur cracks. Some o' these days me an' you an' the bloody cats an' rats an' this mine is all gonna go hup in smoke, I tell 'e."

Instantly recognizing me for a greenhorn, he went back with me to the stope, heaved rocks and profanity at the offending cat, asked me a thousand questions about myself, my nationality, my birthplace, and my ancestors, advised me to shed all clothing except shoes and trousers, and turned on the air from a hose-valve I had not noticed and would not have known the purpose of if I had. The next step was to show me the best and easiest way to use a shovel.

"Take it heasy, sonny," he advised. "Work a while, an' then take five. An' if that bloody fool shifter comes back an' raises 'ell, bat 'im one in the face with a shovel, I tell 'e."

I was a different man after that unlooked-for visit. The lack of heavy clothes and the inrush of air cooled my body and cleared my head. I was grateful to old Andrews, my timely visitor, for his helpful suggestions, although I never acted on the last one about applying my shovel to the shifter's face. In fact, during my sojourn in that mine I learned to lean on that wise old miner more than I have done on any one man since.

The next day the shifter, evidently pleased with my first showing, sent me to the breast of the level being driven to connect with another mine. I was overjoyed to find old Andrews awaiting me and to know that I was to be his partner. I, the greenest of greenhorns, the partner of a miner who was rated the best in that entire camp! He quickly explained just how that had come about.

"I'd ruther bust in a greenie than an ol'-timer," he explained. "The ol'-timers knows it hall; the greenie's willin' to l'arn. I'll l'arn 'e. But, mind 'e, no nonsense goes. The minute yer 'ead swells, an' yer figger yer bloody well knows it hall, I'll bust yer——'ead with a drill. Mind that, do 'e? All right, then, me laddie buck, seein' as 'ow we understands each hother, grab a root an' growl."

"But what became of your old partner?" I asked. "Did you brain *him* with a drill?"

"No sech bleedin' luck," he replied savagely. "The bloody fool cawn't 'old 'is liquor like a man. 'Ad to come down 'ere drunk an' go staggerin' hoff. Fell down that thur waste chute, 'e did, an' got killed. Left me to finish the round o' 'oles, damn 'im! Don't 'e ever do that, mind 'e."

I promised faithfully not to, and went to work. For eight months I worked with that old underground sage, and at

the end of that time I was a better man for having done so. Not only did he make a miner out of me, but his wise, though quaint, philosophy of life caused me to look on my fellow-man with a more sympathetic eye. I soon found out that his fiery diatribes against the shifter, or against anyone else whom he did not fancy, were not exactly the outpourings of a potential murderer. Nevertheless, I was mighty careful not to incur his enmity; and we should still have been shoulder to shoulder to-day had it not been for a certain accident I shall soon relate.

During those eight months I lived in an environment I can never forget, and one in which few are privileged to share. The quaint language of those Cornish miners was ever a delight to me to hear, and something one cannot readily imitate in print. I have given here but the slightest suggestion of their manner of speech, for the simple reason that many of their words and expressions cannot be spelled out so as to convey their meaning. For instance, "Sista?" Do you recognize its meaning? No? Well, I don't wonder. It stands for "Do you see?"

These Cornishmen are conceded to be the best in the world at their calling. From early childhood their lives are spent in or about the famous tin mines of Cornwall, worked steadily since the days of the occupation of Britain by the Roman legions. Mining is all they know, all they care to know. I have heard old Andrews tell of the days when wife and husband worked side by side underground, for pitifully small wages. It is the low wages that drive those miners over here, and America benefits by their coming.

Their pleasures and pastimes are but two—coursing and singing. Behind every Cornish miner's house was the inevitable kennel, sheltering the inevitable Cousin Jack race horses (whippet dogs). They jointly owned their own track, or else rented the local one, and the races they arranged did much to make coursing a popular pastime with us.

On the outcome of such races the miners bet the shirts off their backs.

I can never forget their singing. I can hear them in my memory even today, coming down the level toward the station, away off, their voices blended in harmony like the tones of a great cathedral organ, singing some grand-opera chorus. Nearer and nearer they come, the beautifully well-sung notes swelling in volume, until the singers pour into the station, to make it ring with their grand finale. And such voices! Andrews, Evans, Williams, Stevens—do those names suggest anything to you? Yes, Welsh. Cornish and Welsh families intermarried, generation after generation. The result is the best singers in the world.

After work each evening the miners always gathered round the piano in the Big Stope saloon, and treated everyone who cared to listen to a repertory of grand-opera singing one could not duplicate between Chicago on the east and 'Frisco on the west. Not many of them could read a note of music. But what of it? They had heard the songs many times, from fathers and mothers, and their naturally sweet voices had taken up the refrain and remembered it for years. Incidentally, the Big Stope did a land-office business with those who came to listen.

II

But to get back to the mine again. One day the shifter told old Andrews and me to clean out and catch up (timber) a cave-in on an abandoned level, which connected ours with another mine. Under the laws of the state it is compulsory to keep these connections open which, in case of accident, leave a means of escape for men and mules. There are, though, certain things a miner will not do. Cleaning up cave-ins is beneath his dignity unless they happen to be the direct result of his own carelessness.

Old Andrews went straight up and poured out a lurid, biting stream of profanity on the luckless shifter's head that

fairly blistered him. He figured he had been grossly insulted by being asked to mop up someone else's mess. But the shifter was a wise bird, and he knew old Andrews and how to handle him, finally quieting him by playing on his prowess as a miner, and winding up by telling him he was the only man in the whole mine he could trust to handle so delicate a mission and handle it right. The old man swallowed the bait and hook, and soon forgot all about his dignity and the etiquette of things below ground.

To get a mental picture of this cave-in, imagine yourself standing at the end of a long, narrow tunnel, which is called a drift, and facing a barrier consisting of some thousand tons of rock. Out of this mass of rock you see heavy timbers and three-inch lagging (planks) sticking out like quills on a porcupine's back, all broken and splintered. A track runs up to and under this mass of debris. (The word "cave-in" in the mining vernacular simply means a fall of rock in any part of a mine.)

This long narrow tunnel or drift is timbered at the top, to keep the roof from falling in, and at the sides. The floor is of three-inch plank on which the track is spiked. The heavy timbers at the sides, spaced about eight feet apart, give the drift the appearance of a lane with tree trunks on either side.

Bonner and Elliot, two other Cornish miners, were awaiting us at the cave-in, with instructions from the shifter to work under old Andrews' orders. We placed the blame on a soapy joint—a stratum of soft talc. Since the ore veins had played out in that particular part of the mine, all lights, wires, and air pipes had been removed and put in use elsewhere. The narrow-gauge track though was intact. Only the light of our candles guided us in our work.

Before we could get fairly well started we heard a train of empty mine cars rumbling along the level. Old Andrews immediately started his usual stream of profanity flowing and poured most of it on the mule skinner, Finney. Carver,

the brakeman, came in for his share of it, and Sally, the mine mule, whose duty it was to pull empties in and loads out, was not left out. The old man was raving mad because the empties had come too soon and blocked the level. The mule skinner gave him a lot of lip in return, which is something a mule skinner is a master at, and went off with his beloved Sally and the empties. But Carver, the brakie, calmly sat down, with his back propped against a post, and started smoking—an offense against the rules of the mine and the state mining laws.

The air was frightfully bad and the heat intense. I looked hard at Carver, my intention being to ask him to stop polluting what little good air we had with his age-old pipe. Old Andrews and the other two men were busily examining the cave-in and outlining a method of handling it.

But I never got a chance to say a word to Carver, because, without the slightest warning, there came a peculiar grumbling growl and the post he was leaning back on bent like an archer's bow. Old Andrews instantly sensed the meaning of that ominous growl, which was caused by the settling of rock and earth, and shouted, "Look up!" A Cornishman never yells "Look out!" Before we could take a step away from the danger spot the post shattered, with a report like a cannon, and one piece of it fairly lifted poor Carver's scalp off. His death was certainly a quick and painless one.

The sight of that accident saved our lives, for it chilled us to the marrow with fear and horror and rooted us to the spot. A second later and the growl and grind of crushing rock came again, to be followed by the rapid reports of breaking posts, caps, girts, and lagging, and an avalanche of rock, earth, and dust, two sets behind us. Had we heeded Andrews' first warning and jumped back, we should have met as speedy a death as did Carver.

We found ourselves entombed within a space about sixteen feet long by ten

feet wide, with a corpse to remind us constantly of our own impending end.

The resultant rush of air, caused by this fresh cave-in, blew our candles out and left us in total darkness—darkness beyond the power of any man to describe. Dust and grit blinded and choked us, plugging up our nostrils and ears. I heard a groan above the constant crunching and complaining of more loose rock above us, and figured that one or more of the other three men had not been quite as lucky in their deaths as Carver.

Looking back on it all now, I think that the worst horror of that entire experience was what followed in the next few seconds. For I stood there, as I afterward learned the other men did, waiting for the death blow to fall. Those few seconds seemed to me so many eons.

Two powerful hands grabbed me and hung on for dear life. I struck out viciously, as a lifeguard does at a grabbing, panic-stricken man in the water, and freed myself. Then I struck a match and lighted my candle, which, luckily, I had held on to. The light burned dimly and revealed nothing more than a wall of dirty-brown fog, the result of unsettled dust. I coughed my lungs out, and so did the others. From the racket they made I knew they were a long way from dead, as I had at first feared. Then we began milling around in a mad panic, like so many stampeding animals, banging into all manner of things and bruising our bodies on them. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of a light-yellow splotch, which was the flame of another miner's lighted candle, and instantly made for it, only to bring up sharp against another obstacle.

Old Andrews was the first to get his throat sufficiently clear of dust to emit a stream of oaths. I never cared for profanity in any form, and do not yet, but that was one occasion when it sounded sweet to my ears, because it meant that the old man was alive and uninjured and that his superior knowledge of under-

ground work might be the means of our ultimate salvation. He cursed everyone and everything he could think of, but dwelt longest on his arch-enemy, the shifter. In his mad plunges to find out exactly where he was, he collided with Bonner and Elliot and abused them fearfully for getting in his way. Their lurid replies to him assured me that, save for the choking dust and a few minor bruises, they were very much alive.

And all this time the crunching and grating of thousands of tons of rock kept up, to the added accompaniment of shattering timbers and lagging, making a combination of noises that drove us almost insane. Indeed, I think we were temporarily insane with fear and horror, because, as soon as the dust settled enough for us to see the face of the new cave-in, we flew at it barehanded and tried to tear our way through it. Debris kept shifting down in ton lots and pushing us back, besides bruising our legs and hands. All we accomplished was to break our finger nails and lose a lot of our precious strength.

As the air cleared still more we caught sight of our shovels, the handles of which were all broken, and attacked the barricade again and again until we fell back, stretched out like so many dead men, panting and thoroughly exhausted.

We were an awesome sight. Our shirts hung in ribbons, and the hide that showed through the rents was caked with dust, sweat, and blood. In that intense heat a slight scratch brought blood, and the pounding heart pumped it out and gave us the impression that we were mortally injured and bleeding to death, which was far from the fact.

Suddenly old Andrews pointed to the candles and began to curse again. What we saw acted like a cold blast of air on our hot bodies and froze us in our tracks. The flames had left the candle wicks and burned hazily above them. Andrews staggered over to where we had stuck the candlesticks in a post, and blew them out.

Again that awful darkness. Immediately we raised our voices in profane

protest, but we couldn't budge the old man. Gaspingly he pointed out to us the fact that the air was not only bad and scarce but that we were using it up fast by leaving the candles lighted. He was giving us the benefit of his vast experience and trying to plead with us for our own safety. But one cannot argue with lunatics. Nevertheless, the old miner stood his ground and refused to light up or allow any one of us to do it.

Up to this point Elliot had shown more real courage than the rest of us combined. He had fought through the Boer War from beginning to end and had been twice decorated for valor on the field. But when those lights were blown out even he lost his head.

"None o' that, Andrews!" he choked. "Light 'em up, man, I tell 'e! Light 'em up! I've faced death afore, an' I ain't feared to do it ag'in, but I want to see it when it comes."

Andrews refused though and cursed him for a fool. So Elliot struck a match and lumbered weakly toward the old man, tears falling in a stream from blood-shot eyes because of the grit in them. Andrews struck weakly at him, missed, and the two men grappled. Amid the dull rumble of caving rock they pushed and shoved each other, drawing the rotten air into their lungs in great sobbing sighs, stumbling over obstacles, banging into Bonner and myself, and finally pitching headlong over Carver's body and lying still. Bonner immediately struck a match and lighted all four candles, the faint glow from which showed us the two fighters stretched out, unconscious.

It seems a pity to me now when I recall the happenings of that awful experience, that the old man had to go down in defeat because he had tried to save us from ourselves.

When I saw those two men, motionless except for the heaving of their chests, lying across a corpse, I felt a great loneliness and promptly lost my head. Bonner must have had the same feeling too, because we went at that pile

of rock again, trying to claw our way through it, forgetting the shovels in our mad endeavors. However, old Andrews got to his feet, staggered over to us, and pulled us away. Elliot still lay where he had fallen, conscious once more but played out.

Again the flames crawled up the wicks, left them and hovered above, strangely ghostlike. Andrews kept staggering around, paying no attention to the lighted candles now but making signs toward his throat and pointing to the cave-in. I followed the direction of his finger and saw tiny spirals of blue smoke issuing from between the fallen rock and broken timbers.

"Gobs—manure!" he gasped, and stood there, swaying on his feet like a drunken sailor, gazing horror-stricken at those smoke spirals.

Those two words meant a lot to a man in a mine. They told a story of shiftless mining methods of the past, when manure was hauled from the stables, dumped in the gobs (waste bins), where it had dried out and was pressed down by tons of waste rock dumped onto it, only to burst into flame at a later date. Thousands of dollars were spent, and many lives, to fight such fires and keep the mines producing.

Bonner, too, realized the dreadful meaning of that new menace, and slumped down in a heap, evidently unable to carry on any longer. Between fits of coughing I could catch the sound of his sobs as he crouched there, head in hands. As for myself, I was too far gone to think clearly or to do anything to fight against such odds. All I did was to sit helplessly on the floor of the level and stare at old Andrews. So much faith did I have in his ability that, in spite of our hopeless situation, I felt certain he would, somehow, get us out alive. That was the extent to which I had learned to lean on him in all emergencies.

The rumbling of settling rock stopped, but occasional tiny falls of loose dirt kept the air filled with dust. Added to this was the acrid taste and smell of the burn-

ing material. Water was what we needed in the worst way, but there wasn't a drop. Bonner, between sobs and coughing fits, kept continually calling for it in a weak voice; and Elliot, who seemed unable to gain his feet at all, kept making motions toward his mouth, his pleading eyes telling a story of terrible thirst.

Only the big-muscled, hairy-chested old miner kept his feet, and that only by calling into play every ounce of strength in him. Speech was impossible for him, because he had remained close to the breast of the cave-in and, consequently, received cloud after cloud of dust in the face. But he was never still a moment, although his efforts were too feeble to accomplish anything. Only the light of dogged determination burned in his eyes. He wouldn't give up.

With the added menace of smoke and fire, however, he seemed to gain just a little more strength, and attacked the huge pile before him. It was useless though. Every shovelful sapped just that much more of what little strength remained in his tough old body, until he reached the stage where even the weight of the empty shovel overbalanced him.

Realizing that something must be done and done quickly, he staggered painfully over to where Elliot was lying and tried to urge him to help him with the digging. He tried to raise the man and only succeeded in plunging forward over him. Then he came over to me and tried the same thing, but, like Elliot, I was too weak to raise a hand, much less my whole body. Each racking cough threatened to be my last.

Back to the cave-in went the old Cornishman, weaving like a punch-drunk fighter in the center of the prize ring, and tried to pick up his shovel again. Over he went and, I think, must have struck his head on a sharp rock. Anyhow, when he struggled slowly to his feet again, blood poured down one side of his face, and he clutched a broken and protruding piece of lagging for support.

I still like to think of the last act of that dreadful scene before the old man lost consciousness; he was like a lordly, rugged old lion, brought to bay and fighting to the last gasp.

His huge hands went to his eyes, as though to sweep from them the mist of approaching unconsciousness, while his body swayed and his knees sagged. Again he clutched for the support of the broken lagging and missed it. He cast a lingering glance around at the rest of us, as much as to say, "Well, 'boys, 'e cawn't say I hain't done me best, mind 'e," and sprawled out, full length, on the floor of the level.

Even then I did not lose my confidence in him, and felt sure he would get up and go at it again and get us out. Many a time while we were working together where the ground proved treacherous he had done the right thing at the right moment, saving both of us from death. In the face of those past performances I could not find it in me to lose my faith in him. It did not seem natural for rock and earth to get the best of him, for he had always been their master.

My tortured lungs were easier now, and the coughing almost ceased. I thought the air had changed and was much better, but I know now it was only the numbing sensation which precedes oblivion. I felt, too, an overpowering desire to sleep creep over me, and, before I lost consciousness, I remember seeing the faint haloes of candlelight flicker and die out. I am glad I was spared the added horror of that worse than Stygian blackness.

III

When I came to there was a brilliant light stabbing me in the eyes, and I found myself staring at the face of Scotty L., the most hated shifter in the mine. He carried me to a hole in the face of the cave-in, where two hairy arms reach out and pulled me through. There came a series of painful bumps, which were the result of my body being

dragged over the rough floor of the "coyote" hole the rescue party had driven through the cave-in to us. I had so little strength left that I could not speak.

Gently the burly miners placed me on a flat-car, a tiny thing for mine timbers, covered me with many blankets and rushed me to the station, where the company doctor gave me a drug that put new life into my body. He cleaned out my ears, nostrils, and eyes, and gave me just a few drops of water to drink. They brought Bonner and Elliot out next, and followed with poor Carver, covered over with a sheet so that the boys could not see just what that shattering timber had done to him. The cages stood ready, but the doctor wanted us left on the underground station until our lungs became accustomed to the air before shooting us up on top—a mighty wise precaution.

They brought old Andrews to the station too, and that huge hulk of toughness actually came to and managed to struggle to a sitting position on the flat-car. Acting under the doctor's orders, the shifter gently laid him back down again. It was then that the fierce old lion got a good look at the face of his rescuer, the face he had so often longed to pat with a shovel. A look of intense fury came into his eyes, and the veins stood out like whipcord on his forehead. Slowly his hamlike fist closed and gradually came up until within an inch of the shifter's chin.

The effort was too much for him though, and the huge fist and hairy arm collapsed and hung over the side of the car. Old Andrews had fainted again, cheated out of a beautiful chance to even things up, real and imaginary, with the one man he hated most in all the wide world.

In less than three weeks we were all hale and hearty once more despite our four-hour vigil with death. Four hours, did I say? No, I'm wrong. The clock must have lied. Such suffering and horror as was ours could never be gauged

in minutes and hours, but in eons and eternities.

A month afterwards I drifted into the Big Stope saloon. There was quite a crowd on hand, as usual, and I glanced around for familiar faces. The piano was going merrily, and men were singing a sweet aria under the leadership of old Andrews, who, beer mug in hand for a baton, was in his element. Bonner and Elliot were also doing their best to round out a smashing chorus, which had nothing whatever to do with the aria being sung by the others. Theirs was a private concert all their own. The old Cornishman caught sight of me and came over.

"'Ave a drink, me son," he invited, "an' tell me 'ow 'e feels an' what 'e's doin'."

"I'm not doing a thing just now," I replied. "I'm looking for something else besides mining. What are you doing?"

"Me? Oh, I'm back in the same hold mine," he answered, laughing heartily, "an' so's Helliot an' Bonner. Come on back wi' us, sonny. That thur cave-in was nowt. When 'e gits uset to minin', 'e won't mind a little thing like that, I tell 'e."

Which might all be true enough, but I never went back in a mine to find out. Once for me is more than sufficient.

LAMENT FOR HEAVEN

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I'M SORRY Heaven's gone out. I needed it
For certain longed-for freedoms, still unfit
For grown-up persons in this neat-ruled sphere
Where traffic-lights make every crossing clear:

*This talked-of freedom has so many strings!
One's only free to do quite useless things,
Wreck the commandments, die in aeroplanes,
Go out with no umbrella when it rains,
But be, no matter still how old or tall,
Conventionally unconventional.*

*I've lost all hope reformers will be dead.
Once they wore black. They're just the same in red.
Only in Heaven, fourteen-dimensional,
Unshocked, unshocking, could some joys befall—
Only in that far place, veiled by a cloud,
The Heaven that is no more, I'd be allowed
To read in peace when there is company,
Sleep through those hell-hours, one P.M. to three,
Or, wrapped in adult poise and dignity
Unblamed, unnoticed, use a skipping rope
And spend glad hours with a kaleidoscope.*



THE FUTURE OF MAN

BY C. E. M. JOAD

THE optimism of the nineteenth century has been succeeded by the skepticism and disillusionment of the twentieth. Because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries they had succeeded in establishing a society which mistook comfort for civilization, our fathers believed in a law of inevitable progress. We have substituted speed for comfort but otherwise left civilization where we found it. Unlike our fathers, however, we are aware of our deficiencies. We realize that progress involves not only movement, but movement in a particular direction, and movement in a direction implies a goal. What is the goal? We do not know. Whether we are to have more law or less law, more liberty or less liberty, whether we are to find happiness in a simple life and a return to nature, or whether we are wrong to seek happiness at all; whether passion is to be intellectualized away into a virgin asceticism (the race being presumably continued by means of ectogenesis and incubators) or whether we are to revert to the morals of the farmyard in the interests of self-expression, whether we are to love everybody with Christ or to spare nobody with Nietzsche, whether when we die our bodies will rot or be apotheosized into celestial bliss—these are the questions, questions of ultimate aim and goal, about which we differ most.

But, though we may not be agreed as to where we want to go, there is a fairly general agreement as to where we do not. And it is precisely because we recognize the possibility of society drifting in a direction which nobody desires, but which is, nevertheless, the automatic

resultant of everybody's individual desires, that we hesitate to follow our fathers in identifying the future with the millennium. A simple belief this last, yet we can scarcely blame them for holding it, since our fathers were mercifully absolved from the necessity of worrying over much about the future by the conviction that God would provide. We lack this assurance, or if we share it, we are inclined to doubt whether divine provision is necessarily a blessing. It might, for example, take the form of another war. Hence arise fears for man's future, some of which I wish to consider in this article. I also propose to ask by what means the dangers which lie in the path can be avoided.

II

First, then, as to the dangers. Let me take as my text a little book recently published in the To-day and To-morrow Series, by the distinguished French writer, M. André Maurois. The book purports to be a fragment from a world history written sometime in the nineteen-nineties. Its main argument may be summarized as follows: The conclusion of the great war of 1947 ushered in an era of international good will. The population of Western Europe had been considerably decimated in the struggle, many of the fiercer old men had been killed off, and the Russo-Chinese coalition showed no desire to use its victory for purposes of world domination. The world's newspapers had been syndicalized under the control of five men, who exerted the influence of the press to pro-

mote good will and keep the peace. Their task, at first easy, grows more difficult as the war fades into the background. There is not enough going on to keep people amused; they are getting bored and restless. "There is one thing in the world," said M. De Rouvray, the French newspaper proprietor, "that people fear more than massacre, even more than death—and that is boredom." "We have tried artistic remedies, not without success; sport and the great crimes saved us for twenty years, but look at the statistics! Police efficiency is getting to be so perfect that crime is becoming rarer and rarer. The world is tired of everything, tired even of boxing. The last two aerial balloon races didn't get more than a million spectators. . . ." "We have educated the crowds; we have taught them to respect order, to applaud the other side. They have nothing to hate any more."

What, then, is to be done? How are people to be kept amused? Now there is nothing that will unite people so effectively as the one thing they all know to be wrong—war; required, therefore, something or somebody to hate. Looking round for a suitable enemy, the newspaper proprietors hit upon the moon. A Press stunt is organized. Gradually there begin to appear in the papers hints of nameless outrages in remote parts of the world. Tribesmen have been killed, villages destroyed by some invisible agency. Beginning at first with vague rumors and fragmentary reports, the new motif grows and grows till it dominates the whole orchestra of the Press, and the newspapers of the world are rumbling with indignation as if they were the cosmic bowels. Who is the author of these outrages, who is the mysterious foe who is attacking the earth?

And then one morning the papers come out boldly and unanimously with the disclosure that the unknown enemy has been located in the moon. The scientists are taken into confidence and write learned articles on the nature of the moon's intelligences, the chemical

composition of the death-dealing rays which they are directing upon the earth, the necessity for organizing the planet in self-defense. "If every youngster in the world is not convinced within three months that every inhabitant in the Moon is a monster, and that the first duty of every terrestrial is to hate and destroy the Moon, then I'll fire my editorial writers," said Lord Douglas, one of the newspaper proprietors.

The fake campaign is an unqualified success; boredom disappears; the universal hatred of the moon brings good will to the peoples of earth, life recovers its zest; the nations are too busy arming against the common enemy to quarrel with one another, and world unity becomes a fact. There is, however, one scientist, an ascetic Arab, who has not been taken into confidence; he is, it seems, incorruptible and might give the game away. He proposes a retaliatory ray, and millions gather in the Sahara desert to watch through telescopes great holes being burned in the surface of the moon. During the ensuing night the city of Darmstadt is reduced to ashes, and then every morning for weeks on end the papers have to report the destruction of a fresh city of earth. The pious fraud designed by the Press to bring peace to the world has become a grim reality. There are, it seems, intelligences in the moon after all, and they are hitting back. And here the narrative breaks off with the hint of an interplanetary coalition.

This extract, fantastic though it may appear, is plausible enough. The theme is an old one—even children know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do—and, as the argument unfolds itself, one is led to wonder whether there is some irremediable flaw in human nature, some taint inherited from the primeval slime in virtue of which it is only by hatred and through conflict that mankind can be kept amused. Struggle, it seems, is an inalienable characteristic of life; we cannot escape it. If we succeed in transcending the struggle for existence

we shall be driven by the law of our nature to invent reasons for struggling among ourselves. Hence the dream of a world at peace is an illusion; men cannot live together in security and good will, they will perish of boredom in the attempt.

The view that human life can never rise above a certain level derives support from the failure of all past civilizations to persist. Civilizations, if we may believe Herr Spengler, are like human beings. They have a young and fruitful period, a period of expansion and conquest; the arts are rude but vigorous, and there is a lively religious faith. Then comes a period of maturity when the civilization reaches its highest expression; art and literature flourish, there is luxury but not too much of it, men become humane, there is tolerance for divergent religious and political views, and the level of human life perceptibly rises. And then, as the civilization grows old, decay sets in; art becomes decadent, there is a striving after effect, men grow soft and feeble, refinement turns to cynicism and disillusionment, and life loses its zest. Presently there are attacks from outside, and the civilization collapses. This, or something like it, has been the course of all the great civilizations that history records. What right, then, have we to hope that we shall be exempt, and that the fate of Assyria, of Babylon, of Egypt, and of Rome will not be ours? Is there not some inevitable law at work here, a law which expresses that fundamental flaw in our natures whose presence we have surmised, forbidding human life to rise above a certain level?

The view is a gloomy one, and it will be well to see what evidence can be adduced in its support. Can we, then, assign any reasons for these repeated failures of civilization? An obvious one is supplied by biology. The human material of a civilization tends to degenerate at both ends of the scale: the worst multiply at the bottom, and the best deteriorate at the top. It is well known that civilization allows more of the

less well endowed to survive than would otherwise be the case, and depresses the rate of multiplication of the efficient and the gifted. This result is due to the effect of a social environment in screening the unfit from the worst rigors of the struggle for existence, and thus permitting to survive within the herd those who would perish, if forced to fend for themselves as individuals. The dysgenic efforts of society are intensified by the advance of medical science by means of which we are enabled to keep alive aged, inferior, and inadequately equipped persons, whom more primitive civilizations had the sense to allow to die, and by the widespread use of birth control among the upper and middle classes. The feeble-minded, the feckless, the improvident, and the unemployed breed unrestricted, while the middle classes, weighed down by the burden of taxation imposed by the necessity of feeding, clothing, and educating the children of half-wits and idiots, are forced to limit their families to one or two.* Thus the chief effect of the sentimental appeal of baby saving is to preserve the lives of slum children at the cost of depriving of life the potential children of the better stocks. The result is that in each generation the middle and upper classes fail to maintain their numbers, which are only kept up by recruitment from the less biologically desirable strata below. Society, in fact, is like a pyramid continually proliferating at the bottom and being flattened out at the top. So far the evil effects of this process have been more than masked by the benefits conferred on man by machinery, sanitation, hygiene, education, and the other fruits of the accumulated knowledge of the race. But you cannot continue indefinitely to grow figs on thistles, and ultimately, if present tendencies continue, the dete-

* In England the average births for 1000 married males under fifty-five, according to the 1911 census returns, was:

Upper and middle classes 119.

Skilled workmen 153.

Unskilled workmen 213.

The inhabitants of the slums were, that is to say, raising families which were nearly twice as large as those of the professional classes. The differential birth rate since 1911 has grown more, rather than less marked.

rioration in human material will defeat all our efforts to keep it up to the mark.

The loss of quality at the top proceeds from the same cause. Relieve a creature of the necessity of fending for itself and it begins to degenerate; it loses, that is to say, the use of the faculties and aptitudes which it has gradually evolved in the struggle for existence. The lap dog, for example, is only by courtesy a dog; one by one the nobler canine qualities, speed, courage, keenness of smell, have dropped away from it: like all the domestic animals it deteriorates in contact with man because man, or rather woman, shelters it from the need for struggle and conflict. What is true of lap dogs is true of aristocrats. Take a particular stock and send its members into the world generation after generation with silver spoons in their mouths; give them a livelihood, endow them with a position, elevate them to power, and assure them that for the enjoyment of these things they need display neither energy nor initiative, neither courage, skill, nor endurance, and they will behave accordingly. They will grow idle, feeble, and apathetic and, instead of making use of their leisure and opportunity to rise above the level of their fellows, will gradually fall below them in respect of energy, initiative, ability, and enterprise.

One further point in this connection has a special relevance for democracy. Democracy, as is well known, opens the door to the talents. In a democracy a man of wit and energy may rise from the lowest stratum to the highest. (This is true in theory even in England.) But he must not burden himself with a large family if he is to succeed; the struggle is too severe. Thus the self-made man of business, the labor leader, and the successful original artist or dramatist are either unmarried or have succeeded in disburdening themselves of their wives at an early stage of their careers; at most they have one or two children. Hence society, as at present organized, is a mechanism for discovering talent in whatever stratum it

may appear, promoting it to a higher stratum, and automatically sterilizing it in the process. It is as if a dairyman were to invent an elaborate apparatus for separating the milk from the cream and were then to throw away the cream.

Thus the body of a civilization decays at both ends, while its best elements are progressively eliminated. Here, then, is a process which may repeat itself indefinitely as nation after nation rises to a certain pitch, degenerates with civilization, and is purged again in adversity.

Not less important is the danger arising from the growing disparity between man's powers and his wisdom. In the last century and a half man has enormously increased his command over nature. Sixty miles an hour in an express train has replaced four miles an hour on foot, and two hundred miles an hour in an *aéroplane* has replaced sixty miles an hour in an express train. Productivity has increased enormously, and one man can utilize machines to do the work which formerly employed the labor of a hundred. In power and skill, in ability to tap the resources of nature and harness them to our use, we are to the men of the eighteenth century like giants to babies. Our powers might, so at least it was hoped, have been used to improve human life, to make it more leisurely and spacious, to diminish its toil, and to increase its beauty. This hope has, however, been shown to be illusory. It would be interesting to take one by one the major scientific discoveries of the last hundred years, and to show how the potential benefits which they might have conferred upon the human race have been in each instance frustrated. We have more power over nature, it is true, yet the only way we can escape from the dirt and squalor, the foul air and the overcrowding which power over nature involves is to escape into the country, where nature is still in more or less undisputed power over man. Our doctors have achieved unprecedented skill in repairing damaged bodies; but our chemists have achieved even greater skill in de-

stroying them, so that in war time we see all the resources of civilization devoted to patching up broken bodies in order that all the resources of civilization may proceed to blow them to bits again. We have invented rapid means of transit to bring us in and out of our cities, yet allowed them to grow to such dimensions that not all the tubes and railways in the world can take their workers out of them, with the result that we live no nearer to the country than we did before, while a new race of nomads engaged in perpetual transit between workshop and dormitory knows neither the solace of solitude nor the sense of community.

The trouble here is obvious. Man's skill has enormously outstripped his ability to use it; in other words, his technical efficiency is greater than his social wisdom. When I took the Honours School in Philosophy at Oxford I was introduced to the works of Aristotle, a prolific and inquisitive Greek who wrote books on most of the subjects which have since intrigued the human mind. His discourses ranged from the habits of animals to the attributes of God. In the main, however, his interests were scientific. But while nobody expected me to study Aristotle's writings on physics or astronomy, I was required to acquaint myself in detail with his works on ethics and politics, on the ground that they embodied what were called profound truths. The inference is obvious: we do not read Aristotle's scientific work because our science has superseded that of the Greeks, but in our knowledge of the good life for the individual, or of the duty of man to man in society we have not advanced beyond the level at which Aristotle left us. Take a mechanic by the roadside mending the carburetor of his car—he is behaving like a superman; take the same mechanic ten minutes later driving in a little hell of noise and stench, unable to appreciate the country himself and precluding the appreciation of his fellows—he is behaving like an idiot. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred have labored that

wireless might be; they succeeded, and the tittle-tattle of the divorce courts is broadcasted to the ends of the earth, while the remoter ether vibrates to negro music.

Science has not altered man's desires; it has merely made it easier for him to carry them into effect. If our desires are good, this added power of gratifying them is a good; if they are evil, it is a corresponding evil. Most of men's desires that have hitherto found social expression have been harmful. Hence the principal effect of the increase in human power and knowledge has either been an improvement in methods of destroying human life or an accentuation of economic inequality, with the result that our states are founded on force, dominated by money power, and armed through fear, while rich and poor tend increasingly to differentiate into two different species. Our civilization is in fact only sin deep; fundamentally man is still the same foolish, credulous, vain, impulsive, and intolerant animal that he was in the Stone Age. Fire the first bullet, and the savage appears.

Mind, I am not maintaining that mankind is worse than it ever was; merely that it has a need to be better. For science has taken this primitive savage posturing as civilized man, and presented him with powers fit for the gods. Give a boy an air gun, and he may kill a sparrow or break a window or two; give him a modern Lee Metford rifle, and he becomes a public danger. Politically and socially man is still a baby, with the acquisitive and destructive instincts of a baby; science has given the baby a box of matches. Can he survive the gift?

III

In order to answer this question I find myself compelled to quote again from a historian of the future. This time our authority is a Martian historian writing in the year 5000 PMI (*Post Martem Incarnatum*).

On our neighboring planet, the earth, the

age of the Mesozoic reptiles was succeeded by that of the vertebrate mammals. Of these the *hominidæ*, though a feeble and clumsy species, unable to protect themselves against the rigors of the climate except by covering themselves with the skins of other animals, and producing offspring which were completely helpless over an incredibly long period, were nevertheless enabled by the possession of a low-grade cunning, which pessimistic writers have likened to our own intelligence, to establish a complete domination over the rest of the planet. This they used to prey upon the other species which the earth contained, at first for purposes of food, later for amusement, and they would speedily have succeeded in denuding the whole planet of life, were it not for the internecine feuds upon which their quarrelsome natures led them to engage among themselves. The domination of the *hominidæ* was ultimately terminated by their discovery of how to release the forces locked up in the atom, discovery which they speedily used for the purpose of exterminating themselves altogether. The extinction of this noxious species through their own innate mischievousness has always been regarded by our theologians as affording one of the strongest pieces of evidence for the providential government of the universe.

Let us, however, be optimistic and assume that we escape these dangers; that the practice of birth control by all classes has kept the population within reasonable limits, and that no imbeciles or physical defectives are born; that the enormous increase of production consequent upon the intelligent application of labor-saving devices to industry has practically solved our economic problems, and that every man is assured of comfort and a competence upon three or four hours' work a day. This last contention, by the way, will be hotly contested by Socialists, largely because an early solution of the problems upon which they rightly lay stress, by removing their grievances against society would deprive them of their *raison d'être*. For the same reason the clergy would almost certainly resent the second coming of Christ, which would, presumably, render them superfluous. At the same time this assumption seems not unreasonable;

the average annual income of each employed American is estimated at about one hundred and fifty-six pounds a year, and has doubled in the last twenty years. At this rate of progress poverty may in five hundred years' time become a thing of the past.

How will mankind employ its powers; what will it do with its leisure? Up to the present men have spent about three-fourths of their waking life in obtaining the means to make life possible; they have had only one-fourth available for living. To the art of life—the most difficult of all the arts—they have brought jaded energies and tired brains. Consequently, most of us are shocking exponents of the art of life through sheer lack of practice. We do not, for example, know how to amuse ourselves, our notion of entertainment being something for which one pays; we pay other people, that is to say, to do for us what we can no longer do for ourselves. On the whole, we regard the art of living as reaching its perfection in different forms of rapid motion. The activities of the rich American, perpetually in transit across the ocean, suggest that life for him consists of a series of escapes from something unpleasant which is ever behind him, waiting to pounce upon him on whichever side of the Atlantic he happens to be. The something presumably is boredom, for boredom is the penalty we pay for failure in the art of life. It is boredom that turns the family holiday, if unexpectedly prolonged, into the best imitation of hell that earth offers; it is boredom that raises the percentage of suicides among the rich to a higher figure than it reaches in any other stratum of society; it is boredom that assails the retired millionaire, compels him to exhaust his energies in some particularly dangerous and exhausting pursuit, such as mountain climbing or big-game hunting, in which he can only induce others to accompany him by paying them enormous salaries, and finally sends him back to his office to make money he does not want in despair.

of rendering life tolerable without the hard labor to which he has been accustomed. The behavior of the leisured rich makes it impossible to avoid the conclusion that we do not know, and never have known, how to live. Work is the only form of occupation of which we are capable of standing more than a very limited amount. Leisure is intolerable to us, and servitude to the need for amusement the worst form of slavery we know.

Now consider a world in which all are subjected to this need for rather more than two-thirds of their working lives. What will it be like? The country will be covered by a network of motor roads and aerodromes; whatever land is left uncultivated will be covered with golf courses and tennis courts or the grounds required by whatever new game is sufficiently dangerous to capture the fancy of our descendants; the seacoast will be a continuous string of resorts with bands, hotels, and gaming tables; peptonized news and standardized entertainment will descend like a deluge upon the heads of the devotees of pleasure, aided by all the resources of television, wireless, and color cinematography; men will move about in ever-increasing numbers and rapidity from one part of the earth to another; new religions will flourish like mushrooms to satisfy men's need of a solace for their sick souls; the upper-class suicide rate will spread to and increase among all classes of society, and finally men will go to war, as Maurois suggests, to infuse a little excitement into a life which they do not know how to use. The prospect is not encouraging. Is there any escape from it?

IV

It is important in the first place to realize the amount of time that mankind has at its disposal. The total period during which there has been life upon the earth is estimated at about twelve hundred million years; of these twelve hundred million years man has been in

existence about one million. Suppose we represent the twelve hundred million years of life's history by one hundred years; then man's past will equal about one month, and the whole period of civilization up to date, about seven or eight hours. On this same scale—a scale which reckons the past of civilization at about seven or eight hours—the period during which our planet may be expected to remain habitable by man is about one hundred thousand years. Civilization, therefore, has considerable time in which to develop.

The question which we have to consider is, therefore, in what way our remote descendants will occupy themselves. The suggestion of a possible answer will be found in the picture of the Ancients in Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." The Ancients have achieved an almost complete emancipation from bodily needs and limitations. They no longer sleep or eat, they do not make love, and they have outgrown the need for amusement. Art is discarded by the age of four, on the ground that it presents us only with the images of the real, and nobody will stay for the image who can contemplate the original. They have no desire to speak, and have forgotten the use of language. Their power over the matter of which their bodies are composed enables them to change their bodily structure at will. Experimenting with the use of these powers, they play tricks with their bodies and make themselves into fantastic monsters: they walk upon a dozen legs, work with twenty hands and a hundred fingers, look to the quarters of the compass with eight eyes out of four heads. Barring accidents, they can maintain life indefinitely, but, so long as they retain the body, their lives are subject to any accident that can destroy the body. All the things with which human beings have amused themselves, images and pictures, love and science, have one by one been superseded, and nothing remains beautiful or interesting except thought. The body, they say, is the

last doll to be discarded. When this final emancipation is achieved there will be no people, only thought. Thus life becomes a whirlpool in pure intelligence which in the beginning was a whirlpool in pure force.

The prospect is impressive but not entertaining, and is unlikely to be acclaimed with enthusiasm by our contemporaries. But we have no right to judge the pursuits of the future by the tastes of the present; the lemurs from whom we are descended would probably find little to applaud in our habit of shutting ourselves in the dark in cinemas or watching baseball matches. Nor are there wanting signposts pointing in the direction indicated. Life, as it has manifested itself up to the present, has been characterized by a two-fold relation to matter. It knows or is aware of matter and is dependent upon it. Both characteristics are modified by evolution; as life evolves, its power over matter increases and its need to know matter grows less. By increase of power over matter I mean in the first place our growing mastery over the forces of nature. For example, by the construction of appropriate machines we have made not only gravitation our slave, but also electricity and magnetism, atomic attraction, repulsion, polarization, and so forth. We can utilize these forces to transcend our limitations by making for ourselves new limbs to supplement our original bodily inheritance, cranes and elevators to do the work of arms, and trains and motors to take the place of legs. We have learned to fly and supply ourselves with wings in the shape of aeroplanes. In the second place, we attain to an increasing mastery over the matter which constitutes our own bodies. We have changed and continue to change the structure of our bodies by the use to which we put them. Within the comparatively brief period studied by anatomy we have learned to dispense with tails, and we are progressively eliminating organs such as the appendix, and growths such as the toe-nails, for which we have no further

use. The urge to think has caused us to achieve an unprecedented growth in brain structure, and the increasing size of the human head adds to the difficulties and dangers of childbirth.

Our growing mastery over matter brings with it a diminution of interest in matter and a lessening of dependence upon it. The object of applied science is, indeed, rightly interpreted to effect a progressive diminution in the necessity of life to have intercourse with matter, by inventing contrivances outside ourselves to do the work which previously fell to our bodies. Already we do less with our hands than our ancestors; we do not carry weights about, defend ourselves from attack, or develop great muscular strength. Compared with primitive man, we make but little use of material, physical objects. So true is this that the ordinary clerk or professional man can, broadly speaking, go through the day without using his hands at all except to dress and feed himself and to write. Our senses decay as the need for awareness of material objects grows less; the savage can hear noises to which we are deaf, and our sense of smell grows duller with each generation. As the attention of life comes to be directed less and less upon material objects, the question arises, what is to happen to the vital energy thus released?

The universe contains a number of things besides matter; it contains objects of thought; it also contains ideal objects. The analysis of thinking belongs to the technical side of philosophy, and I cannot go into it here. It is clear, however, that whatever is in front of my mind when I am thinking, as opposed to experiencing things through my senses, is not a piece of matter. If, for example, I think of Cæsar, it is clear that my attention is not occupied with the physical personage who was Cæsar, since Cæsar as a physical personage no longer exists. Yet Cæsar is clearly something, since a thought of Cæsar is different from a thought of Alexander. Similarly, when I do arithmetic, it is clear that my mind is

not occupied with material objects. The proposition that two plus two equals four is not a proposition about material objects, and it is not necessary that there should be any such objects in order that it may be true.

Thus, whatever it is that my mind knows or is aware of when it thinks, it is not matter. Since this is not a treatise on philosophy, we will say non-committally that it is aware of objects of thought, these objects being neither mental nor material. In addition to objects of thought the universe contains ideal objects. Ideal objects are entities like truth, goodness, and beauty, and possibly include the deity. Like objects of thought, they are immaterial, but they differ from them in possessing value. Value is that which arouses in us certain kinds of unique emotion: beauty arouses aesthetic emotion, goodness ethical emotion, the deity religious emotion. It is in our experience of art that we come most directly into contact with ideal objects. A piece of music which arouses in us aesthetic emotion does so by virtue of the fact that it represents or manifests the ideal object which we call beauty. (The relationship between ideal objects and the material medium in which they are manifested raises a number of difficult questions into which I cannot enter. It is obvious, however, that the symphony which thrills us to ecstasy cannot be adequately described merely as a series of vibrations in the ether impinging upon our ear drums.)

Now the evolution of life may be described as a development which, beginning with the awareness of material objects, ascends via the knowledge of objects of thought to the awareness of the world of ideal objects. Plants know only material objects; it is possible that animals do rudimentary thinking, in which case they are intermittently aware of objects of thought; in man life has evolved at a level at which the awareness of objects of thought is not only normal, but is rising, as I have tried to show, gradually to supersede the awareness of

material objects. In some of us, moreover, noticeably in the mystic and the artist, the comprehension of objects on a higher level is beginning for the first time to be possible. The artist's perception of beauty, the mystic's intimation of God may be analysed into life's awareness of objects of a new type, which I have called ideal objects. But these experiences, like thinking among animals, are as yet rare; they are the privilege of evolutionary sports, such as the artist and the mystic, the precocious children of evolution.

If this brief analysis of vital activity as manifested in living creatures has any validity, it is evident that mankind, if its evolution is to continue, must abandon its absorption with matter and take increasingly to contemplation and thinking. At present we cling pathetically to the material world. We have attained power over matter, but, instead of using it to dispense with the need to know matter, we continue to cultivate its acquaintance. We beat round bits of matter called balls with long ones called sticks, and, because evolution has reached a stage at which concentration upon matter is becoming an anachronism, we find that we get bored and restless. It is not by hitting balls that we shall sublimate the impulses that make for war, but by ceasing to be aware of matter and occupying our attention with objects of thought, that is, by occupying ourselves with art and science and mathematics.

Strange as this doctrine may sound, it is not fundamentally different from the commonplaces of human wisdom. In all civilizations those who have had the combined energy and opportunity to try every kind of life have been almost unanimous in asserting that the only thing which can give permanent satisfaction is the exercise of our best faculties at their highest pitch of intensity, alternating with the recreation of the mind in conversation and art and literature. That it will take centuries of boredom to convince men of this fact is undoubtedly true; the danger is that they will destroy themselves before they learn it.



THE VESTAL

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

HER nickname was The Vestal Virgin. It amused visitors that from a thousand or more unmarried girls and members of the faculty we called one woman Virgin; they understood well enough when once they had seen her cross the campus with that close-kneed gait and her head back as if she were proud and terrified at once. But I always held that she was beautiful. There were small high bones in her cheeks and temples, with the color racing if you talked anything but counterpoint to her. A year ago I stayed up for the night before Founder's Day to type-write my long theme for her because it was overdue. It was about Lawes's music to "Comus"; and partly because I was so tired, partly because of the theme of the poem, partly because the paper was for Miss Mather, I kept seeing her behind my mind all night. Sometimes she was herself, ashamed in her long slender dress when wind was blowing against her; and sometimes she was Una; but she always had a sort of militant purity. I felt—you know I hadn't slept—that the flame to make that purity had been some kind of terror. Her head had a quick turn. Sometimes she couldn't look at you and tried hard to change a subject that seemed interesting and innocent enough. Only a tenth of my mind was needed to type, and I suppose I thought too much about Miss Mather. A smell of new lilac leaves waved through the window all night long.

I finished the typing about eight in the

morning and I knew that no one else would be awake by that time on Founder's Day. So I went alone off campus to breakfast. When I left, the lawns were gray and dewy and quiet. I took my paper along to correct while I was waiting for breakfast; but there was no one else in the place and I had the corner table by the couch, so that of course I fell asleep. They knew me and did not wake me until nine. Then it was nearly ten before I went back to leave the paper in Miss Mather's room.

You know the unreal soundless way one seems to move after illness; that morning everything seemed to me just so silent and unsteady. The day was a sort of dumb, beating wait. By that hour the lawns were full of girls calling and singing, but I felt their voices as streams of color and shade, flashes of spring-green and scarlet. A purple flame of song came from the girls beyond the wood, practicing a Latin epithalamion to be given later in the day:

"Now let the loveless learn to love
And all the love-learned love again."

As I moved through the crowd of my friends on that tense day of lifting spring I knew at last what the straight girls in white and the bright gardens on the lawn were waiting for. I wanted to hurry indoors where the windows were shut to the spring wind and the Latin song.

The hall where Miss Mather lived was not far off by then. At the top of the steps I stopped to laugh: when I had spent a night of worry about her embarrass-

ments and martial virginity, a spring morning had made me blush and run. But on my way to her room in the empty building I thought again, what does this morning mean to her? How does she move among these singers, endure these dancers at a Maypole?—and I could not remember having seen her on other Founder's Days. I could not see her at the rowdy graceful games. Perhaps she went away, though that was not legal before evening. No, Miss Mather would not break a law. Of course knocking at her door was only a matter of form. No one would be inside the hall to-day. I would go in and leave the manuscript on her table beside the blue tea things. I knocked in a faint sloppy way and turned the knob at once. But the door was locked. I stood a moment wondering what to do. Three floors below the janitor was whistling "The Prisoner's Song." It wailed up the soapy stairs and down the corridor. But there was a little sound from Miss Mather's room—the tiny creak and rustle of someone sitting up on a couch—and a whisper of checked tears. The Vestal was locked in her room that morning.

And I would not go away. She would hate me to see her crying; but in my not-quite-waking state it seemed that the night-long consciousness I had of her gave us a kind of intimacy, with a right for me to know and try to comfort her condition. It seemed to me too that I did know her trouble, in the largest sense at least. Whatever concerned her so much must relate to what gave her the name she bore. That was why I knocked again. I had to hear another indrawn, whispering breath and then her steps to the door.

She barely opened it; but Miss Mather could not be rude, and I pushed in miserably enough. I held out the paper.

"My 'Comus' piece," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mather, "thank you."

She was glad to have something besides my eyes to look at.

"I'm sorry it's late," I said, "but I've been up all night typing it."

"It wouldn't have mattered. Aren't you very sleepy?"

"No." I shut the door behind me as I faced her. "Miss Mather, you haven't been sleeping either."

The paper wavered in her hands.

"A headache."

"No. (I would not go.) It's not that. Please, I think about you so much."

She gave me a long look. I think it began with sparkling fury—but then she stepped toward me and put her hand on my shoulder in a queer light way.

"You think about me? . . ."

She put the paper on her desk.

"Sit down," she said. "One of us has to face the window. I can't. This is such a fertile morning."

She sat down on the window seat, and I was opposite her on a chair covered with dark-blue chintz. The window was shut.

"I know what you mean about the morning," I said.

She looked at me. I went on. "It made me run indoors."

"Then it's not only I. Anyone might want to stay indoors with the earth bursting and all the girls in close white dresses." She drew a deep breath. "You see, I'm not unusual," she said.

But I wouldn't let her slide away.

"My feeling this way is only from staying up all night," I said.

Her tears had begun again by now—a silent helpless stream. I went to her and put my hand on her knee. She quivered.

"All spring is dreadful," she said, "but Founder's Day is the worst."

"It's the peak of spring, I know."

"Yes. It's always the peak of spring—time to forget yourself—but later you remember."

After one slow sob she dried her eyes and spoke, at first with a voice that rang a little with the undertone of tears, but afterwards for a while containedly enough:

"The day was this same fecund time," she said, "and fifteen years ago. I was

not very different, not much less awkward. The country high school was thick upon me, really, after finishing college and teaching here for a year."

I remember noticing how she did not mention her age, at that time; this member of the faculty kept what reserve she could in our amazing intimacy. Then I swept my mind back to the important moment.

She was saying, "I was envious of the careless way the other faculty members and even the students talked and worked or amused themselves with men who were teaching here or came to lecture. At school such things were snickered at and labored. Later I could not talk to men because I was tied to the memory of red-faced boys who did not want me to talk to them. I think that sometimes people tried to make me comfortable and casual. In the dining room or at receptions they placed me beside gentle old professors who were happy if you only put in a question here and there which might start their anecdotes, or beside one of those young men who will argue fiercely with you over what kind of day it is and how much nicer the days are in Cyprus or Sumbawa. But I never seemed to know the right questions to ask the old men and I could never remember at the time that the young men's fierceness was only over a friendly interest; nor had I ever been in Sumbawa. After a few months of watching men grow silent and uncertain-eyed before my silence I kept away from parties where I knew they would be.

"Everyone must have known this about me; but either because they wanted to be kind or because they were too busy themselves rehearsing in the faculty play, the department asked me to take care of a lecturer for the evening before Founder's Day, to meet him at the station, show him around the college, and take him to dinner off-campus. He had begged off a reception.

"There was not much time to think beforehand or I should have pretended I was ill or forced to go away."

She stopped speaking for a moment and looked at me exactly. "No," she said, "that's not true. I washed my hair before I went to meet him. Sometimes it curls a little when it has been washed."

I had noticed that myself in class on alternate Mondays.

"Did it curl that time?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "on both sides."

It pleased me that she should remember.

"What time had you to meet him?" I said.

"At five. I've said what a day it was." She would not use her original word again. "Even in town the streets were blurred and sweet. The shop windows were full of silky things that clung to one another in folds. It was warm enough for pale people to have a mist of color in their faces.

"On the station platform there was a light wind smelling of damp ferns from the forests across the river. I had to sit down while I was waiting for the train.

"It was not hard to find our guest among the passengers. I was to look for a man not too tall, with blue eyes—and he has long blue eyes—the color skies have after a clear sunset in winter sometimes. He stands badly or he would almost be tall. His mouth has a very definite shape, really pointed at the corners because the upper lip is full in a Roman way, and the corners try to keep it down."

Someone told me once that people often notice each other's eyes or hands, but never their mouths until they begin to wonder. . . . I thought of that at the time.

Miss Mather went on:

"As soon as I saw him I stopped feeling faint and at once I had an unknown sort of strength as if I wanted to lift and move and clasp something stronger than myself. He took my hand and I said, 'I'm so glad you've come.' He smiled more than you would have expected him to and looked later-Roman than before. It is curious that I cannot

remember more of my first real talk with a man."

I loved her for the decent female pride she showed by saying "first" rather than "only," because I'm sure that would have been true.

"But I can only recall that although we hardly talked there was no need for thinking what to say. Sometimes the words came so fast that I would begin talking before he stopped. Sometimes, indeed, I only needed to laugh. Laughing was pleasant and an excuse to look at him, to see the little struggle at the corners of his mouth before his smile began—and to wonder—I'm not sure what I wondered.

"At dinner in the inn there were not enough waiters, and he drew out my chair for me. It seemed to me I was sliding into his arms; and when he said good-by to me temporarily before he went to dress for the lecture he took my hand again, with his struggling smile, and his hand seemed to draw me closer than I meant to come. Then I went to dress. It was the first time I had known where clothes should cling and where flow. I wanted my shoulders to be bare, though no dress of mine was made in such a way, and I think I adjusted my blue voile a little.

"There was no time to speak to him before the lecture. He was my old Chief's young friend, and she made the most of it in public.

"The subject of his lecture was 'Folk Songs of the Balearic Islands.'"

When she said that she might have been reading a newspaper notice.

"After the lecture there was a small informal party in my Chief's house. We all went there together, and it was not surprising that our guest talked hardly at all to me. He had news to catch up with, clever things to say about it; and I watched him, but I think no one noticed me.

"When the party was over I was the only person going on-campus. Of course he asked to take me back. If the day had been misty and sweet, the night was

warm and rising. There was a faint light from the stars; just as last night, the lilac leaves had a more searching scent than the trees. I felt as I did before I met him in the station. I thought I should have no strength at all when he would leave me at my door."

She had begun remembering his words again. "But almost at once he said, 'Must you go in?'

"'No,' I said, and then I became so strong that I was breathless afterwards. I told him, 'We can walk in the woods behind the college.'

"'You are a darling,' he told me, 'to walk with me in the woods—too much of a darling for these clever old ladies. Why do you immure yourself here?'

"It had, at that time, never occurred to me that my profession was anything but a privilege—the matter has come up since, but I have not yet taken steps about it."

Perhaps that's the most important thing she said. She seems to have taken the only step she could think of now.

"When he said that I recalled that he was not married and that 'darling' is an endearing term.

"'I'm not a darling, really,' I said. 'It's only that I like to walk with you.'

"For a while he held my arm so near that I thought he must know how hard my heart beat.

"'You are so young,' he told me.

"'Not very young. The students wouldn't think so.' I heard his laugh. We had come to a bank where even in the starlight you knew there were scented violets run wild. He sat down and drew me beside him. 'Come here,' he said, 'and I will show you how young you are.'

"When we were close he kissed me. That queer fighting strength rushed through me which I had felt at the railway station; I suppose I clung to him. After a moment he lifted my face and said, 'I can see that you are crimson. You are young enough to blush at kisses.'

"It was not the last time he kissed me, but presently I heard the chapel clock

strike twelve and remembered he must take an early train. We went down the hill and when we said good-by shaking hands would have been so formal that we only spoke.

"He said, 'Good-by, young darling.' I could not think what to say except 'Good-by.'"

"I fell asleep, dressed, with my head on the sill of the open window. I had been staring out at the woods on the hill and thinking about the bank where the violets grew in the starlight.

"I went through the next day or so with a high head. 'This won't last,' I said if students were restless or the talk at our table got acidulous; and I would think how careful and proud I should be of him when we were married and I could watch his laugh as boldly as I liked.

"On the second day I looked for a letter, perhaps to date our wedding. By the fourth day I would have written him myself if I had known his address. There was no notice in the papers of his death or illness. But after a week a group of us were in the department office, and my Chief was reading something to the people round her. I was not hearing much those days and was going slowly to a pile of themes. But she raised her voice and said:

"'Here, Miss Mather, I have a message for you from our distinguished guest. 'My regards,' he says, 'to the little Vestal. She took the very best care of me.'"

"Enough effort went into my voice for a shout; but the sound seemed to come from someone else. 'It is kind of him to remember me,' I said.

"'He is a charming young man,' said my Chief, 'and puts things in such an original way. 'The little Vestal!' Who could that be but you?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'They are the right words for me.' And then I think I went to a class—but it does not matter."

All traces of tears had gone out of her voice and face. But I was more frightened than I had been before. I could not bear the dryness of her voice.

"Oh," I said, "you mustn't feel that

way—not now—it was so long ago, you must forget it—please."

She smiled at my misunderstanding.

"You can't forget a thing like that," she said—"an utterly charming man making love to you, even though he did not mean it—even though he went away."

I stood up in a fury. I would make her see him and forget him.

"Charming?" I said. "Floppy-mouthed! You said it yourself! And he got you to kiss him by old cheap flattery. And then he made fun of you to your Chief. You've got to forget him. He's *slimy*."

I couldn't make her angry. But the color her long story had drained away streamed back, and her lashes fluttered over tears as she looked at me.

"That's how it looks to you?" she said. "To a girl who has known some young men?"

I saw she had taken it in.

"Yes," I said, "that's how it looks to me."

She turned toward the window for the first time and answered without looking at me.

"I hadn't thought of it just that way before," she said. "It seemed almost beautiful to me—but then, I'm not experienced."

In the little silence that came after that I got up to go. I thought I had said enough.

She clasped my hand in a quick way, but the old academic wall was growing thick between us, and she said:

"You will be late for the song contest, Miss Connor."

There was a dry terror in her eyes, and I knew she was sorry for what she had told me.

"I hope my paper will do," I said at the door.

"I am sure it will be adequate," she said, and then before the wall was quite up, she added in a low voice, "I have to find my students' papers adequate."

A day after that a note came on the President's thin paper in his own writing.

Would I come to his study at once? I dropped my books and ran. I think I knew then why he wanted me.

I had not noticed that his study has windows on three sides, over lilac bushes and flagged walks.

"Lois," he said, "Miss Mather died last night."

And I knew why. "Died?" I said.

"She killed herself," the President went on.

Tears were aching in my throat, and my head beat with shame and pity.

"Prexy, I . . ."

He let me cry, watching me quietly with his clear-brown look, and I knew he saw I was sorry.

"We're all concerned in it, I'm afraid," he said. "In a place like this everyone has to see to it that other people want to live. But we thought you might know the special trouble since you are a rather perceptive student. And you were the last person to talk to her so far as we can find. Do you know about her, Lois?"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

Then I saw what it would be for her if I told him the story, with her lover's floppy mouth, his pitiful flattery, and his little joke at the end; and I couldn't tell him my own thick cruelty without those details.

He was looking at me squarely.

"She told me she loved a man once—a charming person with blue eyes," I said. "He left her, and yesterday was the anniversary of his going away."

He spoke quickly, to let me know he was not waiting for more. "I understand," he said. Then looking even more intently, he added, "She was quite well?"

"No," I said, "She told me that she had a headache."

"Thank you," said the President.

But as I was going he said, "Lois, I don't think you could have stopped her even if you had persuaded her he was not worth remembering, she might have decided it was not worth living only to think about him."

I wanted to tell him without saying what had happened, and at the hand clasp, I said:

"Prexy, she might have thought that, I know."

That was a year ago, and I have graduated since then. But by the College paper I saw that the Founder's Day speaker this year had long eyes and a Late Roman mouth. He spoke on "North-African Music in Relation to the Folk Songs of the Balearics." I wondered at the time who showed him around the campus this spring.



NOT QUITE STANDARDIZED YET

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

ON a pleasant June evening I found myself traveling through Kansas. Friends gifted in sociological reproaches had informed me that the state was the power house of modern American standardization. Now, in half an hour of uninterrupted twilight ratiocination it was easy to see why.

With every whistle the train buried itself deeper in the strictly uniform prairies. Right and left beyond each car window, fields of the same shade of green and the same sleepily rich clover scents heaved in regular swells. At equal intervals the same frame farmhouse careened by, on varying arcs of distance, manifesting, whether from a treeless hill or from its clump of creek-fed willows, the same angular aversion to beauty.

Each dozen miles the same little town crashed down about us with the same roar of sidings and corral fences, the same electric sunbursts summoning attention from the charms of the deepening dusk to those of "The City Hotel," "The People's Store," and "The Palace Theater." Along the highways motor headlights began pricking the dark with slender cones of light—all, it seemed, of the same depth, color, and intensity. The very farm horse whom our train clatter frightened now and then from his track-side grazing seemed in the gloom always of the same shade of brown.

Might not mere scenic repetition, I reasoned, explain the Kansas passion for re-molding society in Kansan images? How expect a people exposed to the life-

long hypnosis of such a landscape to believe that variation from their cheerful complacent average was possible in themselves or desirable in others? Why should they not come to feel that sharing with one another the same prejudices, pleasures, enthusiasms, and inhibitions, the same types of friends, enemies, gossip, and theology was a positive virtue, while the appreciation of anything outside their range of habitual experience was a dangerous and probably criminal vice? When their comfortable world was so obviously made up of one similarity after another, how could they help believing that it was the salvation of all non-Kansan worlds to come, and pattern themselves upon Kansan perfection? Why, when others temporized or resisted, should they not believe that it was the mission of Kansans to pass a law about it, making conformity compulsory?

Their very wit, one reflected—the justly famous banter of a few Kansas editorial pages—partook of this well-meaning leveling quality. Its "line" consisted mainly of stripping ideas, the arts, and persons of all foreign affectations on the theory that a non-Kansas viewpoint *must* be an affectation, and raising a laugh by proving the outside world's humorous identity with themselves. Obviously, whether by ridicule, prohibition pioneering, anti-cigarette laws, small-town dress-reform ordinances, or evangelically fierce codes of private respectability, Kansas had dedicated itself to the sanctified labor of making the human race as alike as two prairie swells.

Across the aisle two young business men, who had got on at a station a hundred miles back, droned into the theme like a chorus. One praised the standardizing efficacy of the high-pressure salesmanship of low-priced automobiles—a process with which he evidently had some important inspirational connection.

"Of course, our agents say we overload 'em with cars and bullyrag 'em until they have to pull in customers by the ears," he was saying. "But what of it? The average American family is happier and healthier for having a good little car even if the old man was bluffed into buying it. As I see it, our company's just helping these folks enjoy life the way folks ought to enjoy it."

"The idea exactly," the other man seconded. "Now I sell home refrigerating plants." And fervently he hoped that soon his company would insure the swifter progress of domestic comfort in Kansas by putting in an agent-bullyragging system of its own.

Plainly, even a Pullman traversing Kansas might become automatically a kind of temple of standardization in which the most innocent over-the-toothpicks gossip of lay worshippers might prove a weaving of priestly spells. Even now it seems incredible that on such an evening anything heterodox could have existed nearer than the Santa Fe art colony or Jim Reed's Missouri.

But the porter broke in upon their conversation to give me the standardized Pullman brushing. The train ground its brakes in a broader sprawl of light, and a higher circle of buildings betokening a five-county metropolis. The man with whom I had come to talk about a curious phase of Western history was waiting for me on the platform.

Knowing that he was Kansas-bred and an expert on dry farming, I half dreaded that he would blame the West for using irrigation or the East for not needing it. Instead, when we reached his house he commanded without preliminaries, "You may think this is a fool

idea, but you come from the cow country, and I've got to catch you fellows on the fly. Now sit down and whistle or sing or play me the air of every cowboy ballad you know."

He grinned at his wife for encouragement. "There's no use making any bones about it, is there, May?" he explained. "I'm just a dusty-footed farm hand, but at night when we're being ourselves we're trying to write the frontier opera. And I want just a bushel and a half of this cowboy stuff for refrains. Come on now, tune up."

II

I have no idea of how good or how bad the opera was. The passages they played on an exceptionally well-tuned grand piano bore the properly cadenced energy of galloping cowboys and Indian tom toms welded into recognizably correct technical composition. But they fell upon uncritical ears. I do know, though, that between my chantings, whistlings, and stumbling one-finger exercises on the piano we produced something resembling the scores of "Oh Bury Me Not," "Sam Bass Was Born in Indiana," and the unprintably pastoral "Little Black Bull" for a Kansas musical note book. The standardization menace, I observed, as I sought bed long after the traditional Kansas curfew, was failing to standardize.

I made all the excuses possible for an impression so disarming to a student of standardization menaces. Home opera-composition was so rare and private a vice that even the worst harpies of Kansas conformity might not have thought to frame a fiat against it, or my host might have made it a rule never to confess his aberration except to æsthetically vouched-for strangers.

But no. He had already confided in me that his banker and the Presbyterian minister and one or two other obvious pillars of the town's conventions were among his most helpful critics. When by all the books—especially the novels—

of the standardization baiters he should have been a secretive and frustrated aesthete ready to console himself with bank robbery or an elopement to Paris with his best friend's wife, here he was openly and cheerfully juggling with opera themes and ingenuously telling the world about it. Plainly, the way to probe the Kansanization menace was to specialize still further in eavesdropping on high-pressure salesmen.

But although the Kansas excursion was one which opened up for me a year of coast-to-coast travels, it was not practicable to be so exclusive. My journeys have been made in search of information on subjects not involving salesmanship, or even the conventional virtues and repressions. So while they have led me to communities revered and reprehended alike for being the very foci of intolerance and standardization, while standardization has been cooed and thundered at me in its various degrees of seduction and violence across dining-car tables and Pullman aisles, in the intimacies of family living rooms, and in the dim cathedral light of our most pompous hotel lobbies, I have also been unable to escape the equally impressive evidence of the republic's casual but effective resistance to standardization.

No sane traveler, of course, could come home from such a trip doubting that standardization still flourishes. The swarms of constructive thinkers whose chief civic passion is to make their home towns as nearly as possible indistinguishable from Cleveland have not abated appreciably since they were first discovered by alarmed post-war sociologists. Not even a recluse could entirely escape contact with the large class of staunch and aggressive Americans who genuinely believe that all who question their ideas on theology, the marriage relation, musical comedy, or national-defense programs are guilty of intellectual poses and villainous social subversiveness, if not of secret bonds with communism.

I myself, for the bad judgment of

being dragged into a prohibition argument by an enthusiastic dry demanding, "Don't you admit I'm right?" was sentenced, in February, 1928, to permanent exile in Russia by an informal moot court of Texans on a train approaching Houston. In a Long Island suburban gathering, all suavity and cocktails, I have learned what it is to be attacked for my Al Smith preferences by ladies and gentlemen murmuring reproachfully, "But he's not of your class." And on a loftier, if less personal plane, the D. A. R.'s defense of its blacklist suggests that our best people's attachment to the idea that whatever is different is dangerous may be still as impassioned as it was at Dayton.

Nevertheless, I beg leave to report that, except in a few small and persecutingly homogeneous communities it makes no difference. My fellow-citizens who enjoy standardization continue to standardize themselves according to one another's patterns with such unction of self-approval as their souls demand. For their further pleasure they continue to clap the more obstreperous rebels against their codes and prescriptions harmlessly, and with occasional publicity advantages, into their black books. No doubt, Hebrews who at the Exodus chose to remain behind to enjoy the sophisticated pleasures of Egyptian city life were punished by not being mentioned in the Old Testament; and medieval scoffers who jeered at the Crusades as picnics of sentimentalists wanting a change from home cooking, were put into the black books or tapestries of the Daughters of the Wars of the Robber Barons. In any case, America's non-conformists of 1928, whether or not profitably advertised by the enemy, seem to be successfully and almost universally foiling the standardization menace by the simple expedient of going about their business.

They may be indifferent to the standardizing codes, they may be seriously and constructively in opposition to them on specific issues. They may be merely

engaged in practicing a new and more or less standardized conduct of their own, like the "arty" colonies of our metropolises and the wild, wild coeds of the conventional newspaper spreads, in order to shock the standardizers. Or, like my Kansan operative agriculturist, they may be so unconscious of the standardization menace surging around them that when one mentions it they imagine it has to do only with prohibition. Whatever their methods and motives, they are leading their own lives in the United States of Calvin Coolidge by the light of such originality and individuality as God gave them, and without, so far as the naked eye can judge, suffering legalized tortures for it, or even any unendurable stings from neighborhood criticism. It seems, in fact, appropriate to suggest that standardization as the great American social menace was never weaker than in the present era of America's greatest intellectual outcry against it.

III

Take, for example, another famous power house of standardization—Tennessee. I rode into Nashville on a balmy April morning some three years after Mr. John Thomas Scopes had agreed with his cronies in a Dayton drugstore to test the malicious qualities of the state's new anti-evolution law. The law had been pronounced constitutional and had ended Mr. Scopes's career as a Tennessee teacher. Hence, according to the visions of all specialists in standardization horrors, Tennessee was a place where a serious professional interest in evolution led to prosecution, where a polite dilettante interest led to ostracism, and where a mere flippant reference to fundamentalist doctrine and legislation might lead to a ride on a rail or a fight. Here standardization had already established itself as a legalized theocracy and was half way to an inquisition.

Yet I approached Nashville amid a

small volley of wise-cracks on the forbidden subject from a smoking-compartment assemblage whose members prior to 1925 might conceivably have imagined that Darwin was the name of an English motor car. "No monkeys allowed; park your ancestors outside," was the burden of these witticisms. But a comfortably stout Tennessean replied by reminding them without rancor that boys coming to see the sights of lively cities like Nashville usually had a better time when they left their grandparents at home.

In the city and surrounded by Tennessee standardizers presumably of the deepest dye, I found the frowning bastion of religious intolerance a good deal of a joke even to its ostensible defenders. With cheerful grins which insinuated that their mischievous little by-play was over, fundamentalists admitted that the law would probably never produce another prosecution. They struck the pose of all properly sophisticated Americans and boasted that they now saw through its politics. The law had gone through, not on the wings of pious ecstasy at the state house, but because certain canny Democratic leaders wished to "sell" themselves to the church vote. It had been signed by a governor who probably did not believe in it, in order to jam through his pet appropriations for schools and highways. Tennessee might never repeal it, since to do so would seem to be letting down the oldtime religion. But the fact was—they stated this a little more indirectly since they evidently did not care to face facts too objectively—that the law didn't mean much.

It naturally meant even less to those who detested it on principle, I found. The deluge of orders and requests for evolutionary works at Tennessee bookshops and public libraries is only now beginning to decline, three years after the Scopes cataclysm. Apparently rumors of faculty bootlegging of evolution in high schools and the state's higher institutions have been exaggerated.

But there are plenty of Tennessee teachers willing and competent to guide the outside reading in evolution of students who are interested.

The situation has even brought about its currents of counter-standardization. Undergraduates defending the Bryan position openly, I was told by a high official of Vanderbilt University, have suffered so much from campus humor that it has become one of the things which are "simply not done." "I have seen signs," a Nashville lawyer and devout modernist church member told me with a smile, "that some of our young people going out of the state to college have been put under an almost irresistible temptation to establish themselves as the campus atheists in order to take the curse off."

Moreover, the very challenge of the law seems to have stimulated all other brands of latent liberalism. Fundamentalists and their opponents both boast that Protestants and Catholics, whites and negroes get along better in Tennessee than elsewhere in the South, that the state quickly took the measure of the Ku Klux Klan's political effort several years ago as a bit of village horse-play. "Just let theology alone," I was told at least a dozen times daily during my stay there, "and there's no state in the union where you can come nearer to doing and saying as you please than right here."

As yet no visitor seems to have tested this by advocating a communist revolution from the pedestal of the Andrew Jackson monument; but supporting symptoms of a subtler sort are in evidence without resort to coarse heroics. The fugitive group of poets and prose stylists has flourished in Nashville both before and since the anti-evolution outbreak without being sniffed at by the police for an occasional frankly erotic production and without being made to feel that the young Vanderbilt instructors and bond salesmen who compose it have lost caste by declining to become Kiwanis pep stirrers. When

the city's leaders of taste convinced the community several years ago that a charming Greek portico would provide a rare æsthetic value to the state capitol annex, and that a literal and exquisite duplication of the Parthenon would be a fitting ornament for Nashville's chief public park, nobody protested that Greek art should be outlawed because pagan, or that it was the duty of Tennessee architects to be one hundred per cent American in design and specifications.

And not only is variation from the orthodox tolerated but it is actually praised. A Nashville newspaper columnist, in a recent black hour, manhandled the four horsemen of Southern backwardness, which he described as timid lawyer politicians, timid newspaper proprietors, one-crop cotton bankers, and the fundamentalist clergy. To Nashville's amusement, his syndicate contributions were thenceforth banished from the less venturesome *Atlanta Constitution*, but from Tennessee he received hundreds of letters, most of them approving, and from his own office neither a discharge nor a caution.

The time is coming when even politicians may treat the sacred "monkey law" with the lese majesty of deprecatory humor. The present governor did this, a little gingerly, at a 1928 Nashville gathering, admitting besides that it had won for the state an undue share of undesirable publicity. A few weeks earlier, before the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a supreme court judge, who had recently pronounced for the law's constitutionality, treated it with scarcely merciful sarcasm.

See how liberal we are—the Tennesseans eagerly justify themselves to the presumably critical stranger. And as final testimony to the state's almost idyllic tolerance I was informed on several occasions—I do not know how accurately—that side by side with the anti-evolution crusade the state authorities had virtually abandoned all

efforts to enforce prohibition, leaving this duty, while Tennessee's freedom increases, to the quite ineffective resources of the federal agents. It was almost as though my hosts had said "Those Eastern fellows who got so excited about our intolerance ought to realize that New York hasn't got any thing on us."

Before I left I heard the anti-evolution law defended on the ground that it is in its way a wholesome protest against standardization itself. The young university instructor who took this surprising stand has made a name for himself in American letters already, and he loved the law neither for its own sake nor for the theology it sought to protect. But the country's real refuge from a dreary social sameness, he declared, was not in sophisticated fads and individualistic poses, but in a healthy and cherished provincialism. Southern provincialism, though it might have its blind spots and archaic intolerance, was on the whole glamorous and worth preserving. "Monkey laws" were Tennessee's crude and ineffective but, nevertheless, wholesomely aroused efforts to preserve it. So long as they remained largely ineffective little harm was done, and that little might in time be repaired. They were, he insisted, far less dangerous to variety of taste and custom than the crusade of a group of Tennessee educators to have their charges, native born white and colored public-school pupils, taught a nondescript cosmopolitan accent in place of the gracious elisions and charming soil-sprung phrases of the oldtime Southern brogue.

He was promptly jumped on by others in the group—Tennesseans all—and informed that provincialism must be growing too feeble to be worth saving when it has to pass a law to keep itself alive; and that self-conscious provincialism, as represented in the professional Southerner, was no less a pose than the advertised promiscuities of the wilder art colonies. But while he sadly ad-

mitted all this, it was easy to see that neither his argument nor its rebuttal was standardized. Whatever mystical triumph the anti-evolution law may represent to Tennessee's "kiver to kiver" religionists, it was not functioning as a strait-jacket for free Tennessee minds.

IV

But in measuring resistance to standardization it is desirable to know what type of standardization one has in mind. The Kansas type seems mainly concerned with preserving small-town taste and customs in private conduct. By its own legal admission, the Tennessee brand busies itself chiefly with belief.

But the other brands are practically numberless. Park Avenue and Epworth League standards, Greenwich Village and lodge-joiner standards, speedy young married set, Catholic-shunning, extravert, Yale-and-Harvard, Country Club, introvert standards, and scores of others pass and re-pass one another daily on parade in nearly every American city large enough to support three national banks and a racing season. The confusions created by their mutual scorn and jostlings may bewilder the investigator, but scarcely interfere with the average citizen's freedom to choose which type of standardization he prefers; or, for that matter, with the eccentric citizen's freedom to stand apart in Thoreauvian aloofness from the turmoil, publicly wishing a plague on all their standards.

This morning, for instance, the Grandopolis Ministerial Alliance may have passed a resolution demanding fines for feminine knee exposures, chaperons for parking parties, life-imprisonment for Mann Act violations, and the extinction of speak-easies by the firing squad. But none of these pronouncements will keep the young wastrels of the Grandopolis Pandemonium Club this evening from staging a revel which would interest, if not scandalize, the court of Charles the Second.

Each group is pursuing pleasure as it sees it and each, no doubt, is hopelessly standardized. But, being unable either to convert or exterminate its opposite, neither succeeds in creating a standardized world. On the contrary, their very stalemate helps American society to get along on a reasonably effective let-alone basis. It may still be difficult to practice avowed companionate marriage in rural Alabama or to stop the neighbors' gin-drinking in New York. But from evangelical atheism to oriental mysticism, practically everything else in 1928 America goes.

Moreover, even in most of the standardized groups certain individuals manage to live by their own views and consciences without suffering ostracism, reproach, or even loss of standing.

One assumes, for instance, that when the prospering American reaches a certain stage of traveled sophistication and worldly outlook he and his family abandon the ancestral Sabbath restrictions in favor of Sunday golf. Yet in a certain Southern metropolis I encountered a circle within the larger circle of gay Babbitry whose birth, breeding, and affluence would have entitled them to practice any fashionable diversion gracefully but who, nevertheless, did their golfing on week days. On the Sabbath they went to church and offered their guests magnificent, old-fashioned Sunday dinners. Later, over excellent but illicit cordials and between snatches of repartee about last week's bridge luck, they would discuss the sermon with the relish their more standardized friends might have bestowed on the latest Will Rogers wise-crack.

They did this, apparently, without the slightest ill-will toward their friends who were busy on the golf links or the slightest feeling that these were hell bound. They merely expected outsiders to accept it tacitly as their own choice of the way to act.

For a long Sunday afternoon I wondered whether they were conscious of their well-bred singularity. Then a

middle-aged matron with a persistent whimsical inflection related how on a recent New York visit she and her husband had vainly struggled to create in themselves the frame of mind that would sanction just one Sunday theater attendance.

"My dear," she explained with a definitely mischievous accent, "I know it was simply ante-bellum of me and it almost broke me up because it was our last day. But it just couldn't be done." And suddenly I gathered from her mild self-ridicule that the standardization pressure in a pleasure-loving generation could make piety itself seem slightly rakish.

Again, is it the theory of standardization-menace experts that Americans no longer can converse understandingly or profitably with one another across grooves of antipathetic standardized thought? Yet I have charming recollections of a cheerfully contentious evening last summer with a woman evangelist—not Mrs. MacPherson!—in a Pacific coast city, when for four hours her emotional necessity of faith was pitted in honorable sword play against my intellectual agnosticism; while our host, an excommunicated Roman Catholic, tried vainly to break in with his favorite theory that all effective religious leadership proceeds from frustrated nymphomania.

Or, side by side with the conservative folk belief that the wild young generations are standardizing the world to perdition, must we believe the bathetic legend of the novelists that young rebel genius is being daily stultified, at the rate, say, of six muted Miltons per year per Main Street, by the austere conformity demands of small-town Philistines? In rebuttal, I summon as witness a studio party of the spring of this year in another Southern city's five-year-old art quarter.

The festivities had reached the point when the young woman who simply could not express her personal rhythm with shoes on had gone barefoot. Then someone called out, "Where's Jane?"

Jane, it appeared, had gone to a country club dinner dance with her lawyer. This in itself was scarcely a blow at the conventions; but Jane, it further developed, had given her lawyer this "date," hoping the slight condescension might help her to get her divorce cheaper. And in order to please the lawyer while pleasing was important, she had broken an engagement to attend our party with her husband. Incidentally, the description of her strategy was received with a general burst of indulgent laughter, including that of the young man Jane was divorcing her husband to marry.

Now Jane's being twenty-three and a regional minor poet may explain many things. Even so, her conduct suggests that she suffered no really crushing repressions through having lived twenty of her years in a Gulf Coast village where the chief social forces were the Baptist and Methodist churches.

It is possible, however, to find standardization resisted with less Bohemian emphasis. Take, for instance, the assumption of the "menace" exponents that all conventionally minded Americans consider all æsthetic impulses "cockeyed." Yet after a dinner in—of all hopelessly American places—Brooklyn, I have seen with my own eyes the middle-aged and highly efficient woman secretary of a national civic organization—a veritable corps commandress of standardizers, so to speak—lure a Middle-Western manufacturer and his wife away from the bridge tables for a walk across Brooklyn Bridge to see the Manhattan towers under a full moon.

Nor, as a recent instance at a college-class reunion shows, does the magic of prosperity always keep a man in his groove. A stout and shamelessly contented-appearing alumnus arrived to meet a barrage of questions on how the "old bank" was getting along in Omaha.

"All right, I guess," he admitted; "but I suppose you know I'm just finishing my third year at medical college."

The family bank, it appeared, was something his relatives had persuaded him to go into at graduation against his better judgment. Now, having banked long and successfully enough to acquire a competence, he was stolidly taking up the profession he had wanted to enter all along.

Finally, as I discovered in Los Angeles, one may even see the thriving modern cult of standardized loose-speaking thwarted. Lunching with an old friend of the city's pre-Hollywood aristocracy, I found him evidently disturbed.

Eventually with some circumlocution the cause of his annoyance came out. He did not hanker for the role of a male gossip, so he would not mention the name of a certain motion-picture actress who, though probably unknown to me socially, I should certainly recognize as a personage. Anyway, at a ball the night before, he had danced with this nameless hussy and, right after their introduction she had treated him to a mildly off-color jest which nine-tenths of the country club circles of the land might have received with guffaws.

But my friend was still indignant about it. "I don't care who belongs to it," he raged, "I am through with any group when its wit grows swinish."

I asked him, perhaps maliciously, what he proposed to do about it and whether he thought Hollywood could bear its punishment.

"Do?" he exclaimed. "I can retire to circles where women still expect their men to expect them to be ladies. And I know where to find them."

I have no doubt that, even in a world about to be standardized out of its once standard conversational inhibitions, he does.

V

So, I suspect, the standardization menace may for the present be laughed into the limbo of ancient perils along with its predecessors, the Masonic and the white-slavery menaces. Perhaps

for brief periods of mob emotional outburst, as during wars and their aftermath, the accompanying deluges of patriotic oratory and pulpit billingsgate may render it mildly dangerous to professional rebels with a martyr complex. But in calmer times the plain people, even including the standardized, tend to dismiss the persecuting urge for the delights of indolence. When companionate marriages are proposed in the neighborhood or novels attacking their favorite brands of ecclesiastical verities are brought to their attention they may disapprove. But they are much too occupied with their own concerns—including the rather difficult maintenance of proprieties in their own lives—to bother with passing laws against the heretics or with enforcing them when they do.

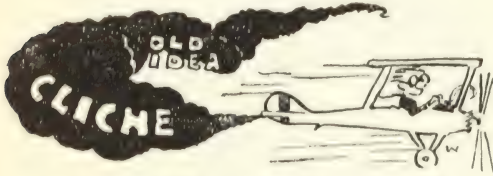
So when the discontented citizen resists by the force of such individualism as fate inspires him with, he is likely to find resistance rather easy. After all, when the market for works of eccentricity and protest in the arts, literature, and opinion was never better, it is difficult to support the charge that American standardization is murdering talent. When university education and the society of emancipated spirits is practically free in every minor regional metropolis, it can hardly be said that standardization, even in our Bible Belts of greatest infamy, is fatal to the individual development of young men and women with ambition enough to buy Fords and leave home. On the contrary, if less romantically, may it not be suggested that the young man, with nascent poetical talents, who becomes a "realtor" and Kiwanian in order to avoid a row with father, and the young woman of vague agnostic sympathies who

teaches a Sunday school class because "mother could never understand her viewpoint" are earning their frustration, such as it is, by spinelessness? For though the standardization impulse goes on and continues to content its devotees, it is rarely strong enough to extinguish those its own size.

That it does go on seems, furthermore, quite as it should be. Its presence insures a comfortable place in society for the enormous class of highly useful citizens who are type-conforming, rather than atypical, by nature. In their own element they can set up their little standards and please themselves by conforming to them, doing meanwhile a negligible amount of harm to working nonconformists. Meanwhile, also, the very temptations to conformity which they set up form an excellent device for separating the dilettantes of individualism and originality from the genuine practitioners. Finally, in a properly contentious society, originality and individualism perhaps need stout wooden flag poles of conformity all about them to keep their claws whetted for the action rightly expected of them.

Indeed, the standardized republic with plenty of the antitoxins of resistance in its social body is, I suspect, vastly to be preferred to a society whose members in all classes were constantly and praiseworthily occupied in stimulating and admiring their neighbors' atypicalness. Such Utopias of individualism may furnish profitable daydreams for literature. But as a practical mode of social organization the risk of converting the republic into a one-hundred-and-fifty-million-strong Greenwich Village and the entire voting population into posturing asses would be too terrible to take.

The Lion's Mouth



A DEFENSE OF THE CLICHÉ

BY THOMAS T. READ

THAT little world of sublimated intelligences which finds its chief medium of expression in the book-review supplements of the metropolitan press has, in its unwearying search for novel means of expression, seized upon the word cliché as its deadliest weapon for critical onslaught. The cliché has always been with us but, like the man who had always talked prose and did not know it (note the cliché), we had no convenient name for it. Just when the word was shanghaied from its native France to be overworked in America I do not recall, but it was not very long ago. Now no book review, except of those few books the reviewer extravagantly admires, is complete without it. A mild criticism is to say that the author has not altogether succeeded in avoiding the cliché; but if you wish to overwhelm, crush, and utterly erase him you say that he plunges from cliché to cliché as an ibex leaps from crag to crag. So are book reviews made.

Now this cliché, which is as much feared by the cognoscenti as the pestilence used to be feared in medieval Europe, is, of course, only a much used form of expression for an idea; and the implication that it is something to be avoided is predicated on the assumption that the expression of ideas in ordinary ways is common and unworthy of respect, while the expression of an idea in a novel way is precious and admirable.

Schoolboys who have a passion for collecting the pasteboard covers of packs of matches have a similar standard of judgment; the matches (which are capable of starting a conflagration) are of no importance to them; they are interested only in their container, and if they can find a new one they are enraptured by it.

Ideas are like kisses in being a source of pleasure only when exchanged, a solitary idea is as unsatisfying as a dream of a kiss. But to exchange an idea you must first have it. Superficial thinkers are led astray by the realization that except about new things, like the cinema and radio, there are very few new ideas. Birth control is now much discussed, but Aristotle also discussed it, and so did the Semitic thinkers whose ideas about the right way of living were codified in the book of Leviticus. The same observation might be made about many current topics of discussion. What is overlooked is that the fact that an idea was adequately or even perfectly expressed by someone, either five years or five millenniums ago, does not, by itself, greatly matter to Montmorency Maugham, or Gloria Swigg, who were born in 1908. The idea is not theirs until it has somehow become a part of their mental furnishings, and that involves what may be a long and difficult process. It is a pleasurable process, however, for much of it is done in discussions about ideas and things.

Now the easiest way to get an idea is, of course, the accustomed way, just as the easiest way to help yourself to food at the dinner table is the accustomed way. If a maid in a one-piece bathing suit brought around the roast lamb in a galvanized iron bucket it might be an

interesting novelty but it would not be an improvement, from any reasonable standpoint, on the clichéd method of passing the lamb. The lamb is the thing, the method of passing it does not much matter, and the less obtrusive it is the better. In the world of ideas it is the ideas that count; if the method of expressing them is neat and efficient, the less obtrusive it is the better.

Music as a means of conveying ideas and emotions is an admirable example of the sound use of the cliché. Not only the music itself and the instruments by which it is rendered are stereotyped, but even the very tempo is clichéd. To vary anything beyond the nuances is sacrilege. The unerring precision of the effect of music is almost uncanny; both "Dixie" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" can be counted on to bring an audience to their feet without fail, and even the way in which they will arise can be predicted.

It seems evident that when music is really good enough in its appeal people prefer to have it performed in a stereotyped way. When ideas are really good the most efficient mechanism of exchange is the accustomed way. On the other hand, if the ideas are not very good a novel means of expression may be quite effective as a smoke-screen for their mediocrity, just as cooks in countries where ice boxes are not available serve their meats with piquant sauces that divert attention from the meat, no longer so good as it once was.

This gives the clue to a rational evaluation of the neo-Baltimore critical method. Ideas which are not good enough to stand reiteration may be helped out by novelty of expression until in time method of expression comes to seem more important than ideas. And just as the village medicine man produces quite a fearsome thing out of an ordinary log by carving it into a sufficiently grotesque image and calling it a totem, so the literary cabinet-makers of the present time can, with the exercise of sufficient skill in their rhetorical

architecture, produce a much-talked-of book out of quite ordinary ideas. I have read a number of books in recent years that differed only in superior literary technic from the talk that went on among the "hired men" behind the barn on my father's farm. But the totem pole is only a log, after all, and so a book or an essay bulks no larger in the world of ideas than its cerebral content. This may be effectively expressed in a typical cliché, "Fine feathers do not make fine birds."



THE BUNCOMBE OF THE BRIDGE TABLE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOME days ago I took a solemn oath—never to touch a playing card again in my life, except, of course, as I might be called on to pick out the ace of spades for some amateur conjuror. Mumbledepeg, skipping the rope, squat tag, and such fine old field sports I shall continue to enjoy, and occasionally in the evening I may relax with a few fast hands of lotto or halma, but anything that depends on the accidental conjunction of a queen and a jack is out of my life for once and forever.

I do not mean to say that I shall actually *snub* card players when I meet them or that when a hostess brings forth the mahogany box of chips I shall put on my hat and walk out in pious dudgeon. I merely mean that when groups of my friends have finished their pleasant coffee and liqueurs and have sat down to snap at one another I shall retire into a corner with *The Life and Letters of Constantine, King of the Greeks*, or from time to time I may stroll and look idly over their shoulders with the amused detachment of one who watches an ant hill.

About such an oath, I realize, there is nothing novel. Coming, we will say,

from a broker's clerk, intrusted habitually with large sums of money, it might connote a picture of a white face, a grieving wife, a smoke-filled room, and a forged note at five o'clock in the morning. Coming, however, from an author, whose profession numbers probably the worst card players in the world—unless they can be found among theological students—the oath will tend only to raise a smile. It will imply nothing more than the hint that on Saturday night I must have been rooked even worse than usual.

As a matter of fact, if either of these things were the truth my simple oath would not be worth recording, for the only oath of any possible interest to history is one that has a good chance of being kept, and among the millions of men who have taken this vow I am, I believe, one of the very few who have had a reasonable chance of success. I am not, in brief, swearing off cards because I have been ruined, because family hands are pulling at my coat tails, or because I have devoted to the green table time and thought that should have been devoted to the book of the year. I am swearing off cards simply and solely because I loathe cards, because I have always loathed cards, because I have never entered a game without a feeling of distaste and depression, and because for a quarter of a century the whole stupid business has bored me to tears.

Why, then, have I ever played or, having decided to stop, do I make all this fuss about it? Nice questions to ask in this year of grace 1928! All the social forces that in 1858 would have been brought against a man who *did* play cards are in 1928 brought against a man who *doesn't*. In 1858 if I had refused to play cards books would have been written about me and distributed to school libraries; leading bankers would have offered me junior clerkships, and my wife would have had me photographed with her hand on my shoulder. In 1928, if I do not play cards, I am a prig, a highbrow, a grouch, affected or

unsocial, while as for my wife, poor soul, all that I get from her is a dirty look when she sees that I am on the point of refusing. In other words, a man who does not play cards to-day is one step lower than a man who doesn't drink. I, for one, cannot say that he isn't, but what I do object to is the common willingness to credit any reason for my refusal to play except the real one.

The most frequent belief is, of course, that I am a poor player and the most charitable is that I cannot afford it. Strangely I seldom lose much at card games if I really care to "play" them, that is to say, if I deliberately take out of them all elements of play and merely treat them like any other dismal little task I may encounter. In this I find that I am sustained by the highest authority, for the post of minor magistrate has brought me for several years into a humorous intimacy with a professional gambler. This man has never had any occupation in his life but card playing; he has saved money and bought real estate from his winnings, but he has, nevertheless, a widespread reputation for honesty, one of his favorite gestures being to play for an hour or all night without once taking the deal. Occasionally he acts as bondsman for some turbulent townsman, and one day when this errand had caused us both to linger in the empty courtroom, I asked him frankly for the rudiments of successful gambling.

His answer was as prompt and as dull as the rudiments of pawnbroking. "Time and the pickings" it was in effect; never overestimate even a good hand and, if you haven't a good hand, "drop," "pass," or "by." "Ten dollars here and ten dollars there is the thing that does it. What man like me is going to risk a night's work in a single throw?"

It was an observation that the dullest amateur could have made if he had given half the common sense to cards which he would give to a cucumber bed; but even so I still had a faint hope that from this master craftsman, this cold-

blooded artisan, I might get some secret tip, some professional dodge that would enable me to mop up the tables and crow with triumph the next time I was called on to fill in. I asked this directly, and my friend the gambler gave me a pitying smile.

"Judge," he replied, "no rule that I could give you would be any use in the crowd that you play with. There can't be any such thing as real card playing when everybody at the table can afford to lose anything that's likely to be played for. They may not like to lose it but it doesn't pinch 'em enough so's to teach 'em real play. Think it over and you'll see what I mean. One takes a flier, and at least half the table will follow and follow all the way. *Somebody* will 'see' anything. In a game like that hands don't have any real value. All it amounts to is a series of showdowns and they might just as well play them 'cold.' The man to whom a ten-dollar bill means the least will shoot the most often and so he will probably have the most money at the end of the game. Set that same bunch to playing for a week's income or a month's income, the way the boys do down at my place, and you'd see some card playing; but over a question of eighteen or twenty dollars an evening no man of that sort is really going to use his brains."

"But how about bridge?" I asked him. "Did you ever play bridge?"

"Sure, I've played bridge. You bid in bridge, don't you, where you bet in poker? What I'm telling you is good for any game where the player makes the running and there isn't any bank. A damn fool with the cards and the money to back them can beat the best bridge player that ever lived. The only reason he's a damn fool is that he doesn't always wait until he's got the cards."

So much for cards as a test of the intellect or financial genius, but how about the social element, about cards as a sport? The Mexicans, I believe, have bug races and every now and then in a shop window you will see a chance

to win a motor car by guessing the correct number of units in a barrel of beans. For those who might regard it as keen fun to sit on the front steps and count the rain drops, I will admit that cards might be a legitimate sport, but the real tests of a sport are two, which are not as frequently emphasized as they might be.

The first test is this: A true sport must be one in which, at the crucial moment, skill, courage, will power, or wit can change the issue. In other words, it must be one that offers the player a chance to rise above his apparent fate. A blinded and beaten boxer *can* drag himself from the floor and with one last fling of his manhood knock out his unscarred opponent; but when cards come to their final issue no will power, no courage, no deftness, no spirituality, nor even any luck, can vitalize the value of a king and make it beat an ace. I realize all the reservations that can be made to this reasoning but, in strict logic, when the cards have been dealt on the table the possibilities of the game are over and the ultimate has been fixed.

The second test is that a true sport must be one which leaves both winner and loser with something of the same glow. From this aspect tennis is a true sport, and so are charades if you are not over ten years old. Golf is only half a sport, for although it passes the first test with flying colors, it fails in the second. Baseball, as a rule, seems to pass both tests, and so does rowing; but football, under the second, is doubtful. Fox hunting is a perfect sport, if you don't mind the fox, and so is fishing, except for the fish. And in this connection, it might be noted that Englishmen, the world's truest sportsmen, are notable for sports which pass this second test. Indoors, billiards passes both tests and so, I am sorry to say, does a drinking bout, but card playing is the only pastime I can think of that fails miserably in both. If you believe that the bridge table leaves any glow in the loser and especially in the loser's partner—but why continue with the obvious?


Let us, rather, tell the truth and the whole truth that underlies the practice of modern card playing. Card playing in social gatherings (which is the only place where I am now considering it) is based on the tacit assumption that, out of ten persons asked to a dinner or for an evening, at least four will be individuals so near the line of total idiocy that they cannot be kept awake unless they are given something to do with their fingers. They cannot talk, they cannot banter within the limits of propriety (or, nowadays, outside of it), they cannot enjoy friendly silence in front of a fireplace, and they cannot listen to music. They are given playing cards as babies are given rattles and as prisoners are given hemp.

But why, again, if this is my opinion of cards, don't I just simply stop and say nothing? Why must I borrow the very spirit of cards and swear off with bombast and flourish? Because an imbecile oath of that kind is the only refusal that the card-playing mentality will ever understand. If at a dinner I said that I did not care for creamed onions, that would be the end of it. The lovers of onions would not begin to coax, jeer, threaten, and be offended until I had eaten onions or, at the least, insist that I "cut in" and eat half an onion.

On the other hand, to get rid of cards I cannot say that I do not like cards. I must intimate that I am so lost to cards that only by swearing to the gods

in heaven can I keep from making myself a pig over them. My oath will satisfy card players because it will flatter card players. It will make them believe that I was once such as they but that, on one side or the other, I have failed where they have succeeded. The hell-bent, day-and-night players will believe that I was a dub who could not stand their pace and so fell by the wayside. The ordinary, casual players will assume that I was such an arch gambler that only by checking myself on the brink of perdition did I survive for my home and my country.

On the whole, I believe that in the end this will become the general tradition and that, quite by itself, my oath will give me the only amusement I shall ever have had from the card table. Deep questions of bridge and poker will be put to me as one of the big men of yesterday. Undoubtedly I shall be called on to cut, deal, and perform other operations calling for the wisdom of a spirited neutral. I shall probably frighten young players when I stand at their shoulders, and veterans will cast me a humorous look when someone else plays the jack instead of the joker. It may even be that, looking in from the outside only, I shall learn to like cards, as the Romans liked murder from the grandstand. Very well. I have no objection to that. The only thing I will *not* do with cards is play them.



Editor's Easy Chair

BODIES, BEES, AND POLITICS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE English medium who lately reported a series of messages said to emanate from an American who had come to be famous in his Earth life represented him as expressing great satisfaction in having got rid of his body. He had not had a very good body. His mind, which had been active and powerful, had been considerably impeded by his body's incapacity to keep up with it. But now, he said, with no body to hinder him, he was really having a good time in pursuit of knowledge and like employments, and his present state was a very great improvement on the one he had left. Indeed, his object in communicating was to put across to Earth-dwelling people the fact that the next phase of life, which he was enjoying, was for him a great improvement on the one he had left, and should be so, he thought, for everyone who had made reasonably good preparations for the change.

It is true about bodies, that they are an awful bother, particularly when they begin to wear out. Some people don't start with good ones and are always half invalided; others use their bodies up prematurely; but almost everyone finally comes to a consciousness of defect in some of his parts and is lucky if, like the One Hoss Shay, he can keep the road until his whole apparatus goes to pieces at once.

Is it reasonable that our minds and our souls and whatever else we have, should be housed in dwellings so prone to dilapidation and that so constantly

call for repairs—that we should be garbed in raiment subject to moths, tears, and spots, and sure in due time to wear out?

Whether it is fair or not, that is our condition. The best we can hope for from our bodies is that we may remain unconscious of them, or so nearly so as to keep most of our minds on something else. If we did not have bodies we should not need houses which, as the case is, make much the same sort of demands on us for repairs and attention that our bodies do. The discarnate person above quoted pointed out what may not be news to everybody—that the morals and rules of Earth life were in the main related to bodies and to property and that, when we transferred out of that life, we left both of these impediments behind, graduating into a realm in which the mental and the spiritual qualities were the whole story. In that abode we could think, we could work, we could love; we could apparently acquire and exercise new powers, but we had no need to make a living in the terrestrial sense—no grocer, no landlord to pay; no children to feed, clothe, and send to school—but could devote all of our talents and energies to activities under the rules of the domain to which we had been transferred.

A prospect certainly not without engaging features! Meanwhile we see going on in the incarnate world a remarkable and continuing process to make the condition of people who still

inhabit their bodies more like the state of these fortunate beings who, after judicious preparation, have shed them. We see the work of the world being more and more performed by machines, and men and women more and more released from the grosser bondage of labor. We see also an immense amount of time and money spent for the increase of understanding of human bodies so that they will make less trouble for the minds and the souls that inhabit them. As long as we have bodies at all it is a great convenience and advantage to us to keep them healthy. That fact is fully appreciated. There seems no end to the money that can be raised, especially in this country, to improve the public health.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* recently there was an extraordinary tale of a Congregational minister who from his boyhood was interested in insects, and especially in bees. He studied bees in season and out. His health was variable, and when he had to lay off his other employments he had all the more time to study bees. He studied not only their habits but their psychology. He concluded that on their job as producers of honey they were far from being as efficient as they might be. He concluded also that their methods might be improved and he set about to do it. He thought they devoted far too much time and strength and honey to making wax. He thought their habit of swarming was very disturbing to industry and that they raised far too many drones. He set about curing these defects in the methods of bees and, most extraordinary to tell, he did it. As the result of his studies and his thought he made boxes from which the honey could be removed without disturbing the bees and without destroying the combs, and which were contrived with such knowledge and precision that they actually regulated the habits of the bees, diminished and controlled the number of drones, and made it possible to avoid the age-long practice of swarming. This remarkable man, Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth, discovered that bees would ac-

cept suggestions if properly conveyed to them. By his hives, which are now used by bee-keepers all over the world, the production of honey per bee has been greatly increased.

Langstroth never made any important amount of money out of his studies and his bee boxes. He patented his boxes but was too poor to fight for his patent rights. He died far on in years and infirm, in the act of making discourse as a Congregational minister. His fame is negligible. Who has heard of him except some bee-keepers? Yet a man who was able to teach efficiency to bees and to get important practical results in the increase of their product seems to have done an exploit of something like the first magnitude. The story of what he did and how he did it is highly encouraging to all who hope for improvement in human beings. If it is possible to put new habits over on the bees, deportment and efficiency may yet be taught even to human creatures. Burbank taught the plants to grow. This modest Langstroth taught the bees how to make more honey. Evidently duration of habit is nothing when the clock strikes to change it and a mind comes along that can show how.

ONE of our country's needs is to give more attention than usual this summer to a political Langstroth who will do something about the farmers. The miners also need attention, need it very much, but there are not so many of them as there are of farmers. When we had Indian troubles after the Civil War, someone, General Sherman perhaps, made the suggestion that the cheapest way to solve the problem of the Indians was to board them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel (which was at that time the leading hotel in the country). That idea might be used for the surplus miners, but there are too many dissatisfied farmers to be dealt with on that basis. We seem to need a Langstroth to teach the farmers how to live more profitably on farms.

At the Democratic Convention Mr. Bowers, the historian, made an eloquent keynote speech in which he accused the Republicans of being Hamiltonians and argued for Jeffersonian principles, especially in their relation to farmers. Mr. Bowers seemed to feel that it was the mission of the Democrats to bring back Jeffersonian conditions of life. With sympathy for his feelings about that, one was still left speculating as to how far any such resuscitation is possible or even desirable.

This age we live in is obviously a machine age. A paragraph in the newspapers says that machinery, as we know it, does something equivalent to providing every person with one hundred and seventy-five slaves. This is not so bad a start to have on the journey of life if only we can use it rightly. Who is the prophet of these times? Is it still Jefferson, or is it, maybe, Henry Ford? Farming, like everything else, has been invaded by machinery. The job of the farmers is to raise our food. We have to have it and we have got to pay them in the end whatever it costs; but if it can be raised by machinery so much more cheaply than it used to be raised by man and horse labor, then the farmers are simply in a scrape something like that of the British spinners when factories started in England. Great mechanical improvements or inventions always throw a lot of people out of work. They make trouble, hardship, and complaint of course; but what can you do? Perhaps we shall discover when we get a new President.

The Jeffersonians seem prone to forget that Jefferson was a great progressive, ahead of the date in his time and would have been ahead of the date in our time if he had lived in it. He was far from being a theorist who would neglect existing facts, far from being a man who would have applied to the United States of 1928 the remedies that might have suited it in 1808. A good deal the same is true of Washington. Compared with Jefferson he was a

conservative, but he was never a moss-back. He was a leader in a momentous political change and one that must have run in many particulars wrongly against his traditions and sympathies. Falkland said, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." Washington, by no means a restless person, would have agreed with him. Not any the less, when it was necessary to change he was for change. The isolationists have used him as the oracle of isolation. Nonsense! His advice against entangling alliances was perfectly good for his time and in a degree, of course, it is good for our time; but the application the isolationists have made of it imputes to Washington a timidity of thought that never for a moment was his.

ABOUT the time this number of the **MAGAZINE** comes out the campaign for President will doubtless have begun to gather real headway. Presidential summers usually divide into two months for digestion of the candidates and the issues, and organization of the campaign, and then two months of active campaigning.

There ought to be plenty of that this year. We have excellent candidates, men whom everybody knows and first-class representatives of what they represent.

Mr. Hoover must be regarded as of such an understanding of this world at this time and of such skill in the direction of practical concerns of great importance as to make him a powerful candidate. He is an engineer, and we have great domestic engineering projects on our hands in which our government is deeply concerned. He knows the world, including large parts of Asia, by actual inspection. He has been to Europe and worked there with resounding credit and, indeed, derived from that continent the beginnings of his reputation as a public character. By knowledge, experience, and reputation Mr. Hoover seems highly qualified to be President.

Senator Reed makes objection to him


that he has lived too much abroad and especially in England; but Senator Reed is an objector by profession, and after all to know "abroad" and to have lived there may be as useful in the next four years as to have lived in and known Missouri.

As for Governor Smith, when the Almighty in the Bible story gave to King Solomon an understanding heart He did not use up the whole supply He had in stock. There seems to have been enough left over to outfit others since Solomon's time—and now, in our day, Alfred Smith. For that seems to be the Governor's chief asset—that he has an understanding heart, and that when he is allowed, or allows himself, to follow its dictates, he can talk to all sorts of people so that they can understand him, get the points he makes, and be persuaded to acquiesce in his purposes.


Besides that, he has a first-rate mind, stored with accurate knowledge of the concerns of the State of New York, which, involving problems that arise also in many other states, have given him a much more comprehensive political experience than is usually appreciated. He is far from being an uneducated man; he has had lots of education, has applied himself intensively to get it, and is able to hold what he gets in a mind that is quite phenomenally retentive. He seems not only to understand men and to know politics, but also the facts of fiscal and economic situations, and of the relations of men to them, and of the relation of government to human life.

Probably he does not know all history; probably he is not much familiar with European diplomacy or anybody's diplomacy except his own. There is a vast amount of so-called knowledge that able and diligent men spend years of their life acquiring and which fits them when they have got it only for secondary jobs, if indeed for them. A great executive must use the knowledge of others. Governor Smith is not encyclopædic except about the business of the State of New York, but he knows facts enough already on many subjects to think straight about them, and he can rapidly acquire such facts on other subjects as his mind needs to work with. That is a faculty of able and skillful lawyers, who are used to turn from one case to another and seize what is necessary to understanding of each new one as they go along. Such lawyers use the wits and diligence of other people, younger men especially, as much as they can; and Governor Smith can doubtless do that. He works hard but not as a drudge. He works to give proper weight to his words, proper direction to his actions, and proper reasons for them.

So let us be thankful that we have this year presidential candidates eminently worthy of our respect and attention and both competent and inclined to discuss fundamental issues. At this writing a truly illuminating campaign is in prospect. But whoever would have guessed even fifty years ago that in 1928 a Quaker would be running against a Catholic for President!



Personal and Otherwise



IT is two years since *James Harvey Robinson's* name has appeared on the cover of *HARPER's*; it was in the summer of 1926 that he contributed those two impressive articles, "How Did We Get That Way?" and "The Drift of Human Affairs." Now once more he surveys the trend of our times through a historian's eyes, turning his attention to the changing position and conceptions of religion in a world transformed by new knowledge and new ideas. Thousands of *HARPER* readers must have studied Dr. Robinson's *Introduction to the History of Western Europe* in school or college, and still more are probably acquainted with his more recent books, *The Mind in the Making* and *The Ordeal of Civilization*. His present article, like that of his friend and fellow-historian, Charles A. Beard, in our August issue, is to appear shortly in extended form as a chapter of *Whither Mankind?*, a book edited by Professor Beard which is to be published by Longmans, Green & Company.

We printed *Bernard DeVoto's* "Farewell to Pedagogy" shortly after he had left his assistant professorship in English at Northwestern University to move to Massachusetts and give all his time to writing. But Mr. DeVoto has not forgotten the academic scene, as his present story shows. His novels include *The Crooked Mile*, *The Chariot of Fire*, and *The House of Sun Goes Down*; among his recent *HARPER* articles, aside from his "Farewell to Pedagogy," are "Footnote on the West" (November, 1927); "The Co-ed: The Hope of Liberal Education" (September, 1927), and "College and the Exceptional Man" (January, 1927). We published another short story of his, "In Search of Bergamot," in August of last year.

Silas Bent's indictment of the American press as a mischief-maker in our foreign relations comes from no outsider unfamiliar

with the special conditions of newspaper work. Mr. Bent, a Kentuckian, served his journalistic apprenticeship on Louisville and St. Louis papers, later worked on the *New York Times* and other metropolitan papers, has done publicity work for the National Citizens' League and the Democratic National Committee, and recently—having turned free-lance writer—has summed up his observations of the daily journalism of our time in a book, *Ballyhoo*.

Now and again the downtrodden sex is permitted to raise its plaintive voice in the columns of this Magazine; this time its spokesman is *Frederic F. Van de Water*. This is his first appearance in our pages, but many readers must be familiar either with his contributions to the *New York Tribune* in the days when he was a columnist and signed his column F.F.V., or with his work as a staff contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or with his stories about the New York State Police, of which he is the only civilian member. Incidentally, he is the son of Virginia Terhune Van de Water, grandson of Mary Virginia Terhune ("Marion Harland"), and nephew of Albert Payson Terhune; literature seems to run in the family.

As we stated in these columns last month when the first article by *Dr. G. V. Hamilton* and *Kenneth Macgowan* appeared, the investigation from which the material for both "Marriage and Love Affairs" and "Marriage and Money" was drawn, was a scientific research undertaken, under the auspices of one of the great foundations, to find definite facts regarding some of the human relations.

It is a good many years since a young girl from Warm Springs, Virginia, took the reading public by storm with *Prisoners of Hope* and *To Have and To Hold*, but throughout those years *Mary Johnston* has maintained and added to her distinguished reputation

with many a fine romance. It is a pleasure to have her once more among our contributors.

Few men could be as well qualified as *Brigadier-General John McA. Palmer* to estimate the value of Baron Von Steuben's work as a general staff officer and his extraordinary contribution to American military organization. For during his long service in the Army, General Palmer has served several times on our General Staff. In 1911-1923 he was member of a General Staff committee appointed by Secretary of War Stimson to reorganize the land forces of the United States. In 1916 he returned to the General Staff and served on its "War Plans Committee" until May, 1917, when he went to France with General Pershing as Assistant Chief of Staff of the A.E.F. Later he commanded the 58th Infantry Brigade in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. In 1919-1920 he was the official adviser of the Senate Military Committee while the National Defense Act was in preparation. Since his recent retirement, General Palmer has been writing on our military institutions and history. His book *Statesmanship or War* was published recently by Doubleday, Doran & Company.

As this issue goes to press *Olive Gilbreath*, a trained observer of foreign conditions who writes for HARPER'S from time to time, is on her way back from Peking to the United States by way of Siberia and Russia. Her article describes a migration of astonishing proportions; she tells us that this migration is the all-absorbing topic of to-day in Northern China.

To have a keen eye for the educational follies of 1928 a man needs both inside knowledge and perspective. *William Bennett Munro* is professor of municipal government and chairman of the division of history, government and economics at Harvard; he is also a trustee of Claremont College; and among the by-products of his academic work are a number of books on politics and administration, the most recent of which, *The Invisible Government*, appeared last spring. And as director and trustee of two banks, head of a charitable institution in Cambridge, and holder of many other business and public offices, he has had far more opportunity than

the average college professor to gain perspective on college life by taking active part in the world outside the academic walls.

Joseph F. Hook is a day laborer in Tacoma; he has been employed at various times in lumber camps, mines, and factories in the Northwest. In his first HARPER contribution he sets down the plain story of one of the great experiences of his life, when he was entombed in a copper mine in Butte.

Author of *The Babbitt Warren* and a number of other books, *C. E. M. Joad* is one of the most brilliant of the younger English writers. He had an article on "The End of Ethics" in our August, 1927, issue.

In our Intercollegiate Literary Contest two years ago one of the prize winners was *Mary Lispenard Cooper* of Vassar College. Since her graduation Miss Cooper has been teaching school in Baltimore and has written two more stories for us, "Green Shutters" and "The Punch and Judy Show."

There is no more determined opponent of the standardizing tendency in American life than *Duncan Aikman*, editorial writer on the staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*, author of *The Home Town Mind* and *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wild Cats*.

The poets are *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, who retired several years ago from her teaching position at the Western High School in Baltimore, but has not, we are glad to say, given up the writing of those fine lyrics which lovers of the best American poetry rate so highly; and *Margaret Widdemer*, author of many a volume of verse and of two novels, who divided with Carl Sandburg the Pulitzer Poetry Prize for 1919.

The Lion welcomes a newcomer, *Thomas T. Read*, former official of the federal Bureau of Mines, who now commutes from Scarsdale to his business in New York; and an old friend, *Philip Curtiss*, of Norfolk, Connecticut, whose most recent offering was a disquisition on the middle-class smell which appeared last April.



Whether he was painting prize fighters or—as in the picture reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue—little girls, *George Bellows* perfectly adapted his great gifts to

his subject. He died in 1925 at the age of forty-two. Before his death he had won applause from the few; since his death the pyramiding prices commanded by his canvases and lithographs have testified to his recognition by the many. It is worth mentioning once more that his talent was wholly native: he never studied abroad, he never even went abroad.



A rejoinder by C. A. Norman of Columbus, Ohio, to the pessimism of the recent article forecasting the cultural future of America:

In your June number you print in your series on "The Future of America" a cultural forecast by an anonymous writer.

I have no idea who this writer is; but to judge by his article, he must be either a man of leisure or a man making his living professionally out of being cultured. There are many of us who take a certain measure of culture most seriously, and especially neglect no opportunity to enjoy great art; but I am sure very few of us will ever have opportunity or means enough to check up on the fact that "Hoffmann" is played better in Brussels than in Paris, or even that Brussels outshines all other European cities in musical production.

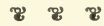
It had been well, it seems to me, if the gentleman had begun by defining a little more closely what he means by that "culture" for which he sees so little hope in America. If he means by it human or humane civilization in the broadest sense of the word, that development which lifts men over cruelty and barbarism and enables them to dominate their environment without becoming enfeebled and effeminate, then his forecast would be a very gloomy one indeed, and we all ought to sit up and take notice. But if he means merely that surface froth of pseudo-refinement which appears on some national bodies approaching decay, then God save us from any of his culture now or at any other time. . . .

I have lived long enough in the Old World and know enough of history to know that much of what there passes for culture and refinement is really a surface polish that does not improve the heart and does not strengthen the moral stamina and the survival power of a nation. I say this with full appreciation of the fascination of much of this culture. Undoubtedly there were at the court of Louis the Fifteenth a great many ladies and gentlemen of leisure whose wide knowledge and intellectual brilliance rendered their society a

dazzlingly fascinating one. Yet history has passed judgment on them and has decreed that the world was better off without them. Much the same can be said of the cultured classes of Greece shortly before its decline; of those in Rome during the empire, and so forth.

A ruder civilization, with more power of achievement, with more hope, with more strength to endure and progress, is better than theirs.

In fact, if there is anything we have to dread in America to-day—and I do not deny that there is something—it is that in progressing steadily toward more refinement and more material comfort the people are selling their birthright as free, self-determining men and women, selling their political heritage, in other words, for a mess of pottage. The word *prosperity* has become so magic that under its spell the people are willing to let a plutocracy gradually engulf the government, until perchance the nation will lose its power to stand up for its rights and demand that human dignity rule instead of the dollar.



Miss Mattie Lawrence McMorris of Washington appears to be our champion Constant Reader. For she reports that she has read every volume of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* from 1850 to 1928—not by living as long as that feat would seem to imply, but by assiduous study of the bound volumes in the public library. "The only articles I skipped," she testifies, "were those written by Dr. Henry McCook on bugs and other crawling creatures. Do you remember them? They were illustrated and, oh horrors! the crawling things were magnified."

Miss McMorris makes a positively inspired suggestion:

I have always wanted to be a contributor to *HARPER'S*. When I was a child and silly relatives would ask me what I was going to be when I grew up, I invariably answered "a contributor to *HARPER'S*." I thought "contributor" sounded so much better than "to write for" or "to sell to." I still cherish my youthful ambition. So I propose that you have a contest for the best short story written by the person who has read the largest number of the volumes of *HARPER'S*. I would easily win that contest. I have read the largest number of the volumes of *HARPER'S* and my short story is very good. Every time I read it I weep loudly and noisily. It has merit for it is short and you have never printed a story like it. You see I speak with authority for I have read every short

story you have printed. Let me tell you that is more than a great many of the readers on your official staff can say. I have my story all ready, so bring on your contest.

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John W. Vandercook, author of "Black Majesty," and "The Fools' Parade," has departed with his wife to explore the upper Congo and Central Africa. A letter from Mrs. Vandercook, written to her family, describes their approach to their destination:

DEAR "FOLKS":

This is the last bit of our sea trip. In four days we will be in Duala. For the last week we have been "doing" the little ports of the Gold Coast—filled with mementos of old slave-trading days in the form of "castles," really fortresses with embattled towers and cannon still in place. Now they are used for government offices. The ship anchors about a mile off shore and the natives in big surf boats paddle out, ten to a boat, get the cargo which is lowered down to them, paddle it a mile back, shoot over the big breakers, dump the cargo, and come back for more. They do this continually for from eight to fifteen hours, with no stops for lunch. They eat a few bits of food while waiting in turn at the ship's side for cargo. Never, anywhere, have I seen such superbly beautiful people as these are.

Jack and I ride in with them on top of piles of crates or gin boxes. They sing as they paddle and go like the dickens. Generally they ride the surf to a shallow spot and then a large black heathen grabs one unceremoniously around the knees and deposits one high and more or less dry on shore. But to-day as J. and I rode in on the cargo the crew were gazing at us with great curiosity—white people being scarce, especially females who ride in on the cargo—and a huge wave gave us a smack and broke over our heads. I was so soaked I didn't bother to be carried ashore but picked up my wet rags and waded through the sea, shoes, stockings and all, with water pouring down my back from my sun helmet. J. was all glued to a thin pongee suit and looked killing. Anyhow we walked up the beach into "Main Street" and the sun dried us from the outside while we started soaking our clothes with perspiration from the inside. This town is Winneba, an English Gold Coast town. I don't know how many white people there are here, perhaps one hundred. We saw

only three all morning. We saw the whole town—markets, shops (mostly out in the street), houses all built at various angles, church (the most impressive building in town and made of stone), English trading firm with a very decent tropical house, and finally came back to another part of the beach where we were immediately surrounded by fifty naked children who stayed with us through thick and thin and made a deafening din chattering and probably discussing us. The fishing fleet came in, about thirty-five canoes with big sails up on three poles, in a long line from the horizon right to the beach. Imagine all this on a beautiful breezy blue day with glaring sun and palms along the beach giving a lovely, if spotty, shade. People bathe and swim all the time and polish themselves with sand. It's a lovely life on the seashore, but anyone who doesn't think these people work ought to watch them and see the muscles they've got. The kind that can't be made in a gymnasium.

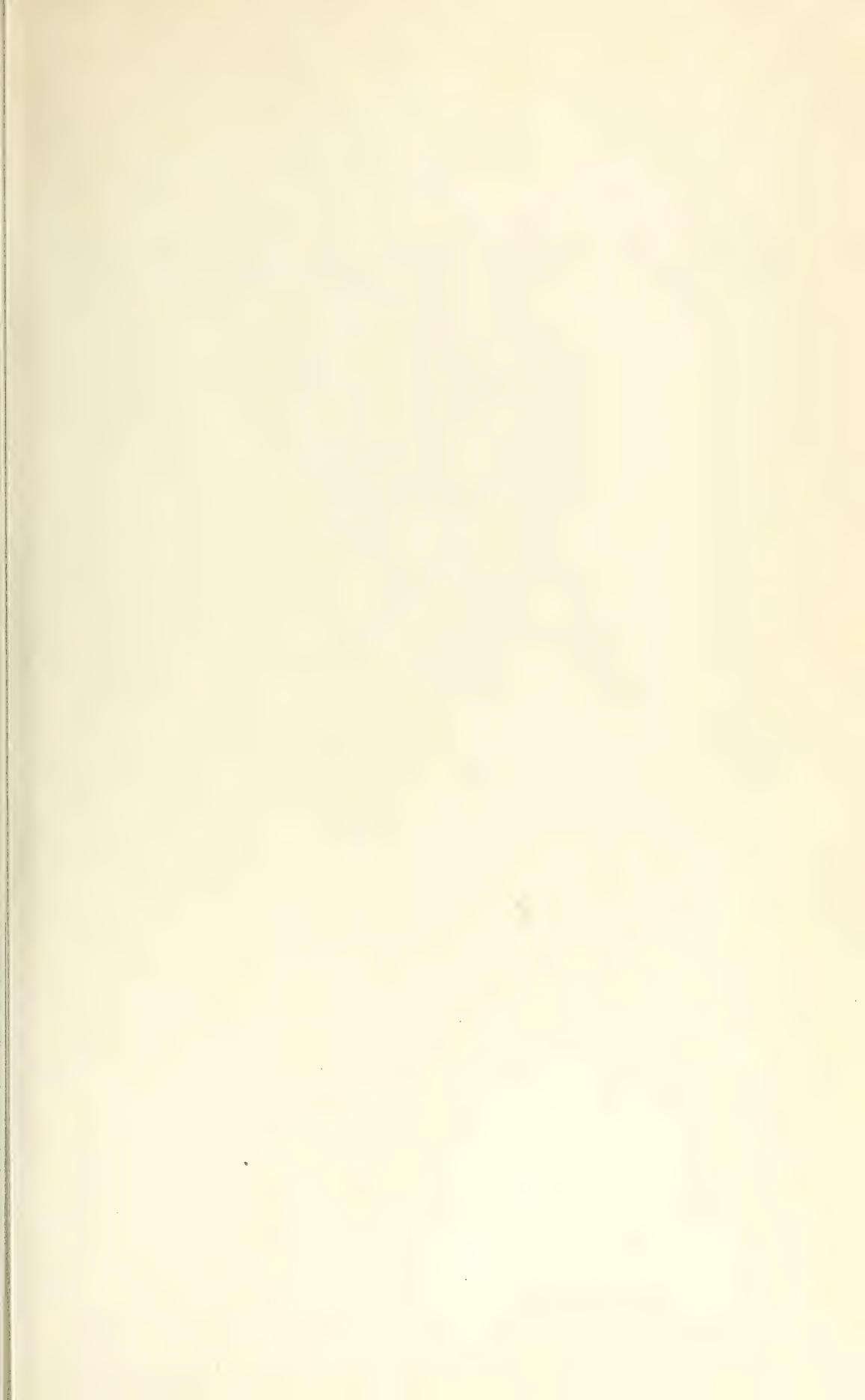
We're now en route for Lagos and have taken fifty deck passengers. They are Mohammedan Hausa tribesmen, tall and with long, thin faces and tiny pointed beards. Their wives and babies are also with us and the whole bunch live and sleep on the hatch cover. They have a tarpaulin over their heads, and bring along everything else they need—food, stoves, mats to sleep on, pails to wash in, dishes, all pell-mell on a square hatch about thirty feet on a side.

Just at present Jack is in the bathroom developing films and incidentally asphyxiating himself with formaldehyde fumes. It has been stifling since this afternoon and I think a storm is brewing. The other night we passed through a beauty. It is what West Africans call a tornado but Americans would call a "whole gale." The sea looked as if it were boiling and even in the movies I've never seen more water fall from the sky. These storms can gather and break in three minutes, but they don't last many hours. They're chiefly hard on deck passengers who get soaked and sit around dismally like wet crows.

I expect we will spend some time in Duala before going on. We met P. B. in Freetown. He had just come from Duala and told us the best place to live is with the missionaries, but I think we'd rather camp in the street than do that. He said, "Of course on Sundays you can't sew or read or write!" Can you imagine J. and me refraining from all those vices at the same time?

Must stop and help with the films.

MARGARET.





Arthur Wm Heintzelman

PORTRAIT STUDY OF AN OLD MAN

By Arthur William Heintzelman

Courtesy of the Mischke Collection



Harpers

Magazine

WHAT THE BLUE MENACE MEANS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"NOT one of the women of this 'committee' is known to me personally. Therefore, their combined judgment could hardly be said to be reliable. . . ." Thus, speaking to the press on April 14, last, Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, crushed the upstart women from Massachusetts and elsewhere who so far forgot themselves as to protest against what they stated to be the policy of the society in the matter of military and naval preparedness and in using the now famous "black list" of Americans who are never, never, never to be permitted to speak before any chapter of the D. A. R. Foolish rebels! Like many other misguided reformers, they lost their cause because they failed in a simple bit of minor strategy. They omitted to make Mrs. Brosseau's acquaintance before beginning their crusade. Obviously, their every judgment was entirely unreliable. Obviously, like the Red Queen, Mrs. Brosseau could do nothing else than cut off their heads by a single wave of her President-General's wand; Mrs. Baillie,

the rebel leader, was cashiered from the order. Revolution was crushed within the society of the Revolution. By an overwhelming vote of two thousand to fourteen the Daughters upheld Mrs. Brosseau and the contention of the Massachusetts State Regent, that:

Our society has in no way interfered with free speech. Speakers of the highest order who have been working for the ideals and objectives of our society have always addressed chapters throughout the State. These speakers have contributed appreciably to the stimulation of our objects, which are to uphold the Constitution; to honor the flag; to support the present form of government; to respect sound traditions of nationalism; to observe law and order; to maintain the American home; to reverence God.

May a similar fate always overtake such D. A. R. miscreants who neither reverence Mrs. Brosseau nor their God!

Having done this and issued the fiat that "the question of adequate defense of our nation should never be debated by loyal Americans and least of all by members of the Daughters of the American Revolution," Mrs. Brosseau next

took ship direct to the kingdom of the hereditary foes of the Daughters. And there in London—hear us and weep, O Heavens!—on the fatal ninth of May, 1928, this same Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau bent servile knees before the lawful successors of the unspeakable King George the Third and was presented at Court to their Majesties George and Mary of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland. According to the *New York Times*: “‘It was all a very delightful experience for an American, very delightful,’ beamed Mrs. Brosseau, after she had curtsied low before King George and Queen Mary to-night. . . . ‘I went in early,’ said Mrs. Brosseau with a slight touch of triumph, ‘and I was in the Throne Room from the very beginning of the ceremony. It was the first time I had ever been inside the palace. All I can say in describing it is that it was very ceremonious, in fact, I would call it dignified and wonderful.’” To which must be added the detail that the head of the D. A. R. contributed to the dignity and wonder in that she “wore a blue brocade gown with soft iridescent flower figures of pale gold and pale rose embroidered with pearls.” Treason to the sacred Revolution could do no more. The President-General of the Daughters of the Men of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown stooped low before the Crown of taxes, blood, and oppression; the Crown that massacred at Wyoming and butchered in New London, sparing neither men, nor women, nor children.

So fell the angels. But the black lists stand. Not black lists supplied to the chapters by the President-General, the Vice-President-General, or the Treasurer-General or any other General, for that Mrs. Brosseau has emphatically denied. “However,” she went on, “you may rest assured that State leaders are within their legal and moral rights when they advise their chapters regarding speakers whom they consider, because of publicly expressed views, as out of

harmony with our avowed purposes.”

This plainly means that the State Regents who are, wisely enough, known to Mrs. Brosseau personally, shall freely go on blacklisting Americans whose opinions on some subjects they do not like. Who are these dangerous radicals who may thus be denied permission to offend the ears of the sacred chapters of the D. A. R.?

Here are some of them; I print them in sackcloth and ashes: William Allen White of Kansas; President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke College; President William A. Neilson of Smith College; President Henry N. MacCracken of Vassar College; President Henry Sloane Coffin of Union Theological Seminary; Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School; at least three bishops, William F. Anderson, Benjamin Brewster, and Francis J. McConnell; any number of lesser clergy, including Dr. S. Parkes Cadman; Judge George W. Anderson who is enthroned in a United States District Court in Boston; Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, defender of Prohibition; Dr. Will Durant; Frank Kent, Vice-President of the *Baltimore Sun*; A. Maude Royden, shameless smoker of cigarettes; Carrie Chapman Catt, triumphant protagonist of suffrage; Lucy P. Carner, one of the executives of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.—for her “radicalism”; Mary Van Kleeck, alleged to be a socialist in disguise in the Russell Sage Foundation; Jane Addams, John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, and Frank P. Walsh, of course. Then come Norman Angell and Norman Hapgood, and Professor E. A. Ross of Wisconsin, and Professor Sophonisba P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago, John Spargo, the reformed, and James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, and three—count ‘em, three—United States Senators, LaFollette, Norris, and—yes—William E. Borah himself. The roll of dishonor could go on until it filled this entire page. The pacifists, of course, those despicable creatures who apply to national and

international affairs the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill," are all on the list, headed by such heretics as Sherwood Eddy, Kirby Page, and Nevin Sayre. As for the others, the reasons for their several selections are all set forth. They are Socialists—even Norman Hapgood, Irving Fisher, and that pillar of Kansas Republicanism, William Allen White—or internationalists, or affiliated with some of the organizations on the black lists, for there are, if anything, more societies listed than individuals.

I have just counted three hundred and four such dangerous societies on the black list and their range is as remarkable as the variations in the guilty individuals. I admit that many of these associations are dead and buried and that some others are posted twice or three times—they doubtless deserve the distinction. It is a large company just the same. Thus, among these dangerous anti-American organizations are the wicked Federal Council of Churches in America, and the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A., the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, and the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, all of which, as everybody knows, are bent above all things else on enthroning Leninism in America. Not one of their officers or members can pollute a D. A. R. platform. Then we have, discovered in all their iniquity, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends (Quakers), the National Child Labor Committee, the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor in toto, the Summer School of Bryn Mawr College, the Voluntary Parenthood League, the National Association of Child Development; yes, the Federal Children's Bureau, as much a branch of our federal government as the army and navy. Next, all the Labor banks, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; of course the American Civil Liberties Union, and all the peace societies, even those that regularly go to war; also the

committee formed some years ago to aid Senator Wheeler in defending himself against the trumped-up charges of which he has long since been acquitted, and finally the National Popular Government League. Needless to say, all the known socialist and communist organizations are there. Not one has slipped through the net which has also closed about every active social organization that is inexcusable enough to have some other aims than to perpetuate a dead past and to sing the glories of those a century buried. How could such lesser offenders escape when Chief Justice Taft, President Lowell of Harvard, Elihu Root, Newton D. Baker, and President Faunce of Brown University are safely barred because of their membership in proscribed boards?

Be good and you'll be lonesome was the old joke. Be a D. A. R. and be in cold storage; be happily immune from wicked new ideas and from ever hearing one word with which you do not agree. Truly a noble life and a brave one—even though it deprive one of the possibility of a swim in the nearest Y. W. C. A. tank, so that one may gulp in no radical germ in the course of one's communal—but not communistic—bathing. But one must not jest with the D. A. R. or any other patriotic organization. They are among the most serious of the earth. Humor and they would not recognize each other if they met, and it is well that they do not for the results would be disastrous. Have these societies not the inherited duty to protect us? If they should begin to laugh their whole solemn structure might come crashing down. Hear things they must not lest they learn that the world has changed. Read they must not lest they learn something about the patriots they exist to commemorate—Professor Samuel E. Morison of the History Department of Harvard, whose grandmother was one of the original incorporators of the D. A. R., declares that "the youngest foreign-born child taking his first American history in our primary schools has a better knowledge of the spirit of the

American Revolution than the present national spokeswomen of the D. A. R." "Grandmothers of Reaction" he dubs them. What does he expect? Does he wish them to discover that the ancestors they worship believed in the right of rebellion not merely for themselves, but for their descendants? Cold chills would surely run down their spines if they were to discover that an American President, one of the intellectual authors of their beloved Revolution, Jefferson himself, declared that any American had the right to advocate a change in the form of our government and that a little blood spilling in America every twenty-five years would be a good thing so that the government in Washington might remember who were its masters. Could they bear it to learn that this Jefferson was a great internationalist?

Mrs. Brosseau would be especially troubled if she should learn that the rebels of 1776 and their children freely discussed preparedness and were so united in opposition to it that the United States never had a standing army of more than ten thousand men except in war time for the first eighty years of its existence; that, like the pacifists of to-day, George Washington said, "My first wish is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth"; that while he was President the total military expenditures of the government during the eight years of his administration were less than half the cost of a modern cruiser. Jefferson would sink further in her estimation were she to learn that as President he hauled our effective warships up on the beach. But Jefferson was after all not a D. A. R., but merely the author of the Declaration of Independence and a friend of that heretic Ben Franklin, who said even after the Revolution that "there never was a good war or a bad peace." It must be his excuse that he did not know that a chief fruit of the struggle of the Colonists would be our heritage of Daughters of the Revolution.

To-day a Daughter must not even suspect, as Edwin D. Mead has just pointed out again, that "the American Revolution was in a cardinal aspect a great civil strife between liberalism and reaction in the whole English race on both sides of the Atlantic." Certainly no D. A. R. could be expected to realize that the very finest tribute she could possibly pay in patriotic devotion to the Revolutionists would be to abhor and to attack all censorship, private or official; to fight for the free speech for which her ancestors battled; to refuse to bow down before, and only to tolerate, authority; to recognize that the right of revolution was never restricted by the Revolutionists to the year 1776.

But I must not be too sweeping. There are some more protestants within the D. A. R. besides the fourteen who were voted down in obedience to Mrs. Brosseau's wishes. Thus the Pawtucket Chapter, of which President Mary E. Woolley is an honorary member, refused to recognize her inclusion on any black list. In Oregon also there are malcontents, who undoubtedly are not personally acquainted with Mrs. Brosseau, for they wrote to her as follows:

Dear Madam:

The Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution of Eugene, Oregon, wish to protest against the attempt that the National Chairman of the National Defense Committee of the D. A. R. is making to classify certain persons prominent in political and social service work, and organizations including the American Association of University Women, the National Educational Association, National Board of Y. W. C. A., and others, as unpatriotic, radical, and dangerous. When we are informed by our State Chairman of National Defense that we are untrue to our duties as citizens and members of the D. A. R. when we allowed Kirby Page and Judge Lindsey to speak in Eugene, we resent the implication, for we believe in the free and open discussion of all social and political issues, and are opposed to this type of censorship.

As descendants of the founders of the

Republic, we feel that we should hold a higher vision of tolerance toward the opinions of sincere persons and should cultivate a more intelligent patriotism than is implied by such pamphlets as "Pacifism Kept Alive by Fifty Organizations"—a pamphlet being circulated by the Defense Committee. We believe it to be the highest patriotic duty of every citizen to work for world peace and the eventual abolition of war, and therefore are not committed, without reservation, to the National Defense Act as opposed to so-called pacifism. In closing we wish to state that this is not the opinion of a small group within our chapter, but is the unanimous expression of the members at our last meeting when a large attendance was present.

Respectfully,

Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter, D. A. R.

Eugene, Oregon

By the Regent.

This fine position is, however, to be contrasted with that of the Daughters in North Carolina. There they have been foremost among the witch-hunters. Fear has ruled them. Thus, in 1926, Mrs. Edwin Clark Gregory, the State Regent, announced to the assembled State Convention, doubtless to the horror of her hearers, that "North Carolina to-day is the target of the most desperate efforts of the Soviet propagandists seeking the overthrow of the American government and planning for a *Red Russian invasion* of the South." That clarion call should have roused the men of the Carolinas as did that to Guilford and Cowpens. It ought at least to have led to vigorous denunciations of the Government at Washington which sits quietly by and permits the Red hordes to assemble for the overthrow of the republic of North Carolina. Alas, despite, as we shall see, the cordial cooperation of the regulars, the Carolinas remain indifferent. Nothing has been done by anybody to stave off the advancing hordes of Bolsheviks—nothing save the activities of Mrs. Gregory and of the American Legion who heard her summons and acted upon it. Together they demanded that all teachers be compelled to take the oath of loyalty to

the Government and to the principle of private ownership of property. The Legion denounced the National Congress of Parent-Teachers and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the latter for "sponsoring speakers who are spreading pacifist and unpatriotic propaganda," yes, even speakers who are "either affiliated with the Third International or have Communistic leanings."

The North Carolina Daughters, under Mrs. Gregory's valiant leadership, naturally did not stop at denying to themselves the wrong kind of speakers. They stepped into the breach to protect others from contamination by bringing pressure to bear on the Greensboro Open Forum, which wickedly lent itself to such miscreants as Frank Kent, Will Durant, Dr. Cadman, and others of this type. They also took action against the traitors in our midst who favor such un-American legislation as the Federal Child Labor Amendment and the Maternity and Infancy Bill—a dreadful measure doubtless drafted in Moscow. In trying to protect others from contamination, the North Carolina Daughters do not stand alone. At Windsor, Connecticut, the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter endeavored to prevent an address on peace by a blacklisted speaker. At Boonton, New Jersey, Morgantown, West Virginia, and numerous other places, the patriotic Daughters have applied, or sought to apply, the gag to undesirable speakers undeterred by the critics who declare that, in going outside their own rooms to check utterances they do not like, the Daughters are false to American traditions.

II

Let no one believe from this recital that the Daughters alone constitute the Blue Menace in the eyes of their critics. If they only were engaged in heresy-hunting and padlocking the lips of speakers, this phenomenon of the complete revulsion of this Society from the

principles it was founded to celebrate could be passed over as a case of senile decay. The serious part of the situation is that many other individuals and societies have joined in the movement to suppress free speech in America and have identified advanced views on economic issues, as well as the advocacy of peace, with disloyalty and subservience to the Bolsheviks. The Daughters, as has been said, have deliberately tied up the issue of free speech with the question of national defense. In this they have been aided and abetted not only by the American Legion, but by some army officers who ever since the World War have justified the fears of the Founders as to the menace to the Republic of a large standing army. As Dr. E. Talmadge Root, Executive Secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, has publicly declared, "that the military should constitute itself a censor is just what the founders of the Constitution feared most. More nations have lost their liberty through their own armies than through foreign foes." This post-bellum psychology of fear and hate and intolerance which has actuated so many of the military and of the American Legion posts is curious proof of the charge made by many anti-war people before we entered the struggle that, if we took part, the spirit of the German militarists would take possession of us. Certain of our admirals and generals have since the War uttered precisely the sentiments we learned to hate when they issued from the lips of Von Tirpitz, of Ludendorf, or Von Moltke, and have enunciated doctrines which sound precisely as if they came from the pages of General Bernhardt.

Here it is impossible to acquit the War Department of blame. It has declared that it could not move to rebuke Lieutenant-Colonel George Chase Lewis for attempting to prevent the Reverend J. Nevin Sayre from speaking in Oklahoma on the utterly false and unfounded charge that he was using religion and pacifism as a cloak for communism. As-

suming that the charge was true, it was still no business whatsoever of an army officer—whether active or inactive—to undertake to limit the freedom of speech guaranteed by the Constitution which Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis has taken an oath to uphold. I cannot recall any happening like this in militaristic Germany prior to the war. But the Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, held that the principle of free speech prevented his disciplining Colonel Lewis because the latter "was expressing his individual views as a citizen" and "did not even inferentially imply that he was expressing the views of the War Department." Mr. Davis overlooked the all-important fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis invariably signed his letters of protest with his title "Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Infantry," and that his attack carried weight only because he represented the military arm of the Government. Whether an army officer can ever divest himself of his official position is an open question. Admiral Plunkett may have been speaking in his individual capacity before the New York Republican Club when he declared that we were going to have war with England, but he obviously could not disassociate himself from his rank and title. President Coolidge plainly felt that, for he lost no time in publicly deprecating this and other utterances by uniformed men and suggesting that they always bobbed up when the Military and Naval Appropriation bills were before Congress. It was precisely that sort of saber-rattling by German, French, and English military men prior to 1914 which kept Europe in a state of alarm and led up to the World War.

But the War Department's record does not end with the Lewis case. It has permitted "civilian aides" of the Secretary in the various military areas to attack free speech and to endeavor to suppress speakers, without any official rebuke. For example, Mr. Davis's civilian aide in the Eighth Corps Area has been most active in mailing the black

lists to all reserve officers in his district, connecting men like John Dewey, Robert Morss Lovett, Henry Sloane Coffin, John Haynes Holmes, George Foster Peabody, Bishop Benjamin Brewster, and many others with the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviks in Russia. So far as known, Mr. Davis has taken no action though the matter has been called to his attention. In the colleges where military officers are on duty they have repeatedly set themselves up as censors. At the University of Wyoming the Military Commandant (now relieved) was made chairman of the committee on speakers, and no one could appear on the campus without his approval. If the point be made that the college was responsible for this, the War Department was equally guilty, for it knows that *any interference whatsoever by the military in civil affairs* is contrary to the American spirit and tradition and bound to react to the injury of the military service.

What, however, would be its attitude if one of these reserve officers should take the stump demanding the abolition of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, or of compulsory military drill in some of our universities? It is perfectly obvious that the Secretary of War or the immediate military superior of the officer would immediately find that he was no longer suitable for the military service. To conceive of any officer's being permitted to criticize the government's military policies, or to advocate disarmament, is impossible. On such subjects no officer has free speech, and Mr. Davis knows it. He is also aware that when Senator Walsh called attention to the fact that the mails were being used by First Lieutenant John G. McNutt of the Field Artillery Reserves to send to the Association of American University Women matter attacking Frederick J. Libby and to offset his speeches, and it appeared that this was done by authority of Colonel George L. Townsend, Chief of Staff of the Eighty-Fourth Division, neither officer was told to mind his

own business and to keep his hands off civilian affairs. The truth is that there is no section of the government which is more busily engaged in propaganda than the War Department through every agency in its power; hence the officers who constitute the military part of the Blue Menace have reason to believe that their activities are anything but unpalatable to the Department.

As for the talking generals, the most distinguished are Amos A. Fries, of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Albert J. Bowley, lately stationed in North Carolina. It was the latter who backed up or incited Mrs. Gregory to tell the State of the impending Bolshevik invasion. As far back as February 3, 1924, General Bowley was on the job. To the secretaries of the several chambers of commerce within the State the General revealed the imminent danger of revolution and the damnable character of certain welfare legislation, all the work, he said, of Soviet propagandists in America. He even dwelt upon the probability of an immediate negro revolution, actually declaring, "these Soviet emissaries have subsidized some of the yellow Negroes who have more sense (*sic!*) than the others, and have brought about the movement north in preparation for a black revolution"! But not only the negroes were guilty. This brigadier-general in the regular army also denounced the Christian Endeavor Society, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council for the Prevention of War, as well as "many Catholic societies," together with *all* the forums, chautauquas, and colleges in the country! When a certain Chester D. Snell of the University of North Carolina ventured to disagree and to demand freedom of speech, the General thundered: "Young man, it is such pig-headed narrow-mindedness as yours that is carrying us along with propaganda of Soviet Russia."

Naturally the General did not stop there. At the University of North Car-

olina, at Asheville, at Raleigh, where he declared all pacifists were "whelps and cats," at Columbus, Ohio, and doubtless many other places, this sober and judicially minded leader of American soldiers held forth. On one occasion he demanded by suggestion the dismissal of certain college professors, one of whom had written on the war-myth in American history. He could not mention names, he said, because the War Department had told him not to do so. To one Legionnaire, who had prevented a lecture by Sherwood Eddy, this military defender of the Constitution sent a letter of congratulation. He has since been transferred to Texas where he has undoubtedly discovered by this time that Mexican Communists are preparing to invade the United States in 1929, or 1930.

It was by the librarian of General Fries's office that the famous "Spider-web chart" was conceived and brought into being. This document showed the interlocking directorates of the various women's peace and reform organizations and proved beyond doubt that the inspiration and support of all of them came directly from Moscow—even the Parent-Teachers' Association was supported, according to the chart, by Soviet gold. This was a little bit too much for some of the women's organizations thus libelled. In response to their protest, the then Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, ordered the immediate destruction of the charts, and compelled General Fries "to inform all persons that there are errors in the charts and to request their destruction." The evil done by the chart lives on, however. It was undoubtedly the basis of some of the black lists, and it was at the bottom of the attacks upon two Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Fort Wayne, Ind., because of their membership in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. These assaults resulted in their having to resign their posts, although a group of twenty-five of the finest women in Fort Wayne certified to one of them that "the results of your leadership have been the

best single influence on the spiritual life of Fort Wayne women."

General Fries was not daunted by Mr. Weeks' rebuke. It was he who demanded the expulsion from the public-school system of the Capital of a school-teacher whose sole offense was that he had won a five-dollar prize offered by the *Forum* for the best definition of Socialism. For that General Fries would have deprived this man of his bread and butter. Here again Secretary Davis was silent. General Fries's conduct is the more interesting because of the correct attitude of another bureau chief in the War Department, General Robert C. Davis, the Adjutant-General of the army. When asked for information about "subversive groups," he wrote officially, "I regret my inability to comply with your request as, in time of peace, the War Department is not engaged in the investigation of civilians." While General Davis spoke for the entire War Department, it is evident that General Fries has, in the past at least, felt himself free to engage in the investigation of any civilians whose activities do not commend themselves to him. Finally, it appears not to be known to Secretary Davis that in the Seventh Corps Area, according to the *World Tomorrow*, the "military authorities organized a committee which is urging upon the Kansas State Board of Regents regulations withholding salary from any Kansas teacher who speaks out against the R. O. T. C." It has thus become *lèse majesté* to criticize in America the military organization of the pupils of our State institutions. How the Kaiser must laugh! Someone ought to call to Mr. Davis's attention these words of President Coolidge: "Any organization of men in the military service bent on inflaming the public mind for the purpose of forcing government action through the pressure of public opinion is an exceedingly dangerous undertaking and precedent."

This R. O. T. C. has connected with it a national honorary fraternity called

"Scabbard and Blade," to which only honor students of the R. O. T. C. are eligible. It has a publication of the same name which circulates a black list of its own to its members, "for publicity uses if speakers appear in your city to orate against national defense." One example of its mud-slinging will suffice. It speaks of Jane Addams—than whom there is no nobler American—as having for twenty years past directed her efforts "to international and subversive channels until to-day she stands out as the most dangerous woman in America." Here again the War Department, it would seem, might at least express its opinion, for all its reverence for free speech, even though it asserts that the R. O. T. C. is not under its control. And it might also take a position on the activities of the various reserve officers who from time to time endeavor to interfere with lawful public meetings and use their military titles in doing so. They are under its control and can be tried. As long as the War Department does not go on record about this un-American conduct it must be assumed that it approves of it.

III

As for the Blue Menace of the American Legion, it would take an entire article to set forth the facts. Suffice it here that the present commander, who avows himself a hearty believer in free speech, has successfully blocked various meetings to be held by Sherwood Eddy and others, notably in North Carolina and Kentucky. He told Mr. Eddy personally that "he would do all in his power to prevent people coming to hear me (Mr. Eddy) and also to have my engagements cancelled. . . ." Mr. Eddy is in possession of a letter of Mr. Spafford's to a departmental commander urging him to prevent Mr. Eddy's speaking and, if he failed to do so, "to see that he is followed up with a good speaker who will instill a little radical nationalism." Many of the posts feel themselves the complete censors of the intellectual life of their

communities and keep a watchful eye on all schools and colleges. They prevented Lucia Ames Mead from addressing the students of Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Ga. They tried to stop Professor Harry F. Ward at Wheeling, W. Va. They sought the dismissal of a high-school teacher at Woodbury, N. J., because of her opinions. They asked the Colorado School of Mines to dismiss its student-pastor and they, together with reserve officers, brought about the cancellation of a series of meetings to be addressed by the Rev. William P. Merrill, Dr. Henry Atkinson, and Dr. Frederick Lynch in Vineland, N. J. They undoubtedly had a hand in the dismissal of Professor Robert Kerlin and Professor John Kinneman of the West Chester Normal College for upholding the right of the student Liberal Club to discuss and criticize the American policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. This list could be lengthened indefinitely.

Here in fairness it must be stated that many of the military and non-military padlockers of other people's lips have been misled by some of the professional patriots who profit directly, financially or otherwise, by their activities in black-listing their fellow-Americans and keeping up the fear of Bolshevism. First and foremost in this list stands Fred R. Marvin, for some years an editor of the *New York Commercial* who was promptly dropped when that paper was amalgamated with the *Journal of Commerce*. In the *Commercial* Mr. Marvin maintained a "Searchlight" which every day set forth the horrifying doings of all whose political or international or business policies he disliked. His hatred for pacifists is equalled only by his dislike of all union labor, and everybody interested in improving the welfare of the masses. To him every such person is directly actuated by Moscow, and he has been marketing his matter in a *Daily Data Sheet* in which he classifies men, women, movements, and organizations as he sees fit, at six dollars a year—which figure he hopes soon to increase. Mr.

Marvin has inspired much of the "patrioteering" activity. There can be no question that he helped to scare Mrs. Brosseau and a Mrs. Walker who is the Chairman of the D. A. R. Committee of National Defense. He is, for example, the organizer of the Key Men of America, a noble band of head-hunters of which Mrs. Brosseau is a member. Most of Mr. Marvin's "facts" are stuff and nonsense, bristling with errors—as is the whole of this "patriotic" literature—although he claims to "supply the American people with the only complete, accurate, and trustworthy information on radical and subversive movements and forces." As to this self-compliment, it is sufficient perhaps to record the fact that a New York jury in July last found him guilty of libelling Miss Rosika Schwimmer, and sentenced him and the defunct New York *Commercial* each to pay her seventeen thousand dollars. But for his skill in avoiding direct libels he would have been sued many times before this.

Mr. Marvin boasts that Frank A. Goodwin, lately removed from the position of Registrar of Motor Vehicles in Massachusetts by Governor Fuller, obtained much of his material for his virulent pamphlet, entitled *The Red Peril*, from the Key Men. *The Common Enemy*, a pamphlet sent out by the D. A. R., according to its title-page is "written from data supplied by the Key Men of America." The Key Men, i.e. Mr. Marvin, also take credit for inspiring E. H. Hunter, another professional detector of Reds, who for some time has published a broadside entitled *What's What*. After inquiry among the textile workers in New England during the War, he appears convinced that the most sensational conspiracies to overthrow the Government are under way. Mr. Marvin, by the way, differing from the United States Supreme Court, discovered that the oil scandals were the result of activities by the socialist and communist movements in this country. He explained that the sale of the oil lands was

due to the imminence of war with Japan and that the action of Mr. Doheny was due to the fact that, the Japanese navy having mobilized to attack the United States, the patriotic men in charge of the nation's safety demanded his help. As Mr. Marvin put it: "There was no scandal. No one sought to rob the Government." Unfortunately for him and for his friends, Messrs. Fall and Sinclair, the Supreme Court found them guilty of fraud, collusion, and conspiracy—further proof of the accuracy of Mr. Marvin's facts and judgments.

There are numerous others of this type of agitator, such as R. M. Whitney, lately of the American Defense Society, H. A. Jung, head of the Clay Products Industries Association, and Captain George L. Darte, Adjutant of The Military Order of The World War. Captain Darte is especially active in the East and is as fearful as anybody that we shall have full-fledged revolution in America in the dark of the next moon, and so is Joseph T. Cashman, counsel at various times for the National Security League. Then there is Mrs. M. C. Robinson, wife of a Harvard professor, who is now as convinced that the country is being undermined by pacifists, social reformers, and Bolsheviks as she was certain during the suffrage campaign that if women were enfranchised it would spell the end of the home, the family, and the nation. Her organization is the Massachusetts Public Interests League; two of its members have attacked the management of the Boston Public Library because it rented its lecture hall to Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the distinguished negro, editor of the *Crisis*, permitted the Workers' Educational Bureau, a section of the American Federation of Labor, devoted to the educational interests of working men, to hold a conference in the library, and printed a list of titles of books having to do with the education of the worker. It is, perhaps, eminently fitting in view of its recent record, that Massachusetts should have produced these bluest of the blue. Here we have

a direct menace to freedom of education and freedom of thought worthy of the Tzar in the worst days of old Russia. In justice to Mrs. Robinson, it must be added that she, of course, does not seek to make money out of her campaign, but is apparently convinced that our great American government rests upon such weak foundations that it may easily be toppled over by a few communist agitators.

IV

This brings us to a final aspect of this singular social phenomenon—the direct connection of these scares with reactionary business. Mr. Jung, as has been pointed out, is connected with a great industry. Mr. Hunter is secretary of the Industrial Defense Association. Other vigorous patriots are the secretary of the Associated Employers of Indianapolis, the president of the Illinois Manufacturers Association, and Harry M. Halderman, President of the Better America Foundation of Los Angeles, probably the narrowest and most aggressive group of employer-Fascisti in America. It is very much to be suspected that the interests of some of these organizations in preparedness like that of some of the largest employers in Detroit and elsewhere, is quite as much because of their desire to hold the laboring classes in check by force if necessary as to protect us from foreign attack. As the Information Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America points out, “those who work for better industrial relations, for child labor laws, or for social insurance, are likely to find themselves quite as ‘subversive’ as the pacifists are declared to be.” There is David Clark, Editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*, who insists that the textile industry in the South has everything to fear from economic Bolsheviks. Every single effort to improve industrial conditions in North Carolina originates in Moscow, he knows. The *Baltimore Manufacturers’ Record* and other organs of business men are equally frightened.

Some see in opposition to preparedness nothing else than a purpose to render the country defenseless so that the workers may rise and take over the government. Hence every effort is made to identify pacifism, liberalism, and social reform with attacks upon big business or criticism of our industrial methods.

Plainly, the apostasy of the Daughters of the Revolution is not an isolated phenomenon. It is alleged on behalf of the Daughters that it is no more under obligation to hear speakers whose views it does not like than the Cardinal in Boston is bound to invite into his pulpits an avowed advocate of atheism or birth-control. The D. A. R. is further represented as a club which has the right to ask before it only those grateful to its members. The case is not as simple as that. The D. A. R. members who circulated the black lists urged their chapters not to receive the speakers they dislike and encouraged them, as we have seen, to prevent them from speaking on other platforms. They have not written to their chapters, “Professor Dewey holds social views that we cannot agree with. We advise you of this so that if you invite him to address you your chapter will understand that we are in disagreement.” Apparently they have said something of this sort: “This is a disloyal and dangerous man who must not be heard in any event.” Thus some of those on the list have doubtless been injured, professionally and otherwise. “I can’t see,” wrote William Allen White, “that it makes the slightest difference in my standing as a Republican or in my ability to go out and speak where I please, but I can imagine that men who are less pugnacious than I and more sensitive to what people think of them might be saddened by this kind of a stab in the dark.” It is certainly entirely un-American not only to deny others the right to speak, but to seek to tarnish their characters merely because of differences of opinion, without giving those attacked a chance to defend them-

selves and to be heard. It is a most obnoxious kind of censorship because it is secret and irresponsible and gets into the light of day only by accident. In any civilized community people ought to be able and willing to disagree with mutual respect. Why for example should the League to Abolish Capital Punishment be blacklisted? Is it pretended that the abolition of the death penalty indicates a desire to overthrow the government, a lack of patriotism, or a failure to reverence God? Obviously not.

It is all a part of the psychology of fear, and those we fear we usually hate. We do not want those we fear and hate to share our inherited rights. We deny to them the possibility that they may be just as devoted to the Republic as ourselves. The writer of this article is as opposed to bolshevizing this country as anybody else. But he cannot see why anybody should not be allowed to talk about it if he wants to do so. Who is really so foolish as to believe that anything but an infinitesimal fraction of the people desires any such radical change when we have not a liberal party—unless the Socialists are to be so ranked—in the field in this Presidential election?

Usually the answer is that some of the people in a given society are Socialists or Communists. Well, what if they are? Long before the World War there were

probably more communistic experiments on American soil than anywhere else in the world, and our government is stronger than ever, and communism at low ebb. During the war our government itself, when it nationalized railroads and merchant fleets and joined the Allies in rationing all the raw materials of the earth for the Allies and the neutral nations, engaged in the greatest communistic experiment the world has ever seen. For that we do not to-day proscribe the surviving members of the Wilson administration. It was the intention of the founders of our Republic that Americans should be able to advocate any scheme however new or wild, as Thomas Jefferson said, to the extent of advocating an entirely new form of government. If we cannot agree with him that even monarchists should be allowed in America to "stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat"; if we cannot say with Wendell Phillips, "if there is anything in the universe that can't withstand discussion, let it crack," then we cannot pass the test. We fail in our loyalty to America and to its ideals. As George Bernard Shaw put it, "toleration and liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable and liberty to do what seems wrong."



"THERE'S MONEY IN POETRY"

A STORY

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ON THE transatlantic steamer a stoutish man of about fifty, bald-headed and blue-eyed, extended a hand as big as a ham and introduced himself:

"Levine is my name. What is yours? I am in the silk business; what is your business?"

I mumbled that my business was of no importance. After dinner, when the coffee was brought in, the purser and the captain of the boat greeted me and sat down at our table for a few moments. I introduced my companion, who, being overawed that such important personages should be on friendly terms with me, asked again:

"What did you say your business was?"

My answer was very vague. Puzzled, Mr. Levine looked at me with suspicion.

An hour later Levine tapped me familiarly on the shoulder.

"Say, I found out what you are. They tell me you're a writer. Why, the hell, didn't you tell me so? That's nothing to be ashamed of! That's happened even in my family. Good-night."

The following day Mr. Levine had made up his mind to tell me the story of his life. Instead of discouraging him I egged him on. It was better to get through with it. When a man has made up his mind to tell you the story of his life there is no escape. The longer you make him wait for the occasion the more ornate his story will be . . .

and the more untrue. Nothing is so boring as the invented romance of unimaginative people.

After dinner I went up on deck, sat down on a chair beside him, and said:

"You wanted to tell me something? Go ahead, Levine, let's hear."

Levine hemmed and hawed.

"To make a long story short, it was this way. I'm going to tell it to you briefly, but from soup to nuts, as they say.

"To begin with, Kantrowitz, who is also in the silk business, is an old friend of mine who came to America about the same time I came, twenty years ago. We were both in the same business. Sometimes there was a little competition between us. Sometimes we worked hand in hand. In the main, we were friends. Sometimes we had a little fight, a little squabble, a little quarrel; but when I thought we had parted forever, Kantrowitz buys a little property up in the Bronx and lets me know that there is another lot beside it which can be had for the same price he had paid, and we build the same kind of house, so it should cost cheaper, the architect and everything else, and we remain friends forever again for a long time. He has what he has, I have what I have, and the families are friends and everything is all right.

"When the time comes and silk is good one of his sons, the oldest one, as soon as he has finished high school goes into his father's business. A-one all around, and falls in love with a girl

of the neighborhood, and gets married to her, moves over to Washington Heights, and is doing very fine. That oldest boy of Kantrowitz is the spit image of his father. What his father had done at twenty he does at twenty. What his father has done at forty he will do at forty. A regular fellow. The kind of a son a man wishes to have not a stranger.

"But the other son, Izzy—with him it's not so good. What's happened was that when Izzy was twelve or thirteen years old and was still in school they printed in the school paper a poem written by Izzy himself, which was called 'Indian Wind.' And so Kantrowitz goes around and shows it to everybody that his son is a poet, and frames it and hangs it up in the office. You could not talk to Kantrowitz for five minutes without he should show you the poem of his son framed and hung up on the wall. I came to talk business. He showed me Izzy's picture. And it made the older son good and angry. What if he hadn't written poetry, wasn't he a good son?"

"That's all very nice and fine for a boy thirteen years old, and not born in this country, who writes poems that get printed in the papers; the whole neighborhood is proud of him. He is a celebrity already. But the boy finishes high school, and the father wants he should come into his business, and Izzy wouldn't even hear about it. Then it is not so good. He wants to be a poet.

"Well, for a year or so we didn't know nothing about it and didn't know how much Kantrowitz was worried and all the quarrels in the family. Kantrowitz is a proud man, a self-made man, and keeps a secret what is not so nice in his family. But when the boy got to be eighteen, nineteen years old and was still doing nothing except writing poetry, I had a look at him because he was coming every night to my house to read to my Margaret his poems. So I says to him one day:

"'Izzy, what's going to be the end of it? When are you going into business? Poetry is no business for a Kantrowitz. You got to consider the family!'

"So Izzy looks at me as if I had called his father names, and he shrugged his shoulders as if what I said was talking maybe Chinese; and when he goes away, my daughter asks me what business have I got to talk to Izzy like that, and she tells me Izzy is a great poet. So I says to her that I knew that already, that I saw the poem that got printed in the school magazine years ago, but what had that got to do with business? And a boy that comes round to my house, I want I should know what he is doing. Loafers should come into my house yet!

"So a week passes, and another week, and Kantrowitz comes up to my office one day, and I can see he is very worried. So I says to him:

"'How's business, Kantrowitz?'

"Kantrowitz says business is all right. So I ask him how was the health? And he says that was all right, too. I wondered what could be worrying him. Finally, he tells me it's about Izzy. That a boy like this could happen in his family—with the best of examples always before him! His father and brother in business, all his family in business, and everybody in business, and he should just loaf, and does nothing. I talk to him and I talk to him, he says, and it's like talking to the wall. And what would the end be, he asks me, with tears in his eyes.

"So I consoled him and said don't worry; it would all come out all right, with a father like you and a brother. . . . I know Izzy is not a bad boy.

"All the time I wanted to tell him that the fault is really with Kantrowitz, for he had turned the boy's mind by showing the poem and hanging it up in his office, so that he got a swelled head and thinks that he is better than everybody. But even if I didn't tell him, Kantrowitz understood that that was what I meant, so he said:

“‘I know it was my own fault. But I was so proud. How should I know what is going to happen? How should I know that he will not want to do what I will tell him and write poetry forever!’

“‘Don’t worry,’ I told him, ‘things will come out all right. Izzy is of good family and blood is thicker than water. There ain’t been any poet in your family yet?’ I ask.

“‘No,’ says Kantrowitz. ‘Have you ever heard of such a thing in my family? No bankrupts and no poets.’

“That evening when I came home and found Izzy sitting near my daughter on a couch and reading to her poetry from a paper, I got very angry, and I said to him that he had no business to worry his father and mother and shame his family and loaf and write poetry and that I was the best friend of the family and wouldn’t have said a word but he had no business to sit near my Margaret on a couch and read poetry to her. And I gave it to him good and hard. First he should go and make a man of himself, and then you should talk to my daughter. So Izzy gets angry, and my Margaret talks to me as she has never talked before—says she is in America and not in Russia. So I said to my Margaret that for women it was all right; if she wanted to read poetry or do anything honest she wanted, it was all right, but for a boy whose family was in business it was a ruination. So he shouldn’t come any more to our house.

“‘I thought I knew my Margaret, that she wouldn’t see him because she wouldn’t do what her father didn’t want her to do. And everything was all right. But we are in America. Women got independent even from their families that supports them. Of course for women that work independence is O. K. But it turned out O. K. as you will hear later; even if I almost died, and it is even the reason I took a trip to the old country.

“‘But you should have seen Kantrowitz then. He worried more in a week than his father had worried in a life-

time. And his father was the kind that spoke politics and carried the world on his shoulders. He worried more about that boy’s future than he did about business. He would sit in my office and cry like a baby. His boy was no good! His son was getting worse from year to year. And already he was twenty-one, with no thought of anything at all, and happy only when a poem of his got printed somewheres in the magazines.

“‘Margaret used to read it to me when it appeared, and when she read it, it sounded all right, but it was always about flowers and rivers and such things, so I said to her one day:

“‘Look. In five years that he writes poetry, show me what he has done. There is maybe two pages in a magazine. Was that enough work for a man in five years? Nobody has nothing against a man writing poetry . . . but after business, when you got a little time. Nobody could write poetry eight hours a day, and even the Socialists say a man got to work eight hours a day.’

“‘So she sighs and looks at me as if to say ‘you know nothing,’ and from then on she stops showing me his poetry, and I stop talking about him. And Kantrowitz just loses his head that such a misfortune should happen in his house; that one of his sons shouldn’t want to do anything serious. And it breaks my heart. To all the worries a man got in business there should yet come such a thing in America. Poetry!

“‘And then one day Kantrowitz comes into my office, and I could see right away from how he acted that he was very happy. The biggest order couldn’t have made him so happy. No. And so I think what could have happened to him! I am in conference with my salesman, but I stop the conference and I call him aside and say:

“‘What is it, Kantrowitz? Tell me quick. I’m dying.’

“‘But he was so excited he could hardly talk, and finally he says:

“‘You were right, Levine. You were right. My Izzy has come to his senses.

Blood is thicker than water. This morning he took a position with the A. G. B. Silk Company, and he is going on the road in a week! That boy has saved my life.' And Kantrowitz cries like a baby.

"It made me very happy. I couldn't tell you how happy it made me. The biggest order of silk couldn't have done it. A man got feelings even if he is in business, you know. And so I tell Kantrowitz I have a big conference on, but the conference could wait for tomorrow. And the two of us went down town and we had a good bottle of wine over it, and we hadn't been so happy together in a long time, talking about the old country and about people we knew and about everything. We hadn't done so bad in this country. We have made money. Everything was all right. And our children were all right. There was nothing to worry about and blood was thicker than water.

"I went home and told the good news to my wife. But when Margaret, my daughter, hears that Izzy has come to his senses and is going on the road she begins to cry and cry as if she had heard the worst news. So you never can understand women, I think to myself. Nobody ever did. So how should I know what she cries about? But I knew she did not cry for happiness. I knew that. There is a great difference. So I let her alone and think maybe she cries because he goes on the road and she wouldn't see him no more as often. For I knew that she did meet him even if I had ordered the contrary. Girls are independent in this country, and a father that knows gives an order and then closes the eyes when he isn't obeyed.

"A month later, Izzy comes back from the road. He is a new man. He has cut his hair short. His clothes are pressed. The A. G. B. silk people are very satisfied with him. I called them up on the telephone and asked them how it goes with him. So I think to myself now if he should come to talk to my Margaret I won't say anything; for I

understood that Margaret didn't dislike him. But what do you think happens? When he comes to talk to her, she wouldn't speak to him. She is angry that he should be no more a poet! Women got political rights but they are as foolish as ever. They don't want bread, they want jewelry . . . poetry.

"So he goes back on the road, and his father is very happy, and tells me that the boy learned in two months the business better than anybody could have learned it in ten years. Why not? Silk was in the Kantrowitz family for two hundred years. The boy knew silk just as somebody coming from a family of musicians knows music. He was just born with it. He didn't have to go to school to learn it and know the difference between silk and cotton. But I say nothing, and the father is happy, and everything is all right. Kantrowitz was crazy about the boy. About poetry that was not in the family I understand he should have made such a noise and hang up the picture on the wall. But about silk! How could a Kantrowitz not know silk?

"Meanwhile every morning as I go out of my house I see letters coming from the road to my Margaret, so I say nothing. The boy goes back and forth on the road. Each time he comes back, he sees Margaret. Sometimes she talks to him one way and sometimes she talks to him another way, hot, cold, but I say nothing. Watch and see. I always believe blood is thicker than water. And there ain't been no poet yet in my family neither.

"Meanwhile his brother, who has been partners with the father, has gone into business for himself. Izzy comes home and goes into partnership with his father. And his father, you couldn't talk to him, he was so proud of Izzy. He spoiled that boy twenty-four hours a day. He was afraid Izzy would go back to poetry.

"Now there comes out a new kind of silk, and every wholesaler in town gets

the sample. Izzy looks at that piece of silk, and touches it and smells it and caresses it. You ain't never seen such things the boy did with that piece of silk! The wholesaler had given it a name—I don't know what—but Izzy looks at the silk and smells it, and presses it to his cheeks and to his lips like he was crazy, and then he says again:

"'Indian Wind!' And his eyes were sparkling, and his face was red just like he was drunk from touching that piece of silk. Just like that. 'Indian Wind!'"

"And when he sends an order he asks that they should print 'Indian Wind' all around the selvages of the silk, and pack it in a special kind of tinted silk paper.

"And 'Indian Wind' becomes such a craze that the women would have nothing but 'Indian Wind' and wouldn't buy silk that didn't have marked around it 'Indian Wind,' even if it was exactly the same. And the orders fly to Kantrowitz, until it almost put everybody else in the business out of the business. 'This is the same silk as the other,' I explain to customers. But they don't want nothing only 'Indian Wind.' And then Kantrowitz becomes very proud and shows to everybody that comes in the office that first poem which was still hanging on the wall with the name 'Indian Wind.' And when I come to see him, he tells me:

"'Levine, you were right. Such a boy I got!'"

"And I give the man right. You got to be straight. When the man is right he is right even when it hurts your business.

"And so Izzy begins to come a little more often to the house. Business grows. Kantrowitz and Son were making lots of money. He and Margaret go out, and he spends money like water. I say nothing. Sometimes they were happy, sometimes they were not. One day they come home and say they got married. Just like that. They wanted no wedding, no ceremony. That boy was always a little peculiar, even if he was a success in business. It made me very happy and it saved me a lot of

money, because the father of the girl pays the expenses of the wedding. And for business reasons I would have had to give a wedding supper of five hundred plates at ten dollars apiece. Count it up, please. And in this country you never know when a child of yours marries what the family is. And here I have known Izzy since he was a little boy and he was such a great success and had turned out to be A-one with such a mind like his, calling a silk 'Indian Wind.' With such ideas he had! And we were all very happy."

"The season over, people from the silk mills began to come around with new samples. I am very busy picking the new samples; and when Kantrowitz comes in I can see from his face that he is not so very happy.

"'What is it?' I asks him.

"'It's my Izzy,' he answers. 'He ain't come to the office in three days.'

"'For why?' I asks him.

"'I telephone and telephone, and he answers that he is very busy at home and that I should leave him alone; that he is too busy to come to the office. Levine,' Kantrowitz tells me, 'he is your son also a little, now. What can you do?'"

"I came home and I didn't tell my wife nothing; for what's the use of worrying her!"

"But when a man has got an only daughter and nothing else in the world except his business and he is no more young, I can assure you whatever I ate that night was poison. What does Izzy mean by not coming to the office for three days and answering his own father that he has no time? No time for business! How is that possible?"

"So I ask my wife whether she has seen Margaret, and she said that she had telephoned her up and asked her to come, and Margaret said she was too busy; not to disturb her. So I remembered my Margaret was never satisfied that Izzy should not be a poet any more, and my blood got cold. You never can tell with women.

"So after dinner I couldn't hold out no more, so I said to my wife that I had to go somewhere very important to a lodge meeting and I get into the first taxi and go down town to Washington Square where they live. In the taxi I think and think what could it be; and wonder why they should have chosen to live in such a place. There are nicer houses in Washington Heights and still nicer ones in the Bronx. Why should they live in Washington Square? Even if he was in business, still he was a little peculiar, and Margaret, even if she was my daughter, she, too, had crazy ideas in the head. So I get out of the taxi and ring the bell with my heart so heavy as if I was going to visit a sick relative or going to a creditors' meeting of a bankrupt firm. When the maid opens the door and I come in, my heart becomes twenty times heavier than it already was; for there sits Izzy at a table and across from him sits my Margaret, and Izzy has again got long hair and smokes a pipe, and the table is just full of books. And the whole house was not like the home of a business man. The furniture was different. Full of couches and candlesticks. Why candlesticks when there is electricity and not like in the old country?

"Just a minute, Pop," Izzy tells me, and he reads poetry from a book and gets terribly excited because Margaret does not agree. When Izzy gets through, Margaret says:

"Just a minute, papa. Sit down a minute." And she reads another poem to me from a book.

"So I can see that the sickness has

again come upon them, and I wonder that this can be a daughter of mine and a son of Kantrowitz that I have known so well for so many years. I saw ruin before me! If a hole should have opened before me I should have jumped in. They paid no attention to me at all, as if I didn't exist. Izzy takes out another book and reads. Margaret takes out another book and reads back. And they fight and quarrel about things I don't understand at all. And he smokes a pipe and she smokes a cigarette. And I feel I am going to die. My heart sinks. Then I can hold out no longer, so I get up and cry:

"What is the matter with you children? Izzy! Again? You forget you are a married man. Izzy, again poetry! What's to become of you?"

"And so Izzy looks at me as if I was the greatest dumb-bell ever lived on God's earth. Then he smiles at me, and picks up a book, and I can tell you that in one moment all my happiness comes back with a rush. Between the leaves of the book were pieces of sample silk, and they were looking through poetry books to find another name as good as 'Indian Wind' for the new silks! So you see poetry pays in business. But you got to be an American boy and know how to make use of it . . . and not like them old country poets that starved in garrets.

"But I got very sick, and the doctor orders a rest. So I think I will visit my people in the old country.

"So why didn't you tell me that you are a writer? That's nothing to be ashamed of."



THE PENNY AND THE GINGERBREAD

SUCCESS WITHOUT SAVING: A PERSONAL RECORD

ANONYMOUS

TO SAVE or not to save—that is a singularly hardy perennial in our yearly crop of troublesome questions. The miser gives one answer, the spendthrift the other. But most of us are neither miser nor spendthrift; we oscillate between the two poles. We all spend prodigiously, even recklessly; and we all save, or at any rate mean to. Few of us satisfy either our friends or our critics, and none of us quite satisfies himself. The controversy is older than money itself—and is never quite settled. And yet it seems to me that there ought to be a discernible course in money matters so reasonable and convincing that one might adopt it and pass on to problems more inherently interesting.

"Life," I have just been reading, "is the gift of nature; but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom." To be wise in money matters is clearly to remember that, means being less important than ends, money is of far less moment than the causes which it may be made to serve. But it is equally important to remember that to gain the desired end one must have adequate regard for the means. And just here, I think, many persons are inclined to stumble. Idealists are disposed to entertain a high-minded contempt for money; they are also apt to miss their goals. This is the more regrettable because it involves not only the individual failure, but it also casts derision upon praiseworthy ideals, and causes confusion in the aspiring mind of youth.

One might say much about the im-

portance of settling the personal money question once for all, and settling it right; but that is really gratuitous when perhaps nine out of ten, even in our prosperous America, are obliged by an unpleasant necessity to cudgel their brains over it. And one might speak of the difficulty of any such settlement, but in most cases a man's check book says all that is necessary, and is even given to tiresome repetition. I pass over them, both the importance and the difficulty, not blindly but intentionally, and proceed at once to what seems to me a rational solution. It is of course an individual experience, but I present it quite impersonally since I venture to think that it has about it at least a touch of universality. In one respect, perhaps, the point of view is not entirely typical of my class, for I hold personally the difficult ethical creed that it is a man's duty to succeed: there must be adequate methods as well as worthy goals. I agree with the poet of all idealists that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, but then I also contend that meanwhile his grasp should include something substantial; from which it will readily be seen that my own group of idealists are part Spartan and only part dreamer.

But since time by common consent *is* money, and I do not want to start out by being so much of a spendthrift that I shall alienate the prudent without so much as a hearing, I open the bag at once and allow my precious secret to escape—the solution of the personal money question lies neither in saving nor in not

saving; the true solution is to forget money utterly and to concentrate all one's thought and energy upon the wise spending of time, upon that chosen work which seems interesting and important, quite regardless of reward. I am not saying that even for an idealist the money question settles itself, for it is not so obliging as all that. But what I am saying is that if the much bigger problem—the spending of time—is handled with common sense, the smaller problem—the money question—which is inescapably involved in it, will be settled at the same moment.

As a financial program, put forward in all seriousness, the deliberate forgetting of money, the complete ignoring of dollars and cents, may easily seem both hazardous and fantastic. In reality, however, it is so safe and sound, so altogether sure to succeed, that it may properly be classed with those traditional gilt-edged investments recommended to widows and orphans. But I am here making assertions and must prove my case. This can best be done by an appeal to experience. If I turn to chapters in my own life it is only because I can here speak with entire authority. If I speak with surprising frankness, it can hardly seem a regrettable lack of reticence, since I speak, as I have said, not as an individual, but as a typical member of a class to which the world owes so much—and from which, alas, it has often suffered so much—the Idealists.

Imagine, then, an average American boy, neither rich nor strong nor gifted. On the contrary, I had several grave handicaps. A series of money troubles had reduced the family to moderate circumstances; I was always distressingly delicate; finally, if I had any talent, it was not sufficient to be noticeable. I did have one splendid heritage and that was an alert spirit. But this is not exceptional; it is, I think, typically American. I inherited my own high spirit from my mother. To her, nothing was impossible. When the doctors said

that I could not, perhaps ought not, live she nursed me into reasonable health. When they said that I could not possibly go to college she provided the means and the necessary tutors and sent me. In this heroic atmosphere I early made the important discovery that the world is an extraordinarily interesting place, and I came to have a boyish contempt for those who found it otherwise. It is true that I met plenty of such persons, and they seemed to me even then quite unforgivably dull. I put my finger quite unerringly, I think, upon their defect—it was not lack of opportunity, but poverty of spirit. As for myself, I made up my mind that I would never allow life to bore me; that I would do only those things which seemed to me interesting and important; and finally that money should have no hand in the game. I still marvel that a delicate fifteen-year-old boy, singularly sheltered from the world, should have come to such important and far-reaching conclusions. It would be fatuous in the extreme to believe that this boyish wisdom was always lived up to. There were several desert wanderings, and probably others now quite forgotten. But the point is that on the whole I was faithful to all three resolutions, and that they did much to offset the grave handicaps I have mentioned and to make my life interesting and successful.

II

I was much too delicate to go to school; technically speaking, my early education was quite neglected. To this fortunate circumstance I owe so much that I have never ceased to be grateful. I escaped the commonplace, unimaginative standardized outlook on life which is the almost unavoidable portion of those boys who do go to school. Left so much alone, I could not help developing initiative. Such small originality as I possessed was conserved and strengthened. I learned to think for myself; I learned to write; I gained some of the minor accomplishments. I was early taught to

ride. But above all, I kept unimpaired that boyish sense of wonder and mystery which is the foundation of both knowledge and religion. What little I knew I knew at first hand and in a very real way. What I felt was the immediate Presence of God—I was a mystic before I knew the meaning of the term. This habit of mind still seems to me a priceless possession; and in any rational scale of values quite outweighs the best gifts of a more formal training. The unquenchable intellectual curiosity which marked these first sixteen years of life has never left me. I am still a student-at-large. It made it very easy to enter college after only five months' preparation, and to carry off prizes and scholarships. Better still, it made the four years of undergraduate study a period of unfailing intellectual excitement and delight. I was no brighter than the fellows I outdistanced; in many cases I was not so bright. Their handicap was that the lower schools had killed their interest; my advantage was that I was still a flaming spirit.

But now I met a genuine difficulty. My field of interest was so wide that it was a veritable hardship to turn my back upon any considerable part of it and concentrate upon a profession. I modestly wanted to know everything! Not only did knowledge seem to me better than riches—it seemed to me our nearest touch with the divine. But specialization was absolutely necessary, both as a practical program of culture and as a solution of the bread-and-butter problem, the problem which I have set out to illustrate and, in later paragraphs, to solve. My mother had made large sacrifices to send me to college, and it was now quite time that I should be earning my own living. I was twenty, but still much of a child. However, I am disposed to think that this unworldly outlook upon life was a distinct help. Had I been more worldly wise I might have been less fearless.

In looking over the delectable field of knowledge I discovered one profession

which required by actual count a practical familiarity with at least the chief facts of eleven distinct and separate sciences. This offered a good start and, though I have since made many excursions into outlying fields, I have never regretted my original choice. And so I set to work. In the matter of opportunity I found a genuine embarrassment of riches. So many doors flew open that my satisfaction in what I was actually doing was always tinged with profound regret that I had to decline so many other alluring chances. Let me say again that this was not because I was clever. It was solely because my heart and mind were resolutely set upon the work in hand, upon the profitable spending of my time, and only quite incidentally upon the pay. Anyone who will honestly put his work first and the reward second simply cannot avoid success.

At first I worked for others—I had my apprenticeship to serve—but I soon found that it is vastly more interesting to paddle your own canoe; and after that I worked for myself. I came to value my time so highly that I refused to sell it, refused to do anything which did not seem to me both interesting and important. Sometimes the chosen bit of work was less profitable than the work declined; but you will remember that I had early resolved to allow money no hand in the game. I was bent upon doing what I wanted to do and what interested me. I meant, in a word, to have my own way just as far as I possibly could. And I commend this policy to everyone who attempts to handle his life seriously. So many men tell you quite pathetically that they are not doing what they want to do. The truth is that they may not want to do what they are doing, in and for itself, but they have been beguiled by the perquisites. As a boy, I felt a certain contempt for the people who did dull, unimportant, unessential things; as a man, I came to question the propriety of selling one's time upon any terms whatever—in a

word, the propriety of all wages and salaries. It seems to me more ethical, as well as more delightful, to be a genuine free-lance, to own your own time before you are willing to own anything else. Personally, I should find our dear present-day America a far more thrilling country if a larger percentage of our people were self-employed. The pay envelope may be a convenience, an easy unadventurous way of keeping body and soul together, but it takes the edge off of life most dreadfully. I commend self-possession.

I found it the more possible to carry out an individualistic program myself, because I early added a second profession—I began to write. I am somewhat appalled when I remember the wide range of subjects I wrote about in newspaper columns and magazine articles and in various books, but all this writing was fundamentally sincere, for it grew out of my own wide experience. Writing comes to be a habit, just as talking does, and so delightful a habit that in certain moods any blank sheet of paper is an invitation to your pen. I might easily have succumbed to this allurements and become a professional man of letters, but after a winter of almost feverish book reviewing for a large city newspaper—in those spacious days I covered books on education, religion, economics, and science!—I realized anew that literature to be sound and permanent must be the leisurely outgrowth of a well-scrutinized, first-hand experience. I did not want in the end to be obliged to say about myself what I had once been tempted to say about a far more famous writer: that he said it all so well that you really wished he would say something! It is my own deliberate judgment that all writers would do well to have a second profession, rather a strenuous one in fact, a profession which would bring them into daily touch with our three-dimensional world of effort and failure and success. At any rate, my own double calling added much to the pleasure of my very pleasant life, for each contributed sub-

stantially to the other; and each, when I turned to it again, offered the refreshment of a genuine recreation.

I even added a third string to my bow—I became in a very modest way a public lecturer. I never took this minor activity very seriously, for I have not what our Scotch friends call “the gift.” But it so chanced that two or three causes in which I was deeply interested seemed at the moment to be without adequate spokesmen, and I felt that it was better to speak even indifferently well than to have the causes go without an advocate. It was a proper decision, I think, and neither causes nor audiences seemed any the worse for it, but I confess that I was myself the largest beneficiary.

This excursion into the lecture field lasted only two or three years. I soon realized that the popular lecture appeal must be to average intelligence rather than to one’s intellectual peers and, like continued book reviewing and other newspaper work, led inevitably to a chronic and disastrous superficiality. I rather shivered at the sort of mentality which I glimpsed as threatening myself. There are a lot of things which a young man may profitably do, but which, if he loves his soul, he must not go on doing.

In addition to my major profession and my writing and my brief period of lecturing, I made a number of small excursions into other related and unrelated fields, and from all of them I brought something back. This very wide browsing does, of course, keep one from minute erudition and the chair of ultimate authority; but I have found that working disinterestedly, all these sidelights do help to illumine the major task, and to give it a large sanity and proportion. It must also be added that in and for itself the habit of wide horizons adds immensely to the interestingness of daily life

III

I am not forgetting that this little essay has an economic purpose, and so

I pause here to remark that meanwhile I was making my own living, and had been doing so from my twentieth birthday on. But the point which I want to emphasize is that I was making an adequate living quite incidentally, almost casually, and at no sacrifice of personal advantage or interest, or even inclination. I was doing resolutely what I wanted to do—the things which seemed to me at the moment the most important and the most worth while.

It was a time of great intellectual activity. Young people were reading Emerson and Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Newman. Few of us read Darwin "in the original," but most of us read about him in Huxley and Spencer. Evolution was then a new and thrilling doctrine, and all young and ardent spirits seized upon it with avidity. In handling the evolutionary doctrine in those early days and especially in trying to apply it to daily human life we made more blunders than ten-strikes. In particular we made the cardinal blunder of supposing that evolution explained many issues which are in their very nature inexplicable. But in spite of all our crudities and our downright errors and misapplications, the doctrine came as an immense spiritual stimulus. To a young man with my own passion for self-development it offered both justification and the outline of a new and more effective method. Almost without exception, we overemphasized the power of environment and too much lost sight of the inescapable force of heredity. This misconception had at least the advantage that it directed our attention to the one factor in evolution which is open to immediate control. Evolution at once became for me an ethical program, a process by which my smaller self might grow into the large self of my most vivid aspiration. Apparently the method was given, and so simple that in running one might read—it was to control the environment completely and so to adjust it that it might be the efficient cause of predetermined and clearly

formulated effects. In a word, evolution was to be made conscious—we, the illuminati, were to do it—and environment was to be exploited to the utmost limit. This magic formula was, of course, only a new name for an age-long process, the eternal quest of perfection, which has its low tides and its high tides throughout the sweep of the centuries; but the new name had genuine value, even though we too often forgot that no environment, short of miracle, can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

In my own case evolution lifted my three boyish resolutions from the quiet domain of personal inclination into the categorical imperative of absolute duties. I was to avoid juiceless occupations, meaningless routine, mere money-making, not alone because they were stupid and distasteful, but even more because they were unethical, grave disloyalties both to myself and to the progress of civilization. I, a torch-bearer, could not settle down by the embers of a dying fire. I must be forever en route. After that I became more of a free-lance than ever. I was critical of every environment. I was eager to detect the precise moment when its value was spent. Practically, this meant that I traveled more, being as ready to change my geography as my particular bit of work. I was in Europe half a dozen times, remaining as much as a year at a time when such a stay promised desirable harvests. I took another year to go around the world and to see something of Japan and India. I visited our neighbors on the north and south, Canada and Mexico. I spent some weeks in Cuba and Porto Rico.

I was enjoying my life as an immediate experience—not to-morrow, not yesterday, but to-day. It added immensely to this enjoyment to feel quite honestly that I was responding to the larger influences around me and becoming more of a person. What I valued was not money but time, and the slow cultural reactions which only time can bring. I arranged my life so as to have plenty of

time, and in spending that I drove the sharpest bargains and tried to get the utmost possible benefit. By avoiding school when I was a boy I had had plenty of time and had learned something of its value. As a man I have avoided meaningless routine and the many forms of toil which bring no worthy harvest, and this has given me a wealth of time for better uses.

In such an atmosphere of intentional leisure one becomes a conscious lover of excellence and feels the reality of the true aristocratic spirit. Some things are worth while and some are not; and those who choose the first group are better companions than those who choose the second. There is a true distinction in persons and things, occupations and viewpoints, art and leisure, science and technology. There is a rich, fine way of handling life and there is a shabby, meager way of handling it; the first way requires leisure and intelligence, leisure and skill, leisure and piety. Only those who are persistently in a hurry are democrats; it fatigues them to take trouble and, finding the striving for excellence too exacting, they proclaim an equality which nowhere exists.

IV

And meanwhile I was making my living, but in such an effortless, casual way that it was increasingly possible to forget money altogether and to do pretty much as I wanted. I felt myself rich, indeed very rich, not because I had money but because I had time and always enough money to spend the time profitably. I was not troubled about either the present or the future. In a vague way I hoped to die while still in action and to be self-supporting to the end.

But there is nothing so sure as the unexpected. In my own case the unexpected came in the form of sudden, disabling illness. I had been frightfully delicate all my life, but I had managed to keep in the field, and to lead an active, in-

teresting life. Now, however, a combination of unfavorable conditions turned the odds against me, and I found myself definitely on the shelf, perhaps for the rest of my life, certainly for a period of years. My earning capacity had ceased. When I had rallied sufficiently to set about adjusting my affairs to these altered circumstances I examined my financial resources to see just where I stood and how much I had to live on. I knew, of course, in a vague way, but not in terms of income-producing power, for the question had never before been important, and I was much too practical a philosopher to waste time in keeping personal accounts. On exploring the modest strong box which contained my securities, I found to my surprise that, after sorting the sheep from the goats, the good investments from the quite worthless ones, I had nearly two hundred thousand dollars. This is not a large amount, not so large indeed as the yearly income of many prosperous Americans, but it is a tidy sum, and was quite sufficient to satisfy the needs of an elderly gentleman of simple, scholarly tastes. But I was frankly puzzled to know where this small fortune had come from. Even now, several years later, I am still a bit perplexed. I had inherited very little; my accumulations were not the result of deliberate saving—I had never been so foolish as to tuck away a certain percentage of my income, quite regardless of whether it could be spent to advantage or not. Even had I been so foolishly inclined, the scheme would have been impossible, for not until that public nuisance, the Income Tax, arrived, with its devastating inroads upon a man's time, did I know what my yearly income amounted to. Nor had I the humiliation of feeling that this nest egg represented the price of omitted opportunities, for I had always been liberal with myself in this respect. I had done graduate work at a second American university; I had taken my doctor's degree in Europe; I had traveled extensively; I had

bought books and all other needed equipment; I had declined post after post when my soul cried out for leisure.

This little puzzle of my financial independence gave me food for thought during my enforced idleness. What had happened to me and to my worldly affairs was in reality extremely simple. My income had followed an upward curve—it was easily visible had I chosen to look. While I was so completely preoccupied with my own improvement, gaining knowledge and skill, growing in character and insight—as required by the formula of conscious evolution—I was all unconsciously becoming correspondingly more valuable to my surrounding world. My earning capacity increased simply because the worth of my service increased. And this, I am sure, would be the testimony of thousands of successful men everywhere. It is at once the strongest defense of individualism and the clearest social argument in its support.

In the matter of expenditure, I found a distinct and unsuspected novelty. It had come about quite without intention, and its belated recognition had all the flavor of a discovery. In general, as everyone will agree, the curve of expenditure is apt to follow the curve of income: the more a man makes the more he spends. This policy, I may point out, easily destroys a man's freedom. If his style of living grows as fast as his income does the chances are that he will become the slave of that income, and even do unworthy things to maintain or augment it, because he is unwilling, or believes himself unable, to change the style of living to which he and his household have, perhaps foolishly, become accustomed. The situation is ignoble, but it is also essentially tragic, and I am quite willing to incur the charge of preaching if I can induce any younger men to avoid it. To keep one's freedom in our present world of changing fortune, a man's wants must be simple and wholesome, not increasingly complicated and fantastic.

It was one of the surprises of this leisurely analysis of my own slender but long-drawn-out budget to find that the expenditures followed the income very closely for a number of years, but that there came a point when the two curves separated, the curve of expenditure rising less rapidly. Then there came a second point where this curve not only ceased to rise but began perceptibly to fall; that is, expenditure was not only less as compared to income, but was absolutely less. I have called this a surprise, but the explanation is very simple. Early in life opportunities for wise expenditure exceed one's means, and an earnest man will spend his income quite up to the hilt. With the passing years, however, one's needs become less and less objective, and more and more purely intellectual and spiritual. In my own case there came a time when it was less important whether I was in America or Europe, in town or country, on the Fortieth Parallel or in the tropics. There was no loss of interest, in fact, no loss of real activity, but life became more an affair of the inner spirit and, therefore, less expensive. In maturity a man's genuine needs are considerably less than in youth, and if the simple personal tastes, perhaps forced upon him in early life by necessity, are afterwards retained with slight modifications as a matter of choice, the yearly budget of expenditure tends to grow smaller instead of larger.

I knew now where my own fortune came from. It was not the result of conscious saving, of sacrifice, of niggardliness: it was the unspent surplus of a simple, active, industrious, interesting life.

My strong box revealed something else, something less admirable—an assortment of securities which had cost about one hundred thousand dollars and were now entirely worthless. This, of course, was a great stupidity, for I ought to have invested my surplus with more care and intelligence. I do not quite understand how I came to be so stupid. I do not allow myself to waste any time

in useless regrets, for that would only add to the loss, but occasionally I do think for a moment of the many delightful ways in which even a philosopher might spend a hundred thousand.

I have given at considerable length this concrete illustration of what we may now call Automatic Saving. It would have no value whatever if I were an exceptional person, and in any way brilliant or remarkable. But as I have been insisting all along, I was simply an average boy, or even below the average, for I carried the handicaps of small means, extremely delicate health, and limited talent. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that what such a boy could do, other boys with sturdier qualifications and using the same method could do and do far more victoriously.

V

In trying to present a brief and simple and coherent account of an experience which was itself neither brief nor simple nor coherent, but was palpitating with all the vagaries and adventures of actual life, I have naturally been obliged to generalize, but I have, I believe, been faithful to the underlying truth. And now for the application. As a chance practitioner of Automatic Saving, whose experience was, on the whole, surprisingly favorable, I am naturally disposed to believe that the same method, carried out by intention, would yield even better results. The accidental might well be made the habitual. It is true that the spontaneity of the unconscious pioneer would be lacking, and one would miss some of the spirit of high adventure, but this would be offset a bit by the possibility of avoiding some or all of the pioneer's mistakes—that lost hundred thousand dollars, for instance. It is quite safe to believe, too, that the junior idealists of any new generation may be trusted to hit upon sufficient novelty to make any venture interesting.

The early activity of our youthful aspirant will have to do wholly with

time; and money should stand in the same casual relation to it that a railway ticket does to a journey, as a means to an end. We do not hoard railway tickets; in fact they become at a later date quite invalidated. It is eminently worth remembering that money suffers a similar and more tragic depreciation. Its purchasing power is never so great as in youth. Then it spells opportunity. It brings advantages of every sort, travel, books, study, society, a hundred new experiences of value. When one is young, potential opportunity is always miles ahead of actual income, and the man who means to make the most of his life will spend every penny he can honorably lay hands on. To an older generation ocean travel to-day seems unreasonably expensive; but if one needs Europe it would be a thousand pities to put the passage money into a savings bank. The price of books is high; but if a new book offers a larger point of view, an added skill, a wider range of information, it is only elementary wisdom to pay the price. The same may be said of all the proffered agencies of human growth—study under expert guidance, social intercourse, travel, health measures, clubs with a purpose. It is no merit to make use of them, but it is a grave fault to omit them.

Any simpleton can save up his dollars, but the wisest of men cannot save up opportunities—they must be used as they come. They go on coming, it is true, but they come increasingly to younger men. The opportunities offered to the older man are less and less objective, and more and more subjective. They are opportunities for the spirit, and make so few demands upon the purse that the problem of wise spending almost disappears. It would be idle to try to say just when this point is reached, for it comes to different men at different ages. But it comes to all normal men and with sufficient definiteness to be easily recognized. The time to begin the accumulation of a surplus has arrived when the whole income can

no longer be spent to legitimate advantage. A man may be forty, or forty-five, or even fifty before the hour for accumulation strikes. Before that hour he would much better risk the poor-house than to hoard a penny which might have been exchanged for a larger personal experience. In a word, I am advancing the dangerous doctrine that a young man on the quest of personal good fortune may not morally save until he can no longer morally spend. A rational scrutiny of one's affairs does not inquire how much one can save but how much one can wisely spend.

When the curve of income and the curve of expenditure separate, with propriety, the resulting surplus may be invested from year to year with a perfectly clear conscience, but it should be done much more carefully than in my own case, and with not too many eggs in one basket. Normally this surplus ought to grow larger from year to year, both because one's income is growing larger, and because by reason of increased spirituality on the part of the spender, one's expenditure grows less both relatively and absolutely.

This perfectly painless, automatic accumulation may be ended by volition, by old age, by illness, by death—it is not important. The point is that the proverbial rainy day has been adequately provided for without the conscious saving of a penny; and the resulting little fortune does not represent the tragic price of omitted opportunities and narrowed horizons.

I hope that I have succeeded in doing what I set out to do—to show that in our somewhat mercenary age the wholesome procedure for those who love excellence is neither to save nor not to save. It is to occupy themselves solely with the wise use of time, knowing full well that the solution of this major problem carries with it the solution of all minor problems and, if I seem to the critical reader to be advocating a scheme by which a man may have both his penny *and* the gingerbread, I can only reply that such a scheme is precisely what I mean to advocate. I do so because the scheme is entirely practicable. Looking now at my own hands, I see in one of them the penny and, in the other, the gingerbread.





EXTRA LADIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

SUPPOSE it all does come true. There is a reputable school of ingleside thought which refuses to credit such a possibility, but suppose, none the less, that marriage does come to be regarded as a short-term lease on a relationship, and that men and women look at it dispassionately, and at each other even more so. What is going to happen to all the left-over wives, the scrapped ones, the women set adrift after temporary anchorage, the women whose youth has passed and whose youth was their chief value in exchange—the extra ladies? That is what bothers me.

It is not one of those sex problems which tempt the imagination and hasten the blood. Most of the thought on the subject of marriage is concentrated on the injustice of imprisoning the emotions in unsatisfactory relationships, or on destroying all pretense that things are better than they are. It is a strange hour in which the scandal-monger is apt suddenly to turn prophet, and the world swarms with relief measures for men who weary of their wives and women who object to their husbands. Sentimentalists and scientists are working with the same material, with complete contempt for one another's methods. Women are growing bolder or more frightened; men are becoming wary, retaliatory, greedy. Meanwhile we can only cling to the arch proverb which assures us that love will find a way. It always has, and no doubt—with all the assistance it is getting from divorce courts and literary people—it will make shift to find a way again. But, even if it does, there are those extra women.

Their case has economic, sociological, philosophical angles. It is a question of surplus which might have intrigued Malthus. We have no statistics to tell us how large the surplus really is, and the figures quoted by press and pulpit seem to run rather wild. But during the year 1926, one hundred eighty thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight divorces were granted to American citizens, which means that in that period those thousands of men and women were formally put back into matrimonial circulation.

A man said to me not long ago that he was always amazed in looking around the dining rooms of hotels and restaurants at the number of men with young wives—women with whom they could not credibly have started marriage on their first venture. He said that men were no longer content with one wife but that many of them were, more or less consciously, beginning to plan on an interesting succession of them. I argued that you could not consider the kind of people whom you see in large hotels as typical. In smaller cities, I said, divorces were still both infrequent and unfashionable, and I added that, while in the provinces we were familiar with all this fine talk about new methods of marriage, it hadn't taken hold there. It remained stuff on paper. I reminded him that these young women whom he saw with older men might not be wives at all. But he said that many of them were and, as he was a man of large acquaintance, no doubt he knew. It was then that I began to wonder and inquire what had happened to the earlier wives.

Widowers are scarcer than widows. And while these gentlemen might have adopted the leanings of Henry the Eighth toward variety, his effective machinery for wife disposal is out of date. Many of the sloughed-off wives must still exist somewhere.

II

It is true that the great hinterland of the country is still somewhat conservative about marriage. In my part of the world we may talk about the freedom of the sexes, but we usually say or think that present company is excepted. Even the statistics grant that most men and women still see a marriage through. I do not for a moment believe that they are all whited sepulchres. What they show of their lives represents them pretty adequately, and it is not suffering or lust or emotional disturbance. But every now and then someone does drift out of the group, and each time the shock is less, as if the mental ground were somehow prepared. There are extra women about, a few here, more there, many in the great cities, which makes a surprising total and constitutes a difficult problem. I have a distinct and amusing memory of the introduction of the subject at a luncheon not long ago by a young and delightful woman in a conservative company who leaned across the *narcissus poeticus* and said casually, "I don't know what you are going to do with all the sexually unemployed."

I don't know either. Other times took care of such women and certainly never mentioned them in such terms. It was better equipped to take care of them and spiritually it was more willing. The abandoned women—the divorcee who sought shelter for her flayed feelings, the unmarried woman who had been brought up to marry and had not managed to do it—were absorbed into the homes of their relatives. Houses were more spacious, families larger, and an extra woman was usually an asset in a household. There was more often a home to return

to after domestic disaster than there is now and more duties to resume. But the physical environment of the average home has now become more constricted, especially in the cities, and the shift of dwelling place is so frequent that it is not always easy to take care of an extra woman. Moreover, with the diminishing of housework and the dwindling of families, there is often little for her to do if she is taken in.

The undeniable growth of individualism makes the extra woman less welcome. Families used to feel that they had to take care of their own, derelict or not. But there has been so much shouting from the housetops about living one's own life that everyone has heard that slogan. It works both ways. It is one reason why the divorced woman is often unwelcome among her own relatives and, on the other hand, it is also the reason why she herself is unadjustable. She does not want to go back to some relative's home with a broken life any more than she is wanted there. She wants, in the monotonous parlance, to be herself, to live her own life instead of lending a hand to someone else's mending and baking. Nowadays you find that tendency toward individualism in the meekest and the most battered women. Most pitiable of all, you find it in those who have nothing to offer a world which always drives a hard bargain for its favors and likes payment in advance.

For the most part the extra ladies have left youth behind. Until they have done this they are not apt to be extras. Such beauty as they had, such freshness, such piquant innocence, is spent. They are, as a rule, the women of whom men have tired. It is not the cruel nor the unfaithful women who are the superfluous ones nor the competent, but the limited, the dull, the ones who have done their best and found it wasn't good enough. Usually they have no profession or trade or else they have forgotten how to ply the trade, and the profession has gone on without them, so fast and far that they cannot catch up.

There have always been more than enough of such women. Marriage is an exhausting business and, in nine cases out of ten, it leaves its scars mostly on the women. Physical work, emotional strain, childbearing, even when they result in wisdom and dignity, eat like acid into youth and physical attractiveness. But they do not always leave either wisdom or dignity. They may as probably leave a residue of querulousness, ill-health, laziness, presumption, and that narrow, bigoted assurance which is the worst attribute of married women. But whatever the case might be, there was a certain traditional chivalry in marriage which took care of it, or at least made a pretense of doing so. In addition to the belief generally held that marriage was rooted in the supernatural, there was a sound psychology which understood, without talking about it, that most women were good for about one marriage, and that they had to be taken care of as they wore out. A body of common law and common decencies about marriage was built up. No matter if a wife was tiresome or unattractive, if she was a wife she remained one as long as she chose—and no doubt often longer. Decent men did not talk about being tired of their wives. Of course they found their diversions and they even ran off now and then, but unless they were scamps or pretty deep-dyed villains, they had the grace to feel guilty and often either came back or made amends. When they did not, they were the exceptions, to say nothing of the examples.

If there are changes in this philosophy it is not men who have sought them. It is women themselves, demanding more rights and greater privileges, wearying of the shelter of marriage and finding it often a pretty leaky one. Modern women with capable hands and lucid minds could not abide the way it was patched up with fraud. It was fraud, they felt, to live with women or men who were tiresome and after the desire to do so was dead. It was absurd to see men

swaggering around and claiming credit for protecting women in marriage when they did it so inadequately. They took the chivalry off marriage and tore it to shreds—fit only for the rag-bag of history, a shabby old cloth, all spotted up with ill-faith and lies.

Perhaps it had to be done. But there was still warmth in the old thing, and without it a good many women were left shivering. The new frankness chilled into cruelty often enough, which is not so surprising. It is only natural, when women make a shrill claim that they can look out for themselves, that men, after a certain show of resistance, should tell them to go ahead and do it. Nor is it remarkable that, when women announced that marriage without continued mutual desire is fraud, men should take advantage of a release which to some extent they had denied themselves. Their denial was pretense, say the contemporary leaders of revolt, the glib analysts of marriage. Well, they can't start a quarrel on that. Nobody has more than the evidence he carries in his own mind, and it does not affect this issue, anyway.

The new convictions and the new experiments are trailing out of the books and off the platforms into action. Of course, as I say, off the main lines of travel we still cannot credit the complete upheaval. We take our brides seriously. But even we see that a great many women are drifting about from one marriage to the next or out of marriage forever. That this number will increase steadily over an indeterminate period is beyond any reasonable doubt. If marriage is to be based, as is prophesied and threatened, on skill in handling emotional relations, a great many women of this generation, especially those just now over forty, will be scrapped. They are too old to learn that game. They were not brought up for more than one supreme effort of charm, and they used that up in their courtship and honeymoon.

Whatever the consequences of all this may be, the men will have to take their share of them. I am inclined to believe

that they will not be entirely happy consequences. Men are the great sentimentalists. Their very sentimentalism has kept their emotional fiber from becoming even more coarse than it is and from a callousness which leads straight away from happiness. Sentimentality will have to go too. But men are not being cut adrift from one of their anchors, possibly the strongest one, which is their work. They do not have the same battle with age that women have. They do not for these reasons constitute a surplus.

III

The economic problem involved in turning a great many more women out of marriage, which was the only occupation for which they were even comparatively trained, was recognized first. Much as a machine age threw small craftsmen out of employment, so the new machinery of marriage will cast off its individual workers. Somebody has to take care of them, to pay for their food and lodging. That awkward method of compensation, alimony, is already existent and is relied upon to grind out rough justice. But alimony in its conception was a property amends for a wrong or lapse in duty, and gradually we are doing away with the idea that either wrong or duty is much involved in this business. There does not seem to be a future for alimony. A good many delicacies of manner and traditions of gratitude are rapidly going by the board. Women are often graceless and greedy, and men hold out on them. The lead-their-own-lifers are in chorus, with "Why should I pay?" as strophe and "Why shouldn't I take all I can get?" as antistrophe.

But again, except in the case of the extra women, the matter is soluble. More and more women can slip out of marriage into industry, if they have ever left it. They are, to be sure, the younger and more competent ones. The other day I heard a discussion behind the counter of a department store in which a certain judge's name was mentioned.

"He's an old crab," said one girl, "he wouldn't give me my divorce."

"I didn't have any trouble," said one of the others, "he gave me mine all right."

And the third one said, "He wasn't the one I went to."

They would have spoken in this same manner of a dentist. It is perhaps as apt a conversation as can be recorded to show the condition of mind of girls who take divorces like any other modern improvement. They had sloughed off a man apiece, or tried to, and thought none the worse of each other or themselves. But whether it was for good or ill, the girls themselves were not extra women, part of that disturbing surplus. They were at work.

The women with whom I am at the moment concerned are older. They bridge two generations, which is a very painful thing to do. They married without the nonchalance which characterizes those girls behind the counter. Some twenty, even thirty years ago they married for keeps, chancing disaster as well as happiness, but at least imagining that, in so far as one can tie up life, they had it tied up. They could not foresee that twenty years later their husbands would be wanting other wives while they themselves were still alive. Not only wanting but getting them. They could not foresee that a restless community would tolerate their husbands' desires. These women could not guess that such a condition would be a part of changing manners. Nobody told them, for nobody was in a position to tell them. Nobody knew.

The changes in thought and habit trapped these women. Of course they were not very bright, on the whole. They could not answer back, or talk of starved emotions or theories of sex repressions or companionate marriage. Many of them, no doubt, scolded and wept and resisted their way into the divorce court, seeking their decrees unwillingly and only after considerable provocation. When they came out they were often

vaguely and resentfully convinced that lack of youth and lack of allure had somehow done for them, through no fault of their own.

If such women are really poor the economic problem is simple. There is nothing ahead of them but unskilled labor. Aging women have always scrubbed and begged. There is nothing up to date about that situation. By this hard means or that they earn their pathetic way. But there is a group of more well-to-do derelicts differentiated from that scrubbing, begging group by their alimony, their private fortunes, or their pretensions, who are turned out of the divorce courts every day. They may have a child or two, but their main occupation for the future is to live their own lives in the most barren sense imaginable. They are part of the waste of the world. They do not earn their keep but they have to be kept. They are excrescences on economic life.

In the beauty parlors, in the shops, at the movies you can find them by the dozen. They are hunting in those places for the things they have lost, youth and charm. Sex appeal—that most brazen of all brazen catch words—is what they are after, and everywhere are people who are willing to trade upon their credulity and pretend that it can be supplied to them, at a price. These women's interests would normally have been extremely personal, and a home, a husband, and children would have absorbed them. Cut loose from these things, without much philosophy, without religion, with no abilities of consequence, and no market for such small talents as they have, their interests remain personal. They close in on themselves. Of course some of the women are lucky enough to have a residue of family duties. But the rest hunt out the doctors' offices and the beauty parlors where for an hour or two they can feel important. They buy flattery from hair-dressers and shop girls. They make a tremendous fuss over whether the first wave in their permanents should

go back from the forehead or dip over the left eye. They lie awake wondering whether they will look better in the Rodier print or the polka-dotted chiffon. They experiment with massages and hot oils. They try Finnish baths, Turkish baths, face foods, wrinkle eliminators. They have nerve treatments and rest cures.

They seem to forget that nobody cares how they look or cares much how they feel. They themselves care tremendously, as if to make up for the defection of the rest of the world. They are the idlest, most useless social group imaginable except those definitely incapacitated mentally or morally. They are women without homes, without men, without jobs. The whole make-up of their days is synthetic. All they do is to keep what money they have in circulation and the blood idling through their silly veins. And sometimes, when you look around a beauty parlor or a tea room, there seem to be more of them than you had hoped. For to the divorced women one must add those whose marriages are so nominal that they might as well be divorced, and a galaxy of widows in like mental and social case.

There is no answer. It is commonly said that such people should be given an "interest." Anyone who believes that is welcome to try. But it is not so easy. The minds of these women are not well trained, their attention scatters, their enthusiasms are not retentive. They were brought up to care pre-eminently about a single relation to men and they are too old to learn new ideas, too old to become impersonal in their interests. Here and there they pick up a great deal of modern talk, quote it, claim that it expresses their own philosophy. That I presume to doubt. I think they are only repeating what they hear.

The one thing of which they seem thoroughly convinced is that they must keep young. Age is the great enemy against which they battle. Not lack of faith, not incompetence, not ignorance,

but age. "No woman ought to let herself get old" is their favorite phrase. Yet even they must sometimes wonder what they are trying to keep young for. They are not women of loose morals and easy virtue. They would probably run no risks if they had the chance to run them. To look well on the street, to have a hat brim properly turned up or down, to get the haircut which "will take ten years off" their age—how time must laugh!—these things are ends in themselves. The reason for their intense antagonism to age is presumably that they feel sure that it is age which is responsible for their failures. So they fight it, nag at it, defy it, so ineffectually that they are either pathetic or disgusting, according to your tolerances.

They are too old to learn and too healthy to die. All that can be done is to leave them where they are, in the hands of those mild anæsthetists, the beauty-parlor specialists, leave them to discuss whether a hot permanent is better than a cold permanent and whether hair dyes can suddenly turn one's face blue. The beauty specialists are always getting up surprises for them, new experiments and hopes, exercising their minds enough to keep them from complete disintegration. Leave them to the vicarious excitements of the movie houses. Let them play because they cannot work, poor things! There is not time enough to do anything with them as a group, though there is always a chance of individual solutions. Every now and then a latent talent, a re-shaped mind, a strengthened soul breaks through the fog and finds direction, lessening the waste. The rest of them will have to be scrapped and we might as well face it.

IV

The question is how long we are going to keep on wasting women, and whether the next few decades will see the last of such profligacy in human lives. If it does not, our modernism and feminism may turn out to be vicious things, cheap-

ening and destroying too many. What most people hope is that this group of extra women will gradually disappear as it becomes the general practice for women to be equipped to earn their way in the world whether they marry or not. That will certainly thin the ranks of this difficult social group; but we are a little too confident, a little too gullible concerning that cure-all, the job. Some fatuous enthusiasts had the same hope for suffrage, already blasted. We have to do more than set up vocational schools for girls and employment agencies for divorced women. Until women learn to be independent, not only of financial help from men, but independent of their own youth and beauty, there will still be wasted women, still an over-large social group of those whom my friend spoke of so delicately as the sexually unemployed.

Work for women is, of course, of paramount importance, and they must be brought up to the thought of it as boys are, practically from the cradle. Otherwise they come to it as an adventure, a defiance, or a refuge, hurting their efficiency by theatrical attitudes. Work is better when treated as a commonplace necessity, and it should be the kind of work the world needs and will pay for.

There are some who have grave apprehensions as to whether there will be enough work in the world to go around if women insist on more than domestic duties. One answer is to make the domestic duties into honest jobs again, and another is that there is a great deal of work which could be better done if we had more competent hands. There are plenty of answers, and in any case we do not have to cross that bridge until we come to it. As yet we are a long way from it, and the approach is attractive. If girls are educated to work and to marry as boys are educated to work and to marry, we shall have less excitement and hysterics all around. Everyone who is not deaf, dumb, and blind knows that there must be special adjustments to take care of years of childbearing and child care; but an age which can be so deft in working

out electric refrigeration and laundering and cleaning ought to be able to solve another simple problem of mechanics in the household. Besides, a few things can be left to love and devotion, which still go about their business with no signs of fatigue, picking up the loose ends that everyone else is leaving around.

A capability which could be translated into an earning job might decrease some of the inherent fear of women that they will be stranded if they lose their husbands. It will not obliterate the fear, of course. That is out of the range of hope. For the disadvantage of middle age making a fresh start is not confined to women or the problems of marriage. Beginnings belong naturally, almost biologically, to youth, and there will always be something incongruous in a middle-aged woman—or middle-aged man—who becomes apprentice to a new trade. A suspicion of incompetency arises along with respect for such courage. It is equally hard to re-enter, on any fair basis, an occupation or a profession which has been laid aside or abandoned for a period of long duration. For methods and habits of work change almost over night, and the cry of the whole world is for new blood in industry and the experimental mind of youth. The only answer is not to lay aside the profession or trade, never to allow the tools to rust or the mind to become slack. It is incredibly difficult, often impossible, and always it is an individual problem, yielding its solution only to the wise and competent. But in so far as it can be done, the chances of middle age standing up against youth in their inevitable battle are greater.

To keep capabilities developed before marriage in an active condition, fit to earn a livelihood on the stroke of necessity would destroy many of the artificial situations and the pretensions, to say nothing of the death blow it might give to marital bullying. Instead of imperilling happy marriages, it ought to insure them. But this subject has been dealt with again and again by

experts in feminism, and all one can do at this point is to italicize their conclusions and hope for a dubious best.

The independence which interests more is not a financial one. It is an independence of beauty. In some way bodily beauty must be made to count less. Let it have its fling as the fountainhead of passion, the model for new clothes, the center of the stage spotlight. But that is enough for one attribute. The beauty of the body is getting to be too important. It wants to be a religion and it belongs on the dressing table and not on the altar. It is a very false god, indeed, and it keeps thousands of its worshippers in terror, as false gods are apt to do.

No one wants to deny beauty or its exaggeration to the young, the poet, and the lover. But to see middle age, and even old age, panting after it is revolting. The chase is not only unfitting but hopeless. It is shocking to think of women of forty and fifty spending long absorbed hours doing things to their faces which nobody will ever notice. People laugh and say, "Well, if it keeps them happy why not?"

I do not think that is reason enough. But even if it were, it does not keep them happy. It keeps them ill at ease, nervous, disturbed, competitive at an age when such things should have been left behind. It makes them jealous and selfish. If they keep on as they are going it will make plenty of women crack-brained. It will constantly recruit that number of useless, extravagant women because it will produce women without philosophy and with false ideals dependent on transitory emotions. The next generation, if it intends to be composed of competent women, will have to put bodily beauty in its place and keep it there. It is only a little fragment of the loveliness of the world and it should not be allowed to dominate lives of social groups except very rarely. Helen of Troy once in a long while will do nicely. We can be grateful that there is a popular science of good look

and a growing artistry in clothes. But there is more than that in life, if you take out the packing. Even for women.

The same thing is true about youth. Beauty and youth are the two most perishable things in the world, and women really know that satisfactory lives cannot be made out of such materials. There is no wear in the stuff. But to-day women insist on having it even when they know they are paying too high a price. They pay for their continued youth with their middle age. Suddenly they are old, really old. They miss maturity altogether, and maturity can be a delightfully strategic position when the passions are pleasantly tepid and humor has not yet turned to irony. Back of the worship of youth and beauty is the belief that they are the clues to satisfactory relations with men. We have not yet learned better than that. Women have always been putting their eggs in that basket and having them smashed, but more and more of them seem to be running the risk. They know that, be the causes what they may, men are restive and not as loyal as they used to be. The rumor has gone about that the way to hold men is to keep young and beautiful. Women want to hold them. Work will never be enough for women any more than it is enough for men.

It is all very well to talk of equal rights. But justice does not control everything. A resentful woman said to me not long ago, bitterly, "Men win, no matter what we do. They can let themselves get gray. It doesn't do them any harm to age a little. They are still desirable. But when we get gray we're done for."

There is an old story of the mother who left her children alone with many cautions against various forms of mischief. Finally, in the act of departure she turned and said, "And whatever you do, don't put beans up your noses." Naturally, as soon as she was out of sight the children, who had not pre-

viously thought of this delightful vice, sought out the beans.

That is not too far-fetched a parallel to what women are doing now. Their own apprehensions provoke the very disasters they inveigh against. They themselves suggest that if they do not remain young and provocative they may be thrown on the marriage scrap heap. Some men are rakes of course, and more are in process of making. But a great many commonplace orderly citizens are being told not to put beans up their noses and so they are doing it. Women's fears are at least partly responsible for the present condition, and they are silly fears. Youth and beauty are very well, but wisdom and love can run rings around them. They can also stand alone, which is even more important. If it is only youth and beauty which hold men and women together, we may as well reconcile ourselves to a whirl of shapeless relationships and a world clotted with extra women and unsatisfied men.

Marriage slips out of all summaries. What its future may be neither statistician nor novelist nor witchdoctor knows. There it is, powerful and awkward, defying the world to do without it. Outside of the larger cities, I insist, we should not care to do without it. But even there we know that marriage must not be allowed to go on wasting women. In what we are always so volubly apologizing for as a transition period it may have been inevitable.

But history is not all transitions, and it is necessary now to look forward to the period ahead of us and make some preparations for it. It is high time for women to increase both their competence and their confidence, to slough off the superstitious worship of youth and beauty, so that no matter what happens they can take care of themselves, and this generation may be the last in which a great many women are spiritually on the town.



TWO PLAYS

BY THORNTON WILDER

THE ANGEL ON THE SHIP

THE fore-deck of the "Nancy Bray" lying disabled in mid-ocean. The figurehead of the ship has been torn from its place and nailed to the forepost, facing the stern, back to back, as it were, with its former position. It is the half-length of an angel bearing wreaths; she is highly colored and buxom and has flowing yellow hair. On the deck lie three persons in the last stages of rags and exhaustion: MINNA, the captain's wife, the remnant of a stout coarse woman; VAN, the under-cook, a lithe, sharp youth; and a fat old sleepy member of the crew, JAMAICA SAM.

VAN (*driving the last nail into the figurehead*): There she is. She's the new gawd of the Atlantic. It's only a she-gawd, but that's a good enough gawd for a sailor.

MINNA (*seated on the deck*): Us'll call her Lily. That's a name like a god's.

SAM: You'z'n be quick. You'm say your prayers quick.

MINNA (*blubbing*): Her can't hear us. Her's just the old figgerhead we had thirty years.

VAN: Her's an angel. Her knows everything. (*He throws himself on his knees and lays his forehead on the boards; in a hoarse whisper*.) That's the joss way. We all got t'do it. (*The others do likewise*.)

SAM: Us'll pray in turns. Us must be quick. There ain't no more water to drink, and there ain't no more sails left to carry us on. Us'n have to be quick. You'm begin, Van. You'n's a great lad with the words.

VAN (*with real fanaticism*): Great

gawd Lily on the ship *Nancy Bray*, all' lost with us if you don't bring us rain t' drink. All the secret water I saved aside is drunk up and we got to go over the side with the rest, if you don't bring us rain to-day—or to-morra. You'allus been the angel on the front of this yere ship *Nancy Bray* and you ain't goin' to leave us rot now. I finished my prayer, great gawd Lily, Amen.

MINNA: Great god Lily. I'm the captain's wife that's sailed behint you for twenty years. Many's the time, great god Lily, that I shined your face so you'd look spick and span and we sailin' into London in the morning, or into heathen lands. You knows everything and you knows what I did to my husband and that I didn't let him have none of the secret water that me and Van saved up, and that when he died he knew it and cursed me and Van to hell. But you'm forgiven everything and send us some rain or by and by we'll die and there'll be no one here prayin' at you. This is the end of my prayin', great god Lily.

VAN (*whispers*): Say Amen.

MINNA: Amen, great god Lily.

SAM: I ain't goin' to pray. I'm just a dog that's been on the sea since I was born. I do' know no land eddication.

MINNA: We all got t'pray for some rain.

VAN: You got t'say your word, too.

SAM: God forgive me, great god Lily. I'm old Jamaica Sam that don't never go ashore, Amen. I'd be dround, too, only for Van and the captain's wife who gave me some of the secret water, so that if they died I could roll 'em over the side and not leave 'em on the clean deck

AMEN. You'ms known my whole life, great god Lily, and how I stole the Portagee's red bag, only it was almost empty, and . . . and that other thing. Send a lot of rain and a ship to save us. Amen.

VAN (*crawling up beneath the figure and throwing himself full-length, hysterically*): You gone and forgiven me everything. Sure you have. I didn't kill the captain. The secret water was mine. Save us now, great gawd Lily, and bring me back to my uncle in Amsterdam and make him leave me his three coal barges.

MINNA (*rocking herself*): We'ms lost. She'll save Sam, but I've done what the gods don't like. They'm after me. They've got me now. (*Suddenly staring off the deck.*) Van! Van! Them's a ship coming to us, Van, looka! (*She falls back crying.*)

VAN: Them's comin'!

SAM (*trying to jump up and down*): It's the *Maria Theresa Third*. Comin' right at us.

VAN (*his eye falls on the angel*): What'll they say to the figgerhead here?

SAM (*sententiously*): It'll look queer.

MINNA (*in consternation*): But that's the great god Lily. Her's saved us. You ain't goin' to do anything to her?

VAN (*starting to beat the angel forward with his hammer*): They'd call us heathen, bowin' down to wood and stone. Get the rope, Sam. Us'll put her back.

MINNA (*frightened*): But I can't never forget her and her great starey eyes. Her I've prayed to.



MOZART AND THE GRAY STEWARD

MOZART is seated at a table in a mean room in Vienna orchestrating the "*Magic Flute*." Leaves of ruled paper are strewn about the floor. His wife enters in great excitement.

CONSTANZA: There's someone come to see you, someone important. Pray God it's a commission from Court.

MOZART (*unmoved*): Not while Salieri's alive.

CONSTANZA: Put on your slippers, dear. It's someone dressed all in gray, with a gray mask over his eyes, and he's come in a great coach with its coat of arms all covered up with gray cloth. Pray God it's a commission from Court for a *Te Deum* or something.

[*She tidies up the room in six gestures.*]

MOZART: Not while Salieri's alive.

CONSTANZA: But now, do be nice, 'Gangl. Please. We must have some money, my treasure! Just listen to him and say "yes" and "thank you" and then you and I'll talk it over after he's gone. (*She holds his coat.*) Come, put this on. Step into your slippers.

MOZART (*sighing*): I'm not well. I'm at home. I'm at work. There's not a single visitor in the whole world that could interest me. Bring him in.

CONSTANZA (*adjusting his stock*): Now don't be proud. Just accept.

[*She hurries out and presently reënters preceding the visitor. The visitor is dressed from head to foot in gray silk. His bright eyes look out through the holes in a narrow gray-silk mask. He holds to his nose a gray perfumed handkerchief. One would say: an elegant undertaker.*]

THE GRAY STEWARD: Kappelmeister Mozart, *servus*. Gracious lady, *servus*.

MOZART: *Servus*.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Revered and noble master, wherever music reigns, wherever genius is valued, the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is . . .

MOZART: Sir, I have always been confused by compliments and beg you to spare me that mortification by proceeding at once to the cause of your visit . . . the—the honor of your visit.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Revered master, before I lay my business before you may I receive your promise that—whether you accept my commission or not—you both will . . .

MOZART: I promise you our secrecy, unless our silence would prove dishonorable to me or injurious to someone else. Pray continue.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Know then,

gracious and revered genius, that I come from a prince who combines all the qualities of birth, station, generosity, and wisdom.

MOZART: Ha! a European secret.

THE GRAY STEWARD: His Excellency, moreover, has just sustained a bitter misfortune. He has lately lost his wife and consort, a lady who was the admiration of her court and the sole light of her bereaved husband's life. Therefore, His Excellency, my master, commissions you to compose a Requiem Mass in honor of this lady. He asks you to pour into it the height of your invention and that wealth of melody and harmony that have made you the glory of our era. And for this music he asks leave to pay you the sum of four hundred crowns—two hundred now, and the second two hundred when you deliver the first four numbers.

MOZART: Well, Constanza, I must not be proud.

THE GRAY STEWARD: There is but one proviso.

MOZART: Yes, I heard it. The work must represent the height of my invention.

THE GRAY STEWARD: That was an easy assumption, master. The proviso is this: You shall let His Excellency have this music as an anonymous work, and you shall never by any sign, by so much as the nod of your head, acknowledge that the work is yours.

MOZART: And His Excellency is not aware that the pages I may compose at the height of my invention may be their own sufficient signature?

THE GRAY STEWARD: That may be. Naturally, my master will see to it that no other composer will ever be able to claim the work as his.

MOZART: Quick, give me your paper and I will sign it. Leave your two hundred crowns with my wife at the foot of the stairs. Come back in August and you will have the first four numbers. *Servus. Servus.*

THE GRAY STEWARD (*backing out*): *Servus*, master. *Servus*, madame.

[CONSTANZA *returns in a moment and looks anxiously towards her husband.*]

CONSTANZA: A visit from Heaven, 'Gangl. Now you can go into the country. Now you can drink all the Bohemian water in the world.

MOZART (*bitterly*): Good. And just at a time when I was contemplating a Requiem Mass. But for *myself*. However, I must not be proud.

CONSTANZA (*trying to divert him*): Who can these people be? Try and think.

MOZART: Oh, there's no mystery about that. It's the Count von Walsegg. He composes himself. But for the most part he buys string quartets from us; he erases the signatures and has them played in his castle. The courtiers flatter him and pretend that they have guessed him to be the composer. He does not deny it. He tries to appear confused. And now he has succeeded in composing my Requiem. But that will reduce my pride.

CONSTANZA: You know he will only be laughed at. The music will speak for itself. Heaven wanted to give us four hundred crowns—

MOZART: And Heaven went about it humorously.

CONSTANZA: What was his wife like?

MOZART: Her impudences smelt to Heaven. She dressed like a page and called herself Cherubin. Her red cheeks and her black teeth and her sixty years are in my mind now.

CONSTANZA (*after a pause*): We'll give back the money. You can write the music, without writing it for them.

MOZART: No, I like this game. I like it for its very falseness. What does it matter who signs such music or to whom it is addressed? (*He flings himself upon the sofa and turns his face to the wall.*) For whom do we write music?—for musicians? Salieri!—for patrons? Von Walsegg!—for the public? The Countess von Walsegg! I shall write this Requiem, but it shall be for myself, since I am dying.

CONSTANZA: My beloved, don't talk so! Go to sleep. (*She spreads a shawl*

over his body softly.) How can you say such things? You will live many years and write countless beautiful things. We will return the money and refuse the commission. Then the matter will be closed. Now go to sleep, my treasure.

[She goes out, quietly closing the door behind her. MOZART, at the mercy of his youth, his illness, and his genius, is shaken by a violent fit of weeping. The sobs subside gradually and he falls asleep. In his dream THE GRAY STEWARD returns.]

THE GRAY STEWARD: Mozart! Turn and look at me. You know who I am.

MOZART (*not turning*): You are the Steward of the Count von Walsegg. Go tell him to write his own music. I will not stain my pen to celebrate his lady, so let the foul bury the foul.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Lie then against the wall, and learn that it is Death itself that commissions . . .

MOZART: Death is not so fastidious. Death carries no perfumed handkerchief.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Lie then against the wall. Know first that all the combinations of circumstance can suffer two interpretations, the apparent and the real.

MOZART: Then speak, sycophant. I know the apparent one. What other reading can this humiliation bear?

THE GRAY STEWARD: It is Death itself that commands you this Requiem. You are to give a voice to all those millions sleeping who have no one but you to speak for them. There lie the captains and the thieves, the queens and the drudges, while the evening of their earthly remembrance shuts in, and from that great field rises an eternal *miserere nobis*. Only through the intercession of great love, and of great art which is love, can that despairing cry be eased. Was that not sufficient cause for this commission to be anonymous?

MOZART (*drops trembling on one knee beside the couch*): Forgive me.

THE GRAY STEWARD: And it was for this that the pretext and mover was chosen from among the weakest and vainest of humans. Death has her now, and all her folly has passed into the dignity and grandeur of her state. Where is your pride now? Here are her trinkets; here are her slippers. Press them against your lips, with devotion. Again! Where is your pride now? Again! Know henceforth that only he who has kissed the leper can enter the kingdom of art.

MOZART: I have sinned, yet grant me one thing. Grant that I may live to finish the Requiem.

THE GRAY STEWARD: No! No!





MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

BY ARTHUR S. EDDINGTON, F.R.S.

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THE largest telescopes reveal about a thousand million stars. Each increase in telescopic power adds to the number, and we can scarcely set a limit to the multitude that must exist. Nevertheless, there are signs of exhaustion, and it is clear that the distribution which surrounds us does not extend uniformly through infinite space. At first an increase in light-grasp by one magnitude brings into view three times as many stars; but the factor diminishes so that at the limit of faintness reached by the giant telescopes a gain of one magnitude multiplies the number of stars seen by only 1.8, and the ratio at that stage is rapidly decreasing. It is as though we are approaching a limit at which increase of power will not bring into view very many additional stars.

Attempts have been made to find the whole number of stars by a risky extrapolation of these counts, and totals ranging from 3000 to 30,000 millions are sometimes quoted. But the difficulty is that the part of the stellar universe which we mainly survey is a local condensation or star-cloud forming part of a much greater system. In certain directions in the sky our telescopes penetrate to the limits of the system, but in other directions the extent is too great for us to fathom. The Milky Way, which on a dark night forms a gleaming belt round the sky, shows the direction in which there lie stars behind stars until vision fails. This great flattened distribution is called the Galactic System. It forms a disc of thickness small compared to its areal extent. It is partly

broken up into subordinate condensations, which are probably coiled in spiral form like the spiral nebulae which are observed in great numbers in the heavens. The center of the galactic system lies somewhere in the direction of the constellation Sagittarius; it is hidden from us not only by great distance but also to some extent by tracts of obscuring matter (dark nebulosity) which cuts off the light of the stars behind.

We must distinguish then between our local star-cloud and the great galactic system of which it is a part. Mainly (but not exclusively) the star-counts relate to the local star-cloud, and it is this which the largest telescopes are beginning to exhaust. It too has a flattened form—flattened nearly in the same plane as the galactic system. If the galactic system is compared to a disc, the local star-cloud may be compared to a bun, its thickness being about one-third of its lateral extension. Its size is such that light takes at least 2000 years to cross from one side to the other; this measurement is necessarily rough because it relates to a vague condensation which is probably not sharply separated from other contiguous condensations. The extent of the whole spiral is of the order 100,000 light years.

Amid this great population the sun is a humble unit. It is a very ordinary star about midway in the scale of brilliancy. We know of stars which give at least 10,000 times the light of the sun; we know also of stars which give $1/10,000$ of its light. But those of inferior light greatly outnumber those of superior

light. In mass, in surface temperature, in bulk, the sun belongs to a very common class of stars; its speed of motion is near the average; it shows none of the more conspicuous phenomena such as variability which excite the attention of astronomers. In the community of stars the sun corresponds to a respectable middle-class citizen. It happens to be quite near the center of the local star-cloud; but this apparently favored position is discounted by the fact that the star-cloud itself is placed very eccentrically in relation to the galactic system, being in fact near the confines of it. We cannot claim to be at the hub of the universe.

The contemplation of the galaxy impresses us with the insignificance of our own little world; but we have to go still lower in the valley of humiliation. The galactic system is one among a million or more spiral nebulae. There seems now to be no doubt that, as has long been suspected, the spiral nebulae are "island universes" detached from our own. They too are great systems of stars—or systems in the process of developing into stars—built on the same disc-like plan. We see some of them edge-ways and can appreciate the flatness of the disc; others are broadside on and show the arrangement of the condensations in the form of a double spiral. Many show the effects of dark nebulosity breaking into the regularity and blotting out the starlight. In a few of the nearest spirals it is possible to detect the brightest of the stars individually; variable stars and novæ (or "new stars") are observed as in our own system. From the apparent magnitudes of the stars of recognizable character (especially the Cepheid variables) it is possible to judge the distance. The nearest spiral nebula is 850,000 light years away.

From the small amount of data yet collected it would seem that our own nebula or galactic system is exceptionally large; it is even suggested that, if the spiral nebulae are "islands," the galactic

system is a "continent." But we can scarcely venture to claim premier rank without much stronger evidence. At all events these other universes are aggregations of the order of 100 million stars.

Again the question raises itself, How far does this distribution extend? Not the stars this time but universes stretch one behind the other beyond sight. Does this distribution too come to an end? It may be that imagination must take another leap, envisaging super-systems which surpass the spiral nebulae as the spiral nebulae surpass the stars. But there is one feeble gleam of evidence that perhaps this time the summit of the hierarchy has been reached, and that the system of the spirals is actually the whole world. As has already been explained, the modern view is that space is finite—finite though unbounded. In such a space light which has traveled an appreciable part of the way "round the world" is slowed down in its vibrations, with the result that all spectral lines are displaced towards the red. Ordinarily we interpret such a red displacement as signifying receding velocity in the line of sight. Now it is a striking fact that a great majority of the spirals which have been measured show large receding velocities often exceeding 1000 kilometers per second. There are only two serious exceptions, and these are the largest spirals which must be nearer to us than most of the others. On ordinary grounds it would be difficult to explain why these other universes should hurry away from us so fast and so unanimously. Why should they shun us like a plague? But the phenomenon is intelligible if what has really been observed is the slowing down of vibrations consequent on the light from these objects having traveled an appreciable part of the way round the world. On that theory the radius of space is of the order twenty times the average distance of the nebulae observed, or say, 100 million light years. That leaves room for a few million spirals; but there is nothing beyond. There is no beyond—in spherical space

"beyond" brings us back towards the earth from the opposite direction.

II

The corridor of time stretches back through the past. We can have no conception how it all began. But at some stage we imagine the void to have been filled with matter rarefied beyond the most tenuous nebula. The atoms sparsely strewn move hither and thither in formless disorder.

Behold the throne
Of Chaos and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep.

Then slowly the power of gravitation is felt. Centers of condensation begin to establish themselves and draw in other matter. The first partitions are the star-systems such as our galactic system; sub-condensations separate the star-clouds or clusters; these divide again to give the stars.

Evolution has not reached the same development in all parts. We observe nebulae and clusters in different stages of advance. Some stars are still highly diffuse; others are concentrated like the sun with density greater than water; others, still more advanced, have shrunk to unimaginable density. But no doubt can be entertained that the genesis of the stars is a single process of evolution which has passed and is passing over a primordial distribution. Formerly it was freely speculated that the birth of a star was an individual event like the birth of an animal. From time to time two long extinct stars would collide and be turned into vapor by the energy of the collision; condensation would follow, and life as a luminous body would begin all over again. We can scarcely affirm that this will never occur and that the sun is not destined to have a second or third innings; but it is clear, from the various relations traced among the stars, that the present stage of existence of the sidereal universe is the *first innings*. Groups of stars are found which move

across the sky with common proper motion; these must have had a single origin and cannot have originated by casual collisions. Another abandoned speculation is that lucid stars may be the exception, and that there may exist thousands of dead stars for every one that is seen shining. There are ways of estimating the total mass in interstellar space by its gravitational effect on the average speed of the stars; it is found that the lucid stars account for something approaching the total mass admissible, and the amount left over for dark stars is very limited.

Biologists and geologists carry back the history of the earth some thousand million years. Physical evidence based on the rate of transmutation of radioactive substances seems to leave no escape from the conclusion that the older (Archæan) rocks in the earth's crust were laid down 1200 million years ago. The sun must have been burning still longer, living (we now think) on its own matter, which dissolves bit by bit into radiation. According to the theoretical time-scale, which seems best supported by astronomical evidence, the beginning of the sun as a luminous star must be dated five billion (5.10^{12}) years ago. The theory which assigns this date cannot be trusted confidently, but it seems a reasonably safe conclusion that the sun's age does not exceed this limit. The future is not so restricted, and the sun may continue as a star of increasing feebleness for 50 or 500 billion years. The theory of sub-atomic energy has prolonged the life of a star from millions to billions of years, and we may speculate on processes of rejuvenescence which might prolong the existence of the sidereal universe from billions to trillions of years. But unless we can circumvent the second law of thermodynamics—which is as much as to say unless we can find cause for time to run backwards—the ultimate decay draws surely nearer, and the world will at the last come to a state of uniform changelessness.

Does this prodigality of matter, of

space, of time, find its culmination in Man?

III

I will here put together the present astronomical evidence as to the habitability of other worlds. The popular idea that an answer to this question is one of the main aims of the study of celestial objects is rather disconcerting to the astronomer. Anything that he has to contribute is of the nature of fragmentary hints picked up in the course of investigations with more practicable and commonplace purposes. Nevertheless, the mind is irresistibly drawn to play with the thought that somewhere in the universe there may be other beings "a little lower than the angels" whom Man may regard as his equals—or perhaps his superiors.

It is idle to guess the forms that life might take in conditions differing from those of our planet. If I have rightly understood the view of paleontologists, mammalian life is the third terrestrial dynasty—Nature's third attempt to evolve an order of life sufficiently flexible to changing conditions and fitted to dominate the earth. Minor details in the balance of circumstances must greatly affect the possibility of life and the type of organism destined to prevail. Some critical branch-point in the course of evolution must be negotiated before life can rise to the level of consciousness. All this is remote from the astronomer's line of study. To avoid endless conjecture, I shall assume that the required conditions of habitability are not unlike those on the earth and that, if such conditions obtain, life will automatically make its appearance.

We survey first the planets of the solar system; of these only Venus and Mars seem at all eligible. Venus, so far as we know, would be well adapted for life similar to ours. It is about the same size as the earth, warmer but not greatly warmer, and possesses an atmosphere of satisfactory density. Spectroscopic observation has rather unexpectedly failed

to give any indication of oxygen in the upper atmosphere, and thus suggests a doubt as to whether free oxygen exists on the planet; but at present we hesitate to draw so definite an inference. If transplanted to Venus we might perhaps continue to live without much derangement of habit—except that I personally should have to find a new profession, since Venus is not a good place for astronomers. It is completely covered with cloud or mist. For this reason no definite surface markings can be made out, and it is still uncertain how fast it rotates on its axis and in which direction the axis lies. One curious theory may be mentioned, though it should perhaps not be taken too seriously. It is thought by some that the great cavity occupied by the Pacific Ocean is a scar left by the moon when it was first disrupted from the earth. Evidently this cavity fulfils an important function in draining away superfluous water, and if it were filled up practically all the continental area would be submerged. Thus indirectly the existence of dry land is bound up with the existence of the moon. But Venus has no moon and, since it seems to be similar to the earth in other respects, it may perhaps be inferred that it is a world which is all ocean—where fishes are supreme. The suggestion at any rate serves to remind us that the destinies of organic life may be determined by what are at first sight irrelevant accidents.

The sun is an ordinary star, and the earth is an ordinary planet, but the moon is not an ordinary satellite. No other known satellite is anything like so large in proportion to the planet which it attends. The moon contains about $1/80$ part of the mass of the earth—which seems a small ratio; but it is abnormally great compared with other satellites. The next highest ratio is found in the system of Saturn whose largest satellite, Titan, has $1/4000$ of the planet's mass. Very special circumstances must have occurred in the history of the earth to have led to the breaking away of so unusual a fraction of the mass. The ex-

planation proposed by Sir George Darwin—which is still regarded as most probable—is that a resonance in period occurred between the solar tides and the natural free period of vibration of the globe of the earth. The tidal deformation of the earth thus grew to large amplitude, ending in a cataclysm which separated the great lump of material that formed the moon. Other planets escaped this dangerous coincidence of period, and their satellites separated by more normal development.

Mars is the only planet whose solid surface can be seen and studied; and it tempts us to consider the possibility of life in more detail. Its smaller size leads to considerably different conditions; but the two essentials, air and water, are both present though scanty. The Martian atmosphere is thinner than our own but it is perhaps adequate. It has been proved to contain oxygen. There is no ocean; the surface markings represent, not sea and land, but red desert and darker ground which is perhaps moist and fertile. A conspicuous feature is the white cap covering the pole which is clearly a deposit of snow; it must be quite shallow since it melts away completely in the summer. Photographs show from time to time indubitable clouds which blot out temporarily large areas of surface detail; clear weather, however, is more usual. The air, if cloudless, is slightly hazy. W. H. Wright has shown this very convincingly by comparing photographs taken with light of different wave-lengths. Light of short wave-length is much scattered by haze and, accordingly, the ordinary photographs are disappointingly blurry. Much sharper surface-detail is shown when visual yellow light is employed (a yellow screen being commonly used to adapt visual telescopes for photography); being of longer wave-length, the visual rays penetrate the haze more easily. Still clearer detail is obtained by photographing with the long infra-red waves.

Great attention has lately been paid to the determination of the temperature of

the surface of Mars; it is possible to find this by direct measurement of the heat radiated to us from different parts of the surfaces. The results, though in many respects informative, are scarcely accurate and accordant enough to give a definite idea of the climatology. Naturally the temperature varies a great deal between day and night and in different latitudes; but on the average the conditions are decidedly chilly. Even at the equator the temperature falls below freezing point at sunset. If we accepted the present determinations as definitive we should have some doubt as to whether life could endure the conditions.

In one of Huxley's Essays there occurs the passage "Until human life is longer and the duties of the present press less heavily I do not think that wise men will occupy themselves with Jovian or Martian natural history." To-day it would seem that Martian natural history is not altogether beyond the limits of serious science. At least the surface of Mars shows a seasonal change such as we might well imagine the forest-clad earth would show to an outside onlooker. This seasonal change of appearance is very conspicuous to the attentive observer. As the spring in one hemisphere advances (I mean, of course, the Martian spring), the darker areas, which are at first few and faint, extend and deepen in contrast. The same regions darken year after year at nearly the same date in the Martian calendar. It may be that there is an inorganic explanation—the spring rains moisten the surface and change its color. But it is perhaps unlikely that there is enough rain to bring about this change as a direct effect. It is easier to believe that we are witnessing the annual awakening of vegetation so familiar on our own planet.

The existence of oxygen in the Martian atmosphere supplies another argument in support of the existence of vegetable life. Oxygen combines freely with many elements, and the rocks in the earth's crust are thirsty for oxygen. They would in course of time bring about its complete

disappearance from the air, were it not that the vegetation extracts it from the soil and sets it free again. If oxygen in the terrestrial atmosphere is maintained in this way, it would seem reasonable to assume that vegetable life is required to play the same part on Mars. Taking this in conjunction with the evidence of the seasonal changes of appearance, a rather strong case for the existence of vegetation seems to have been made out.

If vegetable life must be admitted, can we exclude animal life? I have come to the end of the astronomical data and can take no responsibility for anything further that you may infer. It is true that the late Professor Lowell argued that certain more or less straight markings on the planet represent an artificial irrigation system and are the signs of an advanced civilization; but this theory has not, I think, won much support. In justice to the author of this speculation, it should be said that his own work and that of his observatory have made a magnificent contribution to our knowledge of Mars; but few would follow him all the way on the more picturesque side of his conclusions. Finally we may stress one point. Mars has every appearance of being a planet long past its prime; and it is in any case improbable that two planets differing so much as Mars and the Earth would be in the zenith of biological development contemporaneously.

IV

If the planets of the solar system should fail us, there remain some thousands of millions of stars which we have been accustomed to regard as suns ruling attendant systems of planets. It has seemed a presumption, bordering almost on impiety, to deny to them life of the same order of creation as ourselves. It would indeed be rash to assume that nowhere else in the universe has Nature repeated the strange experiment which she has performed on the earth. But there are considerations which must hold

us back from populating the universe too liberally.

In examining the stars with a telescope we are surprised to find how many of those which appear single points to the eye are actually two stars close together. When the telescope fails to separate them, the spectroscope often reveals two stars in orbital revolution round each other. At least one star in three is a double—a pair of self-luminous globes both comparable in dimensions with the sun. The single supreme sun is accordingly not the only product of evolution; not much less frequently the development has taken another turn and resulted in two suns closely associated. We may probably rule out the possibility of planets in double stars. Not only is there a difficulty in ascribing to them permanent orbits under the more complicated field of gravitation, but a cause for the formation of planets seems to be lacking. The star has satisfied its impulse to fission in another manner; it has divided into two nearly equal portions instead of throwing off a succession of tiny fragments.

The most obvious cause of division is excessive rotation. As the gaseous globe contracts it spins fast and faster until a time may come when it can no longer hold together, and some kind of relief must be found. According to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, the sun gained relief by throwing off successively rings of matter which have formed the planets. But were it not for this one instance of a planetary system which is known to us, we should have concluded from the thousands of double stars in the sky that the common consequence of excessive rotation is to divide the star into two bodies of equal rank.

It might still be held that the ejection of a planetary system and the fission into a double star are alternative solutions of the problem arising from excessive rotation, the star taking one course or the other according to circumstances. We know of myriads of double stars and of only one planetary system; but in any

case it is beyond our power to detect other planetary systems if they exist. We can only appeal to the results of theoretical study of rotating masses of gas; the work presents many complications, and the results may not be final; but the researches of J. H. Jeans lead to the conclusion that rotational break-up produces a double star and never a system of planets. The solar system is not the typical product of development of a star; it is not even a common variety of development; it is a freak.

By elimination of alternatives it appears that a configuration resembling the solar system would be formed only if at a certain stage of condensation an unusual accident had occurred. According to Jeans, the accident was the close approach of another star casually pursuing its way through space. This star must have passed within a distance not far outside the orbit of Neptune; it must not have passed too rapidly, but have slowly overtaken or been overtaken by the sun. By tidal distortion it raised big protuberances on the sun, and caused it to spurt out filaments of matter which have condensed to form the planets. That was more than a thousand million years ago. The intruding star has since gone on its way and mingled with the others; its legacy of a system of planets remains, including a globe habitable by man.

Even in the long life of a star encounters of this kind must be extremely rare. The density of distribution of stars in space has been compared to that of twenty tennis balls roaming the whole interior of the earth. The accident that gave birth to the solar system may be compared to the casual approach of two of these balls within a few yards of each other. The data are too vague to give any definite estimate of the odds against this occurrence, but I should judge that perhaps not one in a hundred millions of stars can have undergone this experience in the right stage and conditions to result in the formation of a system of planets.

However doubtful this conclusion as to the rarity of solar systems may be, it

is a useful corrective to the view too facilely adopted which looks upon every star as a likely minister to life. We know the prodigality of Nature. How many acorns are scattered for one that grows to an oak? And need she be more careful of her stars than of her acorns? If indeed she has no grander aim than to provide a home for her greatest experiment, Man, it would be just like her methods to scatter a million stars whereof one might haply achieve her purpose.

The number of possible abodes of life severely restricted in this way at the outset may no doubt be winnowed down further. Trivial circumstances may decide whether organic forms originate at all; further conditions may decide whether life ascends to a complexity like ours or remains in a lower form. I presume, however, that at the end of the weeding out there will be left a few rival earths dotted here and there about the universe.

A further point arises if we have especially in mind contemporaneous life. The time during which man has been on the earth is extremely small compared with the age of the earth or of the sun. There is no obvious physical reason why, having once arrived, man should not continue to populate the earth for another ten billion years or so; but—well, can you contemplate it? Assuming that the stage of highly developed life is a very small fraction of the inorganic history of the star, the rival earths are in general places where conscious life has already vanished or is yet to come.

I do not think that the whole purpose of the Creation has been staked on the one planet where we live; and in the long run we cannot deem ourselves the only race that has been or will be gifted with the mystery of consciousness. But I feel inclined to claim that *at the present time* our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun.



MANICURE

A STORY

BY MARGARET LEECH

SATURDAY afternoons wrought subtle changes in the salons of Leon and Jules (Specialists in the Artistry of Coiffure). To a superficial observer all was as usual. In every orchid and green compartment a feminine form, lavishly bibbed in fresh white linen, sat before the mirror of the toilet table. Sharp little clicks came from the snapping irons of the artists in marcel. Heads were deftly molded in the plasticene dampness of finger waves. Cold cream was competently smeared on heated faces, to a murmur of "Just relax, please, Madame. Lie perfectly quiet and relax." In the booths devoted to permanent waves sat ladies with heads grotesquely bristling into huge painful coronets, like Russian headdresses. Miss Nina and Miss Hazel ran back and forth. "What's the matter with that cold air?" "Just a minute, Madame. No, I'm not going to leave you alone. It's only the steam, it won't burn you." In rows outside the compartments, the little manicure tables were crowded. Indeed, on Saturday afternoons there were so many manicures that clients often had to be "started" on stray chairs placed in the narrow aisles, with bowls of hot soapy water perilously poised on their knees.

Whatever the subtle changes of Saturday afternoons, they did not diminish the number of patrons who thronged the salons of Leon and Jules. On the contrary, these last hours of the week supported their tradition of amazing success—contributed to explain the coun-

try house toward which Mr. Leon sped at one o'clock each Saturday in a comfortable motor car with a uniformed chauffeur. For Mr. Leon—there was no Mr. Jules, and if there ever had been he was lost in the dimness of legend—did not remain in the salons on Saturday afternoons. That was a part of the subtle changes. None of "his ladies" was expected to be there.

Downstairs in the foyer of the great hotel in which the establishment of Leon and Jules was housed swirled a flux of expensive gaiety. By the entrance to the Florentine Room, a fixed point in the restless tide, stood Mr. Peter Koch, the handsome assistant manager of the hotel, smiling affably under his slight mustache. Eddies of smartly gowned women broke and rippled around him. For though his connection with the hotel was of only a year's standing, Mr. Koch had already made his impression. It was inevitable, with that face and that figure, that he should have done so. Many women paused to speak to him as he bent forward deferentially from the waist, smiled, nodded, noted things on a pad. "But, certainly, Madame, I will arrange everything. No, no, no, you must not trouble at all. I will speak to Louis myself, *parole d'honneur*. I will arrange it personally. It will be a pleasure to do it—for you, Madame."

He would glance at Madame with his full, excitable eyes, which the large lids could veil so quickly. And she, if her companion happened to be another woman, would murmur a moment later,

"Isn't he marvelous? I'm afraid it's running into a flirtation. I ought to be ashamed to let him look at me the way he does."

Under the small felt hats which bobbed in the foyer or bowed across small tables in the Florentine Room were many heads shingled and waved in the salons of Leon and Jules. But none of these women ascended on Saturday afternoons. A new invasion, unfamiliar on week days, crowded the orchid compartments. These were the women who worked five afternoons of the week. On the sixth they repaired the ravages of time and exertion.

The Saturday afternoon patrons were persons well up in the world. Here were buyers, smartly dressed and deftly rouged. Here were well-informed private secretaries, in dark woollen dresses. Here were women executives with lines of worry between their brows. They looked prosperous, even affluent. But some grace was lacking—some glaze of exquisiteness which leisure and years of infinite luxury impart. On Saturday afternoons, there was none of the casual elegance of an enameled cigarette case, of a glimpse of *binche* at the bosom, of a square emerald sliding negligently around a thin finger. And it might have been observed that on Saturday afternoons the deference of the girls at Leon and Jules fell a shade short. For these women were not silken creatures from some incredible Aladdin's palace. After all, they worked for a living. They might be wise and friendly, but they were not opening doors of vivid life, they were not clear windows through which to peep into a fairyland of riches. The young persons with the soft names—Miss Rose, Miss Nina, Miss Adele, Miss Hazel, Miss Blanche—were a little bored when Saturday afternoon came.

Miss Nina was terribly bored. She was not the prettiest of the girls at Leon and Jules, by any means. She brushed her short brown hair forward to soften her face; for, though she was only twenty-four, it was rather a pinched little

face, dark-skinned. Her green-blue eyes looked surprisingly light between black lashes. Her lips were thin and avid, and she carried her head high.

But, if she was not remarkably pretty, Miss Nina undeniably had a way with her. Her figure was supple, and she had tiny feet with steep little insteps. She swished her skirts slightly when she walked. Dressed for the street in a carmine frock and hat and a plain black coat, she looked quite striking. She rouged her drooping little mouth very red, and this made her eyes look brighter and her skin less drab. The men's eyes turned as she passed through the lobby of the great hotel with her mincing, rather affected walk. It was the sort of walk which takes cognizance of the fact that men's eyes often turn.

Miss Nina was proud of working at Leon and Jules. She had striven for this job through years of initiation in lesser shops. Here she made breathless contact with something she desired, something on which her spirit fed. She looked hungrily at the women who came to the salons, appraised their jewels, their dresses, listened rapturously while they prattled of their travels, beaux, parties, appointments, shopping.

When occasion arose, Miss Nina could do more than listen. She could join in the conversation—about the cabarets, the theaters. Her evenings were not always dull. To her less conservative customers—gay debutantes, lively married women—she hinted as much: cocktails, champagne, a midnight roof. Sometimes, bending confidentially over a white hand, Nina forgot that her name was really Nellie, forgot her tiny tawdry flat, forgot long evenings spent in making clothes, or in washing, ironing, and repairing them. Almost she was able to identify herself with the other woman, to please the men that the other woman pleased, to shine in the glitter of her good fortune. They sat, half-whispering, like two friends. There was only a narrow green table between them.

When the long fantasy of her day was

over Miss Nina slipped into her street clothes. Nor was disillusionment immediate. The carmine dress and hat were more becoming than the white linen uniform. She rouged her lips very carefully and buttoned her gloves and took her square shiny black purse. In the elevator she was no longer Miss Nina of Leon and Jules—she was, with some faint impertinence of lifted chin, a guest of the great hotel. The moment of traversing the foyer was pure magic every evening. Through the luxurious corridor she moved, gazing about her with her astonishingly light eyes, as though she were looking for someone. Outside the Florentine Room, where music sounded and people still lingered over tea cups among potted palms, stood Mr. Peter Koch, handsome, erect, deferential. Their eyes just met before she smiled at the doorman and was whirled into the street.

Miss Nina wandered around the airless little cloakroom, munching a very late lunch of an olive-and-cream-cheese sandwich. She was hoping that Miss Rose would forget that she had been gone quite half an hour; for her distaste for the ugly cloakroom was less than her distaste for the boredom of Saturday afternoon. Her mouth drooped as she washed her hands and dried them slowly with a towel secreted from the salons, with *Leon and Jules* straggling across it in green chain-stitching. She licked her thumb and forefinger and twisted an upturned sickle of hair on each cheek. Then from the breast of her white uniform she drew a square envelope, addressed in an angular handwriting, foreign and precise. There was more of the handwriting inside. Miss Nina ran her eyes along the lines, drawing in her chin with a mysterious little smile.

"Miss Nina! Miss Nina!" The voice of Miss Rose, officiating at the appointment desk, came sharply up the stairs. Miss Nina frowned, thrust the letter into its hiding place, and minced down the stairs on her steep little feet. "Your

lady's waiting," Miss Rose informed her crossly. "Manicure. Second table."

Miss Nina stifled a yawn. She took from a shelf her small crowded tray of manicure necessities, she filled a bowl with hot soapy water. "Second table, Madame. Right this way," Miss Rose prompted the woman who had asked for Miss Nina. Her tone was a trifle brisk and businesslike, for even on a Saturday afternoon this was not an impressive customer. It was less an indication of appearance than of manner. She seemed oddly confused, ill at ease in the orchid and green salons. She stood by the appointment desk, looking about her with an exaggerated assumption of indifference. But, at Miss Rose's direction, she now moved to the second table, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. Miss Nina came tripping toward her; deposited her tray and the bowl of soapy water on the glass-topped table; laid a fresh towel over the small cushion; snapped on the green-shaded light.

"Good afternoon, Madame!" she said in her eager voice. Miss Nina's eyes ran curiously over the customer. She was a new one, a stranger. Miss Nina, who had an excellent memory for faces, couldn't remember ever having seen her in the shop. She was a blonde woman, with large pale-brown eyes. The light on the table struck the flat planes of her face, cleft by fine lines about her eyes and mouth. She had neatly rubbed her thin cheeks with a brickish, dusty-looking rouge. Between the fur bands of her coat collar there was a glint of metal cloth. She laid on the table a pair of fresh kid gloves and a bag worked in blue glass beads with a German-silver mounting. Miss Nina quickly appraised the blouse, the new gloves, the beaded bag, the hat—blue velvet with a rhinestone ornament. There was that about them which spoke of Sunday, of occasion. Tissue paper seemed to rustle faintly around them. They were her "best" things. Miss Nina's upper lip curled slightly, briefly,

as she took the woman's left hand, a capable hand with large shapely nails. She ran her file experimentally around the littlest one.

"Not much shorter, Madame?" she suggested. The woman shook her head.

"You have very lovely nails. Very lovely nails, Madame," said Miss Nina absently. With mechanical skill the long file moved around the nails, shaping them. The left hand, the finger-tips dabbed with salve, was consigned to the bowl of water. Miss Nina shifted her shoulders, glanced cursorily at the customers seated at the other manicure tables. She took up the right hand, smothering another yawn.

The woman spoke so suddenly that Miss Nina was startled. Her voice had a queer husky quality, very pleasant. "Do you know a girl named Adele that used to work here?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Nina, and bit her lip. "Why, yes, of course. Yes, Adele was here for a good while, I guess, about a year or two—"

"She's not here any more, is she? Do you ever see her?" pursued the woman. Her large hazel eyes were fixed on Miss Nina's face.

The girl looked up briefly. "No," she said, twisting a fragment of cotton around an orangewood stick. "Not any more. Not for—oh, two or three months. I haven't seen her since she left."

"You didn't know her very well?" asked the woman, and again Miss Nina looked at her.

"Why, yes—" she began hesitantly. Then she gave a little laugh, and leaned confidentially over the woman's hand. "Why, I'll tell you how it was, Madame. Adele was my girl friend. Then we had a little fuss. She said something I didn't like. Will you have the white under your nails? We don't talk now." Miss Nina poked among the articles on her tray for an emery board. "You knew Adele, Madame? I mean, you were one of her customers? I didn't think—"

"No," said the blonde woman. "I've never been here before. Quite some

place you have, isn't it? I've never seen this Adele. But I've heard about her." She lowered her eyes, raised them again, moistening her lips. "I heard she got in some trouble here," she said and waited.

"Well!" Miss Nina threw back her head with an explosive little laugh. "What do you think of that? Well, some people say more than their prayers."

"I heard," said the blonde woman softly, "that Adele did."

"Oh, no, no." Miss Nina deprecated the entire report. "There isn't anything to that. Why, I can't believe there's anything to that. She just wanted a new place, Madame. Some place handier to where she lives."

The woman shook her head slowly. "No. That wasn't it. She got in trouble on account of some man here in the hotel. She *had* to leave."

Miss Nina drew a quick breath. Her eyes darted about the shop. A drying machine whirled behind the curtains of the nearest compartment. There was a chatter of conversation. At nearby tables Miss Blanche and Miss Myrtle bent over their customers' hands. Their backs were concentrated, oblivious. Calmly above them lay a soft haze of cigarette smoke. Miss Nina picked up her orangewood stick.

"Well, Madame," she murmured, "you know all about it, don't you? Would you put your other hand in the water, please? I did hear some gossip myself, but I don't think there was anything to it. Nothing wrong, I mean, Madame. Nothing really wrong."

"Foolish girl, wasn't she?" said the blonde woman. "Going up to his room here in the hotel and all. She might have known they'd find out."

Nina conceded the wisdom of this with a hunching of her shoulders and a sympathetic smile. "Well, of course, you know, Madame"—her voice had dropped to an eager whisper—"some girls never think how things look. You know how they are, Madame. That's what I always told Adele, she'd get in

trouble if she didn't look out. I like a good time myself. But the idea, can you imagine, going up to a man's room, in a hotel like this, too, where they're so careful. They have to be." Miss Nina paused, while she ran a soapy brush over the nicely groomed nails of the woman's left hand. "Will you have the medium polish, Madame? Or do you prefer the very red?" Her fingers quivered among the bottles, chose on instruction the very red. She drew out the cork, with its tiny pendant brush, and began to paint the neat finger nails.

"I got disgusted with her," Miss Nina resumed. "That's how we came to have this falling-out I spoke of. Going up to his room!" Miss Nina sniffed.

The blonde woman raised her hand, gazed intently at the shining red nails. "I suppose," she said, "you've seen this man she went with?"

"Seen him?" said Miss Nina. "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, I've seen him." She cleared her throat. "Well, you see, Madame, Adele and I had a little apartment together last year. East Thirty-first Street. A nice little place. This man—this friend of Adele's—used to come there, see? Then sometimes, you know, my boy friend would be there, and the four of us would go out somewheres, to dinner or a show or to dance somewheres. That's the way I got to know him. Of course, I wasn't paying any attention to him. I had a friend of my own." Miss Nina moved her shoulders expressing hauteur. "I could see all along he was getting sick of Adele. She was just crazy about him. Silly over him. And here he was with his wife and all—"

"So he has a wife?" said the woman. And her eyes opened very wide, as she stared at the five red, shining nails of her left hand.

"Oh, sure," said Miss Nina. "I should say so. Believe me, he has a wife. Very delicate. Just relax your hand a little, Madame. She's a very delicate woman. Lives in the country, New Jersey some place. If you could

just let your hand lie quiet—that's better, thank you, Madame. She's crazy about him. At least, that's what Adele used to say. He's just got to be home certain nights in the week. He has three children, too. He thinks the world of them. Quite a family man." Miss Nina laughed.

"Yes," said the woman. "It would seem that way. Well, that's hard on a man, a nagging wife."

Miss Nina was voluble, eager. "Yes, Madame, that's just what I used to tell Adele. 'Adele,' I used to say to her, 'there's no use *your* nagging at him; he's got one like that already.' And I told her, 'He's a married man, that'll never bring you luck.' But she said, 'If you like them, what can you do?'"

The woman uttered a little exclamation that was not quite a laugh. But Miss Nina did not heed. "Well, finally, she heard about Adele—the wife did. So he came to Adele and told her she'd have to leave and go some place else, because his wife, see, would make trouble if she stayed here. So that was how it happened. That's the whole story."

"Yes," said the blonde woman. "Yes, that's what I heard happened. I live in Brooklyn, and I heard about it from friends of her married sister's. I heard she got going out with this man, and then she lost her place. They all thought it was too bad, she was such a nice girl." She leaned forward across the narrow table, her lips parted. "There couldn't—you're sure that was what happened, that his wife found out about it? You couldn't be wrong about that?"

"No, I'm sure," said Miss Nina. She snipped her little scissors delicately, decisively. "Sure that was what happened. He was always scared to death his wife would find out. Why, sometimes he used to break dates the last minute. She's sick, see, and she gets suspicious. I guess she gave it to him all right."

The woman sighed. "I wonder," she said, "if Adele ever sees him now?"

"No," said Miss Nina quickly. "No, she doesn't see him any more. Hasn't seen him since she left."

"But I thought," said the blonde woman in a puzzled tone, "that you and Adele weren't friends any more? How would you know if she saw him or not? You wouldn't—" she hesitated—"I don't suppose you ever see him, do you? To talk to, I mean?"

"Me?" cried Miss Nina. "Why, no. No, I'd never dream— Why, what made you think—?" She laid down her small sharp scissors and ran her fingers quickly across her upper lip. The blonde woman's eyes were lowered. They stared intently at the middle finger of her right hand. And, following her gaze, Miss Nina's eyes rested on a scarlet speck beside the finger nail, which grew to a tiny bubble of blood, spreading across the whiteness of the finger. "Oh, Madame. I'm so sorry! How stupid of me! I don't know when I've done such a thing." With tremulous fingers she took the cork from a bottle of colorless fluid, and moistened a scrap of cotton which she pressed against the tiny wound. "Terribly sorry, Madame. I—I must be nervous to-day."

"That's all right," said the woman. Her voice was low and quiet. "We all make mistakes. I'm afraid I've upset you, talking about your girl friend. We'll drop the subject if you'd rather."

Miss Nina pressed her palms to her cheeks. "It upsets me awfully to cut a customer. No, no, Madame, why should I mind talking about Adele? She's nothing to me any more. I don't care what she does. You needn't worry over her. She's got somebody else by now. She never cares long for anybody. That's why I was so sure, see, that she doesn't meet this man any more. Ah, you don't know what a fool she is!" Miss Nina's mouth was bitter. "Going up to his room here? If she had to see him, why couldn't she meet him some place else? I knew she'd get in trouble. I told her, 'Adele,' I said, 'a manager of a hotel has his position to consider. A

big hotel like this, you want to be careful about going up there to see him; he can't always be telling you, don't come up to my room—how does that look for a man to be the one to be careful?'" Miss Nina was breathing fast. "I'll tell you what's the trouble with Adele, Madame. She's too easy. That's why, see, I know they don't see each other any more. A man gets sick of that, believe me."

The blonde woman bent her head. "Well, I should blame her," she said. "I should blame her. I guess every woman's been easy one time anyway—or wished she'd had the chance to be. I was easy once myself," she whispered, and her hand twitched in Miss Nina's clasp. "One time I was cashier in a hotel. There was a handsome fellow was one of the day clerks." She smiled wryly. "Well—"

She caught her lip between her teeth, with a long intake of breath, as though she were nerving herself to go on. "I fell for him," she said slowly. "A ton of bricks. I was nutty about him. His manners, you know. Always so polite and like that. He used to write me notes, lovely handwriting, like a copy book. He was educated in Europe. I'd carry those notes around with me for days—read them over and over again. He was crazy for women." She gave a nervous laugh of apology. "I thought he was crazy for me. Funny, isn't it? That's a mistake a lot of women make. Well—" After a minute she went on, "He had a wife. She was awfully delicate. That made her nagging and suspicious of him—the way they get. He couldn't bear to hurt her. And then there were the kids. He was so fond of his kids."

Miss Nina had stiffened. A confused hostility was hot in her narrowed eyes. Meeting that gaze, the woman flinched, looked away. Her lips trembled, and she bit at them to make them steady. "I stuck to him for six years," she said. "Six years out of my life, you wouldn't believe it. Every thought I had for that man, every breath I drew."

Miss Nina ran the scrub brush over the fingers of the woman's hand. Chill soapy water dripped through the fingers. Miss Nina squeezed them briefly in a towel.

"It's a bad thing to happen to a girl," said the woman. Her eyes were fastened on Miss Nina with a quivering intensity. They seemed to implore her to understand, to respond. But Miss Nina's eyes were as blank as two bits of pale-blue glass. "It's a bad thing," the woman went on, "getting mixed up with a married man. It gets a girl a bad name around. I could have married—oh, easy—before I got to going with this fellow. But after—well, after, it was different. No man's going to wait for a woman six years. Not these days. You can't blame them. And with the talk and all. There's always talk."

Miss Nina painted the last finger of the right hand with the very red polish. She thrust the cork into the bottle, busied herself with tidying her tray of small articles. The woman opened her beaded bag, awkwardly with her left hand, and took from it a mirror and a powder puff in a figured silk handkerchief. She powdered her nose and straightened her hat. "Of course, I'm not out of the running yet," she said. She snapped her bag shut, and took up her new gloves. She laughed lightly. "No, sir, I haven't given up hope yet."

But as she hesitated to rise it became clear that she had not yet finished. She was mustering the courage to go on. There was a minute of painful silence. "There's just one thing," she at last admitted. "I—I'm sorry you aren't friends with Adele any more. Because I was hoping you could take her a message from me. I—I got a feeling I wanted to tell her something."

Miss Nina had raised her tray. Now she set it down with a clatter. She took the edge of the table in both hands. "Tell me," she whispered. The light from the lamp flickered sharply in her eyes. "Tell me," she repeated.

"Well, you see, I guess I know him better than you do. This man Koch—" The name fell like a stone between them. And, seeing that the woman's face was white, Nina started sharply. In her thin young throat muscles twitched.

"Oh, my God!" said Nina. "You—you're not—"

For a moment they faced each other. Then the blonde woman understood. "No," she said, "I'm not. My God, do I look like a delicate wife? No, dearie, I never made it. But what I wanted to tell you was about her—Koch's wife. This sick wife of his that he can't bear to hurt." The woman swallowed, as though it hurt her. "She died four years ago," she said. "I happen to know that. You see? Well, that's all."

She did not look at Miss Nina now, stared instead at her new gloves and the blue-beaded bag. "He really did have the sick wife when I knew him. Yes, and the kids, too. Her family took them when she died. I guess he couldn't bear the idea of losing her," she said with a dreary smile. "She came in so—handy."

The woman rose, moved toward the cashier's desk, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. With uncertain fingers she fumbled in her bag for a crumpled bill. Outside the orchid and green salons, she paused in the gloomy carpeted silence of the hotel corridor. Almost she turned back. Her lips twisted. She clenched her hands, turning her head in a panic of regret. Suddenly she pressed her stiffened palms over her eyes. She did not hear Miss Nina coming until she stood beside her.

"Oh," cried the blonde woman. There were tears in her big hazel eyes. "Oh, I shouldn't have told you. I did wrong to tell you. It's none of my business, I know, what you do. But I got so's I couldn't sleep, thinking of him giving out he was a married man—getting away with it time after time—other girls suffering the way he made me suf-

fer." Tears spilled down her thin cheeks, across the dusty pink areas of rouge. She brushed them away angrily.

"I'm glad you told me," said Miss Nina in a queer little voice. Her aquamarine eyes were very light in her drab face. "I only wish," she said slowly, "I only wish I had of known before."

The woman laid one hand on Miss Nina's arm. "Listen," she implored her. "Would you take a piece of advice? I'm older than you. Don't let this break your heart, dear. Go back to that boy friend you talked about. You get married, hear me? That's the only thing for a woman to do, get married—"

"Boy friend?" cried Miss Nina. She spat out the word in disgust. "Married? Say, what's getting married? Kids. No clothes. No fun. Washing and ironing and mending his clothes, instead of just your own. Cooking and cleaning and losing your looks. And him not as nice to you as before you were married." She thrust her face close to the blonde woman's. "I'm going to have things," she said. Her little voice was shrill and vibrant. "No thirty-dollar clerk for me when I marry. I've been studying, educating myself to speak nice, and everything. I gave the boy friend the air six months ago. Do you think I'm going to throw myself away?"

Before such indignation the woman gasped speechless. Her large hazel eyes, around which moisture still clung,

looked at Nina with a hypnotized fascination which was almost fear. "What you just told me," said Nina grimly, "explains a lot of things. It's just what I needed." Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the woman. "I've got enough on Pete Koch to put him in States Prison." And absently, thoughtfully, her fingers tapped the corner of a white envelope which protruded at the bosom of her dress.

The blonde woman drew on her new kid gloves before she stumbled from the elevator. The big foyer seemed almost quiet. The woman glanced about her. In the cashier's cage, at the end of the long hotel desk, sat a very pretty girl. And, as the blonde woman looked, she saw that a tall man stooped attentively beside the cage. His back was toward the blonde woman. But she could see that he leaned forward eagerly, absorbed in his conversation with the pretty girl. The woman took an impulsive step toward him. "Oh, my God!" she whispered. The expression on her face might have been pity—as though those bland shoulders in the well-cut coat seemed suddenly pathetically vulnerable, unaware of dangers.

Then abruptly she turned and walked down the long corridor which led to the side entrance of the hotel. She kept clasping and unclasping her gloved hands as she walked. She was still laughing when she reached the street.



PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN AT THIRTY

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris

BEETHOVEN'S music was the child of the same imperious forces of nature that had already tried their strength in the author of the *Confessions*. Both were the flowering of a new season. . . .

I cannot help admiring those youngsters that shake their fists at Rousseau and Beethoven. It is much as if they defied the spring and fall, the destined withering of the leaves and renewal of the blossoms! . . . Rousseau and the *Sturm und Drang* were the April showers and equinoctial storms, announcing that an old civilization had broken up and that a new one was about to appear. Before the new society could be built man had to free himself as an individual. For individualism in revolt was at once a prophecy and the prerequisite of the Order to come. Each thing in its time! First, the self; later, society.

Beethoven belonged to that first generation of young Goethes in Germany (not so different as one might think from old Lynkeus in the Second Part of *Faust*)—those Columbuses that, launched in darkness on the hazardous sea of Revolution, discovered the Self and conquered it greedily. Having triumphed, they abused their conquest; they thirsted for power. Each Self, in its new freedom, longed for command; and when this was impossible in reality, sought it in art. All of life became a field for deploying battalions of thoughts, desires, regrets, desperations, and melancholies. The self had been transformed into an autocrat. . . . After the Revolution, the Empire: and

Beethoven carried both under his skin. Their coursing in his veins was the circulation of the very blood of history. For, just as the imperial venture, which had to await Hugo to find a poet worthy to sing it, had already inspired its Iliad, from the time of Beethoven's symphonies and sonatas before 1815, so, when Napoleon fell at Waterloo, Beethoven the *imperator* abdicated also. He too, like the eagle on his rock, exiled himself to a speck in the sea, more lost even than the little island in the African ocean, for he could no longer hear the waves breaking against his cliffs. He was immured. And when the voice of those last ten years rose from the silence, it was no longer the same self: Beethoven had renounced power over men, and was with his God.

But in this article, which is merely, as it were, the chronicle of the early campaigns from Marengo to Wagram, I shall study the Self that had found expression in struggle. And I must begin by roughly outlining its features. For though, with our perspective of a hundred years, it is easy to see at a glance in what respects this mountain formed part of the range of that distant period, we must also distinguish in what way it dominated it; what valleys, precipices, and slopes separated it from the surrounding peaks. The Self of Beethoven was certainly not that of the romantics. It would be absurd to confuse those neoGothics, or impressionists, with the Roman builder. Everything in them repelled him: their sentimentality, their lack of logic, their undirected imagination. He was the

most masculine of musicians. There was nothing (or, perhaps, not enough) in him that was feminine—and I confess that, except for certain pieces, I have never enjoyed hearing him interpreted by women. Neither was there any trace in him of that wonder-gaze of children, for whom art and life are a game of soap bubbles. Not that I despise such children! I love their wonder; and, like them, I find it beautiful to see the world reflected in shimmering bubbles. But it is still more beautiful to embrace it, as Beethoven did, and possess it. He was the male sculptor, subduing his material and molding it to his hand: the master builder whose workshop was nature. For those who can see the vistas of the mind that are lighted up in the "Eroica," the "C Minor," and the "Appassionata," the most striking feature of these works is not the vastness of the armies engaged, the floods of sound, the masses hurled into the attack: it is the mind that directs them, the imperial reason.

II

But before considering the work let us consider the workman. And first let us reconstruct the frame in which he dwelt.

He was built of sand and lime, for the mind in Beethoven was founded on strength. His body was athletic and sinewy. One may picture him a thick-set, squat figure, with broad shoulders; burnished face, roughened by wind and sun; heavy black hair erect like a forest, with bushy eyebrows and beard up to his ears; the brow and roof of the skull wide and high, "like the vault of a temple"; powerful jaws, "which would crush walnuts"; a lion's muzzle and a lion's voice. Not one of those that knew him was not struck by his physical vigor. "He was embodied force," said the poet Castelli. "*Ein Bild der Kraft*," wrote Seyfried. And this strength did not desert him until the last years—not until the attempted suicide of his nephew, which touched him to the

quick. The word "Cyclopean," used by Reichardt and Benedikt, characterized him well. Others compared him with Hercules. Gnarled and pitted with smallpox, he was a sturdy fruit of the age that produced Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon.

He maintained this strength by vigorous bathings in cold water, great care in physical cleanliness, and daily walks, which began immediately after lunch and lasted throughout the afternoon, sometimes even into the night. On top of that a long, heavy sleep, which he complained of resentfully. "I am so unfortunate," he wrote to Wegeler, "as to have to give too much time to it."

His diet was substantial and simple. No excesses, no gluttony—and no heavy drinking, of which he has been mistakenly accused. He loved life like a good son of the Rhineland, but did not abuse it, except for the brief period with Holz (1825-26), when he was in despair. His luxury was fish, which he ate more than meat. But his cooking was rustic and crude; dainty stomachs rebelled against it. His two "pretty witches," Unger and Sontag, the singers of the Ode to Joy, whom he entertained, were ready to give up the ghost after one of his lunches.

Under the dæmon that possessed him his external life grew more disordered as he grew older. There should have been a woman to watch over him. Lacking one, he forgot to eat; he had no home. But there was no woman ready to devote herself wholly to him. And perhaps his independence refused in advance to accept the obligations such a devotion would have entailed.

Yet he loved women and needed them. The place they occupied in his life was larger than in that—I shall not say of Bach or Handel—but of any other great musician. I shall come back to this subject later. But, although his ardent nature craved love, and love eluded him less than has been claimed (we shall see that he fascinated women and that more than one offered herself), he was on guard against them: he was on guard

against love itself. His sexual continence, however, has been exaggerated. Certain notes in his diary, in 1816, prove by the disgust aroused in him that he had tasted the satisfactions of a night. But his conception of love was too exalted for him to cheapen it in these "bestial" encounters, as he called them. Eventually he suppressed all sensuality in his emotional life. And when the once beloved, and still beautiful, Giulietta came in tears to offer herself he refused her contemptuously. He was defending the sacredness of his memories against her. He was also defending his art, his God, against stain.

"If I had been willing to sacrifice my energy thus what would have been left for nobler uses?"

This dominion of the mind over the flesh, this rugged moral and physical constitution, together with his temperate living, should have assured Beethoven an invincible health. Roeckel, who saw him, in 1806, stripped and splashing in the water like a Triton, said that "one would have expected him to live to the age of Methuselah."

But he had a heavy burden of heredity to carry. More than likely, a tendency towards tuberculosis, which came from his mother; from his father and grandmother alcoholism, which he resisted morally, but which must have left defects in his organism; a violent enteritis, from which he suffered early; and, perhaps, syphilis. In addition to all of this, weak eyes and deafness. Yet it was from none of these ills that he died, but from cirrhosis of the liver. And even then, accidental circumstances determined his death: an attack of pleurisy, at the beginning of his last illness, brought on by his reckless return from the country to Vienna, in icy December weather, without winter clothes and in an open milk-cart; and when this seemed to have been checked, an outburst of anger which caused a relapse. . . . Of all these cracks in the structure, the only one that deeply affected his spirit was, as we know, his deafness.

But at the starting point of his career—which for other men would have been the goal—when at the age of thirty he had already conquered first place beside the veteran Haydn, his strength seemed intact, and he was proudly aware of it. He that frees himself from the bonds and gags of a decaying world, from his old masters and gods, must prove himself worthy of his new liberty: he must be able to use it. Otherwise, let him stay in chains! The first condition of a free man is force. Beethoven exalted it, and he was led by this to overestimate it. *Kraft über alles!*—The fore-runner of Nietzsche's superman stirred in him. If he could be extravagantly generous, it was because such was his nature, and it pleased him to scatter his booty royally among friends in need. But he could also be pitiless in his lack of consideration, and he often was—nor am I referring merely to his fits of rage, in which he respected nothing, not even his inferiors. He professed at times the morality of the strongest, a "*Faustrecht*":

"Force is the morality of men that stand out from their fellows; and it is also mine."

He was rich in scorn: scorn of the weak, the ignorant, the masses, and the aristocracy, even of the good folk that loved him and admired him; a scorn of all men, which at bottom was terrifying, and of which he was never entirely free. As late as 1825, he was writing:

"Our time needs strong spirits to lash these wretched, snarling, sneaking drabs of human souls."

In a letter to his intimate friend, Amenda, in 1810, he expressed his contempt for Zmeskall, who was to remain faithful to him to his last breath, even having himself carried on his sick bed to a nearby house when Beethoven was dying, in order to take his part in the terrors of the last days:

"I value him and his kind," Beethoven had written, "merely for what they give me. I consider them nothing but instruments for me to play on when I feel like it."

This boasting cynicism, which he paraded before his most devoted friends, was to appear more than once in his life, and his enemies did not forget it. When Holz first entered into relations with him, about 1825, Steiner, the publisher, sent word to him that he was a fool to go to any trouble for Beethoven; that Beethoven would discard him when he had used him, as he had done with all his *famuli*. And Holz promptly repeated his words to Beethoven.

In every period of his life such instances were contradicted by the torrent of his deep humanity. But it must be admitted that the two currents, love and contempt, frequently clashed in him, and that in the full tide of his youth, when success was breaking down all dams, it was contempt that boiled over.

I am not idealizing; and tender souls must make what they can of it. I am describing the man as I see him.

It is in this same trait, however, that we shall recognize the sublimity, in the ancient style, of the fate that overtook him, like *Œdipus*, in the most sensitive spot of his pride and strength—his hearing, the instrument of his superiority. It tempts one to believe in Hamlet's words:

" . . . and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

Let us, who can judge the tragedy from a century's perspective, fall to our knees. Let us cry, "*Heilig! Heilig!* Blessed be the misfortune that befell thee! Blessed be thy sealed ears!"

For the hammer alone is not enough; there must also be the anvil. There would have been no tragedy, but merely an item of news, had fate found a weakling, an imitation great man, to bend beneath the burden. It found a man of its own caliber, who seized it by the throat, and wrestled with it savagely through the night till dawn—for him, the final dawn; whose shoulders touched the ground only in death, and who, even in death, was carried a victor on his shield. A man who turned his want

into wealth and his infirmity into the magic wand that opened the rock.

III

Let us return to his portrait, at that decisive hour when misfortune was about to enter. Let us savor the lasting delight of that struggle in the arena between the nameless Force and the man with the lion's muzzle!

This superman over whose head the storm was gathering (for peaks attract the thunderbolt) was marked, as with smallpox, by the moral characteristics of his time: the spirit of revolt, the torch of the Revolution. This had already become evident in the days at Bonn. As a student at the University, in 1789, Beethoven had attended the lectures of Euloge Schneider, the future public prosecutor of the department of the Lower Rhine. When the news reached Bonn that the Bastille had fallen, Schneider kindled the enthusiasm of his pupils with a fiery poem, which he read in class. The following year Hofmusicus Beethoven subscribed to a collection of revolutionary poetry, in which Schneider cast the defiance of a future democracy at the feet of the old world:

"To scorn bigotry, break the scepter of stupidity, and fight for the rights of man is a task no prince's valet can perform. There must be free souls who prefer death to flattery, and poverty to servitude. . . . And let it be known that among such souls, mine shall not be the last to offer itself. . . ."

Who is speaking? Beethoven already? The words were Schneider's, but Beethoven made them flesh. The young Jacobin, who was to have plenty of chance later on to change his political, but who never changed his moral, convictions, carried this haughty profession of republicanism into the salons of Vienna where, from his earliest successes, he rode rough-shod over the aristocracy that feted him. . . .

The elegance of a dying world: never had it been more subtle, more delicate,

or worthier of love (in default of respect), than during this vigil that preceded the arrival of the cannon of Wagram. One is reminded of the Trianon; but how superior, both in taste and culture, were these aristocrats of Vienna at the opening of the new century to their exiled princess, the daughter of their own Maria Theresa! Never has an aristocracy loved beauty and music with a more complete passion, nor shown greater favor to those who make possible their enjoyment. One might almost think the Viennese were doing penance for their abandonment of Mozart, huddled into a pauper's grave. In the years between the death of the unhappy Wolfgang and that of Haydn the aristocracy of Vienna humbled itself before art and paid court to artists; it prided itself on treating them as equals.

The 27th of March, 1808, marked the apogee of this consecration: the coronation of music. On that day Vienna was celebrating Haydn's seventy-sixth birthday. At the door of the University aristocrats rubbed elbows with musicians, waiting for the son of the wheelwright of Rohrau, who arrived in Prince Esterhazy's carriage. With a roar of drums, trumpets, and acclamations, Haydn was carried into the hall. Prince Lobkowitz, Salieri, and Beethoven came forward to kiss his hand. Princess Esterhazy and two other great ladies threw off their cloaks to wrap them about the feet of the old man, who trembled with emotion. The delirium in the hall, the shouts and tears of enthusiasm, overwhelmed the author of the "Creation." In the midst of his oratorio he left in tears and, from the doorway, conferred his blessing on Vienna.

A year later Napoleon's eagles had pounced down on Vienna; and Haydn, dying in the occupied city, carried the old world with him into the tomb.

But the youthful Beethoven had already known, and despised, the gracious smile of this old world, which cast the cloak of its aristocracy under the feet of artists. And he trampled on the cloak.

He was not the first of those peasants (the two first had been Gluck and Rousseau from the Danube and the Rhone) who saw the arrogant nobility scurrying to please them, and avenged the humiliations suffered by their class for generations. But while the "Chevalier Gluck" (the son of a forester) had been born sly and had learned to temper his rudeness with the deference due to the great, until his rudeness itself added to his celebrity; and while timid Jean-Jacques bowed and stammered and only when he was on his way down the stairs remembered the proud speeches he might have made—Beethoven launched his contempt and insults openly in the crowded drawing-room. When Princess Lichnowsky's mother, the Countess Thun, that magnificent woman who had been Gluck's friend and Mozart's protectress, knelt before him and begged him to play, Beethoven did not stir from his sofa, and refused. . . . "Put a beggar on horseback—" Centuries were finding their revenge through him, and, as always, on the tenderest victims.

What kindness that princely house of Lichnowsky showed him! They adopted the uncouth young musician from Bonn and polished him, taking infinite precautions not to ruffle his susceptibilities. The Princess gave him the love of a "grandmother," as Beethoven himself said; "she put him under glass, to keep any unworthy breath from touching him." Later we shall read the story of that evening at the Lichnowsky palace, in December 1805, when his friends tried to save the "Fidelio," which Beethoven, after its first failure, had refused to revise and was thinking of destroying. Seated at the piano, the Princess, who was already gravely ill, evoked the memory of his mother and besought him "not to let his greatest work perish." But a few months afterwards it needed only a word, which seemed to him an encroachment on his independence, for Beethoven to shatter the bust of the Prince and leave the house, slamming the door behind him;

he was never to see the Lichnowskys again.

Yet he loved them, and certain words of his later indicate that he was grateful to them; but his gratitude entitled no one to any claims on his liberty. The scene, in fact, had been more violent than is usually admitted, for Beethoven's friends made an effort to hush the matter up. An intimate letter from Ries to Wegeler, December 28, 1837, reveals what had happened:

"If it had not been for Count Oppersdorf and a few others, we should have had an ugly brawl, for Beethoven had seized a chair and was about to smash it over Prince Lichnowsky's head, the latter having broken down the door of the room where Beethoven had bolted himself in. Fortunately Oppersdorf threw himself between them. . . ."

The cause of the quarrel had been Beethoven's refusal to play for some French officers who had been invited to dine at the Prince's table.

"Prince," wrote Beethoven on leaving, "you are what you are through the accident of birth; I am what I am through myself. There are plenty of princes, and there will be thousands more in the future. There is only one Beethoven."

This arrogance bristled not only against members of another class, but against those of his own, against other musicians, against the masters of his art, and against its rules.

"The rules forbid such and such harmonies."

"But I allow them."

Yet when Anton Halm brought him a sonata, in 1815, and apologized for certain irregularities by saying that Beethoven had often allowed himself to break the rules, Beethoven replied, "I can do it, you can't."

He refused to accept what was taught until he had tried it and tested it, submitting only to the direct lesson of experience. His two masters, Albrechtsberger and Salieri, testified that he owed them nothing, for he had never been

willing to admit what they told him; hard, personal experience had taught him what he knew. He was the rebellious archangel, of whom Gelinek said in dismay, "There is a Satan in that young man."

But patience! The spear of Saint Michael was to release the hidden God. It was not an unfounded pride that made him refuse to accept authority. In his time it seemed presumptuous of this young man to feel himself the equal of Goethe and Handel. But he was.

If he was proud towards others, he was not towards himself. Speaking to Czerny of his defects and his imperfect education, he said, "And yet, I had a talent for music. . . ."

No one has ever worked harder, or more patiently and perseveringly, from his first to his last days. The theorists whom he rejected at twenty, he was to take up again at forty, after the "Pastoral" and the "Symphony in C Minor," read them, and make extracts from Kirnberger, Fux, Albrechtsberger, Turk, C. P. E. Bach. His intellectual curiosity, not only in music but in every field of thought, was prodigious. When he was about to die, he said, "I am beginning to learn."

Patience! The iron was already separating from the fused ore. The jealous love of fame, which had led him to compete with virtuosos and dazzle the public, was only a childhood eruption of the skin. When his friends talked to him later of his youthful celebrity, he replied:

"Nonsense! I never thought of writing for reputation and glory. What is in my heart has to come out; that is why I write!"

All else was subordinated to the imperious voice of his inner life.

IV

Every true artist carries within him, though diffused and intermittent, that dream life that flows in vast sheets through the subterranean world. But in Beethoven it attained a unique degree

of intensity, even before the closed doors of his hearing shut out the rest of the world. One has only to think of that magnificent "*Largo e mesto* in D Minor," in the sonata op. 10, no. 3—that sovereign meditation that overlooks the wide plain of life and its shadows. It was the work of a young man of twenty-six. And all of Beethoven is already in it. What a maturity of soul! If he was less precocious, perhaps, than Mozart in the art of graceful expression, how much more mature was he in his inner life, in the knowledge and mastery of himself, his passions, and his dreams! His struggling childhood, with its premature experiences, had developed these powers early in life. I see Beethoven, the boy, as the old baker, Gottfried Fischer, has recorded in his diary that he saw him in Bonn: sitting in his attic window, overlooking the Rhine, his head in his hands, absorbed in "his fine, deep thoughts." Perhaps that melodious lament, the poetic *adagio* of the first sonata for piano, was already singing in him. For he was haunted by melancholy while still a boy; he tells us of it in the poignant letter that opens his correspondence: "Melancholy, which is almost as great an illness with me as disease itself . . ." But he was soon to acquire the magic power of freeing himself from it by giving it form in the art of sounds.

Whether the victor or the victim, however, he stood alone. From childhood, he had an extraordinary capacity for isolating himself wherever he might be, in the street or the drawing-room. When Mme. de Breuning saw him lost thus in space, unaware of what was going on about him, she used to say that he was having his "raptus." Later this was to become an abyss where his spirit disappeared from the sight of men for hours and days. On such occasions it would have been dangerous to try to recall him. The somnambulist would not have forgiven you.

Music develops, in its votaries, this power of concentration on an idea, a sort of European yoga, stamped with the

Occidental traits of action and control; for music is a moving architecture, all of whose parts must be grasped simultaneously. It demands a dizzying movement of the soul in immobility, a clear eye, a taut will, and a soaring flight over the whole field of dream. In no other musician has this effort of thought been more violent, more continuous, or more superhuman—I would even say, more inhuman. Let us not overlook this; for it contains the key to the enigma of Beethoven, his genius and, as I believe, his tragedy. Nature is not to be violated by the mind with impunity. And when the mind wrings from it the secrets it has never yielded to any other it exacts payment. Whatever idea he grappled with, he did not release it until he had possessed it. Nothing could distract him from his pursuit. It was not accidental that his playing was marked with *legato*, unlike the dainty, *staccato* playing of Mozart and all the other pianists of his time. Each part was linked to the rest in Beethoven's thought, though it seemed to jet forth in careless torrents. He mastered it, as he mastered himself. He appeared to be delivered over to the world by his passions, but in reality no one could read to the bottom of his mind. During the first years of the century Seyfried, who observed him at close range in society and at home, where they lived together, was less struck by the marks of emotion on his face than by his impassivity.

"It was difficult, even impossible, to divine his approval or displeasure from his features" (when he was listening to music); "he was always the same, apparently cold and contained in his judgments. But within, his mind was working unceasingly. The animal envelope was like a marble without soul."

This is a Beethoven unsuspected by those that imagine him a sort of King Lear in the storm. But who really knew him? Each spectator had to content himself with a snapshot.

At thirty he had achieved a command-

ing equilibrium over the opposed elements in his thought. If, outside of art, he allowed his passions free rein, he curbed them in art with a steeled grip.

For this reason he delighted in improvising, for then he wrestled with the surprises of his genius; the subconscious forces were released and had to be subdued. Many master musicians have been master improvisers, especially in the eighteenth century, when music, still preserving its suppleness, cultivated the quality of free invention. Yet this public of connoisseurs, who had just been spoiled by Mozart, admitted unanimously that no one equalled Beethoven in the unprecedented force of his improvisations. "Anyone who has never heard Beethoven improvise," said the Baron de Tremont, "does not know the full depth and power of his genius."

It is difficult for us to form a conception of this, unless perhaps from the "Choral Fantasy," which Moschelès tells us he could not hear without being reminded of Beethoven improvising. Pianists as experienced as Ries and Czerny have described the inexhaustible richness of his playing on such occasions, the bewildering problems stated and solved, the unexpected flights, the grappling passions. These professionals, who were on their guard, were entranced like the rest. Whatever the company, said Czerny, it was impossible to resist; the audience was overwhelmed. "Besides the beauty and originality of the ideas, there was something extraordinary in their expression." Aloys Schosser spoke of his "poetic fury." . . . Like Prospero, Beethoven evoked spirits "from the depths to the heights." His listeners sobbed, Reichardt wept openly. Not an eye was left dry.

When he had finished and noticed their tears, he shrugged his shoulders, laughing contemptuously:

"The idiots! They are not artists. Artists are made of fire; they don't weep."

But this is another aspect of Beethoven that is little known. His scorn

for sentimentality has hardly been suspected. We have turned this oak into a weeping willow. It was his listeners who wept. For his part, he chose to control his feelings.

"No emotion!" he said to a friend when they were parting. "A man must be resolute and brave in everything."

Later we shall see him give Goethe a lesson in self-restraint.

If he allowed the torments that ravaged his inner life to pass into his art, it was because he wished to do so. As artist, he remained their master, not to be swept away by them. He had been at their mercy? Very well, his turn had come now. He held them in his power, he looked at them, and he laughed.

V

In all of the above I have been describing Beethoven in 1800, the genius at thirty. These are the powerful, wounding traits that denote an abuse of force, but still force: an immense, inner sea, unaware of its limits. The risks, however, were great that it might lose itself in the sands of pride and success. Would the God he bore within him prove a Lucifer? . . .

The word "God" on my tongue is not a literary image. In speaking of Beethoven one is forced to speak of God: for him God was the first and most real of realities. We shall find him throughout all of Beethoven's thought; for Beethoven could treat God as an equal or as a master. He could regard him as a companion of his life, whom he bullied, or as a tyrant, whom he cursed ("I have frequently cursed the Creator," he wrote to Wegeler in 1801); as a part of the Self, a stalwart friend, or a severe father, *qui bene castigat* (the son of Johann van Beethoven had tested the value of that method in childhood). But whoever it was that struggled with Beethoven, the struggle continued every hour of the day; this God was a part of his household and lived with him; he was never absent. Other friends disappeared; he alone was

always there. And Beethoven pressed him with laments, reproaches, and questions. There were always two voices in his inner speech. And you will find these dialogues of the soul everywhere in his music, from the earliest works: two souls in one, married and opposed, discussing, battling, their bodies laced together—was it a struggle or an embrace? One, however, was the voice of the master; there could be no mistake about that.

As the year 1800 approached, Beethoven was fighting against this God, and recognizing him. The contest was incessantly renewed. Each time, the master printed his burning stamp in the soul, and waited for the conflagration. So far only the first flicker had been lighted by the gentle breath of Beethoven's theological friend, Amenda. But the flame and the stake were ready. Let the wind but come . . .

It came.

Until the period we are now entering Beethoven's hearing had been excellent. He was proud of its extraordinary delicacy and precision. "A sense which I possessed in its fullest perfection, as few other musicians had ever possessed it!"

The misfortune that overtook him between 1800 and 1802, like the storm in the "Pastoral"—except that the fresh sky of the early period was never to reappear—affected him in every part of his being at once: in his social life, in love, and in art. All were touched.

First, his social life. For the Beethoven of 1800 this was no trifle!

Consider the celebrity of an artist who, in five years, had given the world the first ten sonatas for piano (and, among them, the "Pathetic"), the first five sonatas for piano and violin, and, in a cluster thrown at the feet of Prince Lobkowitz, the first two concertos for piano and orchestra, the "Septet" and the "Serenade"!

Yet I have mentioned only the most famous, works whose fire, a century later, has not paled. What a treasure

of poetry and passion this young genius had poured into them: exquisite melody, humor, and fantasy, unleashed passions and brooding reveries! A whole new world, as his contemporaries, and especially the younger men, felt at once. As Louis Schlosser said later, "The musical hero, whose genius, by releasing the infinite within us, founded a new era in art."

Moreover, these compositions for pianoforte and chamber orchestra (for this tempestuous genius had had the rare patience not to undertake the conquest of the symphony in the grand style until he had subdued the entire domain of *Kammermusik*) enjoyed an unparalleled popularity. Before thirty he had been recognized as the greatest of all composers for pianoforte, and in other fields as equalled only by Mozart and Haydn. From the beginning of the nineteenth century he was being played everywhere in Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, and Paris. At thirty he had already conquered the future.

Let us picture this victorious Beethoven, a distinguished virtuoso and brilliant artist, the lion of the drawing-rooms, who fascinated the young and stirred his listeners to ecstasy; who despised this elegant, sensitive, subtle society but who craved it—he had always lived in it since his early days as a boy *Hofmusicus*, emerging from his parents' needy home, or, later, from his unkempt bachelor's quarters in Vienna, to breathe the most aristocratic atmosphere in Europe and to feel its intoxication. A Beethoven whose uncouth manners had been patiently refined by Princess Lichnowsky; who pretended to scorn fashion but carried his chin high over a beautiful white stock, cascading down in triple folds, while he glanced about him from the corner of his eye, proud and satisfied, yet a trifle uneasy, to surprise the effect on his audience. A Beethoven who danced (and, alas, how clumsily!); a Beethoven who rode horseback (unlucky horse!); a Beethoven whose good nature, full-throated laugh, gusto, and

hidden grace (well hidden, but still there!) found expression in ravishing music: the "Ritterballet" at Bonn (1791); the "Serenade" (1796); the exquisite Variations: "Vieni amora" (1791), on a Russian dance (1795-7), on an air of the "Molinara" (1795), bouncing German dances (1795-97), waltzes and *Laendler* enraptured with happy youth. . . . Let no one imagine that he was unsociable! Though he clashed with society, he could not do without it. And from that we may measure what the loss of it must have cost him later on.

For the moment he was enjoying it; he was its favorite. But, child of the people that he was, he knew that such favors were precarious and tinged with irony, sometimes kindly but often malicious. His countryman's distrust warned him that his noble admirers watched for his blunders, his timidities, and signs of awkwardness. However truly such friends might love him, they would drop him from one day to the next! But he never humored them; he humored nobody, for it was an impossibility to his nature. He preferred to starve rather than mince the truth. To be sure, he had devoted Mæcenases, but he also had many more jealous enemies, virtuosos he had put out of countenance, embittered composers, fools he had shown up, and even young musicians he had made no effort to flatter. He was harsh with those who showed him their anæmic works. And he had no skill in gathering worshipful disciples about him; one or two professional pupils at the most. No one ever fitted less into the role of "dear Master."

He stood alone on the tightrope; beneath him, the gaping crowd waited for a misstep. He had not been troubled by them so long as he had felt sure of the integrity of his body. Himself against all! He had liked it that way, and played with the vertigo. . . . But now that he was mutilated by fate? The tightrope walker struck with dizziness, what could he do? Admit that he no longer saw clearly? He clenched his

teeth. As long as a flicker of light entered his pupils he would go on.

And the imminence of night exalted his creative fury.

VI

It exalted also love.

Beethoven was possessed by love. The fire burned continuously, from adolescence to his last days. One of his intimate friends remarked that "his heart was never free of passion." Sensitive to beauty, he could not see a pretty face without becoming inflamed. To be sure, none of these flares lasted for long; one extinguished another. He even boasted complacently that the longest had endured seven months! But this was only the first zone of love. Above it were the sacred passions that left the "*Wonne der Wehmut*" in the soul—a wound that bled unceasingly. . . . There were mistresses, there were loves, and there was "the immortal Beloved." With Beethoven it is often hard to distinguish between them. More than one of these little fires began in play and ended in a consuming blaze.

But all degrees of love and passion were united in those first years of the century when deafness was about to immure him. In the drawing-rooms of Vienna he was surrounded daily by clusters of girls, many of whom were his pupils (he never refused such pupils!), and all of whom paid court to him (I must insist on this fact which, at first thought, surprises one). He was the fashion: it was he who had written the new ballet, "*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*," for Vigano and Casentini, to be given at the Court Theater, March 26th, 1801.

In all ages the performer, the artist in public view, has attracted women. But Beethoven exercised also a personal fascination over them. Ugly and coarse as he seemed at first glance, he no sooner began to talk and smile than all of them, frivolous, serious, romantic, or mocking, were subjugated. They discovered then

that he had an elegant mouth, dazzling teeth, and "handsome, eloquent eyes which reflected every shade of his protean moods—gracious, kindly, rude, angry, or threatening." True, they laughed at him; they were glad to discover foibles they could tease him about. These foibles supplied a protection without which he would have been dangerous; in the light duels of the heart they gave his opponents an advantage over him. For, of course, there was no question, with these lovely, rich, titled young ladies, of pushing the adventure beyond a drawing-room flirtation. Let us not reproach them for that! What is more surprising is that several were touched to the heart. In the letters published by La Mara and A. de Hevesy, they speak frequently of Beethoven, "who is an angel." Even while ridiculing him, their imaginations were often a little too much occupied with him. They dragged him in their wake to chateaux in Hungary, where in gardens at evening he whispered, kissed, and made promises to be carried away by the first wind. . . . But we shall hear that wind, burning and terrible, in the *presto agitato finale* of the "Moonlight Sonata."

The years from 1799 to 1801 saw the budding of his intimacies with the two related families, Brunsvik and Guicciardi. He loved the three cousins, Tesi (Therese), Pepi (Josephine), and Giulietta (twenty-five, twenty-one, and sixteen years old), in turn and simultaneously. And his feeling was shared, as much as it could be by those little heads bubbling with youthful happiness, by the beautiful and flirtatious Giulietta, by the tender, proud, and fascinating Josephine—the one who at that time loved him the most deeply—and by the serious (but not too serious) Therese Brunsvik, who for so long wavered anxiously. Giulietta triumphed over her rivals, loosing a storm of passion in Beethoven. Yet it was not to her that the letter "to the immortal Beloved" was to be written eleven years later. But in November, 1801, she was "a dear, enchanting girl"

who had captured Beethoven's heart and by whom he thought himself loved. She alone dispelled the clouds of sadness and misanthropy gathering over him since he had been haunted by "the specter of deafness." But, unhappily, she dispelled them only to let them fall again, heavier than before.

Aware of his approaching misfortune—that terrible affliction he would soon be no longer able to conceal—he longed to take refuge at a woman's side. In his thoughts it was not merely a question of love now, but of marriage. "For the first time," he wrote to Wegeler, "I feel that marriage might make me happy." Until 1816 this was to be his constant hope and his constant disappointment. Watching the light grow dim, he fumbled for a hand to guide him. But who would extend it? Not one of the women who alone attracted him. Aside from their pride of caste (and if they had none, their families watched over this for them), what means of living had he to offer? Before the first attacks of deafness he had lived without thought for the morrow. But his compositions brought him little, and he seldom exacted pay for his lessons. He lived on uncertain benefactions, always somewhat wounding to his susceptibilities. To collect a nest-egg he would have to tour Germany and other parts of Europe in recitals. He even considered this. "If it were not for my hearing," he wrote, "I should already have covered half the earth. And I must do it." But deafness was coming on so fast that the project already made him apprehensive. In any case, it would take years to lay aside enough money. . . .

Giulietta did not wait. She offered him a double affront by marrying a musician—and what a musician!—a man of the world, an amateur, a handsome fellow, one of those dandies that play the role of great artist without any realization of the gulf between their babblings and a work of genius. In the orchestra concerts of the winter of 1803 this little Count Gallenberg, a youngster of

twenty, had the impudence to elbow Beethoven's symphonies with his overtures copied from Mozart and Cherubini. Nor did Giulietta recognize the difference any more than himself. Between Beethoven and Count Robert Gallenberg, she did not hesitate: it was Robert who was the fatal and misunderstood genius. She married him November 3rd, 1803, a year and a half after Beethoven had dedicated the grievous "Sonata Quasi una Fantasia," op. 27, no. 2 (the "Moonlight"), "*alla Damigella Contessa*." The illusion had not lasted long: in the sonata there is already more grief and anger than love. Six months after this immortal ode, Beethoven wrote, in despair, the "Testament" of Heiligenstadt (October 6, 1802).

VII

There are some biographers who like to lecture their heroes. And Beethoven's have not spared him. Throughout the whole of the monumental work they have devoted to him, Thayer and his German successors have been anxious to prove that, whatever Beethoven's misfortunes, aside from his deafness, they were well deserved!

It is true: he was guilty of not being able to adapt himself to ordinary standards.

His biographers have shown an equal zeal in proving that, after all, he was not so unhappy!

Again it is true: this unhappy man nourished within him the immense joy of the Symphonies.

But when they use his laughter to deny his anguish, his biographers lack not only a sense of greatness but of the most elementary traits of human nature. What treason history becomes in the hands of conscientious scholars who seek life in archives and not in men! I have no wish to be unjust. With the patience of ants, these scholars have collected a treasure of documents, for which we cannot sufficiently thank them. And, from time to time, like the good musicians they were, they warm to

a splendid homage before the perfection of art. But how empty of life they are! And what a sealed enigma life remains to them! Especially have they no suspicion of the proportions of their hero. They measure him with the common yardstick of all men. They are right, and they are wrong! Their yardstick gives them the right to conclude that the mountain is out of proportion. But the mountain, in turn, would have the right to accuse them of that "*Geist der Kleinlichkeit*" which Beethoven despised and which he attributed, in irritation, to one of his good friends.

Beethoven would not be Beethoven if in all that he was there had not been an excess. I am not praising, I am not blaming. He who wishes to understand him must be able to embrace the extremes of his contrasts, which formed the natural balance of his powerful equilibrium. Yes, Beethoven was capable, at least in his youth, of almost simultaneous grief and joy. One did not exclude the other. They were the two poles of his "electrical genius," as he himself called it. It was through them that his prodigious vitality was charged and discharged. His most extraordinary trait was not his enormous capacity for suffering and love, but the elasticity of his nature. The crisis of 1802 is a magnificent example.

Beethoven was stricken. Never did a more heart-breaking cry of despair come from the throat of a man than that testamentary letter (which was never sent). He measured his length on the ground. But, like the Titan in the fable, it was only to leap up again with strength multiplied tenfold.

"No, I will not endure it. . . ."

And he grappled with fate.

"You shall not crush me entirely. . . ."

In such natures the excess of grief assures a healthy reaction. Strength grows with the enemy that assails it. And when the stricken man rose to his feet again, he was no longer a man alone: he was the army on the march of the "Eroica."



VICIOUS

A PARROT BIOGRAPHY

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

THE Pullman porter watches me as I read the card. On it is written: *Full-grown—A Year Old in January.*

The Pullman porter has known her only a day but is fond of her, is anxious that I should be as fond as he. He tells me her history, an odd little history. Born in Mexico, robbed from a nest, thrust into a cage, stuck up on a shelf, sold to an American lady, bumped and shaken all the long way from Cuernavaca to New York, frightened almost to death by the dog of the wife of the banker, reluctantly yielded by that kind lady to the Pullman porter who brings her to me. The lady had read something I had written. The lady believed—and it was very wise of her—that my laboratory would make a good home for her little green parrot.

But the little green parrot this morning wants no human home. She wants to keep as far as possible from all things human. She stands on one leg, to be the more sensitively ready should danger come, and if I so much as look her way threatens me with her beak. Indeed, whoever enters the room she threatens with her beak. Indeed, whoever moves along the walk outside she threatens with her beak. Such ferocity in a thing so tiny is funny to see; and when now she also draws a drop of blood from a gentleman's finger—a gentleman who had poked that finger at her, and had said she wouldn't dare—the gentleman calls her Vicious, and the name sticks.

Another bird, Ab, is in the room when the porter brings her, but does not look from his work. When Ab works he sees nothing but his work, and when he does not work he eats, and then he sees nothing either. And even if he did see—woman is woman.

He digs his beak with emphasis into the curtain-rope. The curtain-rope is tough. He transfers his beak to the lampshade. The lampshade is tough too. He notes something on the other side of the room, something into which he has not dug his beak, flops over the space, bangs with his head into the window glass. He is dazed, nevertheless moves toward a volume of Henry James. I leap to save the volume. He is pained that I should leap, turns his back on me, waddles over to his bamboo cage, draws himself up one side, spies her. Woman is woman—he jams his jaw imperturbably into the bamboo. And an affair with this woman would be absurd in any case. She is not a tenth of him for size.

But she—she has no notion how small she is. She has found one of her own kind. She adores him on the spot. She has not taken her eyes off him, not once since his wild flight. She watched that flight as a small boy watches a heaven full of balloons. And she means not to hide how she feels. She deserts her cage, hustles to his. He backs off. She follows. *His* cage! *His* territory! He is too worried to bite. He backs. She follows. The cage is small. He tries to recover his poise, but does not

succeed. When he can back no farther he swings round, slaps his tail across her face. But Vicious's feelings are not hurt. Vicious is no silly bird. She is old, old. She was old when she was born. She knows one must pay for what one adores.

At five o'clock, over the houses, across the valley, a blast of the factory whistle. Instantly Ab drops his work. He listens. He gazes over the houses, watches the rising steam. There is a quaint baby intensity about all he does, and with every bit of it he listens. Then a second blast. He turns to Vicious, forgets the pest she is, looks questioningly into her face. But she—now she has him looking—gazes over the houses, watches the rising steam. Then a third blast. Ab is so excited he can hold himself in no longer. He makes a blast of his own. The blast is not right. He clears his throat, tries again. This new one is better. He repeats it, amplifies it, finally is shrieking at the top of his voice. Vicious hears him shriek, shrieks too. And I shriek. I hardly know why I shriek, but I shriek. And he shrieks. And she shrieks. We all shriek, shriek till the factory whistle is tired and gives up the unequal fight.

Breakfast. Vicious debates, chooses apple—a huge apple. She picks at it here and there. She breaks the surface, and the excavations proceed at a rapid rate. Soon I cannot see her face. Then her face emerges again, and she cleans her beak at the table's edge. The night watchman is amused at the way she cleans it. She detests the night watchman. She takes his amusement for an attack, bites north-north-west—generally his direction—then sinks her beak into the apple again.

Ab's choice is sunflower seed. Ab's choice every breakfast is sunflower seed. System! Ab eats breakfast by the clock. He knows the value of the morning hour.

Seeing him eat at such a rate makes

Vicious nervous. Again and again she looks from her apple. She could not eat one single seed in the time he eats twelve. Nevertheless, she quits the apple. She goes over to the seed. But even now she cannot make up her mind just dully to eat seed. If one must eat seed one must at least make a game of it. She climbs half up the cage, takes tight hold with both her feet, and every time she takes a seed she pivots from the top to the bottom of the cage. Top to bottom. Bottom to top. Top to bottom. Bottom to top.

I offer her cracker. Cracker is no game. Cracker is serious. She loves nothing in this world so much as cracker, excepting Ab. It is a round cracker. Big as the moon. How those tiny fingers balance that immensity I cannot imagine. No more can I imagine how those tiny jaws advance so swiftly to the cracker's center. Suddenly she drops the cracker, flies to the bamboo cage, screams. It is a scream which would turn cold the bones of one who did not understand. But I understand. She has just this moment realized I have neglected to set out her morning milk. Yet when I do set it out she only looks at it with one eye, leaves off screaming, goes back to cracker.

Ab does not like milk. Ab knows what he likes. Ab eats what he likes and does not eat what he does not like. Presently he spies a cork. He likes cork. Vicious gives up cracker and milk, eats cork too.

Twice in this hour he bit at her, and twice she yelled, and twice I must cry fiercely to him to let her alone. He pretends he does not know why I scold. She, however, hears me with satisfaction, sees in my scolding a reason for moving closer to him still. She sees reason in anything. I continue scolding—a big fellow like him—a tiny woman like her. She hears me mention *her*, and moves closer. Closer. Closer. It is more than flesh can bear. He hangs over her. Had he arms he would crush her. In moments like this his shoulders look

lopped and incomplete, as if he had had arms and lost them. Only the more portentous when now he descends with his beak. That beak is bigger than her head. Nevertheless, she only indifferently draws up one leg, is more dreamily fascinating than before. The devil! I understand it now. She is watching him with one eye while she watches me with the other. The inclination of her head is saying sharp as speech, "Now bite me if you dare!" She settles yet more positively into his wing. Poor fellow, he is sick of himself, shuts both eyes, wishes he might fall asleep.

Almost a month now that he has had a cold-in-the-head. It is her eternal nagging. Yesterday he was worse. He sat there still as an owl, every few minutes falling into a doze. It made me frantic. Surely one can imagine a man dying of a woman like this. Then I bethought me of an old saloon-keeper, a German who used to amuse us with the swearings of his great gray Javanese. I called on the gentleman. "They're like children," he told me. "They need a little regular toddy. Whisky and a raw carrot. Raw carrot is medicine to a polly." Ab will not touch raw carrot. But when to-day I bring him a drink he first cautiously inserts the tip of his beak into the drink and, if mere water, cautiously withdraws the beak, cautiously dries it on my shoulder. Not a doubt in the world, the whisky has cured him.

They are changing, changing. Especially he. He lets her, this morning, put her foot exactly on his foot, does not grumble, does not bite, does not so much as draw the foot away. He has got used to her. He scarce knows she is about. She is an old habit now. And yet I am not sure. I cannot escape the feeling that there is more. I cannot escape the feeling that he likes her too—that he would miss her if she went away. A vague poetry lies on him.

Nights, before even I have thought of putting her to bed, she flies to the top of the clothes closet. I go to the clothes closet, and she starts for the instrument case. I go to the instrument case, and she starts for the chemical bench. I go to the chemical bench, and she is back at the clothes closet. Then round and round and round, round and round till she can fly no more and drops on her side and lets me do with her as I like. She hates to go to bed. When I have worn her out she does not enter the cage. She still loiters before the door. She prays something at the last may intervene.

With him it is different. He is tired after the day's work. He is glad to go to bed. Already as I tidy the cage he fidgets about my fingers. At the first chance, in he waddles. He waddles to the right side of the cage. He mounts to the right side of the perch. He bends low and takes one long draft of whisky. He yawns twice. He closes one eye. He falls asleep. System! I tuck the covers round him. He likes me to tuck the covers round him. He likes the dark. He likes the warmth. He knows the first winter north may go hard with even the sturdiest tropical bird.

In the morning she who was so anxious not to go to bed is as anxious not to stay in bed. She pops from the cage. She is full of raw life. But he, his trouble is he cannot wake. He moves like someone in the dark, and often too is in the dark, for often he comes with both eyes still shut. She watches him. If she must take off an instant to scratch at something under her wing, next instant she is watching again. She wants him fully awake and, when he is, her pupils grow small and the whites of her eyes flash forth immense, and she shrieks one high salutation—Good Morning! And then another. And another. He never answers. He never says one word till noon, and even then, like the artist he is, talks not to woman but to the impersonal air.

At 8.30 I left. It is 10.30 now. Usually the two are sitting next each other on the chemical bench. To-night she sits alone. He is gone. I am terrified. I do not know why I am terrified, but I am. I rush to the other side of the bench, and there he lies, his wings outstretched, flat on his back, the body warm—dead. He has chewed the glass connection between the hot and cold water. The glass is scattered everywhere about.

I have been tricked, miserably tricked. Less than an hour ago he was alive. Less than an hour ago he was hungry. The core of his apple still lies by his side. Less than an hour ago he was healthy. And now only a bundle of disheveled feathers. Yes, tricked. Struck from behind by someone at whom I cannot strike. Once more I have let myself be lulled over the abyss from which we living things are separated never by more than the thickness of a rotten plank. Violence is the common death of animals. I have had much to do with animals, but I do not get used to it. I do not get used to it.

Poor little Vicious was here through it all, saw it all. She sits just where she was sitting before. She looks as if she were hearing over and over the last thing that he said. People tell you a bird's face shows no change of expression. They have not studied a bird's face. I have never seen such terror in any face whatever. I should say that she had been in the presence of something more horrible far than this sad body. She does not know I am in the room. When I move toward her she does not see me. And when she does see me she does not draw away as other times she did, only regards me dully, then regards the body again, regards that dully too.

This morning in the new surroundings—I took her home for the night—she seemed to forget, even talked a bit. But this evening, back in the laboratory, she remembers all, sits in gloom by the side of his cage. *Her companion. Her*

Ab. She can think of nothing but him. She does not eat. She does not play.

And the same with me. I can think of nothing but him. I did not realize how he had got into my life. I keep seeing his great awkward movements, the way he lifted one foot, slowly spread the toes, slowly closed them again as he brought that foot down over her head. When she screamed he drew the foot away. He thought the act so quick that I could not follow. He thought I thought he had nothing to do with the scream. When I scolded he took on an injured look.

What a quaint little tale his life would make. Not for what he did in it. What he did in it was not much. But for the way he did it. The way the whole of him went in. The way he was intense in every minute. A ray of light would have been enough to set him off. And he must have been the same from his birth. Even in that ugly hour when they steal him from the free green world, even in that ugly hour there is some scrap of wood, some bit of moss, some dry leaf to fill his mind, to make him forget. They push him into a cage, but a cage is no prison to a nature like his. They ship him over the seas—the passage rough, no air in the bunk, the stomach bad; but one's ills melt when one knows the secret of work. And he works and works and works. He works with everything. He wastes scarce a waking hour of his life. Even that final bit of glass—I can see just how he did it, how he chewed it with a thoroughness and, tired of glass, turned to apple, wondered suddenly if he did not look a little strange, shook his head impatiently, fell in a swoon, and the short busy life was done.

This evening the factory whistle calls across the valley, but no answer comes. *Ab* greeted that whistle as invariably as the cock the morn. And when he greeted it then invariably did Vicious greet it too. And I greeted it. Neither of us has any heart to greet it now. Only once Vicious lifts her head, looks

across the valley, watches the rising steam, as he watched the rising steam. A little later I hear her whispering low to the setting sun.

It is a month since he went away. She is a different bird from the one the Pullman porter brought me in the spring. This one would talk to me day and night. When I come from the hall she salutes me, as she saluted him when he came from his cage. I go to her. She shifts her place a little—politeness, one would say. She intends not to talk. She intends to hold back till I begin. But impatience gets the better of her. She is so very eager that I should learn her language. She gives me a phrase. I imitate the phrase. She gives me another. I imitate this other. Finally she selects a phrase I cannot imitate, and on that she dwells. She repeats it over and over. She touches it with every shade of inflection. Suddenly she shrieks—like a coarse laugh—a kind of diabolic recognition of my discomfiture. Then good-naturedly she steps from her cage and perches on my finger. She moves up the finger and down the finger. She hesitates. She thinks. She is trying to remember some phrase she is sure I can imitate. She wants me in a good humor. She wants all the world in a good humor. If the night watchman himself were to enter the room she would perch even on his finger.

Saturday nights we go to the symphony. She lies on my chest, just under the edge of my coat, never makes a sound the whole concert through. I can feel every breath she breathes. I can feel how she chews. For she chews and chews and chews. All my ties are frayed on the left side and all my shirts are punched with holes. Yet never once has she dug into my skin. She makes a clear distinction, down there in the dark, between cloth and flesh.

This evening on the way to the symphony something frightened her. She rose from my coat. A fearful sight.

Up and up and up, into the sky, all alone, this little bird that has not been out of rooms and cages since a baby. If she did not return it was certain death. The cold of the night would kill her. Up and up and up till I could barely see the blackening figure against the blackening sky. In my horror I called to her. I have never been sure she knew her name, but to-night, so soon as the name rose up, down she bent her flight, lighted on the ground next my feet, let me quietly pick her up and quietly put her back in her place.

The experience, nevertheless, agitated her. At the concert in a pause between two measures of the music she talked. The gentleman on my right was in a fury. He thought it was I making that remarkable noise. And I had humbly to allow him to think so. It would have been yet more difficult to tell him the truth.

The air outside is biting. But here in my friend's room it is warm. I have got so in the habit of taking her everywhere of late. Nevertheless, I should not have brought her. She perches, as always, on the back of my friend's chair. Not once that I remember has she interrupted our talk, but to-night, abruptly, she begins to sing. Our talk breaks off. I did not dream she could sing that way. She lets out the whole of her little voice, lets it out freely and beautifully. Strange there can be so much song in so tiny a body! She sings and sings. Neither my friend nor I speaks one word. Indescribably moving, this little song. Only an overwhelming internal need could produce such a thing. Nevertheless, it puts a heaviness over us. I have a feeling as when a hand, kind though it is, has rested on me too long. Then, with the suddenness it began the song ends. But the heaviness remains. The talk will not pick up, and I bid my friend good-night.

I wrap her into my coat, wrap her even more carefully than at other times. Frankly, I am not easy. I tell myself

that changes in mood are mostly based on nothing at all. But I do not believe what I tell myself.

When I reach home she is ill. She is very, very ill. I take her at once to the fireplace. Her heart races so fast I cannot count the beats. Her body lies inert in the palm of my hand. But the most dismal sign of all, her eyes are closed. Never have I seen those eyes closed before. No matter how quietly I have approached her, night or day, the eyes have always been open. But now they are closed. I know with the hideous certainty of a long experience that there is nothing I can do.

It is odd what I think of. It is always odd what one thinks of at a time like this. And it is odd too how one keeps coming back upon the same, same thought. I am thinking of the lightness of this little body. I suppose that when she was well her restless balancing gave me the illusion of weight. But now she is light, light, light—and small too. Yes, very small. The head rests between two of my fingers, and the tail reaches only to the side of my wrist.

But—but the body is light no more. The body is heavy now. And it is growing heavier and heavier. And smaller too. Oh, the breathings have ceased. The beats have ceased. . . . She has gone the way of Ab whom she loved so dearly. Both, both are gone. Poor little Vicious—one of the sweetest things I have known in life, one of the most perfect—if I have killed her, may the Lord forgive me.

I have not slept well this night, and things are too simple, too definite, as they are when one has not slept well. One fact, and not a big fact either, stands out before all others and has for me almost the force of a revelation. Little Vicious had a lesson to learn among men. That is why she came to me. So soon as she learned her lesson He took her away. Queer too how quick He took her. He left her scarce a day.

The death of the very young is always

hard to understand. Why did they come at all? What mark could they have left on life in so brief a time? What mark on themselves? But I understand a little better now. At least in this young life the gain is clear and complete, as clear and complete, if one consider it not too humanly, as in the fiercely rapid course of a Shelley or a Mozart.

Far back in it there were the several bad frights. There was the capture from the nest and the caging and shipping. There was the dog of the wife of the banker. There were the long, fatiguing, terrifying journeyings. And at the bottom of all was the human being. She feared the human being. She hated the human being. She could not love this creature so unlike herself.

Then came Ab. To him she went as thirst to rain. It was an extraordinary love, so impossible and yet so fierce and so beautiful. His grumblings she accepted with patience. His indifference she accepted with calm. If he bit her she screamed, but the scream was in spite of herself, and she did not love him less for it. There were moments when his ill-temper got too great, moments when I would feel I must step between, but never did because each time I would think: after all, it is only in the nearness of him that she escapes from things much worse, from her memories of her bad frights and from her fears of the human being.

True, she feared me less than the others. She chatted with me from the beginning, but it was the involuntary baby self that chatted, chatted really to no one in particular. If another human being came into the room, she backed off. If the other human being approached, she slid down the side of the cage. If the human being continued to approach, she hid. This behavior seemed funny to the gentleman who gave her her name, the gentleman whose finger she bit, but it did not seem funny to me. Me it pained. Me it made careful never to show her anything but kindness. And kindness was in my heart too.

Her beauty, her littleness, her lightness, all made kindness natural. Even so, I did not fool myself. I knew I had not got far into her affections.

Then Ab went away. I shall never forget the night, how still she sat, how she gazed on the outstretched body, how ungraspable everything on earth. Her companion, her one love, the meaning of life—gone.

And yet, not gone either. Something had happened inside her. Something made her see that this sadness of hers was my sadness too, and from the moment she saw that we came nearer each other by quick degrees. The old timidity would still return, but it would go, and the returns were fewer and fewer.

She would let me stroke her now. She would let me whisper into her ear. Uninvited, she would waddle toward me. She would tramp over my writings, as he had tramped over my writings. She would stand quietly in the shadow of my head while that mammoth mass descended to kiss her tiny neck. Finally the night of the illness, the night she sang her song and, the song done, lay down in my hand and was glad I was with her at the last. That song into which she poured her heart, that song was to me. I know that now. I felt it then. It was I who had taken the place of Ab. She loved me. She loved a thing unlike herself, and this experiment of rooms and cages—this hard experiment was at an end.

FINALITIES

BY JOHN KINGSTON FINERAN

JUST as I pass, high gates of steel clang to;
 When I have crossed a bridge, I see it fall;
 Where I had joy, there men have built a wall,
 And I must leave the old ways for the new.
 No word said yesterday, to-day is true.
 Of last year's ways, no memory at all
 Returns to me, unless I choose to call,
 And those I would remember so are few.

*The sharp perfection of finalities
 Entrances me: I would not take away
 With me the thing I pass, nor stop to seize
 A little joy. No moment may I stay.
 I am rewarded thus, in being free
 From all that was, for all that is to be.*



TOOLS FOR THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

GRANTING that the college of to-day is an imperfect means to the attainment of education, but assuming that it is the best means at present available, how may a student make the most of it?

The question is at once ingenuous and terrific. I have phrased it to represent the mean of many questions that have been asked me following my essays in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* about the present state of education in America. It is a fair question and, I believe, an important one. But in order to discuss it, I must both limit the question and apologize for the frequency with which the personal pronoun appears herein. Generalizations about the defects of the college system are valid when they are based upon sufficiently widespread and thoroughgoing observation, the defects tending to be uniform; but the virtues of the system are too individual, too much a matter of comparatives, to be generalized about. In such case it is better to go the whole hog than to attempt compromise, and I, therefore, frankly announce that I am writing entirely of my own experience. I am no longer a part of the collegiate scene, but I have spent ten years as a student and a teacher at various colleges, the greater part of the time as adviser to the kind of student who asks the question that forms my opening paragraph.

Let me, then, assume that kind of student, and describe him. He is a highly intelligent young man, and his purpose in coming to college is to secure the best education possible. (This

one sentence at once excludes ninety-nine per cent of all undergraduates.) He does not regard college as a trade school in which he will learn a profession or prepare to learn one. If he is to have a profession he will study it in a graduate school or entirely outside of the university: he does not require college to return him any cash value whatever. He asks only that the institution, so far as possible, fit him for companionship with educated men. He regards education as the process by which one's mind is given discipline and discrimination, orientation in the modern world and understanding of it, and the adult ability to derive satisfaction from knowledge and from the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake.

There are more pretentious definitions. Professors of Education, whose trade is no more than definition, create them in gross lots and awesome syllables. But with the powers of darkness I am not, here, concerned, and I assume that the desire for this kind of education is sufficiently comprehensible. Our question is, then: how may a superior student, taking the college of to-day on its own terms, best achieve the kind of education here defined? . . . I do not, remember, undertake to answer it. I merely comment on it in the light of my experience. There would be more sanity in discussions of education if fewer of us were omniscient.

II

For education, abandon the fetish of the degree. That is the first necessity

which such a student as I have postulated must understand. The initials which follow the name of an alumnus in the quinquennial catalogue are the trademark of a protected industry. Like all other trademarks, they denote a standardized product. Like all other trademarks, they have an economic value. Furthermore, they represent a definite entity. When you observe that John Doe is a Bachelor of Arts or of Science or Philosophy you may risk certain judgments about him at once. It is safe to say that the Bachelor of Arts knows no science, the Bachelor of Science, no classics, and the Bachelor of Philosophy, no science and no classics but only something innocuous in between them, say social ethics or English literature. But that is perhaps an unfair way to put the matter. It is better to say that any set of the initials represents an inchoate mass of work done—work which, at best, is more than half wasted.

For the colleges have set the requirements for the degree in line with standardization. And in their understanding of that end they have confused two aims. On the one hand they try to confer a liberal education, and on the other hand they try to prepare for, or actually achieve, professional training. In the compromise that results the professional aim is slighted, and the aim of liberal education just about extinguished. Furthermore, the trademark is placed, in the end, upon a product that has tried to fulfill at least three different theories, theories that cancel one another. There is the traditional theory that an intensive study of respectably ancient subjects will produce education; a later one, now in disrepute, which holds that the student will satisfactorily educate himself if given complete freedom to roam the curriculum at will; and a third, now dominant, which tries to induce the presumably free student to choose studies that may be co-ordinated toward

a foreseen end. Upon the resolution of these three theories and two aims the college sets its approval in the form of the Bachelor's degree. The man who wears it has, theoretically, a thorough knowledge of something and a superficial knowledge of everything. Actually, he has only a scroll of imitation parchment printed in impermanent ink which will introduce him to prospective employers as a certified product, and so give him a higher economic standing than can be aspired to by the man who has abandoned the fetish.

A number of mistakes have gone to produce this result. My present purpose being to treat specific subjects, however, I do not intend to analyze the conflicting theories responsible for the mistakes. From my point of view the two major errors are the attempt to cover too much ground in the requirements, and the naïve assumption that all fields of human knowledge are of equal worth. Let us examine a representative program.

On the basis of half-courses—classes that meet two or three times a week throughout a half-year—a typical college graduate has studied at least forty different subjects. If he has had good luck or intelligent guidance, about twenty of these will be co-ordinated toward a respectable end. Let us grant him ten half-courses in, say, European history, and ten more divided between literature and philosophy, chosen to support and supplement the work in history. That is a better fate than attends most graduates; for the college will accept minors in bee-culture and advertising psychology to support the major in history, and if the courses in them meet at seasonable hours—well, the flesh is weak. But granting this fortunate outcome, he has tangible results from no more than one-half of his work. The remaining twenty half-courses were expended in satisfying requirements for the degree, requirements at once so numerous and so idiotic that they accomplished nothing.

Our graduate studied French because the degree required a year of French. He couldn't read a paragraph outside of the textbook when that year was over, but he had to give up French in order to take the required year of German. Finishing that year, he had to give up languages altogether, for a half-dozen requirements in other fields were crowding him. Nine-tenths of all the college graduates in the country have studied one modern language, and most of them have studied two, but not one in fifty can read a page of French or German, still less, translate it. Our graduate, too, took a year of mathematics to satisfy the requirements, but a year doesn't teach one to think mathematically, or even to apply mathematics to the purchase of a life-insurance policy. He has studied economics and chemistry as well, because they were in the requirements, but he cannot distinguish, offhand, between the laws of Boyle and Malthus, and has no conception of the place of either chemistry or economics in modern life. His smattering of psychology and sociology, dictated by the degree, is actively harmful, for these dubious sciences are dangerous to an extreme in their elementary, *a priori* stages. He has had a little fine arts, too, and perhaps some anthropology—of precisely the value of his French.

In short, the requirements have compelled him to waste half or more than half of his time. The only conceivable value that any of this introductory work could have for him was as preparation for further study in the same field. But further study was precisely what he could not afford. The requirements forced him to abandon every subject in its elementary state and to hurry on for some equally superficial acquaintance with something else. . . . So he emerges and joins a university club—and exercises the franchise and takes his place in the economic and social and intellectual life of our time, a man unfit to hold or ex-

press an opinion on any intellectual subject under the sun, and still less fit to dictate our destiny, as in mass he will.

This waste our selected student will take pains to avoid. He cheerfully sacrifices the degree in order to attain the end that we have defined. He lacks the indolent concept of education as an entity whose achievement can be blown in the bottle or stamped on the label. He thinks of education, rather, as a process—and as one of which his college years will be only an incubating period or apprenticeship. His demand on the institution is at once more rigorous and more humble than that of the certified product. All he asks of his college is that he be allowed to take there the first steps toward a method of thinking which he hopes eventually to make habitual—to put under way a process which will continue and, ideally, will accelerate during the rest of his life. In other words, his demand is that he be made familiar with the capacities and limitations of certain intellectual tools, and that he be given sufficient practice with them to master the technic with which they may be effectively employed. Leaving college at the end of the traditional four years, he will not be an educated man, not a man warranted complete in the intellectual life, but a man who has, in the process of learning to use the tools of knowledge, acquired some knowledge perhaps, but primarily the means of acquiring more.

III

The first tool that an intelligent man should master is language. Many people, I know, try to keep oriented in the world on a one-hundred-per-cent-American basis, with no knowledge of other tongues than their own. The strain is enormous, however, and the result unsatisfactory. The person who cannot read French and German with absolute ease cannot hope to under-

stand either the present or the past. French and German are, in fact, the minimum: one should have Italian and Latin as well, but may make fair shift without them. I cannot here debate the value of the classical languages. The tradition of their moral value seems hardly supported by a universal moral superiority among those who possess them, even if the meaning of "moral value" is held to be quite clear. An intelligent man's use for them is confined to the philosophy, history, and literature written in them. One may get the philosophy and history just as well in translation as in the original, and the time needed to master either Greek or Latin sufficiently to give one a better literary knowledge than can be had in translation is greater than our aspiring student can afford to spend at it, greater in fact than the average professor of the classics has spent at it. Such a knowledge is a pleasant self-indulgence, but the educated man's need for Latin has little to do with the classical language. He can profit more from a knowledge of the Latin that became the language of scholarship and diplomacy, which is practically untranslated and which he must know if he is to enter at all into the fascinating field of medieval life.

Here, however, our aspirant runs into one of the greatest weaknesses of the colleges. He must learn French and German, and in order to do so he must usually take courses in them—not French A and German A merely but advanced courses that will enable him to master the languages. But instructors of Romance languages are generally, as teachers, the very worst on the faculty. Most of them fall into two classes: Americans who have learned foreign languages at American colleges, and foreigners who have come here to teach their native tongues. In each class there are, of course, many adequately trained men, but the majority is ineffective. The American is likely to have little or no first-hand

acquaintance with the language he teaches. His pronunciation of it is the one taught to him by Americans and is usually corrected by no more than a summer's tour of Europe. His feeling for the literature is always that of an alien and is usually, apart from the standard classics, based entirely on textbook editions of inconsiderable, forgotten, or unrepresentative works. He does not think in French or German and is seldom at home in its idiom. The foreigner does not work under these handicaps, but he is usually too little acquainted with American ways of thinking to get into effective *rapport* with his students. He seldom understands or even perceives the difficulties which an American has with a foreign language, and so is unable to help solve them. Colleges, too, have a way of employing foreigners to teach language on no other ground than that they are foreigners, and so often get men whose professional training is inadequate.

In such a dilemma the student must reach a conclusion he will repeat throughout his career: that he must teach himself. His best plan is to register, as soon as his prerequisites are satisfied, in the courses given by professors known to be the best in the department. These will probably be courses in literature, but they are not open to the objection I shall presently make about courses in English literature. A student cannot hope to cover French or German literature for himself without taking more time than, for our purposes, the result is worth. He will, therefore, consider the professors as consulting experts and will accept their guidance. Since he cannot expect much help from the instructors in elementary courses, he must get a reading knowledge of the language by himself. Fortunately, this is not difficult. The essential is continual reading, supported as little as possible by dictionaries and grammars. It must be continued until the student can read

without mentally translating, and until an assignment of a thousand pages in either language represents but little more time than one of the same length in English.

Whether the aspirant will study mathematics depends entirely on the nature of his mind. The common requirement of quadratics and trigonometry, very often unavoidable for the Bachelor's degree, is downright absurd. Of the thousands who are forced, every year, to take such courses, less than ten per cent are capable of learning mathematics. The idea that there is some moral or intellectual value in forcing oneself to do work that one cannot understand is probably the most preposterous notion which afflicts American pedagogy, as it is certainly one of the most wasteful. If our student can learn to use statistics, the calculus, and the more abstruse branches of geometry with perfect ease he should do so, and the best way of learning is to take the courses offered in them. They will serve him magnificently in his other work. They will, too, help him toward the great goal of intelligent men, impersonal thinking. If he has a turn for mathematics and develops it sufficiently—I mean by years of study—he will eventually be able to think of phenomena purely as phenomena. He will then be able to bring to the chaos of thinking one of the most effective tools for the resolution of chaos. He will have a considerable reward, also, in his ability to understand mathematical thinking in fields outside the traditional ones of mathematics.

A book like Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale*, for example, that epochal work which for some years has been slowly making its way among intelligent men in this country and abroad, applies mathematical ways of thinking to social phenomena in an effort to integrate their future from the data compiled about their past. I do not presume to evaluate the effort: I merely point out that the person who cannot

think mathematically cannot even understand much of it. Similarly, he cannot understand the theory of probability, which has in much contemporary thinking a place comparable to that of the holy Trinity a thousand years ago, or many other concepts which the scientific age is evolving and testing out.

Courses in language and mathematics, then, will give the student valuable tools. The only other courses of whose value I am quite certain are those in science. From my point of view it does not matter a great deal what sciences they are chosen from. My preference is for physics, chemistry, and zoölogy, on the ground that they deal directly with basic properties of matter and with basic processes of life—with the reality of the objective world; but I do not see why the desirable ends cannot be just as well satisfied in, say, paleontology, geology, and botany. The essential is that the student study as much science as possible. He must study it in college, which means in courses, for science is the only field of learning that one cannot cover outside of college as well as he can inside. One cannot duplicate in one's library or kitchen the equipment of the laboratory, and it is almost entirely for the sake of the laboratory that one studies science.

There are two reasons for my insistence on science, and I cannot say which is the weightier. The dominant thinking of to-day is scientific: the modern world has been created by science and is governed by it. One may rejoice or regret that this is so; one may feel that civilization is the nobler because of it, or may lament that civilization has lost its soul; one may look forward with eager impatience to a day when science shall be still more powerful, or one may believe that such a day will be the end of hope and desire and all human values. That does not matter: the fact is that the world is dominated by science.

The major object of our education, we have said, is understanding of the world as it is to-day. I do not see that there is any hope of understanding it without understanding science. Let the student, therefore, study as much of it as he can, till he knows and understands the concepts of science, the methods of science, the results of science—and, let me add, the true nature of what science is not as well as what it is, its limitations, and the problems that it does not hope to solve.

This is a weighty motive and an ambitious aim. My other reason, however, is no less powerful. It seems to me that an educated man, a man who is capable of living the intellectual life, is one who, to a greater degree than is common, has learned to think impersonally. I have here no exalted hope or too pretentious expectation. I know that the best of us cannot dissociate our emotions from our thinking for very long or with much success. Nor do I find men of science conspicuously more impersonal than the rest of us, outside of their own laboratories. Still, that is the ideal, and we must do our best. We must labor, if not to weed out prejudice and wishfulness and social compulsion from our thinking, at least to recognize that they are present in it, to isolate them as completely as we can, and to allow for them in our perception and judgment of facts. If this end cannot be accomplished in the laboratory, then it is a hopeless end. But I think it can be accomplished there, in some faint measure. To some degree, small but greater there than anywhere else, a man can learn in a laboratory to be impersonal. He can acquire there the habit of seeing facts as facts and treating them as facts, phenomena to be studied of themselves and in their relation to other phenomena. He can learn there to control his attitude toward facts by their continuities and uniformities, not by some religious or ethical bearing he may think they have, or by the im-

plications of his emotions, or by the judgment of fashion or orthodoxy or formal logic. Of all the aims that education can have this one, I think, is the greatest. I do not, let me repeat, hope that it can be realized. I do not believe that the laboratories will ever turn out large numbers of free minds. But at least they are the straight path to the limited freedom that is permitted us. The man who does not take advantage of them is no student but a fool.

IV

There is little else that I should advise such a student as I have postulated to study in college courses. Here I must again admit my presumptuousness in passing judgment on the work of my betters and in trying to survey, in a few paragraphs, the entire field of human knowledge. Need I say that my own experience is very limited and that the judgments I have made from it are certainly full of ignorance and prejudice? Probably not—if this essay calls forth such a mail as its predecessors have, there will be enough to point them out. Still, I cannot let professional courtesy stand in the way of the discussion I have begun.

The rest of the curriculum divides into two groups, the studies whose worth is dubious and those that can be covered to best effect by oneself. Let me arrange in the first group all the half-sciences whose popularity is to-day almost universal. Next to the English department, that of economics and what is called political science is probably the most popular in the undergraduate schools. A great deal of the material taught by it is indispensable for the practice of certain professions, but we have excluded professional training from our program. The rest of both economics and government has little place in the intellectual life. Both disciplines heatedly claim to be on a scientific basis; neither is. Their material is as yet

capriciously organized, directed largely by wishfulness or fanaticism or wild assumption, and uncontrolled by scientific method. Both make religious enthusiasts of their disciples, and both play a large part in contemporary thinking, but the skeptically minded must conclude that that part is full of vanity and illusion. One must examine it, if only to round out one's knowledge of human error, but one can examine it best in private reading, compressing into hours what the courses spread over whole years.

In the same class are such studies as anthropology, "social ethics," and the hybrids that these make when cross-bred with economics. Many reputable men profess them, and as greater numbers do so they will approach nearer the dignity of knowledge. As yet, however, their valid results are too small to occupy much of the student's precious time. They can best be dealt with privately. A few books, a few journals, and intelligent reference of their data to other fields of knowledge must suffice for them.

I come rather dubiously to psychology—dubiously because my opinion of it, and hence my recommendation to our student, is not the accepted one. It seems to me that no other subject is to-day so dominated by uncontrolled enthusiasm, fanaticism, ignorant and absurd pretension, and downright charlatanism. Its hold on the public mind is enormous. One would suspect it for that reason alone, but that is the slightest of all. Psychology is the contemporary phase of the medieval mind. It claims to be the philosopher's stone, the mother element, and the secret name of God. It has preserved heaven knows how many medieval concepts, from Freud's incubi to the rapt trance of saintly mystics. It has a medieval parade of half-scientific method as impressive to the populace as the rigamarole of alchemists and astrologers. The captains of its host are religious men, who exhibit the stigmata of the

religious mind in great purity, from fanatical denunciation of one another to absolute confidence in personal revelation, but few of them have as yet proved themselves scientists. In so far as psychology is in the hands of physiologists and neurologists, in so far as it is a branch of medicine, it is admirable and sound, but in its academic aspects it is a chaos of *a priori* reasoning and mutually destructive data that have not been subjected to control. Its collegiate practitioners go about calling upon God to witness that they have solved all mysteries, answered all questions, and revealed all truth; and they present as earnest thereof the most pitiful handful of guesses that anywhere masquerades as knowledge. I say nothing about the future of psychology, but its present is to a skeptical mind not even tentatively valid. Its value to the intellectual life is almost entirely that of a case-history in the pathology of human folly. The student will avoid contamination.

Philosophy remains. Here I must guard against bitterness, for it was my undergraduate "major," and I cannot see that it has contributed anything at all to my mature thinking. Oh, my acquaintance with its subject-matter has enabled me to enjoy the misrepresentations of it in recent popular outlines, but that is an inadequate compensation for four years of hard study that were supposed to teach me the nature of reality. Philosophy is an exhilarating game so long as one plays it as a game without believing that it can do what it pretends to do, and is altogether a more adult diversion than chess. But its value for the intellectual life is wholly accessory—it, too, is a monument for orientation in the wastes of human error. Courses in the history of philosophy assist one to understand the world that is presented by history and literature. They are, therefore, valuable. But courses in pure philosophy, in logic or ethics or epistemology or metaphysics or the

more specialized problems seem to me a danger to those who take them seriously and a luxury to those who do not.

All this vast heap of learning having been set aside, what will our aspirant to the intellectual life do with the time that is left him? The answer to that question is, briefly: he will use the tools that he has mastered. That means—reading. The true university is a library, and the true student a man whose eyes are red with strain. He reads far more widely and intensively than the average person believes quite sane. He must make omniscience a foible and try to cover the entire range of human knowledge in its effective results. And he must be in no way whatever disturbed by the absurdity of his effort. He must, in four college years, form a habit of reading and inquiring that will become a permanent function of his mind.

I could leave the question here, answered in the foregoing paragraph. I should be accused, however, of avoiding the very issue I have raised. Let me say then that the field toward which our aspirant must of necessity work is that of history. But it is history as no college department conceives it. It is history regarded as the sum of human experience. It is hardly at all economic or political history, to which the colleges are given over almost entirely. It is the history of religion, of science, of philosophy, of literature, of adventure, of illusion, of myth, of superstition, of aspiration. Its province is the human individual and the human mass. Teachers of literature these days comprehend it better than teachers of history, though the increasing vogue of what is called social history is of great promise. But I do not recommend courses in literature. The colleges being what they are, even the professor who has the conception of his function I have indicated cannot teach it in that way. He must teach as the aims of the college necessitate, which means that he must observe the tradi-

tional limits of literature and must go on lecturing to a mob of amorphous minds which cannot understand even those limits.

The student will, therefore, avoid courses in history and literature. He can do better by himself. This is not to say that he will avoid the men who give the courses. He must regard them as specialists, to be freely consulted for guidance. It would be a happy earthquake that would so upset the system as to cut down every professor's actual class-work three-fourths and let him divide his new leisure between individual consultation and the research that is his primary function. But we are not speaking of Utopia, nor am I the first to lust in print for its coming. Such a student as we have postulated must make friends with the teachers who can serve his ends and must make their lives as miserable as they will permit. He needs expert guidance not only for bibliographical purposes but also to avoid the disaster of undirected reading on routes already charted. In such a plan of education as I have outlined perpetual wrangling is a necessity. Education becomes a series of disputes with men who know more than oneself—a sustained contention with experts while one tries to make oneself an expert as well.

Such students as I have been writing about could never compose even one per cent of any undergraduate body. The discipline of self-education is far too rigorous for any but the very best. They are the ones, however, whom we postulated in the beginning—vigorous, self-reliant, courageous minds capable of sustaining an adventure that would destroy the average college man. As things stand, such students are not well dealt with by the college system, but they can convert it to their use. They must transvalue the values it is dedicated to and must be content to appear outlanders among the orthodox. That much once resolved upon, however, they can find education in college.



COME WEAL, COME WOE, MY STATUS IS QUO

FIVE POEMS

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

I

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

BEFORE *Sir Isaac Newton sent
The Serpent back a riper apple;
Before Professor Einstein bent
The cosmos in a single grapple;*

*Before Marconi flung an S
Across the orthodox Atlantic,
And Freud confirmed our private guess
That sex was capriped and antic;*

*Before the Brothers Wright prevailed
On ether to endure the human;
Before the modest darkness paled
When Man decided to illumine;*

*Before the Frenchman found the spoor
Of the incredible bacillus,
And Ehrlich left the goddess poor,
With not a decent way to kill us—*

*A man was born (as he is now—
The method shows no sign of failing).
He suffered from his fellows. (How?
Vide the manner still prevailing.)*

*He lost his teeth (as we do now,
For all Sangredo's dental capers),
And skilful fingers milked the cow—
(The others? Read the daily papers.)*

*He groaned (like us) in care and debt—
Consult the archives of the breezes—
He earned his taxes in his sweat
And died (as we do) of diseases.*

*He dreamed in air and strove in dust
And bled for priests and politicians;
He learned to place his final trust
(Compare our own!) in the morticians.*

*He served a million gods (what news!)
With first his crimes and then his chorals;
He stole (aha!) his neighbor's shoes
And paid him back a set of morals.*

*In short, while scientists unborn
Prepare to search the stars and roses,
The snail is on his ancient thorn
And God in conference with Moses.*

II

A SUPPLIANT ENVIES THE LOWLY CABBAGE

DEAR God, or Allah, Buddha, Christ,
Osiris, Zeus, or what You will,
Lord of impenetrable mist
And (what a range!) the daffodil—
Let not Your servant (me, of course)
Who, much as any man, admires
Your very tiniest tour de force,
Despise so much what he desires!

*Let him (I pray You) either want
Completely, or be quite exempt;
Let him (a trifling boon) not haunt
The loud bazaars of his contempt,
Eventually there to find
The immemorial, dusty prizes,
And then, with a tormented mind,
Desire so much what he despises!*

*Grant me, I beg, if You have time,
A modest increment (unearned),
A fringe of unlaborious rhyme,
And leagues of sleep (my candle's burned);
A ton of Sitzfleisch for my mind,
Which noble longing often irks,
And for my solemn soul, the kind
Of grin that overspreads Your works.*

*Let me, in short, on Your estate
With You serenely vegetate!*

III

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOANALYSIS

IF THE truth were not so hard,
You might say this thing to me,
That you made me shard by shard
Out of ruins tremblingly—

*Out of fragments that remained
In your heart of other days;
Out of knowledge that you gained
When you walked on greener ways.*

*I am what the rest were not;
I am not myself at all;
I am something you have wrought
Like a vase upon the wall.*

*Well, I'll ever be on guard,
And I'll safely play the game,
Lest I crumble shard by shard
And you cry some dearer name.*

IV

TU QUOQUE, DOMINE

*“MOSES, my servant, is dead.” So spake the Lord,
Laying a hand all warm with love and sun
Upon the shoulders of the son of Nun,
“And I shall keep with thee my promised Word!”
And Joshua fumbled at his girded sword,
For on his arm the hand of Israel's God
Was trembling like a grass-blade in the sod.
The mighty Captain plucked his garment's cord,
And dared not look upon the Face that spake,
Hearing a Voice that wavered like a flame
Before the mention of His servant's name.
He thought the Heart of God would surely break,
And looked out tearfully upon his clan;
The Lord of Wrath was weeping like a man.*

V

ALIBI

*THOUGH I made songs clear as green-housed birds,
Or bells going their Sabbath round,
Or the wind driving the silver nails
Of summer rain into the ground;*

*Though I made songs as high and shining
As stars fleeing their storm-barred jails,
Or the moon shaking her dripping horns
After the charge of the tempest sails;*

*Though I made songs as strange and witchlike
As cloud-ships sailing leisurely
The burning inlets of the sundown
With cargoes from the crimson sea;*

*Though I made songs as wise and placid
As the look in a dead man's face,
Where the still flood of the fatal lightning
Lies like a dawn in a desert place;*

*Greater than all my songs am I;
Much more have seen, have heard much more—
For who shall fetch in a pitcher of singing
All that lies on the ocean-floor?*

*Who shall fetch in a cruse of verses
All that lies on the mind's sea-floor,
Or lift on the point of a sword of song
All that lies at the heart's deep core?*

*Though the pitcher be cunningly carven as hope,
Though the sword be sharp as the blade of truth—
Holds Death a half of a lifetime of dying?
Holds Life a tenth of the thoughts of youth?*

*Though I made songs lovely as love surrendered,
Though I made songs wise as an empty skull,
The fields of the mind must rot with harvest,
The sea of the heart be ever full.*





MAMMON, M.D

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

BY LLOYD MORRIS

WHEREVER fashionable folk congregate, as the advertisements say, you will hear his name mentioned. On the sands of Palm Beach or Newport, under the pines at White Sulphur, over the luncheon tables of the most exclusive clubs, you are certain to hear the magic formula: "Well, Dr. Travers Dare advised me . . ." To the initiated this apparently simple statement is disproportionately significant. Translated into vulgar terms of money, it not improbably represents the equivalent of the rental of a Park Avenue apartment or a parterre box at the opera. It is an index to income; the doctor's fees are tailored to fit only those paying surtax.

It is extremely difficult to gain access to the eminent physician. As difficult, indeed, as if, by seeing him, one were certain of hastening and not postponing an eventual admission to the kingdom of heaven. You telephone his office for an appointment. A courteous feminine voice instructs you to report, four or five days later, for a preliminary examination. At the appointed hour you arrive at an imposing building in the smart East Sixties. Seven pairs of eyes glance at you as you enter the waiting room; seven patients return indifferently to as many magazines. You feel rebuked and take your seat inconspicuously. Presently, you wonder whether you will have to wait until the great man has personally disposed of these earlier arrivals. You look at them with some curiosity, seeking to estimate the

amount of time each will consume. They are no longer human beings united by suffering, but irritating obstacles to your own well-being. Selfishly, you hope that none of them is as seriously afflicted as yourself.

A door at the end of the waiting room opens. Eight pairs of eyes meet those of an attractive young woman in starched, hygienic white. She murmurs a name. A stout lady shrouded in chinchilla joins her; the fatal door closes upon them. New arrivals enter the waiting room. You now belong to the early arrivals; you have the right to stare superciliously. The door opens again. Another patient disappears into the mysterious recesses of science from which, it would seem, no one returns. Presently you hear your own name, and you pass across the decisive, costly threshold.

The young woman in white leads you along a corridor punctuated by many doors. She opens one, and you are in a room where at a desk another young woman in white is preparing to take down the record of your case. She asks you innumerable questions, noting on a form the relevant information. Your name. Address. Profession. Age. Married or single? Parents, living or dead? If dead, at what age and of what disease? The illnesses from which you have suffered—a historical retrospect, extending back to your infancy. The complaint that is troubling you now. . . . When she has finished there is nothing left for her to know; except,

perhaps, your rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's and your listing in the Social Register. She will probably verify these after you have left the room.

The first young woman in white returns and conducts you to another and smaller waiting room on the corridor. She says, "One of the examination rooms will be free in a moment," and leaves you in solitude. Presently she returns and conducts you to one of the five examination rooms. She opens a cupboard and hands you a sheet. "Please disrobe!" she commands and disappears. The doctor requires that every new patient submit to a physical examination. You are draped in the sheet when she returns. You ask, "Will Dr. Dare examine me now?"

She betrays surprise. "Oh no," she replies. "Dr. Dare leaves the examinations to his assistants. Dr. Smythe will examine you." Dr. Smythe enters, a brisk young man, white clad. The young woman sits at a table and begins filling out a form. Dr. Smythe tests your heart action, your respiration, your blood pressure. The young woman writes busily. He weighs you, measures your height, ascertains your chest expansion, and commands you to blow into a tube connected with a device that registers the force of your exhalation and the capacity of your lungs. Meanwhile he questions you. That intestinal pain of which you complain—precisely where, and exactly when, do you feel it? How long before or after eating? He brings the examination to an end and issues his instructions. Miss Lawrence will take you in to Dr. Rollins, who is to take X-ray photographs and have a look at your interior with the fluoroscope. To-night you will take this prescription. To-morrow morning, without benefit of breakfast, you will return for a test meal and another examination with the fluoroscope. You will then be informed when Dr. Travers Dare will see you.

Miss Lawrence conducts you down the corridor to another room. It con-

tains a stretcher chair; except for that it might be an electrical laboratory. Innumerable electrical instruments are ranged about the room: shining crystal and steel devices of a menacing complexity; the ceiling is a network of rods, belts, and wires; a glass cubicle forming one corner of the room contains something that resembles a sitz-bath, and something else that resembles a switch-board. As you wait for Dr. Rollins, you hear from the adjoining room the loud, whining whir of electrical apparatus, the sharp commands to an invisible patient, "Sit still, please! No; hold the leg higher!" Then, "I'm increasing the heat very gradually. Tell me if it begins to burn." A few moments later you hear the patient moan, "Oh, doctor!" "All right. Just a minute now! Hold the leg still, please!" The whine of the machine ceases in a final splutter. A door opens, and Dr. Rollins enters. It is your turn now! You extend yourself on the stretcher chair. He moves over the X-ray machine, adjusts the plates. A grinding, whirring sound, and a flash of violet light. Dr. Rollins bids you rise. You are told to stand upright. Suddenly the room is plunged in darkness. The machine purrs softly; there is an abrupt glimmer of lightning-colored light. "Breathe a deep breath. Stop breathing! Breathe again! Stop!" Another flash of light, then darkness. The purring dies away in a minor wail. The room is flooded with frosty white light. "All right, thank you! To-morrow at nine-thirty! Good day!" Dr. Rollins makes a hurried exit, giving you no opportunity to ask any questions. While dressing you begin to wonder whether those pains that you thought were ptomaine may not indicate ulcers of the stomach. When you leave a young lady in the entrance hall of the suite hands you a card. You look at it; it is the notice of your appointment to see Dr. Dare, one week from to-morrow at eleven fifteen.

Dr. Travers Dare's time is precious,

and the ritual of his practice is founded upon the old theological dogma of immanent presence. Three assistants relieve him of all routine details. Another assistant attends to electrical treatments. Still another handles the work of radioscopy and radiotherapy. The attentions of any of these five gentlemen involves, according to the theological dogma referred to, the personal attention of the great but busy physician. They examine the patients; he pronounces the diagnosis and prescribes the treatment; subsequently, they carry out his instructions. At your first appointment with Dr. Dare he informs you what is wrong with you and what is to be done about it. He summons one of the assistants, and introduces you. "Mr. Brown," he remarks genially, "is suffering from an obstinate case of nervous indigestion, complicated by a touch of gastritis. Here are the records of his case and a copy of his diet list. I've told Mr. Brown that you will take active charge of the treatment, Doctor, under my direction. You'll see him a week from to-day. Mail him a notice of the appointment. I want to keep in particularly close touch with Mr. Brown's progress, Doctor. You'd better arrange that I have a look at him in a month's time. Thank you." The assistant disappears.

Dr. Dare turns to you. "Now, Mr. Brown, you're not to worry at all. We'll have you feeling quite fit very soon. Avoid worry, avoid hurry, avoid all useless waste of energy. Treat that body of yours as if it were a delicate, costly machine, irreplaceable, and essential to your business." He smiles pleasantly. "Rest as much as possible. Keep your mind fixed upon agreeable things; never fix your attention upon matters that are disagreeable or troublesome. Remember that the health of the body is influenced by the health of the mind. Physical efficiency is impossible without spiritual efficiency, Mr. Brown! I obey that principle myself; if I didn't,

I shouldn't be here to cure you and the many other sick people who depend upon me!" He rises, and so do you. You murmur a phrase of gratitude that, busy as he is, Dr. Travers Dare has been good enough to give you his personal attention. "Not at all, not at all," he responds, unobtrusively ushering you out. "Physicians, like priests, exist only to serve people when they are needed. That is, if I may so say, our holy function. And now, Mr. Brown, remember that I am always cognizant of every detail of your progress. Every time you see my assistant it will be precisely as if you were seeing me. You must assist us by keeping spiritually fit, Mr. Brown. We'll do the rest. Good day to you, sir! Good day!" The visit reminds you of a conference with a bank president who disposes of your application for a loan, and refers you to the cashier for subsequent routine transactions. This admirable efficiency enables Dr. Dare's office to deal with thirty patients during the course of a morning. Consider how much thereby the total anguish of mortal life is alleviated!

II

Two people could tell you that it has not always been so difficult to gain access to Dr. Dare. One is Miss McGuire who, having been his first office assistant, is now concealed in a back room of the suite, in charge of the office records and the two typists who carry on the doctor's clerical work. The other is old Mr. Gaunt, the rich and eccentric bachelor who was one of the doctor's first patients. Miss McGuire remembers when the doctor had his office on the parlor floor of an old-fashioned brownstone house. In those days there were no assistants, no examination rooms, no installations of elaborate, impressive equipment. In those days the doctor saw all his patients and complained that he had too few. In those days, likewise, he had a night-bell and he drove his own Ford.

Now he makes no visits at night, except under extraordinary circumstances, and he makes his afternoon rounds in a Rolls-Royce.

Mr. Gaunt sometimes smiles when he visits Dr. Dare's present offices. He recalls that frosty day, a quarter of a century ago, when he slipped on an icy pavement and fractured his leg. Two passers-by carried him into Dr. Dare's modest quarters a few doors away. The young physician set the fractured bone and transported Mr. Gaunt to his home. After he had regained the use of his leg Mr. Gaunt transferred his patronage to the smart young doctor. He had suffered for many years from an obstinate asthma. Dr. Dare treated him three times weekly; the relief was noticeable, but the asthma did not disappear. It has not yet disappeared, although more than twenty years have passed. But now Dr. Dare sees Mr. Gaunt only once every six weeks; if he requires a little attention between visits one of the assistants looks after him.

Mr. Gaunt recalls a dinner-party twenty-five years ago; his guests were his partner, Amos Winters, his partner's daughter, Mildred, and young Dr. Dare. Mildred was a plain-looking girl, and even her father's fortune had not attracted many suitors. After dinner Mr. Gaunt took Winters off to his study, leaving the young people alone. He told Winters how much relief he had obtained from Dr. Dare's treatments. Shortly thereafter, Amos Winters came down with pleurisy, and called in Dr. Dare. Then, during one of his visits to the doctor, Mr. Gaunt said, "I'll tell you, young feller! You might do worse than marry Mildred Winters." Dr. Dare flushed, but did not reply. A few weeks later, Mildred dropped in to see Mr. Gaunt. "I'm engaged, Uncle Josiah," she announced, "to Travers Dare."

Although old Gaunt is a trial, and his incurable asthma is a source of no great revenue, Dr. Travers Dare is still secretly afraid of him, too afraid to

betray annoyance when the old man talks tediously about what he calls the "early days." When he became engaged to Mildred the old boy said to him, "Travers, you're a smart young doctor. That's very good. But hundreds of equally smart young doctors graduate from medical school every year. Most of them live poor and die poor. How do you intend to escape that fate?"

Young Dr. Dare thought a moment, but could not find an answer. Mr. Gaunt waited, then continued, "Let me tell you. A successful physician is a modern medicine-man. He practices magic and charges well for it. Let me give you some advice, my boy. In the first place, don't waste your time on poor patients. Get yourself a practice among wealthy, fashionable people. A fashionable doctor is the only kind who makes money. In the second place, don't ever do anything simply. Never forget that the patient is a layman and likes to be impressed by mysteries. Furthermore, patients dislike being dismissed with a simple remedy, however efficacious. It flatters their vanity to be persuaded that their maladies are complicated. Use as many instruments, as much equipment as you can, always. Fill your office with the latest and most complex scientific devices. These are the equivalent of the medicine-man's incantations and magic. In the third place, don't be at the beck and call of your patients. The more difficult it is for them to see you, the greater your prestige with them. If you give an impression of being very busy, if you make them believe that you are doing them a favor by seeing them, your practice will grow. Success in these days is largely the result of humbug."

Mr. Gaunt grinned, and continued, "As soon as you are able to do so, take on an assistant. Let him carry on the routine work, but keep in touch with your patients yourself. He'll be quite as competent as you are, probably; but if you handle your practice properly,

he'll do the hard work, and you'll get the credit. That's my advice to you, my boy. That's the way to make a success in business. I don't know anything about medicine, but I know that business principles can be successfully applied to any line!"

Even now, when he recalls this conversation, Dr. Travers Dare feels acute discomfort. He listened to old Gaunt's advice with astonishment, with disgust. Did Gaunt think that he had no ideals, no honesty of purpose? What of the Hippocratic oath, the long and honorable tradition of the medical profession? What of the doctrine of service? . . .

He began to look at his colleagues in the profession with a new curiosity. One of his classmates had already married a wealthy girl, had taken over the practice of a retiring gynecologist, and now had more patients than he could adequately handle. Another had specialized in surgery, and was already reaping a harvest from the new and fashionable appendicitis operation. Neither of them seemed to be preoccupied with healing the poor and the lowly; they performed the minimum clinical duty necessary to retain their hospital connections. Another classmate, Savelli, illustrated Gaunt's analysis by forceful contrast. Savelli, son of an Italian newsdealer, had been the most brilliant student of their year. Immediately after graduation he had been offered, and had accepted, a post in one of the great research foundations. His salary was two thousand a year; with luck he might, after many years, reach five or eight. . . . Yes, obviously, Gaunt was right!

Dr. Travers Dare, aged twenty-five, took counsel with himself. He didn't want to be poor, or to be permanently dependent upon his wife's expectations from her father. He didn't want to be less successful than those of his contemporaries who were no more gifted than himself. If he followed Gaunt's advice he would soon be earning a comfortable income. In due time he might

even become independently wealthy. It was no less meritorious to heal the wealthy than to heal the poor! He began to dream of comfort, of pleasant associations, of annual holidays abroad; he would use those holidays to see what the big men of Berlin and Vienna were doing! To follow Gaunt's advice would land him among the recognized leaders of the profession.

III

Dr. Travers Dare, aged forty-nine, pays a substantial income tax to the government. He owns several valuable parcels of realty on Manhattan Island. He lives in a duplex apartment a few yards east of Fifth Avenue, less than a mile uptown from his offices. He is a member of two Westchester golf clubs. On Monday nights he has a stall box at the opera; usually it is occupied by Mrs. Dare and her guests. He prefers the theater or bridge; and Monday nights, by long custom, are his "bachelor evenings." He takes an annual holiday abroad, but very rarely visits Vienna or Berlin. He prefers Paris, and always makes a trip to London for his wardrobe. His attendance at medical conventions is infrequent; he has not much time for them. He has addressed a convention only once. He has published four articles in the medical journals. Three of these recorded cases upon which the actual work was done by his assistants. Fifteen years ago, when he still had an active interest in chemistry, he originated a formula for a solution of arsenic and gold useful in the treatment of certain nervous disorders. He meditated giving this formula to the profession, but after prolonged consideration sold it to a firm of manufacturing chemists. That same year his old classmate, Savelli, announced the isolation of a new bacillus, and the research foundation began to dispense the serum which revolutionized the treatment of certain types of diseases of the blood.

A few years later the sudden popularity of chiropractic began to perturb

the medical profession. Dr. Travers Dare, always conservative in his public views of debatable innovations, announced his disapproval of chiropractic in an address delivered at the annual convention of the State Medical Association. But privately he felt that one must keep abreast of the times and was positive that something could be learned from their success. He happened at that time to be moving to his present offices. He leased additional space and invested heavily in complete equipment for administering treatment by electricity. He engaged a new assistant, Dr. Brent, to take over this work. When the equipment had been installed and Dr. Brent had taken charge, Dr. Dare began prescribing electricity for patients suffering from rheumatism, arthritis, phlebitis, neuritis, muscular fatigue, and general debility. It was remarkable, he discovered, how many patients were afflicted with one or another of these ailments—a condition that he had not even suspected, previously. And with the new apparatus, there was nothing that Dr. Brent was not equipped to do for them. He could bake their joints, knead and stretch their muscles, mechanically massage their bodies, dispel their aches by the application of dry heat, stimulate their flagging energy by applications of current and cold.

Similarly, as soon as the "sunlight lamp" had been perfected Dr. Dare installed several in the rooms where Dr. Rollins carried on the work of radioscopy and radiotherapy. Shortly thereafter he began advising those of his patients who had been benefited by electricity, and those of his patients whom electricity had failed to benefit, to try exposure to the new lamps. The vogue of sunlight treatments began almost immediately. Sedentary business men who breathed only the atmosphere of Wall Street were bronzed into the semblance of idlers on a Riviera beach. Fashionable matrons acquired a golden tint, in ten visits. Busy debutantes no longer

rode in the Park for air and exercise; by coming to Dr. Rollins every day for five minutes, they had an equivalent exposure to a substitute, reliable sun, and missed no social diversions. Meanwhile Dr. Rollins worked ten hours every day, and it became necessary to take on a temporary assistant to handle the radioscopy. The ultra-violet ray had become an indispensable adjunct to fashionable life, and among the benefits of its invigorating influence not the least was to be found on the profit side of Dr. Dare's office ledgers.

Dr. Dare retains his staff position at the Superior Hospital, and once every week, accompanied by one of his assistants, he gives an hour to its clinic. Occasionally the ambitious young internes, who admire him more than they like him, ask his advice about their professional careers. Dr. Dare is always glad to advise the bright young men. "Medicine," he tells them, "is a career that absorbs all the best energies a man can bring to it. There is no room in the profession for selfish men, or lazy men, or greedy men. It is a profession of unselfish service, a dedication to the impersonal aims of science. A young physician must constantly perfect his technic by unremitting study. He must keep abreast of the quick advance of science, which outstrips all laggards. Why, every day new instruments, new methods of treatment are being perfected and revolutionizing our practice. There is no room in the profession for a young man who cannot utilize these discoveries and advance beyond them. Study, gentlemen, constant study is the prerequisite of achievement!" The young internes admire Dr. Dare's concern for the future of the profession. It is a tradition among them that if one of their number demonstrates exceptional aptitude Dr. Dare will find a place for him, either on his staff of assistants, or on the house staff of the private sanitarium of which he is one of the directors. These positions carry salaries of from twenty-five hundred to five thousand

dollars and, as they become vacant, Dr. Dare fills them by taking over the best young men at Superior Hospital.

Dr. Dare deplores the current popularity of psychoanalysis among laymen. Nothing irritates him more than the colloquial use of psychoanalytic jargon and the wide circulation of popular treatises on psychology. He often wonders what will happen to the dignity and prestige of the medical profession if the movement of vulgarization spreads farther, and the layman acquires a half-baked knowledge of pathology. He has often found it difficult to combat the consequences of this tendency among his younger patients, for occasionally one of them has the effrontery to quote Freud or Jung at him. When, some years ago, the medical profession of New York State sought to debar from the practice of psychoanalysis any person not holding a medical degree, Dr. Dare supported the crusade with all the influence at his command. He did so with the authority of a personal investigation; the previous summer he had made one of his infrequent visits to Vienna, and had spent two weeks in studying the work of the leading psychoanalysts. He found that young women without medical training were practicing under the direction of the eminent Viennese; young women who had studied under them for less than five years! He found that certain principles of technic were rigorously enforced, although to him they seemed preposterously silly. For example, any social or personal relations between an analyst and his patients was regarded as a serious violation of the code. Dr. Dare knew that in America the most cordial and intimate relations often existed between patient and analyst, which seemed to him entirely correct. He himself counted many of his patients among his best friends; why should not the analysts have the same privilege?

He returned from Vienna convinced

that only a practicing physician is competent to make proper use of psychoanalysis; these Viennese psychologists had imposed mischievous nonsense on the public in an attempt to distract attention from their ignorance of medicine! But his quick, scientific mind was intolerant of all waste; the trip to Vienna must be made to justify itself. So he began to experiment, tentatively at first, but gradually with more assurance, with psychoanalytic methods. He was surprised to find them so frequently useful in his practice. They were especially useful with his women patients, many of whom suffered from no physical ailment whatever, but came to him periodically nevertheless. It pleased them, he discovered, to talk about themselves under his expert guidance; they departed refreshed and relieved; and they invariably returned. He remembered that, as a medical student, he had once seen an eminent physician prescribe a capsule containing a compound of sugar and bicarbonate of soda. After the patient had departed the physician laughed and explained. "That woman," he said, "is a confirmed valetudinarian. There is absolutely nothing the matter with her, yet she comes to me every month with a fresh symptom. I can't tell her that she is as sound as a bell; she wouldn't believe me. So I've told her that the capsules will positively cure her, and no doubt they will!" Well, times had changed! You no longer prescribed harmless capsules for imaginary invalids. Nowadays you merely asked them to talk about themselves. The results were the same, but the modern method was more profitable. Often Dr. Dare finds it tedious to listen to these patients, but he consoles himself with the reflection that he is serving the profession. How much better that they come to him, instead of falling into the hands of unscrupulous psychoanalysts without medical training! And when, as frequently happens, he meets them at dinner parties, he never rejects the opportu-

nity for a quiet, intimate chat about their private lives.

IV

Many of Dr. Dare's patients consider it a privilege to entertain him socially. They meet him constantly on the golf links, or at the theater, and they have come to think of him as a prince of good fellows. He is neither high-brow nor discouragingly professional. In fact, he avoids all shop-talk in his social life, announcing that his busy days of practice make it incumbent upon him to seek pure relaxation in the evening. For that reason he sees very little, socially, of his colleagues in the profession. He prefers the society of his patients and their friends, the wealthy, fashionable folk whose tastes resemble his. The men find him surprisingly well posted on the stock market and on general business conditions. He never fails to ask their advice about his investments, and they are delighted to give him their expert opinion. Because they like him personally they always favor him with confidential tips about forthcoming market manipulations; and his speculations are invariably profitable. The ladies always find him an agreeable dinner-partner; he is witty, urbane, an excellent conversationalist, and just enough of a flirt to give spice to an evening. The Dr. Dare whom they meet in society is quite a different person from the Dr. Dare whom they consult professionally. It delights them that a man who works so hard knows how to play with so much zest and enjoyment. Sometimes they wonder why he is so much more amusing a companion than their husbands, and many of them envy Mrs. Dare. They all like Mrs.

Dare also; she's a plain-looking woman and, surprisingly enough, she seems never to be jealous of her attractive, popular husband. Many of them would like to know whether he ever gives her cause. . . .

For the most part, the Doctor enjoys his social life thoroughly. He looks forward to his bachelor Monday evenings; he is very discreet, and no questions are ever asked. Sometimes it bores him to play at gallantry with middle-aged ladies, but he endeavors not to show it and often succeeds in being the life of the party. He has learned that his social life is, professionally, a profitable investment. Only infrequently does he fail to have a good time when he goes out into society. One notable occasion was when the wife of a prominent banker invited him to dine at her home, and he found that his old classmate, Savelli, was the only other guest. Savelli is now the most distinguished bacteriologist in the United States, and the foundation pays him a salary of ten thousand a year. He goes out very little, and has the reputation of being a recluse. He has no small-talk, no hobbies, and his only passion is his work. When Dr. Dare met him at dinner, he found that he and Savelli had nothing in common. It was a very dull evening, and Dr. Dare has not recovered from his disappointment in his old classmate. But he remembers that, twenty years ago, he was positive that Savelli would never be a real, genuine, hundred per cent success. He knows everything there is to know about bacilli, and he has received decorations from six foreign governments, but what, after all, is a mere ten thousand a year? In the medical profession, Dr. Travers Dare reflects, many are called, but few, very few indeed, are chosen.



IN THE WAYS OF HIS HEART

A STORY

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

I WENT down to-day to revisit St. Mell's on the Thames, where I had lived till I was twenty. When I was that old my parents had died, the winds that blow young men about the world had dispersed my brothers and me, and we had sold our father's house to some stranger. So I had not seen St. Mell's for a good forty years till to-day. Not that I wasn't fond of the place. It was only that I had got on, and success keeps you busy.

You cross to St. Mell's by a ferry belonging to nobody in particular. Any licensed waterman who can lay hold of a boat may ply for hire there. This had made the ferry, when I was a boy, a recognized refuge for watermen out of a job, or too old to work much. By taking turns to scull people across they could earn the price of a meal and a pint. But they couldn't get rich. There were too many of them. You see, there was no dole in those days, and old men got no pensions.

When I reached the ferry steps no boat was waiting on that side, so I shouted across. A faint hail responded. Through the pale golden mist of the fine autumn forenoon I could make out a dim figure that slowly took motion, on the opposite shore, and a dim boat slowly detaching itself from the bank. Soon I could just hear, in the motionless air's utter stillness, a dipping of sculls almost unthinkably lifeless. I understood that. I remembered the sort of old boys that used to be here in my time, veterans twisted and cramped

with rheumatics, used-up men who were removed immeasurably from oneself, secluded far out of reach among the mysteries and glooms of failure and old age.

Could they have ever really been young? Could any of them ever have resembled that figure and symbol of wild, overflowing vitality who had once come among them, just for the moment, as if sent to give a vivid measure of the tragic distance separating those frozen ancients from the warm center of life? Jock Gaddom—that had been this meteor's name. I remembered him well.

No lack of pith had brought the young Jock to the ferry. Rather, excess of it or—these wondrous creatures betray you into mixed metaphors—the vivacious splash of animal spirits so high that they had to spill over the rim now and then. Jock had come to sojourn at the ferry like some young ruffler of the Middle Ages who had killed his man in a jovial affray and had then fled for sanctuary to a company of elderly monks till the thing should blow over. Simply in the gaiety of April blood Jock had "given lip" with some sprightliness to a crabbed employer. So a good man had lost a good job. But of course he would soon get another. Wasn't he the prettiest and fastest sculler on the river, bar Bill East? Hadn't he won Doggett's Coat and Badge in his apprenticeship? Didn't everybody like his laughing lip and bold good-humored eye and straight nose and choleric spirit

that hadn't one grain of venom in it, whatever mad things it led him to do?

I know how I, for one, had liked Jock when we were both twenty and he had just come to the ferry after the smash. And somehow he took to me, Heaven knows why: certainly not by way of making up to someone better off than himself. For he had no slavish instincts at all. He was one of the few men I have known, high or low, who could talk like a comrade across the spiked railings of class, just as if no railings were there. Some fellows have learned the knack since, in the War. But it took no War to make Jock a brother for anyone.

I had told him a few grand notions of mine before he let on about any of his. He seldom spoke of himself; but when once he took you into his confidence he would shirk nothing. What came then fairly knocked me humble with surprise at the strange humbleness of heart that you will sometimes find in a man who looks, on the outside, like a bit of a conqueror.

Jock told me he had a young lady—no engagement yet—only walking out; but very high hopes before this last bit of trouble. "A wonder she is," Jock assured me. "A proper world's wonder." It seemed she was practical too: she had cut up pretty rough about Jock's losing his job—"chucking it away," she had said. He must give over playing the fool, she had told him, else she was done with him. Jock adored her the more for this proof of sagacity. Oh! he was well in the toils, was Jock. He had turned deadly serious—"fair burning," he told me, to get a good job, and to keep it this time and make her a home. But that couldn't be done in a moment. And, while he waited and burned, nothing would satisfy this magnificent innocent but to "do something for" the beloved one.

Now here you must try really hard to believe me. You won't find it easy. I didn't myself, at the start—and I had

known Jock. He was an almost incredible person, and yet absolutely real—much more real than most of us. Like a more famous lover before him, Jock had read somewhere about things that old knights used to do "for" their ladies—all sorts of out-of-the-way risky things. Not that the ladies always wanted them done, nor that the knights wanted to swank, nor that the things would do any special good to the ladies, but just because, if you were "proper fond," as Jock said, of a young lady it made you feel better to try to do something you wouldn't have dared to do if you had not been in love. They are often humble sentimentalists at bottom, these big handsome men.

Jock said he "fair had to" take on some little bit of a risk or another. The only one that he could think of was to dive into the river some night, in his clothes, from the high railway bridge a little upstream. Of course it was not much of a risk, anyhow. Still, he didn't swim very well—few watermen did in those days—and the black shine of deep water a long way below him at night had always given him the creeps. And you must take what you can get, and do what you can for your lady. Had I a young lady? And if I had, would I care to stand in?

I was not in love at the time. But, otherwise, the proposal quite suited my book. Swimming and diving were hobbies of mine. I couldn't enjoy too often that heavenly downward swoop through thirty feet of the ambrosial air of a mid-summer night into the softly sustaining embrace of the water the June sun had been warming all day. But, for me, it would have to be the next night or never. I was to go north the day after to-morrow, to start my new work, and perhaps I might never come back.

To-morrow night would do champion, said Jock—high tide at nine, to give us a good head of water under the bridge; and a moon pretty near full would be getting up about ten.

"Just after your work, then?" I said.

"Righto! We knock off at ten."

"I shall be here," I promised.

We said good-night. As I was walking away under the chestnuts I could just hear Jock say to himself, "The risin' of the moon, the risin' of the moon!" in a low voice of absolute ecstasy. As I remember it now, all the romance that there is in the world was in Jock's voice as I heard it at that moment in the animated summer dusk—virility, adventure, and the lover's thronging sense of life, the whole of it, as if it must all be a thrill, through and through, with beauty and wonder.

As ignominiously as any of Don Quixote's little projects had ours miscarried. At first all had seemed to go well. The night had been fair, the tide good. It was trespass, of course, to set foot on the railway company's bridge; but the spikes and barbed wire had not beaten us. Once we were up on the railway we felt the game ours: nothing more to do but guess when we had reached the middle of the center arch, climb the six-foot iron parapet, and dive from its top. And we had all but arrived at our mark when, out of the streak of deeper darkness under the parapet, two hulking railway policemen rose, one of them with a rasping challenge of "Well, what are you doing here?" I suppose there must have been some sort of bother that we had not heard of—people sneaking across the bridge after dark, it may be, to save fares at the ferry.

Presence of mind is much praised. But it can play you queer tricks. At a crisis it gives you some order so clear that you can't think there could be any other order to give. And yet, in just the same case, it will give another man a quite different order. Both Jock and I had some presence of mind, in a sense. But to me the order that came was "Slip them! Get it done! Dive like a shot!" while to Jock it must have been "Give 'em what for!" Without the slightest notion that anything else could

be done, I jumped for the top edge of the parapet with my hands, grabbed it, hauled up my legs out of reach of the law, and dived out into the night. I was falling forward already, the swarthy twinkle of the little eddies below was coming up to meet me, when I heard Jock's voice ringing recklessly, "Why, what the Hell's that to you?" and then the first scrunch and grunt of a big scuffle.

The stream carried me down a good way. It must have been twenty minutes before I had landed, squeezed a little of the water out of my clothes, to run faster, and then torn back to the bridge to cut in if it were not too late.

It was. There was nobody there. If Jock, in the joy of battle, had thrown the enemy into the river I should have heard the two splashes, and the third splash when Jock went over also, to see that they came by no real harm. But I had heard nothing. I heard nothing now, hungrily as I listened. I ran half a mile up the line—I thought it the likeliest way for justice to have marched a captive. Beyond that point the railway ran straight for a mile with the moon, that was now riding high, lighting all of it brightly. There was no figure in sight. I trailed back and searched again at the bridge. At last I slunk off to bed, rather shivery. Next day I went to my job in the north, the beginning of grateful labors that for the forty central years of life have kept me quite absorbedly happy.

I don't say that I should have had time to write out all this while the old boat with the old ferryman in it was coming across. But there was time to remember it all. The stem of the boat scarcely rippled the glaze of the tarnished mirror over which it was creeping, so feeble and slow were the strokes of the man whose gray head had its back to me as he sculled.

But he had the technic, as the best of these ancient mariners have till they die. The sculls had slipped into the water

before you could see that each little rhythmical forward swing of the old fellow's body had ended. So no ounce of effort was lost: the boat glided continuously till its bow grounded quietly on the pebbles and, weakly and stiffly, the ferryman shipped his frayed sculls and got up and stood, in the old professional style, one foot on board and one ashore, to steady the boat for the fare to step in. I saw his face then.

As you grow old you see most of your friends grow old too. And you don't mind the sight. You take it as part of the game. Besides, the change is so slow that no one of the little steps of it startles you much. But it isn't so with friends of whom you lost sight in your youth. Like friends who died young, they have not grown old in your thoughts; the portraits of them that hang on the walls of your mind are of people only just as old as they were when you last saw them. If you meet one of them in the flesh, some forty years on, it may shock you to see how much he has changed. It is as if he had aged forty years in a night.

That was how I felt when I saw that the gray-head was Jock. It wasn't Jock alone that I saw. It was a ghost of myself, of my youth, suddenly risen to show me, in one total sum, how much I must have lost, by little degrees, without noticing it. Or I might put it another way. It was as if I were only twenty again and some cruel god were giving me a glimpse of what might happen in time to the vessel fullest of the eagerness of life and of its uncontainable vehemence—the silver cord fallen loose and the golden bowl broken.

All that remained unmistakable was the shapely main lines of Jock's face, and a kind of thoroughbred rightness in the proportions. The lights were all quenched. The rather full and fiery violet eyes that I remembered were bleached to a limpid and pale forget-me-not blue with no glow behind it. His lips, which had seemed almost to laugh when at rest, were now stitched tightly

into the places from which teeth were missing.

I saw he had no recollection of me—did not even take the momentary look at me that every young ferryman takes at a new face. It seemed as if Jock had outlived curiosity. Inertly he pushed the boat clear of the ground, took his seat, spat on his hands, and unshipped the frayed sculls. The molehill had become a mountain and the grasshopper a burden.

"Been here a long time?" I asked, trying to play the affable stranger.

"Forty year," he said impassively, "last Whitsuntide." The moment he had spoken his lips were tightly puckered in again.

"I lived here once," I said, "when I was young. I was born over there." I pointed where my father's house glowed mellowly red among the motionless trees.

"It was a good place then," he said, but in no tone of regret—just indifference, as it seemed.

I didn't know what to say. So I said, "Do the tugs bring the barges along the old way, near the top of the tide, and then the teams take them over?"

"Teams? They're gone, these thirty year. You don't see a horse, not twice in a year, on this tow-path." There was no lament in his voice. He might have been speaking of some old waterway that had gone out of use in the moon.

I forced a good cheerful tone and said, "Anyhow, the old pleasure-boat business keeps up, I suppose."

"It's nothing now," he said, "to what it was. They say it's this new half-tide lock has done it—making all the reach a muck o' mud and shallows. Half the pleasure-boats is gone up Richmond way, and half keeps down at Hammersmith. They don't come here."

We were now in mid-river, not far from where I used to fly-fish for dace, standing up to my knees in the river through long, hot holiday mornings of

rapturous absorption. Surely the very bed of the Thames could not have decayed. "Is the old string of pits still full of dace?" I asked anxiously.

"Them that used to lay along outside the foreshore? Where they dredged the gravel? That lot's silted up, these twenty year. They don't get no good fishing now. It's died away."

I said in a great hurry, "Well, I hope this good old ferry does fine, anyhow."

"Nothing doing," he said, quite uncomplainingly. "Not to call anything. All died away. Everything dies away here."

The bow was grating on the gravel. My passage was over. But I hadn't begun, really. And this faded semblance of Jock, with the fire extinct in his eyes, was still sitting on the forward thwart, as though he had nothing to move for, all day, if I cared to ask any more questions. So I did begin then. I said, "Don't you remember me, Jock?"—and it was more an appeal than a question. Even of being forgotten there are degrees, and some of them hurt.

He gave no sign of recognition, nor of living interest; only of polite regret. Jock had always had courtesy. "I see a many people here," he explained. "Leastways I used to."

"Was there any but one," I asked—a little reproachfully, I am afraid, "that you made up to dive off the bridge with?"

It brought no luster into the watery blue of his eyes. "It was that job that done me," he said, but somehow as if it were all a story about somebody else and no matter to Jock.

"Done you?" I felt something pricking me hard. To what sort of worry and bale had I left him that night?

"They called it trespassing," he said. "And assaulting the cops. They gev it me all right, in the police court. The beak said as it was my first time there he'd let me off with a fine. Forty bob. As if I could have 'alf forty bob in me pocket, and me not in regular work! And so they shoved me in the jug."

Even now there was no distress in his voice—only that disquieting apathy. And I had had twice forty bob in my pocket when this Samson, my friend, was shorn for the lack of it! Why on earth had I not thought? Too busy, I suppose, with being happy. I asked ruefully, "You got that job at Spindler's boathouse that he'd promised you?"

"I asked for it," he said, "soon as I come out o' quod. Spindler said the arrangement was off. 'I don't require no convic' labor,' Spindler said. So I had to stick on at the ferry till I could do better. I been sticking on ever since."

We sat silent for a few minutes. The golden day seemed to me to caress Jock's unquerulous face with its luminous and tender mist. Above us, on the tow-path, a few of the brown chestnut leaves came whispering down, and a youth loitered by, whistling. He checked for a moment, perhaps just to stare at the two queer old birds sitting dumb in a boat, face to face. Well, he may have thought, what *could* anyone have to say at that age, anyhow? He loitered on, whistling again.

"I'm a family man, Jock," I said. "Very happily married—these thirty-five years. What about you?"

"Me? I had a young lady. She gev me the go when I'd been in the jug. 'I'm not having a husband,' she says, 'as has slep' on the boards.' So she gev me the go." Jock didn't add that it was for her he had risked the plank bedding, any more than he had hinted that I might perhaps have come to his aid.

I sat, wondering at him. I had not seen any containment like his. Was it by the sheer force of a stoical will that he kept down every whine of self-pity which any common person like me would have uttered while raking the little heap of cold ashes left to him by the spent fires of his passionate youth? Or had Jock passed into some curious insensible state of the mind, a sort of opiate ante-

chamber of death, a state in which a man's frustrated life, his lost strength and beauty of body and spirit and all the thwarted love and aspiration of his starved heart may matter no more in his own sight than some sad doings in some remote star? I wondered.

We couldn't sit there all the day. And it was I who must make the move somehow, and try to say the right word, though I could think of nothing but the pity of it and the waste and the way that May-flies and men are given just the one chance and then are utterly done with. I said, pretty lamely, "They were great days."

The hand that I shook while I spoke was a very old man's. For a moment

I thought it began to press mine with the warmth of a friend's, while he said, "Aye, I felt like as if I could break the world in them days." But then his hand went slack and he seemed to draw off again into his own dim seclusion. "There ain't no use o' crying, is there, sir?" he said.

I winced at the "sir." It held me away from him, as it were with a stretched arm. So I walked away under the yellow chestnuts, wondering still. Were regrets, those insatiable vultures, still gnawing his liver? Or had they devoured it all—used him up as a bearer of pain and then let him go, a pithed insensible creature, out of reach of all torment or joy? I am wondering now.

TRUCE

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

LET us be cowards a little and not climb
 Forever the topless heights that soar so cold
 Among the stars: for we too early-old
 Shall die, and gleams of the unreached sublime
 Tinge but our dying eyes. No human hold
 Can hurl Death's dark strong angel from the mind.
 We touch impassable secrets like a wind
 Eternally weary round the peaks untold.
 Let's to the valley: we are gray and hard,
 Our souls with age-deep thought are glacier-scarred,
 But Earth is warm and human in the plain.
 There, once more children, let us make our nests,
 Sleep in the shadows of her hillock-breasts,
 And drink the milk of wisdom-without-pain.



WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED?

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

IN 1922 a certain New York theatrical producer announced to his colleagues that he was about to stage a most unusual play. He displayed more than ordinary enthusiasm; so much, in fact, that they wanted to read it. They did. The result was an outburst. They declared their friend mad. The piece was impossible. He was an experienced theatrical man; therefore, he must be out of his senses to throw away money on such rubbish. Costly rubbish, too; it called for several high salaries, certain roles would have to be expensively cast.

"I'm going to put it on. It's going to be a success," he responded to all their protests with gentle but canine tenacity.

They held conspiracy to dissuade him. They pressed harder and harder. They were all, like him, theatrical men ripe in experience; if one of their number had gone crazy it was their duty to do everything in their power to save him from the penalty of his own madness. But his canine tenacity obtained. He cast the play.

Rehearsal was called. A group of competent actors assembled to try it out. They read their lines. Politely but firmly they resigned.

"A play about a dirty sewer rat who pops up and down through a manhole in a Paris alley! Thank you, we are at liberty!" they said.

The producer groaned. But his grip held. "What's the matter with you, anyhow, John Golden?" his colleagues demanded. "What do you think you see in trash like that?"

"I see vitamins in it," he replied.

He cast it anew. He rehearsed it until the very stage floor sagged in exhaustion. The curtain at length rose upon "Seventh Heaven," and it ran in New York two years. When I was in the West in 1927 I came upon it in stock company theaters, after its seasons on the road, and it was also in the movies and going strong. It was a story of the most sordid phase of life in that city whose supreme beauty offsets what is perhaps as profound a sordidness as may be found in the world. It depicted a repulsive corner of the city peopled by drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes; its hero was a bastard scavenger and its heroine the sister of a woman of the street who was striving by grossly brutal means to force her into the same way of bread-winning. But the play had vitamins.

I found that statement of a veteran producer both piquant and intriguing. It wouldn't let go of me. It stirred the quest spirit. What, I wondered over and over, is this element within a play, this thing invisible to the naked eye, and so difficult of detection that, in careful laboratory analysis, it may escape even the most experienced and the wisest? By what test is it to be known? Is there any microscope so powerful that it can be counted upon infallibly to discover this elusive constituent part, this thing which both possesses and imparts life, this vital force as intractable to pursuit as the proverbial *pulex irritans*? Whatever it be, like misery it makes strange bed-fellows; it is possessed in common by "Hamlet," "Strange Interlude," and "Abie's Irish Rose."

For, understand, this inquiry was in

no wise concerned with the matter of what makes a "good" play. The critics have long since answered that and still they keep on answering it; many run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Column after column, week after week, elucidates the problem; and when columns accumulate to a sufficient length they are gathered into volumes, and shelves unnumbered serve the cause of erudition.

No, the problem of vitamins evidently is not identical with that of a play's worth as viewed from a critical standpoint, although there is an overlapping. For instance, at the close of the season 1927-28 one critic lists "the fifteen most worthwhile plays" of this period as: "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Coquette," "The Royal Family," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Escape," "And So to Bed," "Porgy," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Strange Interlude," "An Enemy of the People," "King Henry V," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Plow and the Stars," and "Juno and the Paycock." Some of these were new, some old; no two critics will agree, but on the whole the list probably reflects as fairly as any the average intelligent opinion. And yet several of these failed of great popular success, notably the offerings of the Irish players; whereas the box offices of several theaters ignored by this critic tinkled merrily during these months. At the same time it is to be noted that both the critical and the longest-run lists include "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Coquette," "Porgy," "The Royal Family," and, no doubt, "Strange Interlude," while others had fairly good runs. In six plays, then, the overlapping is complete.

I pursued theatrical men and women. "What," I asked each one, "is the clew to these vitamins? Why does many a good play possess none of them and many a bad play have them aplenty? Why, on the other hand, are they found in some good plays and missing in some bad? Plainly they are not predictable by

either direct or inverse deduction. How, then, in the name of wisdom, do you know when a play is going to get over and when it isn't?"

One and all groaned, "We don't. We wish to heaven we did." Mr. Winthrop Ames liberally offered fifty thousand dollars if, in my laboratory adventure, I would find out and tell him. I have long since ceased to picture how I should invest that fifty thousand. But a few jottings from the laboratory notebook may interest others who are curious in this direction.

II

As I wished to confine myself strictly to the scientific approach, I determined first to ascertain precisely what is a vitamin before setting out to isolate that of the drama. But at the outset I was baffled by finding that precisely-what-it-is is precisely what is the matter with it. Nobody knows. To quote from a report of the Smithsonian Institution, a reprint from *Scientia*, volume XXVII:

"Proteins, fats, carbohydrates, salts and water . . . must be present in certain proportions and in sufficient quantities to . . . furnish the energy necessary for activities. But . . . these substances alone are incapable of maintaining life. Something else is required, the chemical nature of which is at present unknown, and it is to these unknown but indispensable accessory substances that the term 'vitamins' has been applied."

Just at that point, I realized, lies the vital problem. The proteins, fats, carbohydrates, and so on which go to make up the bulk of a play are thoroughly understood by experts. They can name glibly the ingredients which, "in certain proportions and in sufficient quantities," must be present for success. A succinct list of these has been formulated by Mr. Martin Mooney, play-reader for a New York producer. In their order of importance he names them: a worthwhile story; the rooting urge (by which is

meant a desire to see the leading character win); a love story that is more than merely talked about; practical motivation (effects rising in a natural and convincing manner from causes); a unique setting; true character drawing; sane dialogue; suspense; and action which pyramids.

So far, so good. Here are the basic elements. But investigation proves that a play may possess every one of them and, nevertheless, its audience may, in theatrical parlance, be left "sitting on their hands," its actors storming agencies again at the end of a gloomy fortnight, and its producer selling stocks which he had meant to hold, in order to meet his loss of thousands. For "something else is required, the chemical nature of which is unknown but indispensable."

The scientist begins with the observation of phenomena instead of concocting his own theories in advance. I would select a recent period, say the past five years, and ascertain what plays during that time have attained the longest runs. This vitamin test, of course, leaves something to be desired; occasionally a play showing little life is artificially stimulated by some prize award perhaps, or undue advertising, or the helpful hand of censorship. Contrariwise, a living, breathing work of art may be crushed out by bad luck. Other elements, too, enter in; it is a fact well known to theatrical men that a depressed stock market drives losers to the amusement houses for escape; whereas prosperity means slow receipts. . . . But, by and large, the proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and, in the absence of a surer test, the voraciousness of the public's appetite must be taken to bear witness to that pudding's abundance of plums.

Sifting the records of New York, then, from the fall of 1923 to the summer of 1928, the list of greatest successes stands thus, including a few which were continued at length from the preceding season:

"Abie's Irish Rose," "Seventh

Heaven," "Rain," "Sun Up," "Aren't We All?," "The Nervous Wreck," "The Shame Woman," "The Swan," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "White Cargo," "Spring Cleaning," "The Potters," "Meet the Wife," "Saint Jean," "The Show-Off," "Tarnish," "For All of Us," "Fashion," "Fata Morgana," "Expressing Willie," "Cobra," "Dancing Mothers," "The Miracle," "Pigs," "What Price Glory?," "My Son," "The Firebrand," "Desire Under the Elms," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Harem," "Ladies of the Evening," "Is Zat So?," "White Collars," "The Guardsman," "The Poor Nut," "The Gorilla," "Cradle Snatchers," "The Jazz Singer," "The Butter and Egg Man," "Craig's Wife," "Young Woodley," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Laff That Off," "Alias the Deacon," "One of the Family," "The Patsy," "The Green Hat," "The Great God Brown," "Lulu Belle," "The Shanghai Gesture," "What Every Woman Knows," "Sex," "At Mrs. Beam's," "Two Girls Wanted," "Broadway," "The Ladder," "Capensacchi," "The Play's the Thing," "The Squall," "Gertie," "An American Tragedy," "The Constant Wife," "Tommy," "The Barker," "Saturday's Children," "The Road to Rome," "The Spider," "Burlesque," "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Shannons of Broadway," "Dracula," "Coquette," "The Command to Love," "Interference," "Porgy," "Paris Bound," "The Royal Family," and "Excess Baggage." "Strange Interlude" will be included, no doubt, later on.

Owing to the rotation rule of the repertory companies, their plays are often removed before they have exhausted their popularity, and their runs cannot fairly be compared with others. Several pieces well remembered, however, have been "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Silver Cord," "The Cradle Song," "Three Sisters," "The Dybbuk" (in English), "Granite," "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "An Enemy of the People."

Surely a motley throng passes before us as we gaze. The Paris sewer-rat rubs elbows with the New England puritan. Sadie the outcast, refugee from the law, switches impertinent skirts beside that hypersensitive by-product of civilization, Mrs. Craig. One mother dances giddily to her own emancipation; another clings in desperate apprehension to her big-enough-to-be-married son. A rough, ready, middle-aged and profane army officer, a young southern belle, an ardent lady of the demimonde, a quaint Italian wine-grower, a New York working girl, a myopic college grind—side by side they pass in the procession, innocently skipping, sophisticatedly jazzing, strolling, running, marching, hobbling, each according to his temperament or his legs.

As to place—we leap from a South Sea bower to the grim army headquarters of France. We enter a bacon-scented mountain cabin with one foot and a Long Island drawing-room done in mulberry and blue with the other. Rome, California, or Harlem, all are one to success. Obviously, an interesting background is an asset; but how little it is essential may be seen as soon as one attempts to chase about the map in pursuit of some magic locale. A kitten chasing its tail is not more futile. Both the locale and the tail are occasionally caught, but no sooner is this done than they flicker out of reach again. As Mr. Ames observes, the instant a new background has made a success it is obsolete; the novelty-gorging public has passed on and is looking for another. Let the Kentucky mountains lure its appetite this season, and the public is weary of them the next; by that time it is ready for a cannibal island.

For that matter, most authorities agree that one plain room is background enough provided "the play is there." An experienced actress commented upon two of O'Neill's plays that "'Marco Millions' needed all the setting it could get but 'Strange Interlude' could be done on a bare stage and pack the

house." The former she considers little more than a series of pictures, riotously splendid but doomed to die quickly to a pile of ashes like Oriental prints under the match. So perished "Hassan" heralded as "an Arabian Nights thing of sheer beauty." The requisite already listed, of "a unique setting," lies among the proteins and carbohydrates of formula. It does not concern the elusive vitamins.

The plays vary less in period than in setting. The majority are laid in our own time. One, to be sure, slips back to the gold-fever days of the last century, another travels far into the Roman past, but these are exceptions; perhaps vitamins do not submit readily to cold storage. However, most of the failures have been modern, as well as the successes.

As to theme: wherein do the listed plays meet on any common ground? In "The Spider," for instance, we find the most thrilling variety, shock heaped upon shock, nerves keyed to the dizziest pitch, and never a respite. Whereas "They Knew What They Wanted" is a gentle narrative of humdrum happenings in a little ranch house. Here a plotless yarn, there a screaming melodrama. Now an adult slice of life, again the most naïve love story. Action of the most obvious sort—abduction, fighting, robbing, murder—grouped with the action of fine-drawn psychology, to O'Neill's point of removing the lid from a man's mind with as deft a flourish as that of the waiter who uncovers a dish of scrambled eggs.

Even in their ultimate conclusions these themes do not reveal the vitamin secret. The "happy ending" occurs in the majority, but the unhappy is not tabooed. Time was when the latter meant almost sure rejection to a play manuscript. Fortunately, any ending, if logical, now has a hearing. Mr. Ames, however, observes that "a tragedy must be *better* than a comedy if it's going to succeed." A man would rather laugh than weep. Does this apply to woman

—young woman especially? I recall an occasion when, passing through a department store, I stopped to purchase a copy of "Hedda Gabler." The young person selling books had perhaps been taken from the notion counter, or from muslin underwear: her innocence of Ibsen was as yet unpolluted.

"What's that book about?" she inquired as she made out the slip.

I told her briefly, and that it was then being played in town.

"Say, guess I'll get my steady to take me."

"I'm afraid you won't care for it," I felt it fair to warn her. "It ends very sadly. It would leave you weeping."

But her eyes leaped to the prospect of delectable tears. "Say, I'll call him up an' have him get tickets to-day!"

Some will tell you that "sexiness" is necessary to the success of a play. A fallacy. Its attractiveness to many is patent; but recall that hearty comedy, "Pigs." Verily it was written for the entertainment of one's maiden aunt from the New Hampshire farm. . . . Look at that exquisite bit of reality, "The Cradle Song,"—of all the pieces so far produced by Miss Eva Le Gallienne it has proved decidedly the most popular; Broadway begged her to bring it to that sex-sated avenue; and this glimpse of daily life among Spanish nuns is as fragrant and as stainless as an early white violet. A successful producer who had sloganized his "clean plays" chanced to run upon a dull season and, weakening a bit, decided to pretend that he was no better than he should be. He advertised his next venture as "Two Girls Wanted," and it was given out that he "was producing a bedroom comedy at last." The first-nighters arrived to find themselves sold; in the words of one of his staff, "the public was fooled by the ads and we got 'em here. But although the play was clean, it was so entertaining that they forgave it." Here, then, was demonstrated the negative value of both the moral and the immoral *per se*. The play had a more than fair success, al-

though it disappointed both the puritanical and the salacious, the first by its supposed character and the second by its actual.

As to the power of either author's or actor's fame to force a play, investigation shows this to be far less than might be assumed. Doubtless it lends momentum at the start; but it can't keep on pushing. Two young collaborators made a huge success with "What Price Glory?" Their next offering was anticipated as an event; the new piece made a few struggles at the grade, then backed helplessly down hill.

A favorite star, too, in the wrong vehicle may meet a short run. His presence does not insure the presence of vitamins, but the right actor brings them forth if they are there. For instance, I am reminded by Mr. A. H. Woods that "The Shanghai Gesture" failed on the road with Mrs. Leslie Carter but, Florence Reed being given the lead in New York, it prospered. Play and player must fuse to produce the desired results.

III

Deeper and deeper grew the vitamin mystery. The clew was not found in period or scene, in morality or immorality, in type of characters, in style of theme, in thesis, or in the author's or actor's reputation. As for the opinions of those who best know the theater, at first blush they seemed only confusion worse confounded. For my own pondering I set down the essence of several, gleaned in various chats. They represent the most diverse kinds, and concern productions which range from the farcical to the highbrow.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins believes that the onlooker associates himself with the central character and lives his life, thus finding release for repressed desires. If it is to succeed, the play must invite this. This coincides with the theory of many psychologists that in fancy the prudish spinster of the audience becomes the passionate lady of affairs, and thrills

at such becoming the while she feigns horror even to herself. Likewise, the red corpuscles of the stout elderly gentleman who is no longer courted stir once again as he enters into the conquering Hannibal and feels the sway of a young and lovely Grecian body toward his own. The more intense this vicarious emotion, the more vital the drama.

But, no! Such a thing is impossible! cries Mr. Richard Boleslavsky. The onlooker remains himself or herself, not Hannibal or Nina Leeds. "If he wood experience such feeling he wood go mad. He wood jump upon the stage and keel the villain." The spectator is ever the spectator looking on at a bit of life perfected by art. The more highly perfected, the more successful the piece. He is delighted by the vividness of life's imitation. And at this point Mr. Boleslavsky makes a memorable comment: If Mr. George Cohan could play Shakespeare as he plays his own comedies, with the same vividness, it would be great Shakespeare. Shakespeare is alive. The modern stage usually handles him as if he were a science.

Mr. Ames, too, doubts the theory of vicariousness. One portion of the mind may enter in, but the rest looks on, and quite consciously. Audiences know that they are audiences, and, as such, they demand excitement; if there is one fixed law for the drama it is that people must not be bored. But one man's thrill is another man's snore, as it were; "Dracula" produces a physical excitement craved by one type; "The Master Builder" is excitement to another. "It's not the same tickle," but tickle of some sort there must be.

"Humor and a love story are the essentials," says Mr. A. H. Woods. But by "love" he means not necessarily that of lovers, although I find that practically everyone who knows the theater unites in the belief that sex appeal must lie somewhere within a play. "It may be less obvious than formerly, but it must be there," says Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Ames adds that "courting the

pretty girl in a sunbonnet may be obsolete, but the modern play demands her modern successor." Mr. Woods cites "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in which a brother-and-sister love claims first interest. But love of some sort he stresses.

Miss Helen Westley, a prime mover in the Theater Guild whose productions are known for their extremely adult quality, stresses primarily, as a popular value, the love story, the sentimental appeal; it has been present, she says, in all of the Guild's long runs. All forms of love rise from sex, according to her psychology; the mother-and-son love of "The Silver Cord" is merely a variation of the sex theme. . . . Mr. Alfred Lunt, leading man of the same Guild, claims the necessity of action, force, movement; the *play* above all.

Mr. John Golden frankly cries, "I don't know the secret! Ask the inexperienced. I've been in the gamble too long. I know enough to know that I don't know anything." To be sure, his divining rod worked when it led to "Seventh Heaven," but it must have been out of commission when it pointed to "A Holy Terror." "It's magnetism makes a play go—the same quality that certain persons have. It's a piece of God, maybe."

Miss Eva Le Gallienne talked of "The Cradle Song" which took on vitamins after failing in an uptown production. Its earlier director had perhaps been unfamiliar with convent life; he had fancied it solemn, had permitted no humor in the acting. Miss Le Gallienne, knowing that the nuns of Spain play like children, directed this charm brought out to the full. The Sisters' anxiety as to whether the bride will be seasick on her voyage to far America; if she should have colic the groom must be sure to administer a teaspoonful of hot milk with rum—all these touches of amusing realism suddenly brought to life "The Cradle Song." And yet the fact that comedy achieved this result in a particular case reveals no universal secret. Miss Le Gallienne's second success has

been "Three Sisters," that gray Russian study of human frustration. To her mind, the play that reaches the public is the one "based upon a fundamental truth presented truthfully."

Even to the psychiatrists I turned for illumination. Dr. Frederick Peterson discussed the value of resting the professional area of the brain, of using another area for a change; tonic is in direct proportion to the amount of change. But this does not reveal why one play administers that tonic and another fails. Dr. Beatrice Hinkle believes that the play best liked is that in which the spectator sees himself or his friends in objectivity most truly depicted. "Cradle Snatchers," she recalled, amused women for this reason; men did not like it.

IV

In all this *mêlée* of discussion, this highly interesting but somewhat chaotic mass of opinion, what light was cast upon those "unknown but indispensable accessories"? Every one of the authorities had begun by declaring that there is no sure test by which a play's success can be predicted; thereupon each had proceeded to expound exactly why successes succeed and failures fail. They had shed pearls of wisdom; but the longer I pondered, the more these pearls seemed rolling about my feet in every direction while I ran after them, striving as in a nightmare to pick them up and string them, and the string always snapped and away they rolled again. I was seized with a desire to escape all wisdom. If I could get away from it, could reduce the problem to something instinctive and elemental, I wondered, might I make at least a step toward its solution?

The matter turned over and over in my thoughts. All at once from the haze of years a memory emerged. I was again in San Francisco; the curtain before me was about to rise upon "Trilby," and beside me sat a girl in her teens, quivering with excitement at the pros-

pect of "seeing" for the first time a genuine professional play. She was highly intelligent. She was totally blind.

The performance was more or less jaded, nevertheless it marked a red-letter day for me. All the electricity that Du Maurier put into that old story passed through this girl into me. Having attended amateur theatricals once or twice, she knew how to proceed. "Read me the whole program," she instructed me, "then, when each character comes on, tell me who it is."

Carefully I obeyed. "Taffy," I would whisper, or "The Laird." "Big. Whiskers. Red ones." "She's tall. Beautiful." "He takes long strides."

So we progressed. But, as soon as each voice and physical aspect was registered in her mind the whispering ceased. With riveted concentration she followed the play, never once mistaking a character. So intensive was her "watching" that I had a feeling she might have recited the play through at its close.

How she vibrated to that old drama! She laughed, she trembled, she wept, she seized my hand in suspense, she triumphed, she plunged to despair, she feared, she gloried. It played upon her as if she were some creature just born into this world, virgin to its every reaction.

Later on we talked it over. Just what, I tried to make out, had taken such hold upon her.

"The people. And the things that happened because they were those people. Because they sparked."

The frolics, the weird hypnotic adventure, the struggle to escape, the conflict of temperaments, the love—these were the "things that happened because they were those people." Personality, then, and the action arising therefrom. But how did these characters "spark"?

Questioning brought forth the fact that one of the few memories of sight left from her early childhood was of a boy who would shuffle across a rug, then touch her; sparks flashed and prickled at his touch. Ever since then certain per-

sons had appeared to her sightlessness as giving forth sparks like that, while others were devoid of them. For her Trilby, Svengali, and the famous three possessed life, and the play took it from them because they were the sort who, by shuffling across the rug, could produce these. The shuffling, note, was a requisite. The static fails. A painting of a beautiful woman in one shop window may wait unnoticed; a crowd will gather before the next window where a colored maid is endlessly making up a newly patented bed.

As my mind drifted back over that curiously incongruous list of plays which, beyond others in some cases more commendable, have persisted in living for a time, at least, it seemed to me that in every one there was at least one character who sparked. Did "Sun Up" possess anything remarkable in plot, for instance? Spots of melodrama, spots of sentimentality. The background was not novel. And although I daresay its director firmly believes to this day that its vitamins largely inhered in the literal whiffs of smoking bacon and coffee that permeated the house, I for one prefer these whiffs at my own breakfast table. But that old clay-pipe-smoking woman who hated the law as a primitive being hates the God whom he conceives a Power with a Club had only to shuffle one foot over the rug and the whole play began to spark.

Why did "The Road to Rome" run on and on? Because the saucy treatment of the classics was new to the stage? Because of its salty repartee? Because of suspense, the rooting urge, and all the rest of the carbohydrates and proteins? Partly, but these alone would have fallen. But those figures of the conquest-weary ruler stormed by his own passion; of the woman who locked a door upon her own emotions while she pushed forward her ironic gayety—bad or good, these sparked.

Propriety, impropriety, badness, goodness, as we know them are plainly all one to this electric power. Sadie Thomp-

son gayly, lovably, tragically, guiltily crackles throughout "Rain" with sparks so brilliant as to erase the weather. Through the profanity, the licentiousness of an army officer in the world's most brutal war we felt this power alive from beginning to end of "What Price Glory?" The play roused the indignation of the reactionary, who called it unjust, even libelous; and it packed the house. Look at Mrs. Cheyney; what has the average dully harmless citizen in common with that unscrupulously deft lady? Outwardly, little enough; but Mrs. Cheyney sparked, and, as always with such a person, she stirred responsive sparks in us. Vitamins both possess and impart life.

Nevertheless, even virtue of the most established and esteemed type may be equally alive. Did ever youthful purity shine whiter than that of Teresa, adopted darling of the nuns? Yet she had hardly cast off her cradle when her sparking became a veritable electric battery, vitalizing the entire convent.

Approaching "Abie's Irish Rose," I pause at the thresholds of those East Side households portrayed here which drew New York for unprecedented years. Its record-devastating history will always remain largely unexplained. The play was the butt of critics, it was accounted the triumph of all that was bourgeois. The would-be intellectuals either cried aloud upon its lowbrowness or disclaimed having seen it at all. Some of the real intellectuals, unafraid, dropped in as time wore on, driven by curiosity; they were too sure of their position to fear admitting that "there must be something." There was. Censure it as you will; call it a stupid, common picture of stupid, common persons; say—and truly—that its jokes had long ago been worn threadbare by every drummer on his rounds; still you will admit that some incorrigible vitality inhered in Abie, in his Rose, and in those two old men jealously hanging their rival gifts for the mutual grandchild on opposite sides of the Christmas tree.

As to analysis of vitamins, I am as far from it as ever. Perhaps the chemists and physicists of the future can deal with them when their laboratories have dissected the soul of man. But this much seems certain: while one may *think* the proteins, fats, and so forth of the drama, he cannot *think* the vitamins. He can only see the flash, feel the tingle. These "unknown but indispensables" are of a nature with the human spirit in its ceaseless pressing on through love and laughter and sin and remorse and joy and hope and agony toward some unproved but

sensed destiny. They may be bad or good, it would appear, or beautiful or ugly, or happy or sad; but always they are self-urged relentlessly forward, always they spark.

One suggestion I should like to offer to producers. Since in much pondering lieth confusion, and from much knowledge doth confoundment spring, why not try out a new production on an intelligent person who is both ignorant of the theater and blind? The blind are often uncanny in their seeing. Perhaps their eyes could detect the vitamins.

METHUSELAH SAW MANY REPEATERS

BY CARL SANDBURG

METHUSELAH was a witness to many cabbages and kings,
 Many widows of the sod and many grass widows,
 Many a mother-in-law, many a triangle of one woman and two men or one man and two women,
 Many who died hungry and crying for their babies, many who died hungry and no babies at all to cry for.

*Methuselah must have lived eight hundred years or a thousand or two hundred years.
 Methuselah was an old man when he died, and you, if you see what Methuselah saw,
 You will be an old man or an old woman when you die.*

Repeat it: Methuselah saw many cabbages and kings, he was a witness, a looker-on like me, like you.

Repeat it: Methuselah was an old man, he saw much before he was through, and you or I, if we see what Methuselah saw, if we see it all before we are through,

You and I shall be old, old as Methuselah, old with our looking on at cabbages and kings, widows of the sod and the grass, triangles, and people with babies to cry for and no babies at all to cry for.

Repeat it: Methuselah was a witness of repeating figures, sea patterns in the sea sand, land patterns of the land wind. Methuselah was a witness, a looker-on like me, like you.



GANDHI AND HIS SPINNING WHEEL

BY JOHN JESUDASON CORNELIUS

AMONG the numerous contributions Mahatma Gandhi has made to India's national regeneration nothing seems so unintelligible to the Americans as his persistent and enthusiastic advocacy of hand spinning and weaving, in this age of mechanism and capitalistic industrialism, as the means of freeing India from her economic serfdom. Even those who admire him most and deeply sympathize with him confess themselves unable to understand this panacea of his for India's maladies. In view of the general misunderstanding in the West in regard to the economic aspect of the Gandhi Movement, the writer seeks to interpret not only the why and the wherefore of the hand-loom in Gandhi's program, but what it has actually accomplished in the economic reconstruction of his native land within the all too brief period of seven years of its operation in the teeth of overwhelming odds.

Many Western tourists, after their first visit to the industrialized Bombay, get the impression that the industrial revolution on Western lines has already been accomplished in India. Such impression is both misleading and mistaken, since Bombay is not typical of India any more than New York City is of the United States. The geographical conditions, such as a magnificent harbor which is the only important haven in an immense coastline running from Karachi in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, its proximity to the mountain range—the Western Ghats against which the southwestern monsoon inevi-

tably breaks, making possible water supply for electric power—and other like advantages have greatly facilitated the development of Western industrialism in Bombay. But such conditions are exceptional rather than typical.

While there are a few such industrial cities in India, the truth of the matter is that Western industrialism has not yet affected even one per cent of India's teeming millions. Nearly seventy-five per cent of the population still live directly on the soil, and at least fifteen per cent more by occupations closely allied to agriculture. It is because India is still agricultural that there are 685,665 villages in the whole of India, while there are hardly two thousand towns and hamlets with a population of five thousand and over. Thus, the population being rural, the village still remains not only an important factor in India's economic organization, but also the very basis of her culture and civilization.

Since agriculture has played an incredibly important part in the economy of the country, India's industrialism developed mostly as supplementary to agriculture. Contrary to the commonly held opinion that India has given herself up solely to religious meditation and philosophical speculation, India in the course of her history has made many valuable contributions to practical arts, music, ship-building, architecture, textile industries, etc. It must be kept in mind, however, that India's industrialism of that period was the natural outcome of Indian character molded by her religious ideals and determined by her material and regional resources. Under

such conditions cottage industries flourished and commanded the markets of the world, so much so that even up to the eighteenth century India supplied Europe with all the cotton she used.

But what has happened since then to prosperous India? A good portion of her hoarded wealth must, of course, have disappeared through alien looters, as India was subjected to frequent foreign invasions. But what has really proved most disastrous to the economic welfare of the masses is the disappearance of the industrial India. Of all those who sought trade relations with India in the early days of Europe's commercial expansion, the British East India Company and, later, the establishment of British rule, have proved most pernicious from the standpoint of India's industrial and social organization. That deliberate steps were taken by the servants of the Company to destroy the indigenous industries of the people in order to make room for British manufacturers has been acknowledged, not infrequently, by English writers themselves.

That even now England's policy in India has not greatly changed is evident from the utterance of Sir Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. Only a little over two years ago he declared: "We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I know it is said in missionary meetings that we conquered India to raise the level of the Indians. That is cant. We conquered India by the sword and by the sword we should hold it. . . . I am not such a hypocrite as to say that we are holding it for the Indians. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general and Lancashire cotton goods in particular." Could the Indian cotton industry flourish under the operation of such British policy?

It must be noted that it is this very important industry, which the British have killed, that Gandhi is struggling to revive. How vitally the cotton industry was related to the very existence of

many millions is seen from the facts that cotton is not only India's universal need and a natural Indian product, but also the only available cottage industry to most of the people. Since agriculture in itself, as practiced in India, is insufficient to yield a real livelihood, the majority of the agriculturists depended on the cotton industry to supplement their otherwise meager income. Furthermore, it provided employment when the cultivators were forced to remain idle during the dry months of the year. If protection is ever necessary, it could never have been more so than in the case of Indian cotton. And yet how was so important an industry handled by the British?

Instead of providing protection to an industry which was so essential to the life of the masses, our British "benefactors" went to the other extreme of imposing an excise duty in order to enable Lancashire merchants to undersell the Indian manufacturers. The effectiveness of England's destructive policy is seen in the fact that while in 1813 Calcutta exported cotton goods to London to the value of ten million dollars within less than two decades, in 1830 Calcutta imported manufactured cotton goods of the value of ten million dollars. Thus an important industry was crushed and with it millions of agriculturists were reduced to poverty and starvation. The incoming flow of foreign trade, greatly facilitated by the alien rulers, soon engulfed and submerged the enfeebled industries. The whole internal economy was thus thrown out of gear, and to-day the industrial helplessness of India is so great that, despite her wealth of natural endowments, there is no other country on earth so dependent on the foreign manufacturer for the necessities of life.

The destruction of the indigenous industries created an occupationless class and forced it back on agriculture — the only industry open to it. Further, it deprived the agriculturists also of their subsidiary industries. The destruction of the indigenous industries in itself

would not have fallen so heavily upon the masses if those deprived of their hereditary employment had not been forced back on the already over-taxed agriculture. No doubt such maladjustment could have been prevented, but only by starting other industries in the place of those destroyed. Yet could such assistance in India's economic development be expected from a self-seeking alien government? Subsidiary industries became a necessity in India since the seasonal conditions, the normal dryness of the soil, and the enforced idleness make agriculture an exceedingly precarious occupation. Hence their destruction naturally meant less income for each cultivator from the agricultural out-turn because of the increased agricultural population, and meant also his living on this already reduced income during the four months of unemployment. Under such conditions how can a country ever escape severe poverty?

II

In the face of such grinding poverty the only problem, says Gandhi, that every lover of India and humanity has to consider is how best to devise means of alleviating India's wretchedness and misery. The population depending on agriculture—one hundred and sixty times as large as the wage-earning population—is practically unemployed for at least four months in the year and, therefore, obliged to live on the borderland of starvation. Can a scheme of irrigation or any other agricultural improvement that human ingenuity can conceive, he asks, deal with a population so vastly scattered, or provide work for so large a majority which is constantly thrown out of employment?

To state it in another way: four-fifths of India's teeming millions must inevitably live on agriculture; but they cannot live on agriculture without some other means of supplementing their income. Can their problem be solved merely by increasing the number of mills and

machinery, even if it were possible to grow them like mushrooms? Multiplication of mills, answers Gandhi, cannot help to solve the problem, since they exist primarily for profits. They will not help to distribute among the two hundred and fifty millions of suffering agriculturists the many millions of rupees which are now being spent on importing foreign cotton goods. Mills can only cause concentration of labor and wealth, and thus make confusion worse confounded. The real problem of how to supplement the slender resources of these masses to prevent starvation can only be solved, Gandhi maintains, by cottage industry, and that industry is hand spinning.

He has pitched upon cotton industry because at present India stands third in the world in cotton production; in the second place, it is the cheapest, the easiest, and the only available industry to the greatest number of people. In the third place, cotton is India's universal need. In fact, India's largest foreign import to-day is cotton goods. While Asia has been the most important market for Western export of cotton yarn and piece goods, India has been by far the most important among the Asiatic markets. Most of the eighty per cent of the British pre-war production of yarn and cloth was exported to Oriental markets, and among them India was the chief market. In 1920-21 India imported five hundred and ten million dollars' worth of cotton goods, every yard of which, Gandhi holds, might have been made in India. And what is more, to pay for these cotton goods, which we should be producing ourselves, and for other goods we do not need, we are sending out of India rice and wheat for the want of which millions are dying of starvation. By purchasing foreign cotton goods at this rate we deprive the Indian weaver and spinner of that amount from year to year without offering him any other work in exchange. When such deprivation is tolerated from year to year and from decade to decade, is it

any wonder if one-tenth of the population is forced to live below the level of subsistence?

How, then, shall we prevent this abject poverty of the masses? Only by preventing this annual drain of millions of rupees and the exportation of rice and wheat which the starving masses need. This can be done only by distributing work and wealth in myriads of homes in the simplest way imaginable through the revival of the spinning and weaving industry.

The stupendous problem with which Mahatma Gandhi is concerned is the poverty of the masses, and from that he views the futility of the machinery to solve it. "I would favor the use of the most elaborate machinery, if thereby India's pauperism and resulting idleness could be avoided. I have suggested hand spinning as the only ready means of driving away penury and making famine of work and wealth impossible." Recently in one of his addresses in southern India he declared, "Burn that wheel if you find a better substitute. This is the one and only work which can supply the needs of the millions without disturbing them from their homes." Granting then that hand spinning is the only panacea for India's ills, how is the spinning industry to be revived?

Under the British policy which operates in India it is futile to expect protection or assistance in the revival of any indigenous industry which may be contrary to British interests. Therefore, some leaders think that patriotism of the Indian people should do what in other self-governing countries might be done through a protective preference. Indeed, it is the patriotic emphasis that brought about the powerful swadeshi movement in 1905. While Gandhi admits that protective tariff, whether imposed by a government or by the patriotic impulse of a people, has its place in the protection of indigenous industries, he emphatically declares that this will not solve the poverty of the masses. This problem can be solved only by the

revival of the spinning industry and, if it is to be revived, then, Gandhi maintains, a change in the national taste must be brought about. To this end he calls on every citizen to take the swadeshi vow, which runs thus: "With God as my witness, I solemnly declare that from to-day I shall confine myself for my personal requirements to the use of cloth manufactured in India from Indian cotton, silk, and wool; and I shall altogether abstain from using foreign cloth in my possession." Further, Mahatma Gandhi required all the members of the Indian National Congress to spin a little every day during spare hours, and made spinning and the use of khaddar a part of the Congress program.

Thus Gandhi's spinning wheel began to hum in 1920. The white caps made of khadi, known as Gandhi caps, were worn by men, rich and poor, high and low, and they made the streets look like fields of white poppy in blossom. An intensive program of boycott of foreign goods was also initiated. Bonfires of foreign cloth were seen here and there. Beyond such demonstrations, one asks, what has the spinning wheel accomplished? What has it really contributed to village economics in this brief period of its trial?

It is difficult to appraise the success of any movement in so short a period. Moreover, Gandhi's offer of the spinning wheel as the panacea for India's troubles seemed so absurd that it was nearly three years before the movement took root, and even then people saw only dimly below the surface of Gandhi's plan and purpose. Hence it was that though the Charka (the spinning wheel) was claiming the serious consideration of the thoughtful, it was not until 1923 that khadi came to be produced in any conspicuous quantity. To-day, the spinning wheel is a household word, and spinning and weaving bid fair to take their place once again as the popular industries of India.

How much the spinning wheel has accomplished thus far may be gathered from the carefully prepared report of the

All-India Spinning Association. According to the recent report which is before me, I find that while in 1920 there was hardly any khadi produced, four years later in 1924 there was Rs. 949,348 (Rupee = about 33 cents) worth of khadi. In 1926 there was Rs. 2,376,670 worth of khadi produced throughout India. The sales of khadi during the year 1926 amounted to Rs. 2,800,000 and the total capital investment of the All-India Spinning Association amounts to Rs. 1,800,000.

Through the energetic efforts of this Association numerous Branch Associations are being established throughout India for the promotion of the spinning industry. In Madras Presidency alone already thirty-five Branch Associations have been organized in towns and important villages. And these Branch Associations in turn serve a number of surrounding villages. Just one Branch Association, for instance, in Tiruchengodu, known as Gandhi Ashram, serves one hundred and ten villages and 1,622 spinners are employed by it. This Branch alone produced from March, 1925, to April, 1927, khadi worth Rs. 169,247.

It is interesting to observe how smaller villages away from railway stations and sales depots are served by a Branch organization. For such purpose a motor lorry fitted with shelves and provided with handy compartments for the arrangement of different kinds and qualities of khadi, is used most effectively. It is so equipped that the moment the side doors are flung open the lorry becomes a veritable shop on wheels. This, fully loaded, travels with its driver and one salesman to distant villages, and supplies the villagers with all sorts of homespun cotton cloth to meet their several needs and requirements.

There are now one thousand five hundred villages in all which are being served by an army of more or less educated workers. The spinners and other workers include Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, Sudras, the so-called

Untouchables, Mussulmans, Christians, Parsis, Sikhs, in fact every caste and creed. It must also be noted that the music of the Charka is bringing back to life other allied occupations, such as dyeing, weaving, printing, carding, etc., which were in a precarious condition.

Among the many organizations which have come into being for the promotion of khadi one finds several women's organizations. Out of the various departments of activity conducted by women the one that deserves special mention is the Rashtriya Stree Sabha of Bombay. This Sabha, in order to make khadi popular among the well-to-do classes, provides it with embroidery and other fancy work. There are three hundred women who earn a daily wage in this department and help to increase the family income.

The call of the Charka has rallied round its banner many volunteer workers. Several lawyers, doctors, and professors have given up their professional careers and taken to this work. In Satis Chandra Das Gupta and Profulla Chandra Ghosh, Bengal has given to this national service two of the most brilliant students of the world-famous Indian Chemist, Sir P. C. Ray. Gupta attained distinction by building up Sir P. C. Ray's Chemical Works. Ghosh had been Assistant Assayer in the Government Mint. Both of them, leaving their lucrative posts, have consecrated their talents and energy to the promotion of khadi. Sir P. C. Ray himself is an indefatigable worker in its cause. Besides the one thousand paid workers, there are many such unpaid volunteers engaged in this work of reconstruction. The increased co-operation and enthusiasm, the ever-increasing production of khadi, and the need to arouse popular interest in the movement have made it necessary to hold from time to time exhibitions of the work done.

III

Since 1920 it has become customary to hold an All-India Khadi Exhibition

when the Indian National Congress is in session, and it has now come to be a great source of inspiration and education. The last Exhibition held in Madras was opened by Mahatma Gandhi himself in December, 1927. Samples of khadi produced in different parts of India, from rough to the finest cloth, including Assam silk and Kashmir woollen were on exhibition. The distinctive modes of khadi implements, improved spinning wheels, and other machinery were displayed. Expert spinners and weavers from different parts of the country were invited to exhibit their skill and teach the technic of fine production. To encourage people of all walks of life to spin and weave, a rare collection of self-spun khaddar by well-known men and women, by individuals of position and rank, was placed on show. This section contained, among many interesting articles, a pair of leather sandals with the inscription: "Leather sandals. Gandhiji's handiwork in South Africa." There were on exhibition yarn also spun by Gandhi when he was in Yeravda jail and during his seven days' and twenty-one days' fasts.

A choice collection of photographs and pictures relating to khadi organization, and village life connected with the Charka, maps and charts illustrating the progress of the Spinning Wheel Movement, cartoons and sketches dealing with khadi life formed a special feature of the Exhibition. Prominent khadi workers and organizers from the various provinces held classes and gave lectures based upon their rich experience as to how to organize Branch Associations and Sales Depots, how to promote the use of khadi, and encourage home spinning. Khadi merchants from the Punjab, Bombay, Behar, Bengal, Carnatak, Andra, Tamilnad, and other parts of India had put up about fifty stalls and stocked and displayed nearly Rs. 200,000 worth of khadi of different qualities and varieties.

Among the many sections of the Exhibition, the Khadi Experimental Sec-

tion was one of the most interesting. Here were shown the unique regional contributions to khadi production. In one section the Masulipatam Branch showed the process of cloth printing by means of wooden blocks, as well as designs by means of wax and mica. So also the Punjab Branch displayed the art of printing pictures and designs on cloth. Table-cloths and carpets were woven out in various designs, and pictures were printed on them. This printing was done, as elsewhere, by means of mold impressions, but the coloring was done exquisitely with the help of a hand brush. The introduction of this process of printing and designs has given hand-spinning a great impetus. There were many other such illuminating demonstrations of new experiments in khadi production and the revival of India's ancient arts and crafts.

Among the Sales Depots on the Exhibition grounds one of the most important exhibits calculated to change the national taste and demand was the one which demonstrated to the rich and the middle classes the different ways in which khaddar may be used. It showed how the furniture in the home of the rich could be decorated with khaddar. There were also on display many varieties of heavy khaddar with attractive designs for floor covering.

For the promotion of interest in and of the sale and use of khaddar, the All-India Spinners Association, which within a short period of its existence has become effective enough and strong enough to organize so extensive an exhibition as the Madras Exhibition, publishes a newspaper known as *Khadi Patrika*. It publishes also a khadi catalog giving important specimens of homespun cloth; further, the Association serves as a bureau of information regarding khaddar. In order to encourage the use of khaddar, it has organized the Khadi Sangathan; membership in it besides providing other privileges, entitles one to a slight reduction on every rupee's worth of khaddar bought from the Bhandar.

To what an extent the Charka is slowly but surely gaining ground is seen from the fact that while in 1913 India imported from Great Britain 17,719 metric tons of cotton yarn and thread, in 1925 she imported only 7,992 metric tons. As for cotton piece goods, in 1913 India imported 253,456 metric tons, while in 1925 the import was only 122,213, which is less than half of the import of 1913. Rightly does the British Economist, Prof. J. H. Jones of Leeds, observe in writing on the Cotton Industry that "imports of cotton manufactures into Asia not only from Great Britain but also from all other countries have fallen" and that "the heaviest absolute fall in exports has taken place in the trade with India." (*The Accountant*, London, Feb. 4, 1928.)

Another interesting point to note in this connection is that when Gandhi set the boycott of British goods in motion India was not quite prepared to meet her own demands herself; and the result was that while British goods were boycotted, the non-British trade was patronized. But now that the Charka is at work, India's attitude towards the consumption of even non-British goods is also changing.

A very clear note outlining this policy of the Congress was struck in his presidential address by Doctor Ansari last December. With reference to the boycott of foreign goods he declared:

Under the present circumstances, I have no doubt the Congress will come to the unanimous decision that as a political sanction behind our demand for Swaraj, we shall strictly and ruthlessly boycott all British goods. But the economic interests of India require that we should proceed a step further. We should boycott all foreign goods, which would in any wise compete with Indian manufactures. India gains nothing economically by purchasing continental and American substitutes, sometimes inferior to British goods. The Congress should, as early as possible, appoint an expert committee which will organize this boycott, and make it thoroughly effective; so that the emphatic refusal to take any

article of British manufacture will serve our political purpose, and the exclusion, as far as possible, of all foreign goods, will serve our economic purpose. I have reserved khaddar for special mention. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mahatmaji and his noble band of workers, the movement is imperceptibly and steadily expanding. Well-wishers of our country would desire most heartily for its further expansion and growth. The faith of the country in Mahatmaji's favourite program is being every day increased, as is evidenced by the immense and steady strides the movement is taking.

Such unequivocal statement of the policy clearly indicates that Gandhi's economic program has found general acceptance, that it is proving its worth in a practical way. And now the goal of the Indian National Congress itself is to make spinning and the use of khaddar universal in India and to bring about a complete and effective boycott of foreign goods in order to improve the economic condition of India.

IV

Gandhi is a man of the masses, and it should not be forgotten that he burns with a passion to uplift them out of their poverty and degradation. The contagion of his influence is now spreading. Not only individual workers, but the Indian National Congress itself has come under his powerful influence. Everything that can be done is being done now to make khaddar more popular and boycott more effective. The facts that the country, impoverished by the inroads of foreign manufactures on its old industries for a period of a century and a half or more, is unable to support its population with the necessities of life, that the sacred right of the people to legislate in regard to their own affairs is withheld from them, and that the agriculturists can live only if they are provided with subsidiary occupation compel Gandhi to plead earnestly with every citizen not to forget his duty towards his impoverished country and poverty-stricken peo-

ple. He is constantly reminding everyone that by the use of any foreign-made article which one wears or uses instead of which an Indian-made article might be worn or used one is taking away the bread from the mouths of the starving millions of India. Therefore, Swadeshim, according to Gandhi, is that spirit which compels us to think of those millions and serve them disinterestedly. Helpful service can be rendered to them, says he, only by using goods produced by them and by helping to make their industries more efficient and more complete.

The negative aspect of the Swadeshi Movement is, of course, the boycott. But the Gandhi Movement must not be considered, as it is generally understood in the West, as a boycott movement. If Mahatma Gandhi abhors anything, it is the idea of vengeance implied in boycott. One should, therefore, bear in mind this distinction. "I think of Swadeshi," says Gandhi, "not as a boycott movement undertaken by way of vengeance. I conceive it as a religious principle to be followed by all." In fact, Gandhi has made Swadeshi a religious discipline—a rule of life to be undergone in utter disregard of the physical discomfort it may cause individuals. Why? Because two hundred and fifty millions of India's population are bordering on starvation. India can live only if she produces and is helped to produce everything for her requirements within her own borders. The Swadeshi aims, therefore, at the production in India of those articles which are at present imported from abroad; and the boycott means nothing more nor less than the mere discontinuance of the consumption of foreign goods in the interest of the starving millions of India.

The Charka is thus presented by Gandhi as a symbol, not of commercial war, but of commercial peace. It bears not a message of ill-will towards the nations of the earth but of good-will and self-help. It needs not the protection of a navy threatening a world's peace

and exploiting its natural resources, but only of the religious determination to spin their yarn in their own homes. Gandhi's central idea in the Spinning Wheel Movement is to utilize the idle hours of India's starving masses and to help them by natural processes to get rid of their growing pauperism. Since the loss of the spinning wheel has meant India's economic serfdom, asserts Gandhi, its revival must mean her economic emancipation.

The facts that America could not maintain herself without a high protective tariff imposed by the government, and that no Swadeshi movement resting on religious or voluntary basis could possibly succeed in any European country, never shook Mahatmaji's faith in the Indian people nor his unbounded faith in God. His program calls for unlimited personal sacrifices. To the peoples of the West there is a minimum line of comfort below which they cannot go. But in India there is no such line, and the Indian power to abstain is practically without a limit. While the people of India have proved themselves weaker than those of the West in certain kinds of co-operation and self-defense, they have, however, proved themselves all through their history to be vastly superior in certain qualities, such as self-surrender to a moral ideal, the ability to endure all the deprivations and discomforts for a religious principle, and the power to renounce worldly goods and tempting luxuries.

India was trained through her religious philosophy and education for a struggle in which there is no force to uphold the act against temptations of self-indulgence, of comfort, and of individual selfishness save that of human will and conscience. The working of the spinning wheel means the tapping of these spiritual resources of India and awakening her children to the consciousness of the wealth of self-control and self-direction handed down to her by generations of austere ancestors. From this point of view the message of the Charka,

in spite of its bringing about important and vital economic consequences, is, above all, a supremely spiritual message.

With his spinning wheel Gandhi is challenging not so much the Western world as that India which is seeking blindly to adopt Westernism. He is pointing out clearly that capitalistic industrialism is the logical outcome of Western temperament and genius, that it is designed for large-scale production not for use merely but for profits, that it results in over-production and, consequently, in forced consumption and an unscrupulous scramble for foreign markets, and that it is cruelly unfavorable to the Indian masses since it enables the few who possess the means of production to exploit the many. He points out further that Western industrialism, which requires a huge array of machinery driven by mechanical power and which necessitates the aggregating of vast numbers of human beings to perform for a fixed wage so much of the operation as cannot be performed by the machine itself, is something alien to the genius of the Indian people.

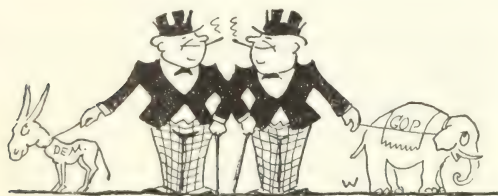
India's temperament and genius, on the other hand, are more suited to a simple life than to a complex one. Her thought, habits, and character are better adapted to cottage industries than to machine grind, to craftsmanship than to factory production. Hence Gandhi warns India to be careful in her industrial readjustment, to face seriously the problem of how to bring about an economic development that would withstand the penetration of Western capitalism with its virulent evils. Without adopting wholesale the industrialism of the West, and without leaving the artisan to struggle in splendid isolation, he is making India seek a *via media*.

In spite of the many obstacles to its progress, the Charka is gaining ground. By its hum it is arousing a widespread interest in the condition of the masses; organizations for the improvement of

their status are being established all over India. Many schemes are being worked out for the economic reconstruction of the villages. Rural schools are being organized with an agricultural-industrial bias. It is succeeding in focussing the attention of the public and the Government, as never before, on the urgent necessity of taking effective steps to minimize the periods of unemployment of the millions of agriculturists. It is also providing a new means of relief for the famine-stricken areas. In fact, the economic potentialities of the Charka have now led the Madras Ministry, the governments of Mysore and of Bengal to accept the spinning wheel as one of the very effective means for relieving the unemployed. Furthermore, the spinning wheel is reviving many allied industries, thus providing occupation for many thousands. And even the cotton mill industry, which was unable before the war to meet one-third of the demand, is now meeting more than half of India's requirements. In short, the Charka is cultivating in the people a national taste for and a keen interest in India's handicrafts.

The spiritual contribution of the spinning wheel is the bond it is creating between the classes and the masses by its unflinching appeal to personal sacrifice and disinterested service in relieving the indescribable suffering of the helpless millions and to such commercial co-operation as would eventually lead to universal peace. Under the inspiring leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, and by the compelling power of his personal life, the spinning wheel has really come to mean the spirit of swadeshim—a swadeshim of indigenous everything, of arts and letters, of industries and religions. The Charka, within the seven years of its operation, has gained the confidence of the people to such an extent as to be considered the symbol for India's emancipation from her cultural, political and economic serfdom.

The Lion's Mouth



BIGGER AND BETTER ISSUES

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE crying need of American politics to-day is bigger and better party issues. All our best people agree about this, so it must be so. The professors of political economy inform us regretfully that in the absence of great party issues which will drive the public permanently into two angry camps, our parties are empty shams, our campaigns are hollow mockeries, and our whole political life is in a condition of pernicious anæmia. The gentlemen who write books on *Some Aspects of Democracy* and *Whither America?* and things like that are driven almost to tears by the fact that you can no longer distinguish a Republican from a Democrat. The liberal editors can knock off a thousand words a day—and do—on *The Deplorable Failure of Our Platform Makers*. The party platforms, it seems, are as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and this is terrible. Why, the 1928 platforms both came out for law enforcement and both promised to aid the farmer! What hope is there for our great experiment in self-government, the editorials ask us, when things like that happen? If one of the platforms had come out for general anarchy and the total extermination of farmers, there would be something to get into good rousing fist-fights about and we shouldn't have this shocking apathy. Apathy? Why, half the time you

can't even get out the vote nowadays: do you realize that since 1876 the proportion of registered voters actually voting has dropped from something per cent to something else per cent? There may be an encouraging flare-up of interest this year on account of Al Smith's views on prohibition, but you can't count on its being permanent—not with so many dry Democrats and wet Republicans kicking round. No, they say, if things go on this way much longer our sacred institutions will stop instituting and we shall go the way of ancient Rome.

It must be so, as they all agree that it is. Sometimes, I will admit, I have my doubts. I compare the country with my family, which also has to be run by mutual consent, and wonder if we should be much happier if we were divided by momentous issues and worked ourselves up into a fine frenzy whenever there was a question of household administration to be settled. I think of the way businesses are managed, and wonder if the directors of the Steel Corporation make their best decisions by separating into two groups and shaking their fists at each other. And I think of the way we divided up for athletic and debating purposes in the school I went to.

In that school you were either a Monadnock or a Wachusett in football and a Demosthenes or a Cicero in debating. The plan worked very nicely, and sometimes I question whether it might not have worked for political purposes as well if it had been the boys' job to run the school—which it wasn't. And the significant thing was that the authorities perversely selected their Monadnocks and their Wachusetts by lot. When you came to school, you

were told that you were a Wachusett—or a Monadnock, as the case might be—and that settled it. The faculty made no attempt to put all the rich boys into the Monadnocks and the poor boys into the Wachusetts. They didn't throw the Episcopalians into one team and the Presbyterians into the other. They didn't make the drinkers' sons play the teetotalers' sons. Perhaps they reasoned that it was just as well to have as little dirty work in the line as possible, and that you could run off just as effective a skin tackle play if you weren't convinced that the tackle should be skinned as a just reward for the sins of his fathers. There have been moments when, thinking of the days when I was a Wachusett, I have noted with actual complacency the fact that the Democratic Party and the Republican Party were getting to resemble the Wachusetts and Monadnocks. They went through the motions of dividing on issues and talking about the noble traditions of Jefferson and the fundamental principles of Washington, but everybody knew this was just the traditional eyewash; for all practical purposes you were born a Republican or a Democrat, with the right to switch over in an election if you liked the captain of the other team better than your own or preferred the color of his derby. And if you had a perfectly good chance to vote and didn't take it, what harm in that? At least it showed that you were reasonably contented no matter who won.

Sometimes, too, I have been hardened in this absurd heresy by discovering that some of the politicians and business men appear to agree with me. The business men don't all seem to relish the uproar of campaign years; they talk about its being bad for business, and are apparently relieved if there is nothing very vital to get into a lather over. Many of the politicians, too, seem to have a certain distrust of great party issues; whenever something comes along that makes millions of people run a temperature, these politicians say it

ought to be kept out of politics. What! make the League of Nations a party issue, or prohibition, or labor and capital? Nonsense, they say; it ought to be kept out of politics. Keep the campaign a pleasant matter of Monadnocks and Wachusetts, and let the best precinct organization win. Why spoil a good game by working up a lot of animosity?

But now I can see that we were all wrong. We had forgotten political vitality. The country must have political vitality or it will go right downhill. The highbrow editors and authors are unanimous about that, so we had better see that the parties pick out great issues on which the people can become easily inflamed, and send out orators who have the orator's rare knack of inflaming them. Then there will be no more apathy, and the percentage of voters who vote will become satisfactory, and the percentage who would vote if they weren't afraid of being beaten up outside the polling booth will become more satisfactory still.

Labor and capital, for instance, is a good issue. Some of the best liberals would like to see a big labor party arrayed against a big capitalist party. This, they say, would give our politics some reality. Ordinarily labor and capital get along middling well, but if you sent out a thousand orators to talk about the sinister capitalists of Wall Street, each of whom has a big dollar mark on his waistcoat and delights to run his limousine over the helpless bodies of the children of the poor, and another thousand orators to talk about the sinister emissaries of Moscow, each of whom has a smoking bomb in his pocket and intends to blow up our wives and daughters, you would discover that people will believe anything and you would certainly get out the vote—and also, perhaps, the militia. In England, where they do these things better, they have a Labor Party, and they have succeeded so well in arraying class against class that a little while ago

they had a General Strike, which is surely a sign of vitality. We haven't had anything half so vital since this country divided some sixty-seven years ago on a good healthy issue which really interested the voters.

And it's not only vitality that you're assured of if you have great party issues; you can achieve that greatest of the blessings of parliamentary or republican government, progress by zigzags. Instead of knowing that both parties will try to please pretty nearly everybody and that, whoever is elected, the government will probably run along pretty evenly trying to keep on pleasing them, you may be confident that every now and then it will swing violently from one theory to another. First it will be capitalist, then it will be laborite; and by the time people have decided that neither one of these theories is quite as acceptable as some persuasive middle course, the government will find two other things to veer between, such as religious freedom and Catholic-baiting, or freeing the Filipinos and knocking them over the head, or total prohibition and open saloons openly arrived at. This is a rather intricate theory and I'm not quite sure that I understand it, but the idea seems to be that the only way to steer the Ship of State properly is to keep rocking the boat. You can be sick if the boat is rocking, but you can't be apathetic. That, at least, is the English experience. The English, with their gift for parliamentary government, are past masters at rocking the Ship of State—they call the process muddling through—and the way they turn out for elections, muddled or unmuddled, puts us to shame.

All right, then, let's accept this principle of the importance of great party issues. But if we do, why stop there? Let's be consistent and extend it—to family life, for instance. A little while ago I said that I for one had had some misgivings about trying it out in my home. But now I have resolved to overcome them.

The main administrative question in my family at present is who is to administer the family check book which is the only clue to the size of our joint bank-account. At present we are apathetic to the point of domestic decadence on this question. We discuss it now and then, but there is nothing vital about the discussions. My wife's platform is that she will pay the bills if I will do the arithmetic when the bank statements come in, and my platform is that I am too lazy to pay the bills but that her arithmetic is inferior. In other words, we diverge only about as far as the Republicans and Democrats. But if my present plan holds, we shall change all that. Henceforward we shall make the thing turn on vital issues. I shall accuse my wife of intentionally adding up eighty-three cents and one dollar to make one dollar and eighty-eight cents in order to conceal barefaced thefts from the Treasury, and I shall carry the case to the children with the slogan of "Turn the rascal out." She will charge that nobody who could pay Lord & Taylor's bill without noting the credit of \$3.45 for stockings returned is intellectually or morally fit to pay bills or to have any responsibility whatever, and she will proclaim that the issue is Prosperity *versus* Bankruptcy. I shall inveigh against her training of the children and speak of the destruction of the home. She will castigate my home-brew policy as a threat to the Constitution and denounce me in the name of the Founding Fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Wayne B. Wheeler. In the later stages of the campaign I will make insinuations about her virtue and she will make allegations about my honor. Everything that can be done to break up the household will be done with a will.

Don't be surprised if one of these days you hear shouts and screams and shooting up at our house. It will just be a sign that we are applying to domestic affairs a worthy political principle.



THE NATURE BORE

BY WORTH TUTTLE

I AM sick of Nature Lovers. There is no peace in the forest with them. You may as well go to Newport for the summer as to the North Woods with a Nature Lover. For what, I ask you, is the more tiring: meeting pretty women who give a charming response to your greeting, or being introduced to all the trees, wild flowers, birds, and beetles in your vicinity which remain perpetually dumb? I prefer the pretty women.

At least you are not led up to one of them and have to stand by, looking interested while your companion runs his or her hand over a smoothly shingled head, touches a cheek with a finger tip, and mutters, "Ash blonde, fine texture. Slight rouge. May be Mrs. David Morton Smith. No; eyebrows are arched, not straight. Would seem to belong to the Davenport family. One of the younger members. But look at the ankles! Trim, shapely. Now a predominant characteristic of the Davenports is a heavy ankle, unfortunately. Now, who—? Oh, here! I have the Social Register right in my pocket. Never go to a party without it. Just . . . a . . . minute. Oh-ho, how stupid of me! It is one of the Robertson girls, of course. See the small, well-shaped ears. Yes, indeed, one of the Robertsons—Joyce Carmel Robertson to be exact. I can tell by that little brown mole in the corner of her right eye. I identified a number of that family right in this spot last season."

Now that, I maintain, is the way of a Nature Lover in the forest with one of those little oblong, brightly illustrated booklets, *How to Know the Wild Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Butterflies, Weeds, and Trees*, and a polite follower. But would your enjoyment of Miss Robertson's

smile be heightened by observing its crinkles under a microscope? When you sit by a stream in a sunflecked wood is your pleasure increased by knowing the generic name, age, and habits of the tree that bends above you? No. The way to enjoy the woods, like people, is not to know too much about them. If you are really happy with nature, you know about as much about it as I do: trees are oak, ash, maple, birch, or greenwood; birds, black, blue, red, canary, or parrot; rocks are granite or just plain rock; and a mosquito is a pest. That may not be enough for misplaced Scout-masters, camp councilors, and other congenital contributors to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but it is quite enough for me and for all my friends, and must be for the woman I marry.

Only last week-end, hoping to meet that elusive lady, I accepted an invitation to a house-party in the uplands, and after breakfast left most of the company on the porch misnaming all the visible mountains, and wandered down to the brook for peace. There, sitting pensively, her legs a-dangle over the bridge, was a creature who from across the hearth the evening before had intrigued me. With an apology for intruding on what I took to be her thoughts, I dropped down beside her. Surely here I had found a companion who would sit as silent as I and let the brook babble. The smile which greeted me promised that. Ah, perhaps I *had* intrigued her. . . . I glanced up, meditatively, at the branch above us, seeking the lyric phrase which would cap our perfect communion.

"What *is* that tree?" she asked explosively. "I've been sitting here ten minutes trying to identify it."

"Silver maple," I replied blandly, not a tremor in my voice betraying my emotion.

She laughed scornfully, "What on earth made you think that? I'm almost certain it's a shagbark. See how its leaves are shaped, and look at—"

With a murmured apology I strode into the refreshing depths of the forest—

and withdrew my foot, before my weight had followed it, from the back of another one of them. She was flat on her tummy in a bed of fern, a microscope held professionally above a shivering specimen. "Sh-sh, I *think* I've found a Sensitive Fern! Don't come a step nearer, or it'll close up before I've got it!"

I did not come a step nearer. On the contrary . . .

If you have suffered as I have, you will learn that your only protection lies in recognizing these Nature Bores at home, before you accept invitations to their hunting grounds. Let me give you a hint or two. They are the people who call a spade a spade and a few people a "group." They order French pastries by name, they know the alphabet of the vitamins and the flags of all nations. They never call anything a thingamajig or anybody a whatchoumaycallum. They, in short, speak accurately, not descriptively, and grow fat on factograms and properly chosen calories. But, I warn you, if you do find yourself inescapably in their company, don't, *don't* pretend, or even be offhand, about knowing one of God's creatures by name unless you are sure you'll not meet it face to face. It is infinitely worse than claiming friendship with the Prince of Wales or Beatrice Lillie. They, I understand, would use a bit of their boundless tact in relieving you of embarrassment. But not so the birds, flowers, trees, and grasshoppers. They do everything to confuse. *Your* buttercup is as likely to be a peony, and *your* mushroom a rose.



ONE MORE REFORM

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

I AM not opposed to reform, but I have an intense dislike for reformers. If only we could keep the two separate, so that reforms might be under-

taken by conservatives! That, alas! is impossible. So I generally end by doing nothing. But there is one reform so urgent, so clamant, I might almost say, that, even at the risk of being classed with those I despise, I must speak out my mind about it. I refer to the deplorable condition of doctors' waiting rooms.

My experience has been limited to the United States, Great Britain, and France, but it must be fairly representative. And surely nothing could be more depressant, to borrow a medical term, than the atmosphere of these gloomy antechambers. Most American doctors have their consulting rooms in an office building. The waiting room is a simple and obvious combination of four walls, one window, one door, a ceiling, and a floor. The furniture is salvage from the doctor's attic. For distraction, there are old copies of *Field and Stream*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the *Literary Digest*. (Program note: Magazines by The Salvation Army.) Or you can turn your attention to a small bookcase filled with medical works. Thus, if it is an earache that has brought you here, you may heave out an enormous volume called *Manual of Otology* and discover that there are a thousand pages full of things that may be the matter with you.

Form, then, if you will, a composite picture of one of these places and call to mind what an average visit is like. The maid or nurse ushers you in and closes the door of doom behind you. The six condemned occupants of the room look at you surreptitiously. There is an almost concerted unfriendliness about them. True, they have been sitting here in a morbid silence for only half an hour, but already some filaments of understanding have united them into a group, and a hostile group. You feel at once that they resent your intrusion. You lower yourself guiltily into a chair and pick up a mutilated copy of *The Poulterers' Gazette*. You pretend an interest in it. Then silence, a silence more viscous even than the silence of the

Club library. The black marble clock on the mantelpiece ticks on. In the next room, behind the folding doors, the doctor drops an instrument. Probably something with a sharp point on it. The woman in black on the far side of the table begins whispering to the pallid girl beside her. She is glancing at you from time to time. No doubt they are speculating about your complaint. You wonder if you look really *ill*. Perhaps that pain in your side *is* serious after all. What was that story of Tolstoy's—"The Death of Ivan Ivanovitch"? The man in that story just fell off a ladder and hurt his side a little. He made light of the pain for months, but it got him in the end. "Here, I must snap out of this!" But all you have to snap into is the sentence that lies before you: "Chickens hatched in an incubator are usually left in the drying box till all the fluff is quite dry and the birds well on their feet, which may not be till six to twelve hours after they have hatched out. Some breeders . . ."

In a few moments the maid appears at the door. "Mrs. Atkinson, please." Mrs. Atkinson gets up and gives a final pat to her hair. A heroic gesture, like a French aristocrat walking out to death from the Conciergerie. Five more and then it will be your turn.

But why should I rack the sensitive reader with these reminders? We have all been through it. I put it to the Medical Profession: How long are they going to tolerate this gratuitous tormenting of the nerves of their patients?

For it *is* gratuitous. In all other respects the Profession has made continuous advance: in medicine, in surgery, in nursing, in hospitals, in sanatoriums, in fees. Here alone their methods remain prehistoric. And outside the Profession, consider what has been done. The waiting room of the modern railroad station has been purged of its ancient ennui. Baths, barber shops, rest-rooms, shoe-shining emporia are there to assuage you. You can buy candy, tobacco, flowers, magazines, food. The

less affluent can weigh themselves, try their grip, or set a mechanical model in a glass case to working. The Department Stores have sumptuous rest-rooms where you can lounge at ease, and play-rooms where you can segregate your children. Everywhere except in the anterooms of the doctors the horror or tedium of waiting has been abolished. Here alone, where the ephemera of journalism have won an unmerited immortality, and where the unwritten law of Silence sets a seal upon the lips, you are suffered to eat out your heart in a misery of boredom or anticipation.

Plainly, something must be done about it. I am no Rotarian, but I believe in service as much as any of that solemn brotherhood, and so I am going to offer some constructive suggestions. No doubt others will come after me, improve upon my proposals, hold meetings, form societies, organize propaganda, and finally persuade the doctors to do something. I am content with the humble if heroic role of pioneer.

Any reform that is to be worth consideration must be conceived in a large and generous way. As far as possible we must take account of all tastes and conditions of nerves. So we must have five rooms instead of one.

(1) *A Card Room.* Here, of course, the only possible game would be poker. I remember reading about a poker game which lasted continuously, day and night, for three years. It was held, or perhaps one should say sustained, in a trolley car barn. There were always men coming off work ready to take the places of those going on. We could not hope to emulate that magnificent phenomenon, but the game might be continuous every afternoon from four to six, or whenever the doctor's hours were. Then when the maid appeared at the door and said, "Mr. Bennett, please," I should reply, "Ask the doctor to wait until we've finished this hand." Whether I succeeded in filling my inside straight or not, I should be too preoccupied to care much what the doctor might do to me.

(2) *A Reading Room.* It would be presumptuous for me to say how the room should be equipped. That would reflect too much the taste of one person. But we can easily find out the wishes of the majority. America seems to be full of wealthy men who are eager to give away money in Prize Competitions. Perhaps Mr. Bok might be persuaded to offer a substantial prize for the Best Suggestions for a Library in a Doctor's Waiting Room. If not, some literary magazine or one of our columnists might organize a competition. It would be a relief from the Twelve-Best-Books-for-a-Desert-Island sort of thing, and the results would be of great practical value.

(3) *A Bar.* Of course, we wouldn't call it that. We should have to give it some name like *The Bureau of Stimulus and Response*. But it would be a bar just the same. It would go a long way towards solving the two great problems of Prohibition. These are: (a) How to drink with the assurance of an easy stomach, (b) How to drink with the assurance of an easy conscience. What you got to drink in the Bureau would be thoroughly trustworthy, and it would be strictly legal because supplied on prescription. As you entered the Bureau you would find at a desk a nice girl in nurse's costume to give you your prescription. You would present this to another nice girl, also in nurse's costume, behind the bar. I am sure there would arise a facetious semi-technical vocabulary over the ordering of drinks. If you wanted a whiskey, for example, you would say,

"Fiat mixtum one spit. frum., please, Miss, with a little aqua pura."

If a cocktail:

"One ante cenam, please, Miss, and be sure to Shake the Bottle."

Every scheme has its critics, and mine will not be exempt. I shall be told that my proposals are obviously those of a man and a mere projection of masculine tastes and prejudices. There is some

truth in this, but, on the other hand, it will always be necessary to make more provision for the man than for the woman. Women can *wait* much better than men. They are infinitely more patient. They have to be, for it is they who must bring up babies. See how a woman will endure an interminable railway journey, just sitting still and doing nothing, while a man, with a dozen aids to distraction, will be fidgeting all the time. The doctors—and it is for the doctors I am writing—will understand me and will bear me out when I say that the waiting room of the future must be designed with regard to the preponderantly katabolic tendencies of the male as contrasted with the anabolic equilibrium of the female. However, to meet my feminine critics, I am willing to include:

(4) *A Salon des Modes.* It would be a simple matter to arrange with the leading department stores for a continual display of hats, frocks, gowns, and costumes. The models would be changed three times a week. The stores would be only too glad to secure this free advertising, and there is no woman on earth who will not forget the most sinister symptom in the discussion of some new refinement in color or "a change in the silhouette."

I can foresee no valid objection to my scheme on the ground of expense. The Salon des Modes and the Bar would be self-supporting. The cost of maintaining the Reading Room and the addition to overhead from increased rental would be more than met by the increase in the doctor's fees. Patients would throng to his doors, and patients who formerly came only once would insist on three visits a week.

Well, whatever remains of my suggestions after the real reformers have got to work on them, at any rate I shall have tried to "promote constructive thinking" on the subject. I shall have "ventilated a crying scandal."



Editor's Easy Chair

FOSGATE'S ANNUITY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOSGATE, who has bought an annuity, complains that it has embarrassed him considerably on his spiritual side. He has gone over the Psalmist's limit a year or two, and as the outcome of various crises in his affairs, it was suggested to him as seemly, and under all the circumstances advisable, to put certain available funds into an annuity which, though sometimes it seems the best solution of the problem, appears a selfish form of provision and, so, objectionable.

Fosgate, as I say, is bothered by his. He said he was getting ready for translocation and hoped to go out like a 1915 Ford, entirely done and resting on its top with its wheels in the air. Instead of which he finds himself under a new obligation to survive, so that the company which has sold him short may not make too gross a profit on him. He has gone and incurred, he says, a new debt to live, and he is contemplating all sorts of adjustments that will enable him to discharge it without too much discomfort.

Now Fosgate is pious, and inclined to lean on the Lord and even practiced in doing so; but it is a fact that since we were admonished a good while ago to take no thought for the morrow, this world, and the life that goes on in it, has considerably changed. It has even changed enormously in Fosgate's lifetime. More than that, it has been fairly stood on its head in the last twenty years. The most important

current provision for one's last years seems now to be a motor car and somebody to drive it. Fosgate observes this and points out to me as the result of what he has noticed lately that the great basis of comfort and efficiency in this present world is to have a wife who can run a motor car. If you haven't any wife, or if she cannot or won't run a car, you have to employ some other talent, and there comes in an emphasis on the convenience of funds and palliation even of an annuity.

But really this power of cars is an enormous asset for women and particularly for young wives. One might say it was worth far more to them than the suffrage will ever be; but possibly the suffrage naturally goes with it, and though it may not seem in itself to amount to much, may be a timely basis or concomitant for other things which look more important. When I get up in the morning quite early and sit with my coffee, looking out at the next house a few hundred yards away, what do I see? The birds, a dog or two, the trees, the weather, and suddenly tripping out of a back door of that next house a young woman, looking at that distance very charming in a fresh morning frock, who hurries into a garage and disappears. Then in about a minute there comes maybe a puff of smoke and a car backs out, stops at the back door of the house, a child or two get in, and then a young man, and off goes a commuter to his train! That is country life in summer as now lived by thousands of people.

This world is really very much improved. These riches that we have in this country are not so bad. I read a story the other day of life in indigence just about a century ago on the Hudson River. Maybe life in indigence is just as bad now, but I do not think it can be, and there has been an immense increase of life that is not indigent. A statesman who had been Secretary of the Treasury expressed to me about twenty years ago his anxieties over the increase of taxation. He thought it very ominous. He thought our various governments might spend money till we were taxed to a standstill. So they may, but that was before the Great War—before we discovered how much money could be spent. Before the War, as we all know, the imagination worked in millions; after the War it worked in billions. Do you remember the beginning of road building for motor cars? New York State provided fifty millions or something like that for it, and prudent people thought and said that the money would be spent, that in three or four years the roads would go to pot again, and we should have little more than the bonds which the State owed to show for our experiment. But what really happened all over the country was an era of road-building and along with it an immense increase of production, so that prosperous states, like New York and many others, easily found the funds to take care of the roads they already had and build a lot more, and undertook road construction and maintenance as a part of their annual budget. We just grew up to motor roads. Some states, like Arkansas, overdid it, built more roads than they could afford, and got into trouble, but the rich states did not. Then soon we had Henry Ford scrapping machinery on the largest scale known to man, because better roads needed better cars; and this year, I see, we are to spend well over a billion on roads, or about eleven dollars apiece. I think I shall offer Fosgate the suggestion that, this being a machine age, he is better off for being able to em-

ploy a little machinery even though he has to do it on an annuity.

The great objection to an annuity is that it offers so little to posterity that it diminishes the interest of posterity in the annuitant. Of course that is bad because posterity's interest is quite flattering, and even useful, to declining years. On the other hand, if you have an annuity, posterity does not have to support you, and that is a welcome relief and makes for toleration. And, besides, you have some ready money and power of distribution day by day, and even posterity approves of that. I hope Fosgate will remember that, though in his case, as he explained to me, he still expects in the end to get square with posterity and even to retain its respect.

People who leave nothing to posterity except money do not do best by it. Of that we have constant evidence in the lives of persons who have inherited money and not much else that was good, and who consequently make a mess of living. At one time when inheritance laws were under discussion, Andrew Carnegie suggested letting a man have for his lifetime all he could get but taking away from him a large proportion of the power of bequeathing it. That has been effectually done in England by death duties, and is a tendency of taxation in all countries including ours.

DOES the honored reader care particularly who is elected President? A correspondent inquires in a letter, "Do you tend to indifference like me—because perhaps I am contented with either Al or Hoover, both good executives, and expect that the Ship of State will somehow or other move on, by tacking or otherwise?" This is written in August, and there may be violent fervors still to come into the Presidential campaign; but it is highly satisfactory to have two good candidates, neither of whom looks to ordinary observers to be a danger to the country either in its moralities or its merchandising. We have read Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance. Most of the Republicans

have applauded it, and a good many of the Democrats are wondering what he really thinks, especially about Prohibition. There seem to be two Hoovers, one the man and the other the candidate, and it is the candidate that we seem to have heard from. The biggest issue still seems to be Prohibition, not because there is so much difference of opinion as to whether whiskey is a wholesome drink, but because there is a profound political conviction in many minds that the Prohibition amendment outraged the Constitution, and that the practice of using the Federal Government to correct the personal habits of the citizens of all states without regard to local preferences or conditions, is a worse and much more dangerous evil than the habits to be corrected. That that conviction will carry this coming election does not seem likely, but it may; and it is probable that it will be recorded with a degree of emphasis which will have results in both the modification of the Volstead law and, eventually, in the repeal of the amendment itself. Everything is being done just now, especially by the Drys, to make it clear that Alfred Smith stands for a modification of the present rum laws. That is all to the good. The more clearly and undeniably he stands for such a modification the more interesting will be the results recorded by the newspapers on the day after election.

Henry Ford seems to be Dry. General Motors seems to be Wet; though Wet and Dry are misleading definitions, since many of the Wets are not really Wet at all so far as rum goes, but are prompted by political and psychological convictions—a political conviction that the federal power needs curbing, a psychological conviction that compulsion is a faulty and inadequate cure for reprehensible habits. You have to cure the mind of man before you can make him live wisely. Prohibition has not done it, is not doing it, and never will do it.

It has, however, added greatly to knowledge. By the time we get through with it mankind is likely to have made

appreciable progress in psychology and to know better than before what can be done by legislation, and what cannot, and why. Prohibition beat the power of the lawful rum sellers including, unfortunately, the wine merchants. In place of them we have now the bootleggers, but they should not be so hard to handle once public opinion turns against their traffic. The great solution of our national rum question will seem to be finally in the provision of better drinks and especially of native wines. That was going on very well when the amendment checked it. Besides that it will be necessary to make such provision for the sale of stimulants as to put the bootleggers out of business and at the same time prevent the cultivation of the public thirst by persons who find a profit in slaking it.

Rum or no rum (though to say "no rum" makes one smile), this generation in the United States does not lack for stimulants. No preceding generation had so many. There are tea, coffee, and tobacco, distributed in enormous quantities and, as stimulants go, very good, though they all agree better with some people than with others. What is candy? Is that a stimulant? No doubt it is in some measure, and a food also. What is chewing gum? Is that a stimulant? It must do a little something besides exercising the masticating apparatus. Why do people want it? Because it "tastes nice"? People whose experience with chewing gum is limited to efforts to get it off the soles of their shoes wonder about these things, as also about the current drinks—lawful ones apparently—which are sold out of rows of glittering spigots in the new drug stores and on street corners generally. Some of these drinks we know—tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, orange juice, lemonade and such things—but what are the rest, and how do they differ from old-fashioned soda water? There must be people who know about coca cola, what it is and what it does, more intimately than by mere reading of advertisements. Certainly this current world is a strange place and

furnished out with queer things not to be understood by everybody but chiefly by the young.


The movies are stimulants, the radio is a stimulant, but they have to do with the great stimulant of all, which is not physical at all nor related to gullet, palate, or digestion, but is imparted by one mind to another. What makes you talk? What quickens your powers of language? What gives you new thoughts and clothes them for you? A little rum, especially with bubbles in it, will start you that way, but far more effectively, a woman or even a man whom you want to talk to. The greatest stimulant to man is woman. The greatest stimulant to woman is man; though man to man often does well, and woman to woman. What goes on? What passes? What is the physical process? I don't know, but the fact is plain enough, so plain as almost to explain why people work so hard and spend money so profusely for "Society." It is apt to happen that the Society they get or get into with such hard work cannot give them the stimulation that might be worth their labor, for the best grades of it are not very common and by no means confined to the opulent. But if they really got what they went after, one could respect their efforts.

The great specialty of these times is stimulation, the increase of contacts, of communication, of travel, of everything suited to shake lethargic people out of their lethargies, to pry them loose from traditional ideas and start them on new experiments with life and all manner of new researches into the bases of accepted truth. One reads that the Archbishop of Canterbury has retired from his illustrious office greatly saddened in his old age because he has not succeeded in procuring the acceptance of changes in the


Prayer Book which he thought necessary to the times. St. Paul, who really knew more about the Christian religion than a good many people suppose, once observed: "There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." The proposed changes in the Prayer Book were apparently contrived in sympathy with these remarks of St. Paul and designed to make that compendium of piety somewhat more commodious. It is a little sad that they should, as appears, have fallen through; but it was a difficult job and after all, the prevalent way of dealing with the Prayer Book is for every worshipper who uses it to make his alterations in his own mind to suit himself, accepting and using what he likes and skipping what he does not think is true. That is the real way in which our statements of religion are amended. We do it ourselves. We keep what helps us and discard what, as the result of our experience of life, does not seem to us to wash.

One reads of a growing movement in the Methodist Church, especially in the South, to bring that valuable organization back from politics to religion. It has been valuable in religion and has done a great work. How valuable it has been in politics is one of the things on which the voters will be invited to express their minds in November.

Our contemporaries in this world have got to think. There is no escape from it. They must think in politics, they must think in religion. That so many anchors have fetched loose is nothing to be alarmed about. It is a part of the great renovation of thought, a part of the struggle away from things worn out to new understanding of old truth and its application to human life.



Personal and Otherwise



AS owner and editor of the New York *Evening Post* from 1897 to 1918 and subsequently as owner and editor of the *Nation*, **Oswald Garrison Villard** (son of Henry Villard, the railroad president and philanthropist, and grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist) has been the determined foe of all who would abridge the right of free speech. We trust his present article will attract as much attention as his exposure of the third degree, which appeared a year ago this month. The term "blue menace," by the way, was coined by the Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy of Milton, Massachusetts, who used it in a recent address in which he arraigned the professional patriots who see a red menace in every unorthodox opinion, and referred particularly to those in Boston who tried to prevent Miss Maude Royden from getting an opportunity to speak.

Born in Roumania, **Konrad Bercovici** came to this country in 1916 at the age of thirty-four. Since then his short stories—and particularly his gypsy stories—have become widely popular and have been included with impressive regularity in Mr. O'Brien's "three-star" lists and in the anthologies of outstanding American fiction.

"The Penny and the Gingerbread" deals with a problem of close concern to every man and woman. The author's name may not be divulged, but we can assure the HARPER audience that he has had a career of unusual distinction.

Margaret Culkin Banning (Mrs. Archibald T. Banning) of Duluth has written several novels, the most recent of which are *The Women of the Family*, *Pressure*, and—just published—*Money of Her Own*; and she has often appeared in our pages with short stories and articles. Both "The Lazy Thirties" (February, 1927) and "Diet Your Mind Too" (June, 1928) attracted much comment.

The overwhelming success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* would seem to indicate that the American reading public has grown up. Not only does the book deal with a subject remote in time and place, but its artistry is of the most delicate sort. Since it appeared **Thornton Wilder** has been working on a group of short plays, two of which we are privileged to print in advance of book publication. The volume—to appear shortly with the imprint of the young publishing house of Coward-McCann—will be entitled *The Angel That Troubled the Waters*.

Arthur Stanley Eddington, Plumian professor of astronomy at Cambridge University since 1913, director of the observatory at Cambridge since 1914, and president of the Royal Astronomical Society from 1921 to 1923, is one of the most distinguished astronomers in the world. His article on the possibilities of life on other planets and in other universes will be included as a chapter of his forthcoming book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, to be published this month by Macmillan's.

Like Mrs. Banning, **Margaret Leech** is both a Vassarian and a novelist. She has written *The Back of the Book* and *Tin Wedding*; *The Feathered Nest*, her third novel, will appear this month. She was married in July to Ralph Pulitzer, the president of the New York World.

Romain Rolland, author of *Jean Christophe* and of many other novels and works of history and criticism, is known wherever modern literature is read. His "Portrait of Beethoven at Thirty" will form a part of his forthcoming life of Beethoven; it gains in interest from the fact that M. Rolland is an authority on music.

Who would expect a teacher of medicine to excel as the biographer of rats, turtles, and parrots? Doctor **Gustav Eckstein** is a young instructor at the Medical College of

the University of Cincinnati; in his spare moments he writes the strange and moving life-stories of his animal pets. In June, 1926, he introduced us to his rats; last May, to his turtles. At this writing he is spending the summer in France.

Bernard DeVoto, a Harvard graduate, taught English at Northwestern until—after having been promoted to an assistant professorship—he decided last year to leave the academic world for that of literature. He is now living in Cambridge. While Mr. DeVoto was teaching, he wrote two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire*; since then he has brought out a third, *The House of Sun-Goes-Down*. He has written both stories and articles for us; his "Afternoon of a Biologist" appeared only last month. In some of his articles, especially "College and the Exceptional Man" (January, 1927), he said that American colleges are so occupied in regimenting those who come for athletic and social purposes that they can do little for the student of really intellectual tastes. If that is so, he was asked, what is the student of really intellectual tastes to do? That question Mr. DeVoto answers this month, incidentally tossing a few heavy explosives into the academic enclosure.

"**Mammon, M.D.**," portrays no individual physician; it is a study of a type which will be recognized both by the profession and the laity. The author, **Lloyd Morris**, is a lecturer in literature at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan*; last March he contributed to HARPER'S an article on the Riviera.

The death of **C. E. Montague** on May 28 was a great loss to English letters. During most of his life he was associated with the *Manchester Guardian*; there was no abler leader-writer in England. Two or three years ago he retired from the *Guardian* and settled down in the village of Burford in Oxfordshire to give all his time to writing. His novels include *A Hind Let Loose*, *Rough Justice*, and *Right Off the Map*. We published his story "A Fatalist" in our June issue. The story which appears this month must have been the last thing, or almost the last, that Mr. Montague wrote; it reached us

just three days after his death. In view of the diving episode in it, readers may be interested to know that the author held the Royal Humane Society Bronze Medal for saving life from drowning.

It was **Sarah Comstock**—Californian by birth and education, New Yorker by adoption—who portrayed Aimee Semple McPherson in HARPER'S last December and contributed the subsequent article on Los Angeles. She has written several novels including *Speak to the Earth* and *The Soddy* and a new volume of American travel, *Roads to the Revolution*. To all of this it should be added that she has long been intensely interested in the theater.

A distinguished native of India, a fourth-generation Christian, a professor of philosophy for several years at Lucknow University, and a holder of degrees from four American universities, **John Jesudason Cornelius** is well equipped to interpret to American readers the Indian point of view of Gandhi and his economic program. Last year Dr. Cornelius wrote for HARPER'S an article on the Oriental opposition to Christian missions.



For many years **Samuel Hoffenstein** has been telling the world about A. H. Woods, the New York theatrical producer, in as amusing a series of news stories and interviews as ever a press-agent produced; in his spare moments he has been writing light verse. Now, through the sweeping success of the verse collected in *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, Mr. Hoffenstein's name is becoming familiar to thousands who despite his efforts are still densely ignorant of Mr. Woods. We publish five new poems of his this month. Our other poets—the first two of them also newcomers to the Magazine—are **Geoffrey Johnson**, an Englishman whose work has appeared mainly in English periodicals; **John K. Fineran** of Covington, Louisiana, who—being only twenty years old—is thus far the youngest HARPER contributor of the year; and **Carl Sandburg**, author of one of the finest Lincoln biographies and bold and original interpreter in poetry of Chicago in particular and twentieth-century American life in general.

The Lion's hunger is appeased by *Fredrick Lewis Allen* of the editorial staff of *HARPER'S*; *Worth Tuttle* (Mrs. Walter Page Hedden) of Cos Cob, Connecticut, a new contributor; and *Charles A. Bennett*, author of "The Cult of the Seamy Side" (December, 1927) and of many a Lion's Mouth skit, whose suggestion for the reform of doctors' offices is one of the fruits of a sabbatical leave from a professorship of philosophy at Yale.



Arthur William Heintzelman, to whom we are indebted for the frontispiece of this issue, is an American artist who at the age of thirty-five has already seen his etchings take their place in the print collections of such great European museums as the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Luxembourg. Though he now spends most of his time in France, he was born in New Jersey, studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, and for a time taught at the Detroit School of Design.



There seems to be no easy and universal answer to the question whether children gain or lose by being educated abroad. Hesper LeGallienne presented an unfavorable picture of the results of such an experiment; Cornelia Stratton Parker, a few months later, described her parental experience in glowing terms. A Colorado reader, writing in criticism of Mrs. Parker's thesis, cites the following disastrous case:

A widow of our circle tried a similar experiment to that of Mrs. Parker, of giving her only child an opportunity for European education and culture. She went to Leipsic and took her boy with her.

They rented rooms in one of those medieval high-gabled houses that make such an appeal to Americans. The boy attended the public school, where Goethe and Schiller were his favorites. He showed an inclination for the stage and took part successfully in local theatricals.

The day of departure came and the two returned to America. Upon their arrival the son found himself a misfit in a land teeming with energy and industry. He had not been trained for that kind of life. His education might have fitted him for life in Germany, but over here he was entirely lost. He became driftwood. In Germany he had also learned the dissipation of

student life. He tried acting; he submitted a sketch to the local orpheum and was turned down. In his discouragement he rented a room in a leading hotel, locked himself in, drank himself to courage, pulled a gun and shot himself.



A disabled veteran—an ex-captain who holds the Distinguished Service Cross—expresses his opinion of Mr. Gething's recent picture of an incident of the Dardanelles campaign:

I wish to congratulate *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* upon the publication of "Eggs-a-Cook!" by Peter Gething in your June number. . . .

If *HARPER'S* and other worthy publications will continue to publish war stories as they actually are, with all the horrors painted as nearly as they can be painted in words, it will contribute considerably towards a general revulsion of feeling among all classes which would assist materially in the effort to do away with war.

A great many people—far too many—have no conception at all of what the horrors really are. And all that they read in the way of war stories are carefully doctored efforts, bringing out only the amusing and sentimental elements, which, as a matter of fact, in war itself are so very rare and insignificant in the mass of actual occurrences as to be entirely negligible.

It is the belief of one who was crippled for life in the Great War that one such article is worth hours of speeches and thousands of words from those who know war only from hearsay.



A Catholic priest praises a Protestant's article on preaching and another Protestant's article on the problem of Church and State in Italy:

THE EDITOR, *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*

DEAR SIR:

May I thank you for two articles (among others) in your July issue: the one by my friend Harry Emerson Fosdick, who, like myself, is a Colgate man, though we differ in religion but thoroughly agree on the way to preach it; the other by Mr. Motherwell, who gives us the fairest, best informed statement of the case I have seen anywhere. Having lived and worked in Rome for four years (up to 1925) at Santa Susanna, the American Church, I feel a little competent to utter a word of praise. Mr. Motherwell writes well and knows whereof he speaks.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCIS P. LYONS, C.S.P.

From among many comments on "Marriage and Money" by Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Macgowan we select for quotation part of what Elsie McCormick writes in the *New York World* in the column recently vacated by Heywood Brown:

The latest development of the grand marriage survey now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE is quite startling. The investigators have discovered that the money question sometimes causes a slight unpleasantness in married life—at least enough to keep couples from dancing hand in hand on the sidewalks and pelting each other with roses. . . .

In order to complete this survey an investigating committee . . . spent a couple of long, sunny years gathering data from two hundred husbands and wives. Urged to sit down and make themselves at home, the ladies and gentlemen told their stories in brief little summaries totaling somewhere around two million words.

If you think that any of the laboratory specimens were reluctant to unveil the shrines and pitfalls of their wedded life you are undoubtedly single yourself. A survey that gives a wife a chance to tell all in as many words as she pleases is generally regarded as a gift straight out of the vast celestial dome.

Anyway, our modern conventions do not restrain a woman from talking fluently about her spouse. A matron can say things about John that practically knock the cornice off his reputation and yet never lose her standing as a lady and a good sport.

A man, however, is prevented by the code of a gentleman from talking about his wife, and except when in speakeasies, Pullman cars, locker-rooms, or the company of the little girl who understands, he usually keeps her out of the discussion.

Such restraint is, I believe, undoubtedly artificial and not imposed by any flats in his own noble chest. When he gets a dispensation from etiquette by means of a scientific survey he hitches up his chair and starts tapping lapels with gusto enough to do credit to his wife. . . .

What really staggered me was not the fact that filthy lucre is apt to cause household disturbances. It was a chart showing that the largest number of

happy couples were to be found among those whose financial arrangements seemed drawn from the dark ages. The highest proportion of contented wives were discovered in the group who earned no money, had no income from relatives gone to Paradise, and received no allowance from the financial head of the house.

This is against everything that I learned at the knees of eminent feminists or that my own bright little eyes observed for themselves. I always thought that the unhappiest of women were those who had to genuflect before their lords every time they wanted to buy seed for the canary.

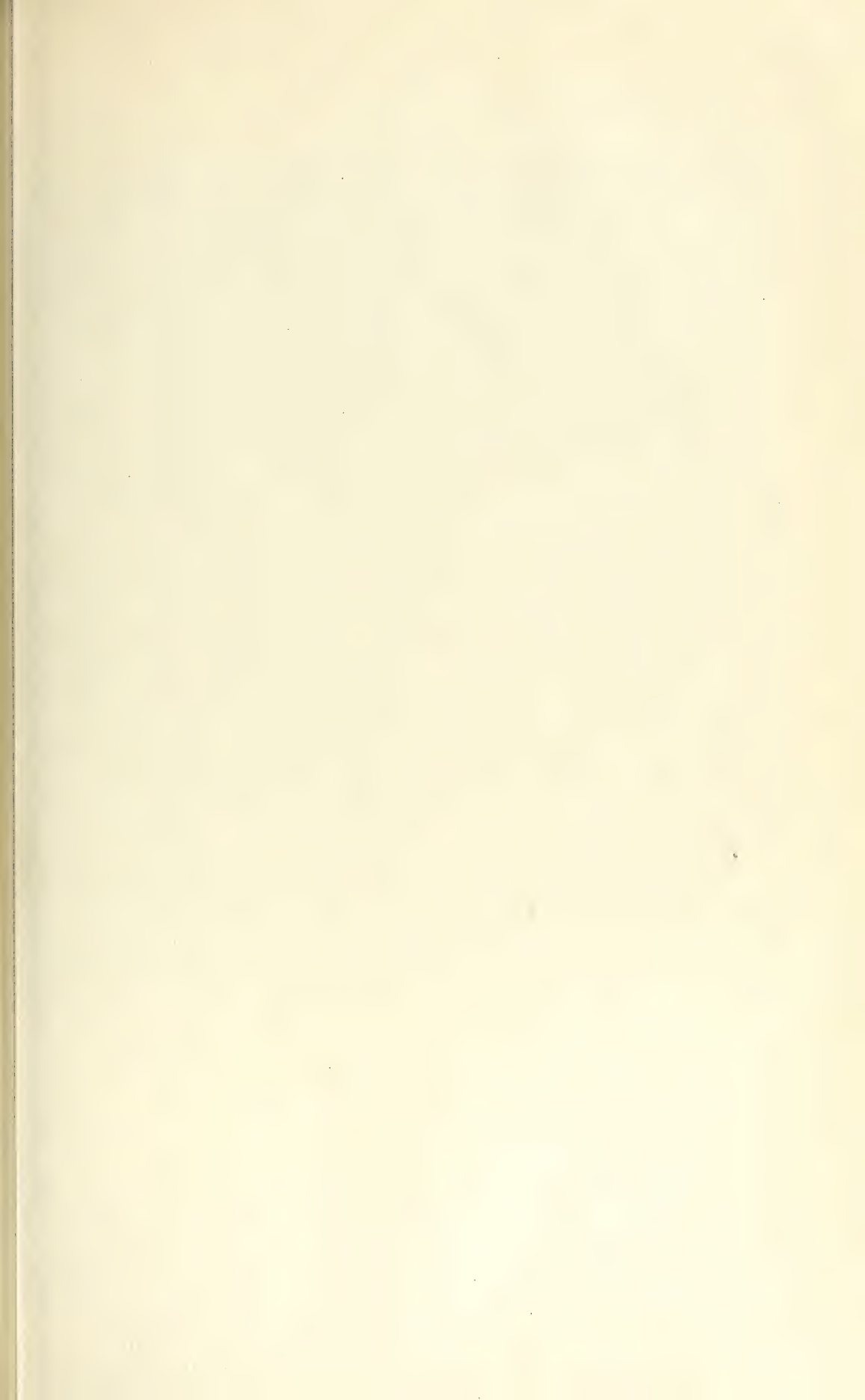
If those two hundred husbands and wives are fairly representative I was quite wrong. There were fewer women who claimed to be happily married among those who received an allowance than in the crowd who had to catch each dollar on the wing.

Probably the trouble with an allowance is that the husband usually regards it as a personal kitty which he can borrow back whenever he sees a bargain in golf clubs or betting odds. Besides, it is often tied up with the budget system—a charming arrangement for taking all the joy out of life. Never to be able to trade a loaf of bread for a hyacinth without entering it in a neatly barred book is enough to make a person feel like the prisoner of Chillon.

But it is when the girls go out to make their own money that the heavy battle hymns swell through the apartment. Only 39 per cent of the wives who share expenses on a partnership basis made even the faintest claim to happiness.

Apparently the typical American husband still wants to wear the sweeping plumes of a knight under his straw skimmer or fashionable felt. His desire is to throw out his chest, despatch all dragons himself, and let his lady applaud from her seat beside the washing machine.

Some husbands go so far in their financial touchiness that they won't even let a spouse spend the income she derives from a relative's estate. There is more than one rich wife in this country who must live in calico and on cod-fish balls because a poor husband would feel demeaned if she used any of her own money. Europeans always view such spectacles with the round-eyed wonder of a little boy seeing his first octopus.





SHADOWS

By Daniel Garber

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries



Harpers

Magazine

THE MUCKER POSE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS borrowed title expresses better than any I have been able to devise for myself a problem which has recently been put to me by several of my American friends, men who on account of both their profession and positions are familiar with the more cultured portion of the American scene. The question which they put is one that I have been hesitatingly asking myself as I contrast that scene on successive returns from abroad with the one very obviously to be observed in this respect in France or England. "Why," they ask, "is it that a gentleman in America nowadays seems afraid to appear as such; that even university men try to appear uncultured; and that the pose of a gentleman and a scholar is that of the man in the street?" A few nights ago another friend of mine, a literary editor of some importance in New York, complained in the course of the evening's talk that the verbal criticism of many of the writers whom he knew had descended to the moronic classifications of "hot stuff," "bully," "rot," and so on. These writers, often meticulous in

the artistry of their own work and thoroughly competent to criticize acutely and intelligently that of others, appeared afraid to do so lest they be considered as literary poseurs. The real pose in their cases was in talking like news-agents on a railroad train; but that appeared to them to be safe, whereas vague danger lurked in conversing as would any intelligent French or English critic.

The mucker-poseurs do not content themselves with talking like uneducated half-wits. They also emulate the language and manners of the bargee and the longshoreman, although where the profanity of the latter is apt to have at least the virtue of picturesqueness, the swearing of the mucker-poseur is apt to be merely coarse. A member of a most distinguished family and a young graduate of one of our best known Eastern universities was overheard the other day in his university club in New York describing his new position in the banking world. The nearest to analysis or description of his work that this young scion of American aristocracy with every social and

educational advantage could reach was to tell his friends that it was "the God damnedest most interesting job in the world." Both among men and women of the supposedly cultivated classes such profanity is much on the increase. I know of a man who has recently declined to take foreign visitors to his club for luncheon or dinner any longer on account of the unfortunate impression which would be made upon them by the hard swearing of the American gentlemen, mucker-poseurs, at the surrounding tables. One of the finest scholars in the country, a man who once had distinguished manners, has not only become extremely profane but exceedingly addicted to smutty stories, both, apparently, in the effort to make himself considered a good mixer and as a bid for popularity. If one wishes to acquire an extensive and varied vocabulary of the most modern sort, one has merely to watch the young ladies of the mucker-poser type playing tennis at Southampton or Newport.

Again, the mucker-poser aims to act like the lowest of muckers when he—and frequently she—gets drunk. Drinking in this country has ceased to add any charm or grace to social life. On a recent sailing from New York on the *Aquitania* at midnight I counted twelve women first-cabin passengers brought on board, all so drunk that they could not get up the gangway without help. Many years ago, when I was a small boy of twelve, I attended "Field Day" at one of the most exclusive private boarding schools in the East. In the course of the day an address was made by an old graduate on the subject of alcohol. To the surprise and horror of the clerical head of the school, the good-natured but somewhat inebriated speaker said nothing to condemn drinking but he threw out the comment, which is all I can now recall of his speech, that "when you boys do drink, remember always to get drunk like gentlemen." That is something which our present generation of drinkers have completely

forgotten. They act in country club in a way which would have been considered a disgrace to the patrons and patronized in a disorderly house of a generation ago. It is not a question of a mere decline in manners but of consciously striven-for pose.

In the case of the young this is more understandable, just as it is more international. I am not here concerned however, with (or at) the vagaries of the younger and, in so many respects admirable generation. I am concerned with their elders, men who have lived long enough to have developed personalities of their own, men who appreciate the value of cultivating both mind and manners. Why should they be afraid to appear as cultured gentlemen and assume as a protective coloration the manners and level of thought of those who are beneath them?

The question would be a futile one unless we believed that manners and culture possess genuine significance a significance for society as a whole as well as for the individual. It is all too evident that a large proportion of the dwellers in our United States do not believe so, but there is a large minority which does. Not to do so argues a failure to think things through and ignorance of history and human nature. This article deals with the contemporary attitude of many believers, and we can but glance briefly, before passing to them, at the non-believers.

II

One of the most suggestive methods of modern study has been the comparative. By the use of none other however, are the unwary and the untrained so likely to come to logical grief over a *non sequitur*. The comparative study of habits and customs has revealed that both moral and social conventions have varied from age to age, from place to place, and from race to race. Immediately the unwary and untrained jump to the conclusion that

because there appear to be no eternal or universal standards of morals and manners there is, therefore, no value in local, temporary, and but slowly changing one—a conclusion by no logical possibility to be drawn from the remises. The result of this particular and, at the moment, very popular *non acquitur* has been to cause in many persons a headlong jettisoning of their whole cargo of morals, manners, and conventions, and the bringing about of muckerly chaos which arouses mirth or terror according to the temperament of the social observer.

It would seem as though no sane person with a knowledge of the past of his own species and any adequate insight into human nature could fail to believe in the absolute need of *some* standards, *some* established values to save us from a derelict wallowing about in the welter of sensations, impulses, attractions, and repulsions which form so much of this strange dream we call life. The standards, the values, will undoubtedly alter from time to time and from place to place; but that does not invalidate the need of having some of them at any one given time and place. Even the now much scorned minor conventions have their effective influence upon conduct, remote or proximate. A story is told of an English gentleman who was sent out as governor of an island where the entire population save for his sole self was black and savage. He dressed for his solitary inner every night as carefully as though he were about to take a taxi to the smartest residence in Park Lane. He did so not from habit but from a knowledge of human nature. "If," he said, "I should drop this convention of civilized society, I should find myself some day having dropped one and another of the more important conventions, social and moral, and lower myself to the level of the blacks whom I govern. Evening clothes are far more important here than they ever were in London."

As for the second point, lack of culture, it is most evident in the extreme slovenliness in America in the use of the English language. There is, of course, some slang which is not slovenly but which has been born in some flash of genuine insight; and the language is always being enriched by absorbing many such words from below, much as the English aristocracy is by marrying or admitting commoners. But this is not true of the vast mass of slang words and cheap and easy expressions which are intellectually slovenly and nothing else; and anyone habitually using them impairs the keenness of his mind as much as he would the strength of his body by lolling in a hammock all his life. There is no question but that the use of slang, hackneyed phrases, and clichés worn smooth make for intellectual laziness, and if constantly used blur the sense of discrimination. The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. It is not easy, and most of us Americans rarely achieve it in the cultural field. I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what sort of person so-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless and toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out their unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train one's self to do it and keep in training; yet the ability to distinguish, if one of the first steps toward culture, is also, in its higher forms, one of its most perfect fruits. If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in

describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it. Slovenly language corrodes the mind.

These few observations as to manners and culture are well enough understood by any cultivated person who has had social and intellectual training and who has thought things through. He knows that there are both values and dangers in life, that some things are more valuable than others, and that if he has achieved any such social and intellectual training he cannot lower himself to the general level again without risk. If manners and culture have no value, there is no question involved, but if they have—and we shall now assume that they have—the man who possesses them is above, in those respects at least, the vast mass of men who do not possess them. Why then should he pretend not to, and assume the manners and mental lazzaronism of the crowd? It may be that there is no answer to the question, but as I find those better qualified than myself asking it, it is worth pondering over, and I have come to think that there may be three fundamental influences at work in America which will help us to solve it. One is democracy as we have it, another is business, and the third is the extreme mobility of American life.

III

In civilization no man can live wholly to or for himself, and whoever would achieve power, influence, or success must cater to the tastes and whims of those who have the granting of these things in their hands. In a democracy, speaking broadly, those who have the power to grant are the whole people; and the minds and manners of the people as a whole are of necessity below those of the chosen few who have risen above the average level by gifts of nature or happy opportunity. Every social class everywhere has always had its own standards of morals, manners, and culture. When such classes are separated

by wide social or economic chasms, the only influences they exert upon one another are apt to be negative. Each lives in a world of its own, supported by the only public opinion for which it cares, that of its own class. Each also tends to react against the manners or morals of the other. The aristocrats of an earlier day looked down upon the common people and were more than ever satisfied with their own codes. The common people, in turn, feeling themselves despised, bolstered up their ego by despising the manners and morals of the class which looked down upon them. Much of the Puritan movement in England and elsewhere has here its roots. By no possibility could an ordinary laborer attain to the manners, social ease, or knowledge of the world of a duke. Ergo, the laborer by unconscious mental processes well understood by modern psychology, asserted his own worth by denying worth to the qualities of the classes above him. He could not have the manners of a duke, therefore, those manners were undesirable anyway. He could not travel and he could not gain the most valuable sort of education, that of association with great or cultivated men, therefore, such things were of no importance. So long as the classes remain separated, as I said above, their influence upon one another is largely negative, but when class distinctions disappear in a democracy the mutual influences of members of those former classes or their vestiges in later generations become as complex in their action as the currents where tide and river meet.

The effects of democracy in America have been emphasized by three factors not present in any of the great democracies of Europe. In the first place, the Americans started almost wholly fresh. Here were no thousand-year-old institutions and forms of government and society to be reckoned with as impediments. America was a clean slate. The settlers did indeed bring with them habits, information, and memories gained

in the old world, but they brought them to a wilderness.

In the second place, America has been built up exclusively by the middle and lower classes, from which practically all of us have descended. Scarcely a man has ever come and settled here who did not belong to one or the other; and the most distinguished American families form no exceptions. Every class in history has had its good and bad attributes which have varied with class, country, and period. The English middle class, upper and lower, from which the character of America, with some modifications, has essentially been built up, had admirable qualities but it lacked some of those enjoyed by the aristocracy. For our purpose here we need mention only one. The genuine aristocrat insists upon being himself and is disdainful of public opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, has always been notoriously timid socially. It rests in terror not only of public but even of village opinion. If the religious refugees of New England be held an exception, it may be noted that the genuine ones were far fewer than used to be supposed, and that as a whole the New England immigration may be considered as part of the great economic exodus from England which took thirty thousand Englishmen to Barbados and little St. Kitts while only twelve thousand were settling Massachusetts. Religious refugees have formed an infinitesimal part of American immigration as compared with the economic ones.

The third great influence upon American democracy has been the frontier, whose line was lapped by the waves of the Atlantic in 1640 and after retreating three thousand miles to the Pacific was declared officially closed only in 1890. In the hard rough life of the frontier manners and culture find no home. As Pastorius, the most learned man who came to America before 1700, said, "never have metaphysics or Aristotelian logic earned a loaf of bread."

When one is busy killing Indians, clearing the forest, and trekking farther westward every decade, a strong arm, an axe, and a rifle are worth more than all the culture of all the ages. Not only has the frontiersman no leisure or opportunity to acquire manners and culture but, because of their apparent uselessness, and in true class spirit, he comes to despise them. They are effete, effeminate, whereas he and his fellows are the "real men." The well-dressed, cultivated gentleman becomes the "dude," object of derision, who, so far from exerting any ameliorating social or intellectual influence, is heartily looked down upon; and culture itself is relegated to idle women as something with which no real man would concern himself.

These are some of the special attributes of American democracy, and of any democracy in a new land, which it shows in addition to those it would show in any case merely as democracy. In America it was slow in gathering into its hands the reins of power. For many generations the English aristocratic tradition in part survived, and it may be recalled that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. In general, the "appeal to the people" throughout the colonial period and the years of the early republic was an appeal to "the best people" only. The first two presidents, Washington and Adams, were as little democratic in doctrine as they were by nature. Jefferson's doctrinal democracy was largely offset in practice by his being an aristocrat to his finger tips by nature, and it was not until Andrew Jackson that "the people" in the democratic sense came into their own. At his inaugural reception in the White House his followers climbed upon the silken chairs in their muddy boots to get a look at him, rushed the waiters to grab champagne, broke the glasses, and in the joy of victory gave a number of ladies bloody noses, and even the President himself had to be rescued from

his admirers and hurried out through a back door. This historic episode may be taken to mark the turning-point in American manners. These people had made a president. Thereafter their tastes would form one of the national influences.

IV

It is this new democracy, a hundred times richer and a shade less raw, which is in the saddle to-day. What has it done in the way of influencing manners and thought? Leaving all else aside, even at the risk of drawing a false picture, we shall consider only those points which may help to answer our first question. For one thing, then, it has knocked the dignity of its elected officials into a cocked hat. Leaving out of the scene many of its chosen, such as the mayor of Chicago or its favorite, Bryan, it forces men to play the mountebank and, whatever the character of the man himself, to appear as one of "the people." Washington was a very human man but he never forgot that he was a gentleman. He was adored by his soldiers, but he won their deep affection without ever for a moment losing the dignity of his character and manner. One has only to imagine what would have happened had a group of his men shouted "Atta Boy, Georgie!" to realize the gulf between his day and ours. When John Quincy Adams was president, he declined to attend a county fair in Maryland, remarking privately that he did not intend that the president of the United States should be made a side-show at a cattle fair. To-day, the people insist that the president be a side-show; and Roosevelt, with amused understanding, in his cowboy suit and his rough-rider uniform, used his "properties" as does an actor. Even the supremely conventional Coolidge had to dress up in a ten-gallon hat and chaps, although utterly out of character, and looking so. Just as I write these lines, my attention is called to an announcement in large type in this morning's *New York Times*

that it will publish next Sunday "photographs of Herbert Hoover in workaday clothes and a panorama of his ranch." So he, too, is cast for the comedy. Democracy cracks the whip, and even the most conservative of candidates and officials must dance. In the campaign of 1916 it is said that Hughes was politely asked to shave his beard to suit the people. He balked and consented only so far as to trim it. But then, he lost the election.

The people want officials in their own image. Such men as Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed. To get anywhere in elective politics one must be a "good mixer," and to be a good mixer one must shed a good part of one's culture and a good part of one's manners. Dignity to a considerable degree must be discarded. One must conceal one's knowledge of English and learn the vernacular, except for "orations." Henry Adams, when he became a newspaper correspondent in Washington, said that he had to "learn to talk to Western congressmen, and to hide his own antecedents." It is what every gentleman who desires to take part in elective public life on a large or small stage in the country to-day has to do to some extent except for happy accidents.

Our democracy has fostered education, at least to the extent of almost fabulously increasing the numbers of the reading public. What has been, for the purpose of the present argument, the effect of that? There has been one effect, at least, germane to this discussion. It has greatly lowered the tone of our public press. Such newspaper men as I know agree with me that there has been a most marked decline even in the last twenty years, and they agree with me as to the cause. In the old days a newspaper was largely a personal organ, and what appeared in it reflected for good or ill upon the editor who was known by name to all its readers. In New York the *Sun* was Charles A. Dana. The *Tribune* was Horace Greeley. To-day

we know no editors, only owners. The newspaper of to-day aims only at circulation, and with every increase in circulation the quality has to be lowered. The case is well known of the purchaser a few years ago of what had been one of the country's most distinguished journals, who told his staff that thereafter they would have to "cut the highbrow" and write down to the level of the increased public he intended to go after. First the "yellow press," then the tabloids, taught the older newspapers what fortunes awaited those who would stoop to pick them up by catering to the masses. One of the worst tabloids has a circulation of a million copies a day. A newspaper depends on its advertising for its profits. Advertising quantity and rates depend on circulation. Increased circulation spells decreased quality. There is the vicious circle which has been drawn for us by the huge mob which has become literate but not educated.

The discovery of the possibilities of mass circulation has caused the advertisers to raise their demands. Some will not advertise at all in journals with a circulation of less than half a million. Advertising is withdrawn from those journals which heroically venture to maintain their quality at the expense of not increasing their circulation. Financial ruin usually results. The people are evidently getting the kind of papers they want but in doing so they are depriving the cultured class of the sort *they* want, and used to get before America became so "educated." We get foreign cables about the Prince of Wales dancing with Judy O'Grady, or the doings of sex perverts in Berlin, and the treatment of our domestic news is beneath contempt. The other night I examined what used to be one of the leading papers not only in New York but in the whole country and I found no headline on three consecutive pages which did not refer to scandal or to crime. It has been said that the new reading public has not interfered with the old, that there are simply vast numbers of new readers of a

different type who are being supplied with what they want. That is not wholly true, and the competition of the new market has had a heavily detrimental influence on the older journals. To-day if a man wishes to succeed in a journalistic career on the daily press he has to scrap even more of his qualities as a gentleman and a scholar than he has to in a career of politics.

The democratic spread of education has also had detrimental effects in other ways. The necessity of finding instruction for the enormous numbers who now go to school, high school, and college has caused a demand for teachers which has far outrun the supply of those qualified to teach. Great numbers of these teachers have even less social and cultural background than have their students. Under them the students may learn the facts of some given subject, but they gain nothing in breadth of culture or even in manners. It is an old story that Charles Eliot Norton once began a lecture at Harvard by saying, "I suppose that none of you young men has ever seen a gentleman." The remark was hyperbolic, as was intended, but it is only too likely to-day that many young men can go through some of our newer "institutions of learning" without seeing at least what used to be called a gentleman. In the professions, more particularly medicine and law, complaint is rampant that they are being swamped by young men who know only the facts of the profession (when they know those) and have no cultural, ethical, or professional standards. A few such could be ignored. When they come, as they are coming now, in shoals, they lower the tone of the whole profession and, without standards themselves, force an unfair competition upon those who try to maintain them.

V

Perhaps the greatest pressure on the individual to force him to be wary of how he appears to others is in business, for the overwhelming mass of Americans

are in the varied ranks of business of some sort or another. One who has reached the top and "made his pile" may, perhaps, do more or less as he pleases, subject only to milder forms of social pressure; but for those on the way the road is beset with pitfalls. Nearly every man wants to make himself popular with his employers, his fellow-workers, his office superiors, or his customers. These are made up of all sorts of men, but the sprinkling of gentlemen and scholars among them is so slight as to be almost negligible for the purpose of helping one's advancement. In America, to an extent known nowhere else, organization is used for every purpose. It is hardly too much to say that there can hardly be an American who is not a member of from one to a dozen organizations, ranging from Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Red Men, Masons, Mechanics, the Grange, and dozens more, to Bar Associations, Bankers' Clubs, and social and country clubs innumerable. Some of the larger corporations, notably the banks and trust companies in New York, now have clubs made up entirely of members of their own staffs, with obvious intent. In many lines of business the effect produced by one's personality at the annual "convention" is of prime importance. For business reasons it is essential that men should be at least moderately popular at all such organizations or meetings. On an unprecedented scale, tacitly understood but not openly acknowledged, there is competition for personal popularity. In many lines, such as stock brokerage where the service is almost wholly personal, it is needful to "play with your customers," the necessity varying not with their social congeniality but with the size of their account. In salesmanship of all sorts the results of the "personal approach" are, of course, of the first importance.

In order to gain popularity with a very large proportion of business men, many of whom have to-day risen from nothing to riches since the War, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must

never appear to be superior even if you are. Too perfect an accent in English may be almost as dangerous as a false one in Latin used to be in the House of Lords. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. On the whole, it is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once whatever that may be, to talk his talk, and only about what he talks. This pressure of the majority on one's personal tastes was amusingly exemplified to me the other day when I was looking for a house to rent in a pleasant Jersey suburb. In the house shown me—as is the case in all the suburbs I know—there was nothing to mark where my lawn might end and my neighbor's begin. All was as open to the public gaze as the street itself. I thought of delightful English or French gardens, surrounded by hedge or wall, screened from the public, where one could putter absurdly over one's plants, read one's book, or have one's supper as much to one's self as in the house. In fact they are out-door rooms, infinitely more attractive than the American "sun parlor." I knew well that no such attempt could be made here, but, nevertheless, I remarked to the "realtor" that it would be pleasant to have a hedge and privacy but I supposed it could not be done on account of the neighbors. "I say No," he answered with pained surprise, "if you are going to be 'high hat' you won't last long here." Just so, and so many thing in this country are "high hat" which in other lands simply make for sane and cultivated living that it is no wonder that the business man whose car and cellarette, if not bread and butter, depend so often on his popularity, has to walk warily.

Just why having a garden-wall, speaking one's native tongue correctly, or being able to discriminate in matters of art or literature should be the Gallic equivalent of "high hat" would puzzle a Frenchman, but so it often is in the land of the free. And no one knows his way about the land of the free better than

the business man. The pressure may vary with his position and the kind of business he is in, but in general he will soon discover that in any business where personal contact is a factor, the people with whom he deals and upon whose good will he has to lean will insist upon his not being too different from themselves. In Greenwich Village a man may wear a flowing tie and a Spanish hat but it would be suicidal for a bond broker. One has to conform or one is lost. Our two most successful business men are perhaps John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford. Rockefeller says it is a "religious duty" to make as much money as you can, and Ford has informed us that "history is bunk." The one standard of success in business—and perhaps its stark and easily grasped simplicity is what attracts many Americans—is the amount of money you make from it. There are no foolish nuances. Most Americans are business men. Whatever ideals they may have had in college, and to a considerable extent whatever manners they may have inherited or acquired, they begin to shed, unless their niche is an unusually sheltered one, when the real nature of the excoriating modern business competition dawns upon them. Little by little as they "learn the game" they conform to their customers or associates.

VI

Another characteristic of American life is its extreme mobility. People move up and down in the social scale and round about the country like bubbles in a boiling kettle. Social life everywhere here is in constant flux. I left Wall Street, where I was in business, and a certain suburb where I then lived, fifteen years ago. To-day the personnel of "the Street" as I remember it is almost as completely changed as are the symbols on the ticker. In the suburb where I once knew everyone, at least by name, I know scarcely half a dozen households. People are forever making or losing money, arriving in new social sets, living

in Pittsburgh or a mining camp one year and in Los Angeles or St. Paul the next. This has a marked effect on social independence. When a family has lived for many generations in the same place, or, as have many county families in England for centuries, they acquire a social position almost wholly independent of their individual members at a given time. Indeed, a member is almost an accident and may be as erratic and independent as he pleases. He still remains a so-and-so of so-and-so, known to all the countryside. An old hereditary title accomplishes the same result. Here and there in New England villages or in the South there are families who approximate this happy condition, but in the constant movement of the life of most Americans it is necessary for them to depend wholly upon the effect of their personalities and bank accounts. A man whose family has lived in the "big house" in a small Massachusetts town for a century or two is sufficiently "somebody" there almost to be independent; but should business require him to move to Kalamazoo he is nobody until he "shows them." The social reputation, immunity, and freedom which long residence in one place gives without effort or thought has to be built again from the ground up, and warily, when one moves to another town where they know not Joseph. One joins the organizations in the new town, and, again, one conforms. To begin in a new place by being "different" is dangerous; to begin by being too superior, even if actually, unconsciously, and with no wish to appear so, may be fatal. Like myself, had I gone to that Jersey suburb and made a little privacy round my garden, the newcomer might be voted "high hat" and not "last long."

In assuming the "mucker pose" the gentleman and scholar does not, of course, descend as low as the "mucker" but he does, in self-defense, for the sake of peace and quiet, for business success, and for the sake of not offending the motley crowd of all sorts whom his neighbors are apt to be in the seething,

changing society everywhere to-day, shed enough of his own personality not to offend the average. He avoids whatever others may think "high hat" in manners or culture as he would the plague. Like Henry Adams he will find himself hiding his antecedents if they happen to be better than the neighbors'.

This possible answer to my friends' question does not necessarily indict democracy and American life. Both have brought new values into the world of other sorts. I am merely pointing to one of the possible losses. For it is a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it. A business-democracy has accomplished a great task in levelling up the material condition of its people. It may be asked, however, whether there is no danger of a levelling down of manners and culture. Perhaps the new values gained offset the old ones in some danger of being lost, but it may, even in America, be left to one to question, to ponder, and to doubt. Is the mucker pose really forced on one? People adopt it, evidently, because they think it is the thing to do and essential to make them quickly popular. It does not always work, even in business. A dignified man of science was recently explaining to an applicant for a position some new research work he had been doing. The young Ph.D. was intensely interested. When the scientist concluded he asked the flower of our highest university training what he thought of it. "Hot Dog!" was the immediate and enthusiastic answer, which, in this case, promptly blasted the young man's career in *that* laboratory. It would not have done so generally, however, and we come back to business as conducted to-day, and the character and background of our business leaders as, perhaps, the main contributing cause of forcing the mucker pose.

We can prate as we like about the idealism of America, but it is only money

success which really counts. What are ideals or culture or charming manners as compared with business? What do two leaders of opinion at this moment tell us, one from the Pacific and the other from the Atlantic coast? Mr. Hoover, in his address replying to the welcome given him by the people of San Francisco, told them that the most precious possession of their great city was—what?—*their foreign trade!* In New York, the *Sun* in its editorial explaining its intention to support the Republican party, admitted that the prohibition question is "a live campaign topic," and that present conditions may be "intolerable" and "a morass of lawbreaking," but asks whether it is well to risk loss of prosperity for the possible reform of those conditions. In America to-day business life is not the basis for a rational social life but social life is manipulated as the basis for an irrational business one. One makes acquaintances and tries for popularity in order to get ahead downtown. To an unprecedented extent the people who have money in all lines of business are newcomers from far down in the social scale, men with no culture and no background, and often no manners. We may note our new class of multi-millionaire landlords who have built fortunes out of shoe-strings since the War. Two of our now greatest industries have been wholly evolved in the last two decades, and one certainly does not look for culture among the kings in the motor and moving-picture trades. The "people" who came into political power under Jackson made a huge grab at economic power under Grant, but it has been reserved for the present to "make the world safe for democracy." The old class which had inherited manners and culture as essential to an ordered life has abdicated mainly for mere lack of funds. In business for the last decade it has been for the most part the conservatives, who had much to lose, who have lost, and the reckless who have won.

Business may explain the mucker pose,

but it may be asked whether those who adopt it are not traitors to all that is best in the world and which has been so hardly built up. An impoverished aristocrat may sell his title in marriage for one generation to rehabilitate his house, but Americans who sell their culture and their breeding to truckle to the unbred in business, who shed these things of the

spirit for motor cars and all the rest of the things of the body, are taking refuge in a yet more ignominious surrender. They may thus pick up some of the golden drippings from the muckers' tables, but they do not gain the respect of the muckers whom they imitate and may yet awake to the fact that they have properly forfeited even their own.

PENELOPE

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

I

WHITE as a gull, light as an April cloud,
 Her hands rest idly at an idle loom.
 The thread is slack that wove Laertes' shroud
 Against the hour of spiritual doom.
 Wan torches etch a black arc on these walls
 Where the great bow leans to the pillared fir.
 Calm now the ruinous clamor of her halls
 Where the Achæans strove in suit of her.
 Eurymachus lies stark as very bone,
 Whiter than memory of her lovers' ghosts.
 Close by the ordered hearth he sits alone
 Whose spear did battle with the Trojan hosts.
 Her eyes ask only if this dream be born
 Of new sawn ivory or of polished horn.

II

She will await his sure necessity
 As young narcissus waits the warm spring rain's
 Renewal of being. Ithaca's dark sea
 Strewing her desolate shore with bleached remains
 Of gunwale and mast will never strike her cold
 With sundered rudder that may have known his hand.
 She has forgotten the pain long nights may hold
 Grudging her bleak security of land.
 Telemachus watches, silent, pondering
 Sorrow dissolved as snows upon the tide
 Of a thawing river. She marvels, wondering
 If this be he who loved her, who has died,
 Who is come home, home from the beaked ships,
 No shadow of Helen now between their lips.



THE MOUSE

A STORY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

HE RETURNED very late that night—that is to say, very late at mouse-night; which, being translated into the terms of our entirely upside-down living, means very early in the morning.

His mother, always a little gaunt with her ceaseless anxiety about him, did not turn as he came in, but continued to smooth his bed and fluff the little bits of down and feathers that were his pillows.

“Why are you so late?” she said.

He threw himself down in a comfortable attitude, swung his long tail slowly and grandly around, crossed his wee legs, and drummed on the large pickle-bottle cork which he had dragged home determinedly one night and which served them for a table. There was not another like it in mousedom. Then he said, in a nonchalant manner:

“Well, you see, I was detained (Pause!)—I ate a cat.”

Of course it was absurd to announce it that way. There should have been something glorious and dramatic instead, something as memorable as the announcement of Agamemnon’s return from Troy—flaming beacon fires, their fiery “beards” blowing in the night wind from successive mountain-tops, and the wild goats, in wild places, staring amazedly into the light.

But, instead of anything as fitting, his mother turned on him gauntly, almost angrily, and said:

“You know I hate jokes like that. The trouble with you young people is that you haven’t a particle of reverence.

But you’ll see some day! You’ll be eaten up by a cat as sure’s you’re born!”

He stroked one whisker mournfully, like a very gifted person who is used to being misunderstood.

“Just because you happen never to have eaten a cat,” he said slowly, “you naturally find it difficult to believe that I did. That is the trouble with older people. They have so little imagination and not enough generosity to enable them to enter into other people’s experiences.” He dropped his beautifully receding jaw, looked at the ceiling, and gracefully waved one paw.

These words, poured carefully into the little gray funnels of her ears, went straight, as he had meant them to, to her defensive heart. . . . Had she ever really been ungenerous? Hadn’t she thought of little else but him since he was a baby! Hadn’t she tried tirelessly to protect him against his poetic nature with her own common sense!—and if you think that is an easy thing to do . . . As to not entering into his experiences, hadn’t she not only entered into them, but stayed in them long after he had left or forgotten them!

“You know very well,” she said, and her nose, pointed at him, was well ahead of her words, “that I hate irreverence.”

“I think what you really mean,” he interjected, “is that you are superstitious.”

“You know very well,” she went on, not noticing this, “that if you really had killed a cat I should be the first—the very first . . . I’d go tearing with all

my feet to the village square! I'd shout as I ran, 'Come! All of you! My son has killed a cat!' You know I would. But you come home bragging and drunk . . ."

"I'm not bragging and I'm not drunk," he said coolly, "and I really did eat a cat."

"Killed it, you mean!" She almost screamed it.

"You amuse me," he said. "I should like to know how else I could eat it. Apparently you don't know anything about cats."

It was this, really, that broke her—that he should assume she was so much behind himself in experience and knowledge. She, mind you, who had taught him his first little foot-track letters, who had drilled him concerning the perilous hypocrisy of traps; who had first taught him to set the dread name "Cat" negatively in his prayers; who with patience had taught him the fatal succession of the litany: "From deceptive poisons, sweet to the taste; from things that appear what they are not; from wicked traps; from blindness, farmers' wives, and carving knives, and from cats . . . from cats . . . from cats . . . good Lord deliver us!"

She could still hear his first pitiful, obedient, antiphonal squeak, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!" She, mind you!

"Now you look me in the eye," she said sternly. She was really quite magnificent in her way. "Now, repeat your statement if you can." She knew by all the unbroken timidity of his forefathers that he could not.

But he met her challenging gaze quite placidly.

"I will look at you as long as you like," he said. "And I will say it as often as you want me to . . . I ate a cat. I really did."

This quite finished her. The future rolled out before her like a suddenly flung scroll. For a moment she crumpled in her chair. Then, with a little choking sound, she dragged herself

desperately together. This was not the moment to faint! She got up, snatched her bonnet from its peg and, putting it on and tying it as she ran, rushed out the door, headed for the public square, running with all her feet, her tail flying out behind her, and saying over to herself as she ran, what she would soon be saying to the multitude:

"Ring the bells! My son . . . my son . . . my son has eaten a cat!"

Ah, that was a grand procession, I assure you! Even the old were swept into the general enthusiasm. I have seen a good many processions, but there was something special about this one. It was not only that everyone wore his silkiest coat, and his hat tilted at such an angle; it was not only the general air of pride and rejoicing; it was the air of deliverance. Special songs had been made over night and were sung with vigor:

He ate the Cat!
Where are we at?
Where are we at?
He ate the Cat!

(Cheers!)

To him who his
Whole country frees
From terror of cats
We give the cheese!

(More cheers!)

Some nibble cheese,
Some nibble fat;
But our brave hero
Nibbled the Cat!

CHORUS:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cat! Cat!
Think of that!
Nibbled, nibbled,
Nibbled the Cat!

There were signs on long poles, too, at suitable intervals: "DOWN WITH FEAR! KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES!" "WE BELIEVE IN YOUTH—YOUTH HAS ATTAINED!" "NO SUCH WORD AS IMPOSSIBLE—DON'T BELIEVE YOUR DICTIONARY!" "OUR ANCESTORS WERE

SLAVES TO CATS—WE ARE FREE!”
 “WHO’S AFRAID? WE EAT CATS!”
 “DON’T LET MOSS GROW ON YOUR WHISKERS!”

When the procession was over they nimble-nambled about him and searched and smelled the very air he breathed, with a quivering of whiskers that said, “O you who have delivered us from our bondage!” “O dispeller of our dreads!”

One darling little lady-mouse pressed near to him, one hand on her wildly beating heart; with the other she touched his hand.

“Just a word!” she pleaded. “Something we can always remember!”

Of course! There must be memorable words on such an occasion. He took an appropriate attitude, looked out deeply over the concourse, to drink fully the homage of their attention and their silence, then he spoke:

“After all” (ah, the long, telling pause!) . . . “eating cats is just living life . . . just debunking everything, and looking at facts—that’s all.”

Heavens! how oracular! How simple he makes life! How easy! The adoring little lady-mouse seizes on this sentiment. Her lips move rapturously. She is memorizing his words. His mother in the front row closes her eyes. Her eyelids twitch. Who is she to have mothered so great a hero! The rest of the audience shout and clap and those who have eases pound them on the floor.

People are not slow in appropriating his words. No gathering of mice in best or poorest cheese-restaurants after that but he is quoted or his words amplified: “After all, living life is just absolute fearlessness. It’s looking things in the eye. It’s debunking the universe. It’s eating the cat!”

Of course, all this hopelessly upset many traditions. Some of the older mice, who had had harrowing experiences of just escaping the swift, velvet lightning of the cat’s paw, were not so easily swept off their feet. But they were promptly put in their places by the

young. “Rubbish! How do you know that the cat would have killed you? Why didn’t you just jump on it and eat it?”

The effect of all this was very wide. The young mice no longer went cautiously and with the sobriety befitting those who abide under imminent uncertainty and may at any minute be snatched out of life. They lolled, they cultivated a kind of insolent stare, which had the effect of breaking down and doing away with manners. Mice no longer took their hats off in mice-elevators to lady-mice, though for the matter of that, I cannot see why they ever should have; and mice in mice-street cars and other public places dropped all time-worn niceties and reticences, and simply stared at one another. This they continued to call “looking at life” or “seeing things as they are.” The older mice never did acquire the true “cat” stare. A good many of them attempted it but, in spite of their resolutions, their eyelids would quiver, and their whiskers would tremble, despite all they could do.

As the young mice became more and more possessed of the idea of the vast new powers they possessed they became more and more interested in themselves. They began seriously to study their emotions and reactions, their fear or lack of it, and brought home some startling pronouncements to one another and to their elders. Their elders were informed of certain things they had never dreamed of, and in such a manner that they did nothing but dream of them after that; whereupon the young offered by a method they had newly evolved to interpret their dreams for them and, doing so, nearly frightened the wits out of them. So there were many confusions, no few hurt feelings, and arguments and misunderstandings by the thousands.

Of course, by all this one would have supposed cats would have been killed by the hundreds, and fashion would have shifted to cat-skin overcoats and neck-pieces. But not at all. Not a cat’s

skin was seen. As many mice died or disappeared mysteriously as usual, and the general average of the Bureau of Lost Persons was not reduced.

But most interesting, perhaps, was the way all this played upon and affected his mother. Mothers, after all, are somewhat fundamental. She herself was; and she had a kind of fundamental longing, not to say determination, to get at the bottom of everything that concerned him. So, while the lady-mouse twittered her eyelids and followed him devotedly into the devious mazes of his theories and behaviors, his mother spent many moments staring straight ahead of her into the darkness, trying to piece this and that together.

Months went by—mouse-months, which are not long. At the end of them she found herself unbearably weary of her own uncertainties and of the assurances and flippancies of the young. It was not that she wanted the old traditions back again. It was that some of the reasoning of the young mice seemed to her to have not a grain of reason in it. She missed the fundamentals. She longed for a world where there was some logic and proportion, and at least a crumb of reverence. Her good mind told her that if her son had killed the cat then life was indeed an utterly different thing than she and her forbears had supposed it to be. When she spoke of this to her son he said oracularly:

“Of course! You are simply trying to set the clock back. You are trying to evade your destiny.”

This shocked her. She trying to evade her destiny! She who so loved directness!

She tied her head up in vinegar and brown paper that night, hoping that might help clarify her thoughts. But it did no such thing. She began to feel old and outlived.

It was then, at last, that she took her bold resolution. She would investigate for herself.

It was a cold night. Her son was

away, dining with his admirers in some cheese-restaurant. She crept, old and thin, along the inside of the wainscoting. Her head ached and her paws were like ice. From time to time she stopped and listened cautiously, in old-fashioned mouse-fashion; and as she went she murmured automatically the phrases of the litany, “From deceptive poisons, sweet to the taste . . . from blindness, farmers’ wives, and carving knives; and from cats . . . from cats . . .”

If she could only be so bold as to penetrate and ascend so far as the second story of the house of the goddess Mullins, who could say what mystery might not be revealed to her? Here, if anywhere, she might hear the gods speak.

She searched back and forth, at last chose an upright in the wall, and climbed up it determinedly; then along unfamiliar places, always with little listening pauses, and one foot lifted attentively, ready to tear back along the way she had come. Then, on, over endless plumbing pipes, between endless rafters. On and on. Where might she not be now? In what high places might not her tiny body be hanging, in space, if suddenly the surrounding rafters were spirited away? Had her son come as far as this?

Then, like the naturally generous person she was, she began to doubt herself. How egotistical of her to try to spy upon his divine adventure. She crouched, clinging to a rafter, ready to go back all the perilous way, to confess herself to him, to tell him of her folly, and to say to him that since she was fond and foolish and old, he must forgive her and must hold nothing against her.

She even thought that after she had got his forgiveness it might be a comfort to sit quiet and unobtrusive in her arm-chair at home, objecting to nothing that the young people chose to say, combating nothing, accepting age quietly and meekly as her portion, and super-sedence and the precedence of youth resignedly, as the inevitable.

She turned to go back, wondering if she could find her way again along the endless passages, when suddenly, suddenly the gods spoke; say, rather, they shrieked. She flattened herself, utterly terrified, sure that her end had come. These were sounds of a kind that she had never in her life either heard, dreamed, or imagined. They were, in fact, shrieks of rage emitted by a human god, who, to be exact, was just six years old.

Just as the little mouse was about to swoon away there cut in across the child's crying the voice of one of the older gods, possibly—no, probably—the goddess Mullins. And these were the godlike words she spake:

"Shut up, will you! Is it only just now you've discovered it? Well, there's no use crying over it. Crying won't bring it back!"

Then, sounding like the rage of heaven, there was another shriek from the younger god, accompanied by this Olympian statement:

"But I want it!"

The mouse quivered and clung. Why, why had she ever ventured into these divine precincts? She muttered little reverent phrases and prayers, "From farmers' wives . . ." Even as she did so there came again the voice of the goddess Mullins:

"You know perfectly well the mouse ate it. You shouldn't have been such a little fool as to leave your candy cat on the mantel!"

That was all, but its effect was electric. With a squeak and a galvanic leap in the air the mouse fell over, limp, in a complete swoon, on the ceiling plaster between the rafters.

To be in the right is sometimes one of the unpleasantest things in the world, especially if everyone else is in the wrong. It has, let me tell you, got more than one person put in chains or hanged.

Of course, now she must face her son sternly with the whole truth. And what after that would he do? Well, time must be allowed to take care of that.

Better to lose all his glory and face a mocking world than to compromise with truth. Strength would be given him—and her. They would creep away humbly from what had been their fame.

She put on the teakettle wearily and sat down to wait for his step, like one who waits for the step of fate.

Among all her weary thoughts one recurred unweariedly: why, why had she been such a fool? Why had she not suspected, guessed? Strange! Strange! It could not be but she had been utterly blinded by her affection, altogether dazzled by her pride. No doubt she must secretly have wanted him to be miraculous above other mice; how, otherwise, could she have been drawn on to believe such a tale as that? If she had really been bent on the truth, he never could have convinced her that he had eaten a real live cat. Besides being a fool, she had had no sense. Fools often have a great deal of sense; but, my heavens, not she!

Then, to lower her estimate of herself still farther there came the thought of her mother. Her mother would have known better; ah, indeed she would. All these young mice who talked so falsely of realities—why, her fine old mother could have put them all in their places. Could have done it with one paw, so to speak, and would have done it, besides, with good-natured laughter.

That was the thing, to tell you the truth, that she had never fully understood concerning her mother and father—their ability, amid all the uncertainties and terrors of life, to laugh so roundly and heartily. Her father's and mother's laughter had not been like the laughter she had heard the mice of the younger generation indulge in since what they called their "emancipation." There had been nothing forced or hectic or self-assertive about it; only downright, simple gaiety and merriment, like that of innocent children who have an unfathomable wisdom of their own and a sense of the comic.

As she thought of her parents, far

doors of memory swung open for her. She was little again, and in the nest, and supposedly asleep. But asleep she was not. She could see her mother sitting by the fire, warming her father's slippers for him, and from time to time peering anxiously into the face of the clock.

At last he came. Not swaggering and nonchalant, like the present generation, but with caution and a proper soft-footedness. And with caution her mother had received him. They had spoken in appropriate whispers. Her mother needed reassuring as she hung up his hat. She paused anxiously and said, "Are you *sure*, my dear, that the YOU-KNOW-WHO is not around?"

Yes; it was in that veiled and respectful fashion that they referred to the dread and all-powerful Cat.

At this point there came to her the swift and terrifying memory of those irreverent, ribald songs the multitude had sung in her son's honor:

Where are we at?

He ate the . . .

She put her face in her hands. My heavens! the YOU-KNOW-WHO!

At last the other memory swam into place again—the memory of her father and mother sitting in front of the fire, hand in hand, he recounting his day's adventures.

Well, it seems they had been especially thrilling that day. He had had several very narrow escapes indeed while seeking provender for his family. And then, for a climax—ah, the delight her father and mother had taken in it!—he had by his own good and respectful wits entirely tricked and outwitted the YOU-KNOW-WHO; had kept it watchfully waiting at a certain well-known mouse-hole a half an hour, nearly; and then, by a sheer brilliancy of manoeuvre, he had tiptoed across the floor, beside the wainscoting, in the very sight of that dread power, while the YOU-KNOW-WHO still absorbedly, shoulders hunched and head low, watched the mouse-hole.

It was at this point of the story that

her mother had jumped up and flung her arms around her father's neck, and they both began reeling and rocking with delighted laughter. Not by any grandeur of theory or insolence of manner, but by his little but well-trained wits, he had not only outwitted the YOU-KNOW-WHO, but for good measure had succeeded in making that dread power look ridiculous.

How they did laugh! How delightedly and excessively. Nor was laughter, even of that best kind, enough. Her mother had flown, at last, to the cupboard, and had brought out a bottle of wine. And delightedly they drank it, the two of them; not with promulgation of theories, neither with self-scrutiny nor interpretation of dreams, but with a good sense of the comic and the ridiculous, under both of which, as any philosopher knows, lie an abiding sense of humility and a more or less permanent sense of proportion. So it was that they did, so to speak, in all soberness and the fear of God, nearly kill themselves laughing.

The mouse recalled how they had at last joined hands and danced around and around the lighted table, with all the gaiety in the world. Then, a little later she had seen them get down humbly on their knees, in front of their chairs, and say their prayers: "From things that appear what they are not . . . from blindness; from cats . . ." before tumbling happy and reverent, if a little tipsy, into bed.

Reality, reality! That was what her mother and father had known as reality. Beside it, how theoretical seemed the theories of the present-day young mice! It occurred to her that she had not heard a word about the "Comic Spirit" for years. She recalled hearing her mother say, years ago, that she had often heard the gods rock with laughter; and that they did well to do so, since obviously the gods must have a keen sense of humor, else things could not possibly happen as they do in the world; but that only ripe and developed and very experienced natures understood this.

She dwelt on all this with great seriousness now, trying to fathom it. But, no; try as she would, she could not see things as her father and mother had seen them. Modernism had too much touched her, too much involved her. The over-seriousness of the young had had its serious effect upon her. Their lack of humor, their lack of a sense of the relations of things, their inability to see the permanently and profoundly humorous was far nearer her own tendencies than the attitude toward life which her father and mother had held. Her father and mother seemed separated now from her by æons; mere children, they seemed, who in inconsequent gaiety had danced around a lighted table when they should have been occupied, instead, in getting at the bottom of things, studying their reactions and interpreting their dreams.

So, the flood rushed back again to the waters from which it had arisen. Was not her son of the younger generation? And was he not hers? Certainly neither he nor she would ever be so far lost to the realities of life as to see any humor in the present situation. What it was her duty to make him see was—reality. First of all, he must be got to admit that the cat he had eaten was not a real cat, but only a candy cat. After that he must be got to make a speech in which he glorified things as they are, a speech whose climax would be that in his own glorious self-dedication to truth he was ready to renounce all his fame and his false glory. After that let anybody hoot and give cat-calls who chose to! They would bear themselves nobly—even if the multitude turned abusive, and threw missiles. But how, how, how to make him see all this? He who was so sure of himself, and so proud!

Suddenly she started. Her heart stopped beating, and plunged on again. There was his step. Ah, heaven help her! What a homecoming! But she gripped the arms of her chair resolutely. Truth! Truth! Nothing but the truth!

The door banged open, as with a

heavy weight. He was clinging desperately to the edge of it with one paw, and leaning his whole body against it. His head lay back against his arm. There was blood dripping from his side. With all the anxiety and terror in the world she rushed to him, put her arms about him, and helped him to a chair. As he sank into it she peered at his wound. She was, after all, an experienced person, and she knew that that long, deep gash in his side could have been made only by the claw of a cat.

She saw that a chair would not do. Using all her force, she got him to his feet and half dragged, half carried him to his bed. He sank upon it limp. His eyes closed.

She did what she could, though she knew there was little enough to do.

"I shall not recover from this," he said at last, weakly, but still rather grandly and without opening his eyes. "You must tell them that . . ."

She knew that the time had come, that she must tell him the truth, and force him to face it.

"When you ate the cat, my son," she said, "where was it?"

He opened his eyes, thinking she had in mind, as he had, his glory and the future recording of it.

"Tell them," he said, "that it was on the mantel of the dread goddess Mullins. They will wish to know every detail when I am gone."

"But, my darling," she said, bending over him tenderly, "don't you think that was a strange place for a cat to dwell? Don't you know? Can't you remember? . . . Try to remember, my darling—that real cats live on the floor, not on mantelpieces."

(So! She would break it to him gently, a little at a time, as much as he could bear.)

He turned a swiftly waning look on her that rebuked while it forgave her.

"Yes. I know. The trouble is, you do not understand. You were never very generous or able to enter into other people's experiences. You always had a

tendency to belittle. Age always has. But try not to do so now. I shan't be here very long." His breath failed a moment. She rushed for the spirits of ammonia, in terror. He waved it away. "Tell them," he said, raising himself weakly on one elbow, "tell them that it was a very remarkable cat. Not the ordinary floor kind—the more terrible kind that lives on the mantel! Do not let them forget that I saw life as it was—that I looked it in the eye! Tell them always to look life in the eye! . . . Tell them that was my last message!"

He fell back among his pillows.

She watched by him after that, without a word. She saw that he would go soon, and resolved to let him depart wrapped about by the full glory of his delusion. There was not time to get help; besides, there was no help for him, and she preferred to be alone with him.

All the days of her life and his, from the memorable day when he was born, gathered round her now, like presences, and waited silently upon her sorrow. None who would come after, to sympathize with her, would sympathize so well as they. They knew as she did, that once he was gone her own life was finished, no matter how long she might live.

She leaned over him and murmured again the fond nothings she used to murmur when he was just a tiny, before he had left the nest, "Beloved little crumb! Sweet little bit of cheese! Darling little tallow dip!"

At last she saw his eyelids open slowly across half of his eyes, bent in terror, saw there was no light under them, and knew that he was gone.

His followers gave him a great funeral. They spared nothing. They treated her with ostentatious respect because she had the honor to be his mother. And she, out of the generosity of her heart, insisted on sharing this with the little lady-mouse, who accepted it as her due, and wore heavier mourning than she did.

There was a fitting oration that

gloriously recounted his exploits. But it hardly touched her, so immersed was she now in the old, familiar pity inherent in motherhood, which had come now to abide with her the rest of her days. How little he was as he lay there bereft of life, but oh, littler still in her heart, little as when he had first entered it—little and dependent—to be loved and protected as no one but she could love and protect him. None of these people really came near him, though they filed close to him and bent to look reverently in his face. It was not really there that he lay, but in her arms and in her heart.

She was glad that night to be left alone with her memories of him. And in the midst of her memories of him recurred constantly the thought of his companions and contemporaries—the thought of youth. She knew well how much they lacked, how they deluded themselves and one another, how little, if at all, they touched truth; how bereft they were of any true sense of proportion; she knew how unfit they were to judge between candy and reality; and last of all how they lacked a sense of humor. Yet her heart clung to them, nevertheless. And was not youth, after all, the treasure and the treasury of the world? Who else than they could be said to be the keepers of the hopes of the world? And yet! What about truth! . . . But no! Whatever was true of youth or not true of it, she loved it. She loved these young people. Was he not of them? Eternally, now.

So, thinking these things over and over, she grew tired and confused, and turned for comfort to her old associations. Putting out the light, she got down meekly on her rather stiff old knees, and said her prayers . . . "from things that appear what they are not . . ."

Suddenly her heart stopped against an old familiar fear in her breast. On the other side of the wainscoting her finely trained old ears could hear the almost-unhearable. She could hear—on soft-padded, velvet feet, unmistakable, unmistakable—the cat go by.



DEMOCRACY HOLDS ITS GROUND

A EUROPEAN SURVEY

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"**I** SEE that the Kaiser has recently published an attack on democracy in one of our popular magazines," remarked a Princeton professor the other day to a young German scholar then engaged in surveying the institution of higher learning formerly governed by the author of the Fourteen Points.

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "poor William can sell that kind of stuff only in the United States: his home market has been ruined."

Besides revealing a state of mind common in Europe, the retort calls attention to the apparently widespread interest of the American people in horrible revelations about the "failures of democracy." The practice of criticism is general; when domestic satirists exhaust their knowledge and their vocabularies foreign assistance is summoned by way of supplement.

Now, nothing is easier than the game of attacking democracy by citing scandalous incidents, absurd episodes, and idiotic antics of some elected persons. This form of verbal exercise is very old; but it is scarcely rational. It merely turns against democracy the weapons once employed against monarchs and produces nothing more important than amusement. In the eighteenth century republican agitators thought they had made an unanswerable argument for their cause by listing authentic cases of imbecility, murder, poison, arson, adultery, bastardy, corruption, drunkenness, useless wars, and other examples of

hebetudinous conduct in the history of royal families.

That, too, was easy. When to the record were added the bed-chamber stories of European courts, drawn from innumerable scurrilous chronicles, the stew was made all the more savory for those who liked it. Our library shelves bend under the weight of this stuff in many tongues. An encyclopædia could be filled with "true relations." And it is illuminating to note that scandalous and absurd doings on the part of royal persons were less criticized by their "intelligent" contemporaries than are the festivities of Great William Thompson, Lord of Chicago, by editors attached to the new American aristocracy of intellect. But on second or third thought, it must appear that calling names and citing cases in lunacy, while giving satisfaction to certain types of mind, will not advance our political understanding, will not help much in taking our present bearings and attempting to forecast the future.

II

A far better course is to recall the advice of Montesquieu, more than a hundred years in his grave; that is, to remember that the forerunners of democracy—monarchy and aristocracy—were not badges of original sin or ready-made garments which nations could buy at political tailor shops and put on or off at will. The conditions necessary for the continuance and smooth functioning of

monarchy and aristocracy are: (1) the redominance of agriculture in national economy—an agriculture carried on in the ancient manner by an uneducated peasantry, either servile or poverty-stricken; (2) a class of feudal landlords rallying around the throne and giving support to it; and (3) an authoritative clergy supreme over intellectual life. These conditions are not inherently evil; they may in fact represent a great moral advance over the state of affairs which preceded them.

In dealing with democracy, also, it is well to avoid the pitfalls of those superficial writers who treat it as a mere mechanical form of government, which a nation may adopt, try, and discard at pleasure without respect to the conditions surrounding the operation, or who look upon it as a cure for ancient ills or as a definite drug like cocaine or alcohol, invented by political doctors in Greece, and found wanting. In reality, democracy is a very complex array of social relationships, a system, flexible in practice, that substitutes for government by hereditary or military authority government by officials directly or indirectly chosen, from time to time, at elections in which a considerable number of the people, as people, not economic bipeds, participate. Unavoidably, therefore, it involves differences of opinion, party antagonisms, acquiescence in majority or plurality decisions, and endless delays and weaknesses. It is not a medicine; nor has it been employed on a large scale in any society previous to the modern age.

On the contrary, democracy is a state of things, and it arose first in the nineteenth century. It is an intricate collection of realities slowly evolved with the development of freehold agriculture, commerce, machinery, and science, facilitated, no doubt, by the agitations of idealists, yet moving relentlessly forward as modern economy triumphs over feudalism. It is affiliated with the printing press and the newspaper which spread ideas in spite of all censors; with schools

which are indispensable to the factory system if nothing else; with railways and travel which break down the ignorance and rigidity of village life; with automobiles and flying machines which make the whole world akin; with the right of free migration which peasants and factory owners insist upon; with cities and their fermenting intellectual life; with telegraphs, cables, telephones, and radios; with mass production; with trade unions which assert the rights and power of industrial labor; with business enterprise which cannot flourish under autocratic and irresponsible government dependent upon the vagaries of personal rulers. All these things are indifferent, indeed hostile, to fixed status—the foundation of monarchies and aristocracies. Science, business, and labor ask few or no questions about birth and lineage; they seek and develop talent wherever they find it.

Moreover, there is another realistic force making for democracy in the modern world, a force to which the word "feminism" is applied. Strong men, pounding their chests, will laugh and denounce; in a recent issue of an American magazine Mussolini shows how absurd it is; but it must be amusing, at least, to these virile persons to recall that the World War, supposed to demonstrate manly valor at its highest pitch, accelerated the movement for woman suffrage. Nearly all the new states created after that conflict confer on women the right to vote; to be specific, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, Lithuania, Poland, and Russia. About the same time England and the United States joined Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands in proclaiming "equal suffrage." Yugoslavia announces that the national legislature may confer it without the formality of a constitutional amendment; it is not impossible that the Moslem women of Bosnia, instructed in 1928 to take off their veils, may yet be seen going to the ballot box.

But the rejoinder may be made that

women won a high status in the later days of the Roman empire and lost it when the wars of invasion began, putting all things on their ultimate foundation, force. The analogy is alluring—and without relevance. Are the European countries that have enfranchised women likely to be invaded and conquered by armies from the more virile nations which keep women under the masculine thumb? Anyone may guess by looking at the map and calculating probabilities. Unless some masterful genius can blindfold the women, take them out of factories, offices, schools, universities, and theaters, make them illiterate once more, and back them into the kitchen and cow barn again, feminism is likely to increase rather than diminish.

With reference to any such operation, a remark might be made to the effect that the economic order of any civilized nation which attempted such a transformation would certainly fall into a crisis as a result of a general dislocation. Indeed, if women were suddenly removed from the offices of any modern government, with a view to a restoration of "the home and fireside," the confusion would be so great that the first call on the morning after would be for feminine help. Not even man's grand game, war, now that it has become chemical and mechanical, can be carried on without enrolling armies of women. No, the feminist genie is out of the bottle; it may be changed with time and circumstance; but the work of getting it back into the non-refillable container passes the imagination.

III

Now, if reference is made to those countries in which "democracy has failed" and dictatorships flourish at the present hour, it will be seen that they belong to the feudo-clerical order. Industry and science had not scratched the surface of Russia in 1917; the mass of the people were illiterate peasants governed by an autocracy, landlords, and an

authoritative church. Hungary, including Croatia, was in the same general class as Russia. A large section of Poland belonged to Russia and was assimilated to Russian economy. When Mussolini seized the scepter in Italy the great majority of Italian men and women over nine years of age were employed in agriculture and related occupations; about half the people over twenty years of age could not read or write; the authoritative Roman Catholic Church nominally at least, furnished the state religion; previous to 1920, about half the adult males had been disfranchised and had enjoyed no experience in self-government. In Spain—another classic land of dictatorships—three-fifths of the people could not read or write in 1910; five times as many people were engaged in agriculture as in manufacturing; except for about thirty thousand Protestants, Jews, and skeptics, the entire population adhered to the Roman Catholic Church.

Conversely, if reference is made to countries in which democracy flourishes or staggers along, it will be discovered that they are the countries in which freehold agriculture, science, machinery, and capitalism dominate the economic scene. Into this class fall Austria, Germany, France, the Scandinavian countries, the United States, Canada, Australia, and perhaps Japan, which has just given the vote to all adult males. Austria, even under the Hapsburgs, was moving steadily in the direction of democracy; direct manhood suffrage was established there in 1907. The revolution following the War completed the process by making suffrage universal. In Germany the evolution of popular government had been retarded by the monarchies and landed classes supported by timid bourgeois; but the new constitution of 1919 provides for "the universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage of all men and women over twenty years of age, according to the principles of proportional representation." In the Wilhelminic era, Prussia

was a kingdom with a system of class suffrage which permitted a small number of taxpayers to elect two-thirds of the legislature; the constitution of the free state of Prussia, promulgated in 1920, proclaims a republic and confers the ballot on "all German citizens, men and women, over twenty years of age." In similar terms, the other European constitutions drafted after the World War established either manhood or universal suffrage.

Even the constitution of Soviet Russia, issued in July, 1918, spoke of the dictatorship of the proletariat as created "in view of the present transition period," and, although excluding from the suffrage certain propertied and other classes, conferred the right to vote on the broad masses of men and women. While laughing long and heartily at the whole democratic and liberal process of government, the Fascisti, in all their recent constitutional reforms, including the last adopted in May, 1928, do not plan to eliminate popular voting entirely and to vest absolute authority in the hands of Mussolini and his lawful heirs and assigns. Nor does Spain, after a season of dictatorship, stand firm on one-man autocracy; it is at this hour projecting and debating a constitution which contemplates elections, balloting, and caucusing in some form. Though Russia tried to disfranchise all persons of property, she had to relax her severe limits later, and, according to reports, neither Italy nor Spain is likely to have a restriction of voting rights to an aristocracy of high-property qualifications. Hence it appears that, even in countries "enjoying" dictatorships, what we have is, not a choice between democracy and no democracy, but a variety of selections ranging from one limit of popular participation to another.

IV

Yet it may be said, with some degree of truth, that after the close of the World War political democracy was vigorously

attacked from four sides: by the dictatorship of the proletariat, by the dictatorship of the middle class, by nationalistic parties rallying around monarchs, and by revolutionaries with projects for economic parliaments. Where do we stand now?

Well, for one thing, no other nation has followed the Russian example. There has been nothing sufficiently marvelous in the achievements of Moscow to inspire the emulative enthusiasm of the proletariat in any other country. In none of the states where democracy was functioning before the War have the Bolsheviks made more than a ripple on the surface of opinion. Russia is declining, not increasing in influence; the recent communist swing in Germany may be ascribed to internal conditions, not to a flaming desire for the kind of prosperity attained by the Muscovites. England broke off relations with Russia; nothing happened. The China upheaval, according to Trotsky, was a flash in the pan; Chinese nationalists are not taking orders from the Third International. An outrageous assault was made on the Russian legation in Peking; if anybody had violated a British embassy in the same manner there would have been an abject apology or a war; but nothing happened. As of old, Russian emissaries make trouble for the British empire in Asia; that is not difficult; there is nothing new in it; to talk about applying Lenin's Taylorized Communism to seminomadic tribes in central Asia may be diverting but it has little to do with striking chains from the workers of the world. However that may be, it remains a fact that no other country has imitated the Bolshevik political design. What might happen in another World War ten times as great as the last is a matter of conjecture, illuminated, perhaps, by Slavic experience.

Italy stands on the same footing with Russia. With grand flourishes in the manner of the Bolsheviks, the Fascisti announce to the gaping world the dis-

covery of wonder-working political ideas and institutions and look with pitying contempt upon poor, deluded "liberals" trying to make democracy function. Fascist bands scattered from Calabria to Westchester County beat the drum and proclaim the new gospel.

But no country with a literate population imitates Italy. Since Rome does not repudiate debts or expropriate the middle class, sales agents nowhere are alarmed. The general opinion seems to be that it may be good for Italy or that if Italy is pleased with Fascism, well, that is what Italy is pleased with. As for copying the latest Machiavellian device, the "ignorant, contemptible democracies" seem hardly competent. Meanwhile German seven per cent bonds sell at a premium, while those of Italy can be bought below par.

V

Among the other specifics offered for "degenerate" political democracy was the project for an economic parliament, the substitution of direct class representation for the representation of "free and equal" heads, duly enumerated in the registration books and mathematically counted on election days. This idea, like many other world-shaking novelities, was not original. All the parliaments of the Middle Ages were class parliaments: they spoke for landed barons, clergy, country gentry, burghers, and sometimes peasants. Politicians were then economists; at least they had all the prejudices and special wisdom (if any) associated with their respective kinds of property, occupations, callings, or professions. Looking back to these old class parliaments (some of which, by the way, lived well into the twentieth century), or resorting to "natural reason," a great school of critics, weary of politics, proposed to substitute economic parliaments for democracy.

Of course, they differed among themselves, being human like the rest of mankind. Bourgeois speculators of this

persuasion proposed to have merchants, manufacturers, peasants, bankers, industrial workers, lawyers, and all the other propertied and occupational interests represented; each group was to choose its own delegates. Naturally, there were immense difficulties in the way of classifying all the people neatly into economic compartments and almost infinite difficulties in the way of determining how many delegates each economic group was to elect. But as long as the scheme was merely in the air no blueprint specifications were required of its sponsors.

While bourgeois meditators of this school were planning legislatures to represent all economic interests from banking to labor, guild socialists were framing economic parliaments representing miners, engineers, longshoremen, garment workers, and all the hundred and one groups of industrial operatives. The "shifty" politician, dealing in vague phrases flattering and deluding all parties, was to be supplanted by the forthright, two-fisted, and hard-headed spokesman of the economic group engaged in realistic labor. There was something attractive and appealing about the project.

This idea of economic government was in the air when the great cataclysm of 1917 burst upon the world. It was given a practical turn by the Bolshevik revolution which rejected democracy and introduced workers' councils. It was elaborated and incorporated in Article 165 of the new German constitution. It spread to Austria, Poland, and Jugoslavia.

The German scheme was imposing in its proportions. Workers and employers were to be organized in local units, in districts, and in an Economic Council of the Reich; the local and national councils were to be so constituted that "all important economic groups shall be represented therein proportionately to their economic and social significance." The National Economic Council was given the right to initiate bills. To it the national ministry was to submit all drafts of proposed "politico-social and

"politico-economic" measures. Administrative as well as legislative powers could be conferred upon economic councils, national and local. Now, it was said, with a sigh of relief, business men and working men who actually know about the realistic operations of national economy will tell the mere politicians what to do and how to do it; nay, more, will do it themselves, if necessary.

Well, what has happened? In Yugoslavia chambers of commerce, labor leaders, and ministers have been working for years over a project for an economic parliament as required by the constitution; they have not yet agreed on a plan. Austria is still governed by politicians in spite of the *Arbeiterkammer* set up in each of the states. In Germany a magnificent structure of economic councils was erected; it has functioned—in a way. But as far as the industrial workers are concerned, they still prefer to rely on their trade unions; while capitalists make use of their special organizations and chambers of commerce as of old. It is found in practice that business men and workingmen speaking for economic councils can throw some light on "politico-economic" measures. Yet as a rule, owing perhaps to the peculiarities of the German party system, these realists prove inferior in information and comprehension to the technical and economic experts actually elected to the political parliament of the nation. Economic men are not supermen.

Was this not to be expected? Does the fact that a man manufactures shoes automatically make him an infallible oracle with respect to factory legislation, tariff on leather, railway rates, or any other economic question outside the technic involved in the direction of his plant? Certainly not. Does the fact that a man is a hard-headed organizer for a miners' union automatically make him an infallible oracle with respect to the organization, ownership, taxation, or regulation of the complicated coal industry as a whole? Certainly not.

The truth is that measures apparently economic in nature also involve complicated moral, æsthetic, and national questions, ending in nothing less significant than calculations relative to human destiny. A hard head is not necessarily a wise head. Economic classes may easily acquire the kind of knowledge and prejudice which lead to their mutual destruction—as Marx and Engels point out in the Communist Manifesto. Hence we are forced to the conclusion that economic governments give little promise of driving out political democracies. They are retreating rather than advancing, at all events for the present, in spite of the fact that Mussolini put one on paper in May, 1928.

VI

If political democracy as developed in countries well advanced in industry, technology, and literacy does not recede before dictatorships, proletarian and fascist, or surrender to the economic man, what of the fourth assailant, monarchy? What are the prospects of the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, the Petrovitches, and other deposed rulers of Europe? May they reasonably hope, like Charles II of England, to return from their "travels" to the thrones of their fathers? Historical illustrations encourage them. On a fair count, restorations have been almost as numerous as dethronings; for people love kings, gilt, and tinsel; and in every country the party of prostration is large. After a lapse of twenty-two years, the French Bourbons recovered their ancient crown in 1815 and managed to hold to it for fifteen years. In spite of many vicissitudes, the House of Bourbon still reigns in Spain—that is, to some extent. The great landlords of Hungary are keeping the throne warm for somebody, though American visitors, Gentile and Jew, are shown the empty ballroom and the family chambers in the palace at Budapest—for a small price.

Into calculations respecting the pros-

pects of monarchy many complicated factors—social, economic, and constitutional—must inevitably enter. All the old monarchies had deep historical roots. Memories of eld, mysteries, and divinity did hedge kings about; fighting feudal lords surrounded them and supported them against peasants and the bourgeois; high dignitaries of the church lent the shimmering glamour of pageantry to royal appearances while bishop and priest taught obedience to the anointed of God and prayed for triumphs in peace and war. In those countries, like Germany, where technology, science, and industry, with their inevitable satellites—skepticism, socialism, and revolution—advanced remorselessly on the agricultural order—with its kings, landlords, and priests—many bourgeois, out of vanity or fear, rallied to the throne and altar; but such recruits were not to the manner born and the corroding acid of humor and doubt ate the polish off their enthusiasm.

No, a certain intellectual and æsthetic climate is necessary for the proper functioning of hereditary monarchy. Industries, cities, newspapers, literacy, socialistic agitations, and scientific inquiry do not consort well with mysticism, piety, obeisance, solemnities, and incantations. Except in Hungary and Rumania, the feudal-landlord support for the throne has either disappeared or is being subjected to the dominion of capitalism or, as in the case of Russia, has been overrun by some equally alien force. Science and industry march inexorably. The clericals can keep only a portion of the industrial workers in their ranks by running ahead of the populace with "social politics" emblazoned on their banners. As the years fly, the aged ladies and gentlemen who knew and loved "the dear King" will pass, and a generation of irreverent youth brought up on democratic sports, business, and cinemas will take their places—a generation preferring the wide world to the shut-in palace.

More realistic yet are the economic

forces with which deposed kings must reckon in making their hopeful calculations. Around and through the structure of the present political settlement are woven the strong cords of international finance. And bankers do not want to plunge into the uncertainties which would accompany the restoration of a monarch anywhere, except perhaps in Turkey or Hungary. The recent establishment of a monarchy in Albania is merely amusing, though possibly of sinister significance in the designs of Mussolini. German business, after ardent labors, is getting on an even keel again; if still monarchist in spirit, the risk of another political revolution is about the least attractive thing it can contemplate. Now that the Prussian class system of voting is abolished and the military profession is decimated, the landed aristocracy can no longer dictate to business in Berlin. Its power was waning in 1914; it is shattered now.

Moreover, the left wing of capitalism—trade unionists, socialists, and communists—is steadily increasing in proportion as against the agrarians, and it certainly has no affinity with monarchy. German socialists and communists, now numbering twelve million out of about thirty million voters, have not forgotten the Kaiser's bitter and contemptuous words. If these industrial workers are inefficient in large constructive enterprises their negative power is immense. They can stop trains, put out electric lights, cut off water supplies, shut down sewer pumps, and man machine guns; they did it with terrible effect when Herr von Kapp tried his little rebellion in 1920; they could do it again. Were the bourgeois willing to take the financial risks of a restoration they could not look without apprehension upon the sociological prospects of the operation.

Nor are the constitutional and administrative difficulties in the way of a return to monarchy to be neglected. The new German constitution has ripped up the old federal order, with its monarchies, principalities, and free cities.

Thousands of socialists and people of humble origins, who never got a chance at an administrative job in the old days, are now comfortably installed in official berths in the new system. Besides introducing revolutionary changes into the federal structure of Germany, the republican constitution establishes parliamentary government—the very institution which the directors of the old regime hated like poison. This is not the whole story. From first to last, the German constitution is a radical, democratic document. So are the fundamental laws of the several German states.

If the national constitution is to be set aside in favor of a strictly centralized monarchy, what will the states say about that? Will the other kings, princes, grand dukes, and dukes who once presided over provincial courts and exercised independent powers consent to stand aside and see the Hohenzollerns swallow the whole federation? If the restored Emperor is to be the restored King of Prussia, what will be the position of the other princes? Granting a solution of such problems, is it conceivable that the German people will allow the creation of an absolute monarchy in these times? Scarcely. Then there will be a parliament of some kind, involving the representation of the several states. Will this parliament abolish the ministerial system and permit the revival of irresponsible government, partly personal, partly political, based on backstairs negotiations and intrigues with the parties in the Reichstag? That kind of government rightly bears a good deal of blame for getting Germany into her present plight, and neither business men nor industrial workers wish to try it again.

But it may be said Germany is monarchist at heart and accepts the republic only as a temporary necessity. Indeed, since the revolution, the political parties commanding a majority of the popular votes have been monarchist in their sympathies, some ardently, some

vaguely. That is not surprising. Does history show many examples of a people consciously and deliberately substituting a republic for a monarchy? Were not the American people loyal to George III until 1775 when shots at Lexington started an avalanche? If there were ten republicans in all the thirteen colonies at that time they certainly did not make themselves known. A few months before, Washington wrote, "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man." Did a majority of the adult males on July 4, 1776, favor a republic? They were never given a chance to say, and nobody knows—not even Mr. Bruce Barton. War and revolution made America a republic, not a solemn vote of The People.

Did the English ever want a republic? They tried one in Cromwell's day and joyfully crawled back to the throne of the Stuarts, in 1660. Did the French ever want a republic? Well, in 1802, they made Napoleon Bonaparte First Consul for life by a vote of 3,568,000 in favor to 9,000 against, and then two years later made him Emperor by a majority of more than three million, to say nothing of the two million men who died in his wars for his greater glory. There is more to tell. In 1852 that prestidigitator of comic opera, Louis Napoleon, was elevated to the high post of Emperor by popular vote: 7,824,189 ayes to 253,145 nays. Then how did the French get their republic? Largely because the Germans knocked over their Idol in the battle of Sedan. Hardly that. In fact, in the French elections of 1871, held under the terms of the armistice, the Republicans, who called for war to the hilt, polled only about one-third of the votes; the rest went to the Bonapartists, Orleanists, and Bourbons; only the divisions among the monarchists forced the inescapable republic on the French. But in time France accepted fate.

In Germany the swing in the elections is decidedly toward the republic; the campaign of this year ended in the utter rout of the extreme nationalists. If a

majority of the Germans are, as alleged, monarchist at heart, they are not unconditional monarchists. They would put a price on restoration by plebiscite. In that case, the Hohenzollerns might be reduced to the level of King George or the Prince of Wales. That would be something fearfully like democracy.

But personal elements enter into the picture. There is William II, in his prime no such a showman as the Bonapartes. The public knows more about him now than it did in 1900 or 1914. Before the world are the thousands of documents torn from the German secret archives, revealing his powers, conduct, and intelligence. Moreover, he has himself given a measure of his understanding in his actions since November 1, 1918, and in memoirs and articles, apparently written with his own hand. If others prepared these papers for him, then his choice of secretaries and publicity agents discloses his character just as effectively.

As a result of these revelations, the respectable stereotype of the former Emperor is ruinously broken. In the days of his glory "educators," iron magnates, beer kings, and sugar princes returning home from Potsdam—with pride keeping the dust on their knees—tried to create a popular picture of an august War Lord to whose ingenious ministrations Germany owed her marvellous industrial and scientific advance. According to their portrait, William was wise, humane, learned, and pacific, above all pacific; he was an adept in Egyptology, theology, and statecraft. When Roosevelt, who fished around like a lovesick boy for an invitation to Berlin, came roaring back from his lion hunt through Europe, he made flattering public statements about the Kaiser which his private letters printed after his death show to be untrue to his hottest convictions.

Now the mirage of the Kaiser has disappeared. He did not will the World War; he had neither the courage, resolution, nor iron consistency required for such a terrible enterprise. During the hectic years when that mess was brewing

he was tossing around in a fever, pulling first one way and then the other. His own government, theoretically responsible to him (if to anybody), was divided against itself and he was powerless to unite it on any coherent program. A large part of the foreign business was carried on behind his back, without his knowledge. He complained bitterly about this, but in vain.

While it is now clear from German documents that the famous Krug message, which made the English government frantic, was a spiritual enterprise undertaken on his own responsibility, it cannot be said that the Kaiser enjoyed any such freedom to direct affairs in his own way after that episode. William's famous letters to the Tsar "dearest Nicky," running from 1894 to 1914, did not originate by spontaneous combustion in his own imagination. They were outlined for him in the German Foreign Office; the drafts were approved by the Foreign Secretary and in part by the Chancellor himself; when the Kaiser had filled out his copy-book in instructions in his breezy manner, frequently with proposed changes in the text, the precious papers were sent back to the Foreign Office for final sanction.

In the same class of performance seems to fall the momentous visit of the Kaiser to Tangier in 1905, breathing fire and notifying France (then engaged in grabbing everything in sight) that Germany had rights in that free country. Although the German documents do not make clear the genesis of this imperial excursion, they do show that the venture was fully prepared by the German Foreign Office and that the Kaiser, against his own wishes and contrary to his best judgment, was forced to carry out his part to assert German prestige and help sell German goods. If he had been let alone by the energetic commercial diplomats in Wilhelmstrasse, he doubtless would have preferred a game of pinochle rather than a merchandising visit to salute his great and good friend, the Sultan of Morocco. That is to his

credit, but it detracts a bit from his majesty.

While the Kaiser was on that unpleasant business undertaking the Chancellor, Graf von Buelow, telegraphed him by way of Lisbon: "As soon as Your Majesty's visit to Tangier was made known, I permitted the *Nord-deutsche* to remind its readers that Your Majesty had already the year previous in Vigo declared that we seek no territorial advantage in Morocco but merely fix our attention on the matter in order that free trade may be safeguarded there." What becomes of Heroes and Hucksters now? The iron man of Potsdam did not run the ship after he dismissed the Pilot Bismarck. He was a drummer for German merchants.

But it may be said that at least he co-operated with the directors of foreign affairs. He did. Traces of his co-operation are found scattered in a thousand places on the margins of diplomatic documents referred to him for comments and suggestions. And what are these comments? "Bosh," "nonsense," "God be praised," "imbecility," "childish," "that is stupid," "it is not his business," "murderers," "rubbish." Such is the language used by William while "directing" affairs of state, according to the printed papers now available. Those who have seen the manuscripts say that occasionally, if not frequently, he dropped into the vernacular of the barnyard and barroom and used words which chaste editors will not print without asterisks.

Of course, if we may believe the Russians, George V also talked like a sword-rattling pirate in private, but that was no justification for William's conduct—except inasmuch as blood will tell. When due allowance is made for royal license, it must be confessed that William as manager of foreign affairs appears in the record as a petulant, temperamental, vacillating schoolboy. All this is well known to the German people. Even William's best friends have a hard time making a grand monarch out of him. Such is the man,

Such are the circumstances. His prospect of wearing the old crown again seems slight, and is growing slighter.

VII

For the Hapsburgs the outlook is no rosier. To make matters worse for them, there is a rift in the family. Of course, the unchanging and unforgetting legitimists stand firmly by young Archduke Otto, son of the late Emperor Charles. In Austria their contentions are not disputed by any of the monarchists. But in Hungary there is another claimant, Archduke Albrecht von Hapsburg. To be sure, he belongs to a collateral line and, by the strict rules of inheritance, has no title to the throne; yet he is rich and has powerful friends who openly propose to put aside the old family and found a new dynasty in Hungary, leaving Austria to her fate. They want to keep Hungary pure, to cut loose from the bankers of Vienna, to crush the Jews, and to maintain great landlordism, an unquestioned clergy, and a subject, illiterate peasantry.

Besides fighting against machinery and finance, the supporters of Albrecht have to reckon with the young Archduke Otto who has the legitimate right, when, as, and if. No decision can be made in Hungary without a contest, and while Otto is being considered, the question of a reunion of Austria-Hungary is open. Assuming for the moment that this is the only solution for the simon-pure legitimists, then what shape can the union take? Austria and Hungary were never very happy in wedlock. A wide gulf separates the Magyars from the Germans. They were brought together by an accident of history and were held together not by affection but by fear of Turks, Slavs, and dissolution. Budapest is white; Vienna is red, nay, crimson, and the election of 1928 deepened its color. Austria is becoming industrial and looks West not East, to capitalism, science, and socialism, rather than to monarchy, feudalism, and clericalism.

If Austria is reunited with Hungary under the legitimate Hapsburg line, then Vienna, not Budapest, will be the senior partner. That means capitalism and its shadow—socialism.

Already the true-blue Hungarian monarchists accuse the mild legitimists and the present conservative government at Budapest of flirting with the bankers. Well they may. How can a class of landlords live without finance, without visiting pawnbrokers? Nothing but the entailment of estates has ever kept great landed families intact and, even with entailment, they are always head over heels in debt—with respect to their private and public finances. They may fine radicals for cheering for the Hungarian Republic (which does not exist). They may imprison communists and subject them to the third and fourth degrees. They may rally around the throne and altar. But they cannot run their government, such as it is, without money; and to get money they must go hat in hand to the bankers.

Brushing aside all these difficulties and imagining the Archduke Otto crowned in Vienna and Budapest, what then? Surely no one thinks that the old Austro-Hungarian complex can be restored—Germans, Magyars, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croats, Moslems, Serbs, Italians, and Rumanians. Can young Otto cut away part of Poland, extinguish Czechoslovakia, break up Jugoslavia, carve a big slice out of Rumania, and perform all the other surgical operations necessary to recover the inheritance of his fathers? He can hardly hope even to march into Vienna without making concessions or facing a riot, considering the red guards of that metropolis. Clericals might welcome him; but it is doubtful whether Vienna bankers, though belabored by red taxation, would like to risk any more disturbances. Things could be worse. Moreover, there are the advocates of union with Germany to be taken into account: they contend that Austria cannot live without this economic vine-

ture. Nor is the Austrian constitution to be ignored. Otto would have to deal with a political democracy and a closely organized working class. His nights at Schoenbrunn would be full of trouble; his days would be spent making terms with parliamentary majorities. If he comes to the throne it will probably be in some kind of a crisis that would change the face of Europe, leading to unexpected things. Providence does not move in straight lines.

Of Russia, the mysterious, no one can speak with any degree of assurance. Still some facts lie on the surface of things. Nicholas II was certainly shot by Bolsheviks. As in the case of the Kaiser, the historic revelations of the past ten years tend to reduce rather than increase the mental and moral stature of the Tsar, thus diminishing popular respect for the monarchy. The machinations of his government, as exposed in the documents, have received the odium of mankind.

As for the collateral Romanoff lines, they can furnish no heroic figure to serve as a rallying point for monarchists; in skeptical Paris and amused Berlin Tsar-worship is now difficult. To make matters blacker for the legitimists, the agrarian revolution in Russia was thoroughgoing; not a single great landlord survived the holocaust with his estates intact. On the contrary, the members of the Russian nobility who are not in their graves are utterly expropriated. More than that, they are exiles scattered all the way from Belgrade to Duluth, pining and suffering in poverty, washing dishes, serving as garage mechanics, and, what is worse, entertaining the new rich.

There is no feudal aristocracy left in Russia to pry the old throne out of the mire and put a collateral Romanoff upon it. The peasants may not love the Bolsheviks, but they do not want another Little Father if he brings an army of ravenous landlords in his train. Subjected steadily to communist propaganda in the press and the moving

pictures, the working classes are not likely to throw up their hats at the sight of any Russian grand duke riding to his coronation; they are more likely to throw something else. Yearning merchants and Nepmen generally may hope for a restoration, but they are not numerous and, anyhow, the middle classes do not furnish good materials for royalist economy and pageantry. It is not easy for a banker or a green grocer to exchange his top hat and frock coat for ostrich feathers and velvet. It can be done, but the sight is not inspiring even to kings and queens. So the outlook for Romanoff autocracy is not promising in Leningrad and Moscow.

No; the great kaleidoscope of destiny has made a violent turn breaking the mold of established patterns and shaking out novel designs. Business enterprise, in seven-league boots and wearing a steel helmet wreathed in smoke, marches across the face of the earth spreading restless democracy in its train. A divine monarch, an unquestioned clergy, a ruling landed aristocracy cannot look

upon the face of this iron giant and live. Blood, birth, and mundane mystery are not respected by science, invention, and capitalism. Newspapers, schools, literacy, moving pictures, radios, travel, research, discussion, and endless economic changes make a restoration of any kind of rigid order so highly improbable as to appear impossible.

Inevitably, therefore, great masses of untitled people will have a hand in government, democracy will abide and function—in a way. It will pass through dictatorships, perhaps, but dictators are not immortal and divisions will follow their departure. The world cannot go on without masses, and masses are not going on without the instruments and practices that make for democracy: a return to the economy of the hand loom and tallow dip is as unthinkable as a return to the economy of the cave man and his spouse. In spite of the cynics and philosophers who deny "time" and laugh at "progress," the future is as real as the past, will endure as long, will be different from it, promises to be more interesting, and can scarcely display less humanism or intelligence.



THE WINE PECULIAR TO CYPRUS

BY SAMUEL McCOY

*Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.*

—OTHELLO, Act V, Scene 2

DO YOU remember that Aphrodite, the eternally young, rising new-born from the sea-foam, was first seen by mortals as she stepped upon the shores of Cyprus?

Our ship, whom the Greeks called *Sangamon*, departed from Beirut, on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, near midnight; and, steering northwesterly for a hundred miles or so, at dawn we reached the island of Cyprus.

I had heard that Greek legend of Aphrodite's birthplace. From the day we left Cyprus I have tried to dismiss it, as something not worth taking into account. Let her not trouble us at this moment, for it is daybreak, the sun is rising, the ship is approaching port. And now the sun is risen high. The sky is without one trace of cloud, a vault inconceivably blue. The long low range of the Karpass, the eastern horn of the island, its sharp-cut peaks pure lapis lazuli against the luminous blue above them, stretches away to the northeast.

It is enough merely to gaze from the ship's deck at this melody of blue sky, blue mountains, and blue sea: we need not waste this moment on that ancient legend of the goddess, a legend long outworn and long forgot. Let us think only of these mountains. They must be very old, older than that legend. When *they* were born, those who lived upon their slopes were pagans. Sailor, what is a pagan? "Someone who doesn't believe

in God?" Nonsense! The word hasn't anything at all to do with religion. It merely means a person who knows nothing about cities. A pagan is a person country-born, and country-wise only. There are persons still living who were born far from cities and who in all their lives have seen no city; but they are not pagans, for even they, in these days, are city-wise. So there are no pagans any more. But the pagan who lived on those dark-blue mountains we see now, nearing Cyprus, knew what we do not. He knew how the surf thunders against lonely beaches, roaring in from a sea that no man has ever crossed; and he knew that at night the forests on the mountainside are too dark to penetrate. That was all. The blazing sun by day and, by night, the moon rising over the dark forest and over the dark mysterious sea meant more to him than "sun" and "moon." There are no such persons left.

He thought of the moon as a woman, a goddess, lovelier and more than mortal woman to be loved and feared. She was the woman who came secretly to him when he was alone, and with her presence drove him to joy and madness. There was no such living woman. She was something that he made for himself out of moonlight, and red clay. . . . Stop! What are you talking of? You have not so much as landed in Cyprus; you are on a ship's deck, staring at those distant mountains; and why do you talk of men and women?

But your ship has been drawing closer to Cyprus, scattering the blue water

beneath the blue sky, until now you are close to shore. She passes through the stone arms of the breakwater. She comes to rest. She floats at peace, within this stone-locked pool of azure. How clear is this sky that upholds the ship! There is a bit of tin upon the deck. Toss it overboard. Into that incredible blue beneath it falls as though it were falling upwards, into the sky. Sinking, it refuses to vanish from sight—slowly descending, into the translucent sapphire, like a silver fish turning and darting, its gleams of silver appear and reappear, at greater and greater depths. From a bath so clear as this might not a silver-shining goddess . . .

What are you thinking of? This is to-day, not yesterday! It is time to go ashore!

I refuse, I tell you, to listen to that legend that this is Aphrodite's isle. What you see before you now, as you go down the ship's ladder to the stone pier, is nothing so ancient as her legend, no, not by ten thousand years. A long low fortress wall of yellow stone is all that lies before you. It is twenty or thirty feet high and almost that broad. The great ramparts shut off your view of whatever town may lie inland behind it. There is to be seen only a narrow strip of water-front, hardly wider than a street, between your ship and this massy wall. At your left, two low round towers, medieval battlemented, swell out from, and rise a little above, the heavy bastions. At your right, another such round tower.

You go towards that squat tower on the right as though it had reached out hands and were drawing you towards it.

Sheltered by the round shoulder of the tower is the wall of the fortress, pierced by a sally port whose ponderous doors, swung back upon their centuries-rusted hinges, are twice a tall man's height. Above that grim arched gateway is set in the stone a rectangle of white marble, yellowed with age. Upon the marble is carved a tower, a great lion, and the words:

·NICOLAO · FOSCARENO · CYPRIO ·
PRAEFECTO·

And beneath the words, the date—1480. "To Nicola Foscarena, prefect of Cyprus, in the year 1480." The lion is the lion of Venice.

And Venice is merely a city, a city that lies a thousand miles to the west. But Venice held this sea-town of Cyprus once. That was long ago. The Genoese sea captain had still twelve years to wait before he might venture westward from Portugal across the unknown ocean. And in England ten times that many years will pass before that tower where we are standing now will be placed, by the power of a playwright, beyond any power of storm or earthquake or gnawing of time to destroy. It is safe now, immortally—for this is *Othello's* tower. It may crumble into nothingness, as have the stones of that fabled city of Chiethi that was built by Kittim the Phœnician upon this island of Cyprus, and still it will be remembered; for here the Moor, who, like the soldier whose name is carved upon this marble slab, was "Prefect of Cyprus," shuddered in his immortal tragedy.

Venture into the shadowed recesses of that immense and grim archway, "th' imminent deadly breach"; it was only yesterday, only six or seven hundred years ago, that men-at-arms, foot and horse, streamed through this arch on their way to the Crusades in Palestine, scarce a hundred miles away; venture into the great inner courtyard, silent and deserted now, and hear the iron heels of armored knights ring on its stone flags; there you will find, and climb, the broad ramp that leads upwards to *Othello's* tower itself. And suddenly, when you have gained that summit, you see all that the sea wall below you had shut off from your view — the incredible beauty of the sea again, the magic mountain ranges and, at your feet, the golden walls of crumbling Gothic churches, golden against the sky of cloudless cobalt.

What trace is there of that fabled

goddess now? Why, none at all! You may laugh at that fable, on this serene height. See, these medieval walls that lie beneath you are no more than a few hundred years old, and already their massive stones are weakened: what slightest chance is there that a pagan's dream, compounded of bodily desire and the silver moon, can outlast them? You may smile indulgently at the foolish fancy that anything so evanescent may survive.

And as you smile there flutters down to your feet, as you stand there on Othello's tower, a pair of mating doves. In the bright sun the male bird's feathers glitter with iridescent purple; he struts and preens himself before his mate, walking swiftly through the dust upon pink feet. What reason have you to look so startled? Yes, it is true, these birds are hers, they are the birds that drew her flying chariot, they are her sacred birds; but surely you do not suppose that she Herself was here just now, invisible? Too long, surely, she has been dead!

Forget her. Are you not searching for the wine peculiar to Cyprus?

Leave the tower, the seen doves and the Unseen. Go down, go again to the water-front, pass through the arch that pierces the great sea rampart, climb the green slope that leads to the little town. Will the swift-flying doves be there before you, insistent? How strange a fancy! What subtle perfume, from what subtle wine, floats in this sun-warmed air!

But first, before you reach the town, you will come to that great golden-brown church that was built more than eight hundred years ago. It was then that King Richard, the Lion-Hearted, had captured Cyprus, on his way to bring bloodier (and hence holier) war upon the Turk. Here his own mail-clad knights knelt to worship. To them he sold the island; and they in turn relinquished it to the Norman knight, Guy

de Lusignan, whose holy sword in Palestine, when it had dripped enough with blood, won for him the title of King of Jerusalem; neither he nor his descendants had swords enough to hold the throne in Palestine, but for three centuries they ruled this island of Cyprus and for three centuries each of the de Lusignan princes in turn was crowned "King of Jerusalem" in this cathedral of St. Nicholas where you are standing now. To-day the ironic Turk has transformed it into a Mohammedan mosque; and in the stone-paved courtyard where holy knights and warm-bosomed ladies, gazing at one another, fretted through the long coronation ceremonies, there stands the roofed fountain where the devout Moslem pauses to cleanse himself before entering the mosque. A great tree, silver and gray against the cloudless blue sky, grows old within the courtyard. But, though the olive branch, silvery and gray, was sacred to that vanished goddess, you will not find her here. What has she to do with who is king in Jerusalem? Her temples are older than this temple, nor are they built with hands.

The great tree spreads fan-wise, silvery gray against the cobalt sky; and beside it is a pear tree whose blossoms in March are a cloud of snow.

Fifty yards from the pear tree's blossomy lyric song is the central square of the town: the smallest public square ever seen outside of a toy shop.

Take fifty steps and you have crossed it. On one side is a low building, the open doors of two or three small shops beneath its crude portico, no one visible within the depths of the shops, the shopkeepers and their friends lounging on the shaded porch. Opposite it, across the square, a row of three shops, before which piles of bright oranges and green vegetables are heaped on stands, makes up the width of the square, completed by an arched doorway opening into a stable-yard. Camels are lying in the shade of that archway. The sun is blazing on

he whitewashed walls outside, and in the shadow the dim grotesque outlines of the camels seem those of prehistoric beasts. The third side of the little square is likewise made up of a row of three or four low shops, similarly arcaded. The fourth side opens, through a grilled gateway in its center, into a green cloister where ancient gravestones bear the arms of medieval knights. Entrance to the little square is at its corners only; and the chief street of the city, leading diagonally through the square, from one corner to another, climbs up the hill that overlooks the sleepy town and the blue sea, winding its narrow way through the close-packed little white-walled houses in whose black shadows Iago lurked one night, four hundred years ago, to stab his friend.

At this upper corner of the square is a tiny café. It is snowy white outside, and spotless within. Its single room is less than fifteen feet square, its "bar" a wooden counter in one corner, scarcely wide enough for two men to stand before it without touching shoulders. The merchant of wines, a Greek, gray-haired, deep-chested, courtly as Menelaus, is alone in the quiet room. He will pour for you a glass of the wine native to Cyprus. And to whom will you drink it? "Come, lieutenant," said Iago, at this very corner, "I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello." Yes, this is the right proper and due place for such a toast. What madness has seized you then, that, instead of drinking to the tragic Moor, you must now gravely spill the first drops of that fragrant wine to her whose birthplace was this island? Do you not know that Othello is immortal, while she is only a dream?

Libation to the beautiful Troubler! Thus did many and many a man who knew—for his own eyes had seen her in the moonlight night—that she was living. But that man is dead, how many thousand years ago? Do you dream that

she outlives him? It was here, here in this Cyprus, that she was born, you say? And if she was, tell me, where are her signs? What power has she left?

"To you, O goddess, this wine of Cyprus!"

Who taught *you* those words? Who whispered them to you? Come, you simpleton! Did you fancy that someone laid light finger-tips upon your lips? No, it is not the wine. It is the island air.

II

We ask the road to Salamis. Salamis, they tell you, is six miles away. It lies at the farther end of that lovely sickle of the sapphire bay at which you gazed from Othello's tower. Between it and this hillside town are plains, in part stony pastures, in part salt marshes. Salamis is very old. This town out of which we are now tramping is old enough, Heaven knows. And it is small enough, in all truth: it may have a few hundred of these small white-washed huts of stone, in all, but where are the men of this place? No more than fifty were lounging on the strip of waterfront, idly watching your ship as she warped in. No more than a score were to be seen along that row of buildings, just within the sea wall, which fringe one side of that open pleasantness of trees which shade that little park; no more than a hundred are lounging in the shady arcades of the town square you have just left. Their faces are bronzed olive. Their tunics are faded to a pale blue, their baggy trousers, of dark-blue cotton, are tucked into high boots of heavy black leather. Some have knotted turbans of bright cerise about their heads. A stout-bodied old man, his gray mustaches long as a pirate's but his eyes as meek as a shepherd's, moves slowly about, silently offering for sale little cakes and bright oranges, from a tray of plaited straw. His broad sash is of dark crimson. He seems unnecessarily energetic, even to move. The sun is warm and there is

drowsy silence in the little town. Port of Famagusta. . . .

And from this sleepy village you set off for Salamis. Take no one with you on the road to Salamis. On that dusty road, stretching out across the plain in the hot sun, you will surely meet three men. And when you have plodded on alone for an hour, until the little town has dropped from sight and only the expanse of plain and marsh dances in the heat before your eyes, you will see them trudging toward you from the north. They wear long robes, dusty from the road, and their sandals are worn from many miles. As they draw nearer and you recognize their faces, their names float back to you out of nineteen hundred years—Paul, and John, and Barnabas. They are tramping from Salamis to the city of Paphos, at the western end of the island, a hundred miles away. Have you a sense that the invisible goddess, whose birthplace is this lovely isle, stands watching them as curiously as you? Strange intruders on her domain, what do they portend? Will they do her harm? She laughs, she shrugs her lovely shoulders . . .

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift
aid

Their mistress, mounted, through the empty
skies

In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;

Holding their course to Paphos, where
their queen

Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

What success have those three footsore and weary ghosts had in Salamis? They have left no record of any. "And when they were in Salamis, they preached." That is all that the record says of Salamis. But to see them at this instant, plodding indomitably forward under the hot sun; to catch a glance from their eyes as they pass, those terrible eyes that are about to strike blindness upon a sorcerer in Paphos . . .

They have gone by, and the plain is empty again.

Solitude is here, but it is not the solitude of a desert where men have *never* lived. The sunshine is hot with the lives of a thousand generations. Though you cannot create them, they are here all around you. Do you see only the empty plain, and the empty road, dustily stretching on, toward Salamis?

How old is the world? They say that Eve and Adam came to life in a pagan garden—pagan, because there was no city there—which was only a few hundred miles eastward from Cyprus; and that in that land Eve's first sons dreamed of this very goddess. Her they called both Nin-Makh and Ishtar. She must be older far than either Babylon or Kish, that ancient city whose great courts are known to have been built six thousand years ago. Older far must be man's dream of this strange woman, the love-woman, the silver moon herself, walking on the earth, older far than Kish! The man of ancient Babylon asserted that Kish was founded immediately after the flood which had covered the earth had withdrawn. Noah, from the heights of Mount Ararat, nine hundred miles east of Cyprus, watched those limitless waters receding from the earth. His son Japheth ventured farther, in his time; and Japheth's son, Javan, still farther, in his generation; and Kittim, the son of Javan, says the ancient Hebrew chronicler, peopled Cyprus.

It had taken, then, if that chronicle be true, no more than four generations for the crossing of those nine hundred miles; and as those first children of the new earth toiled westward across those endless blue ranges they dreamed by night of this lovely ethereal woman of moonlight. Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess, was now Phœnician Ashtor-eth. They reached the Mediterranean coast at last and ventured in their flimsy boats to this blue isle of Cyprus, and onward, to the lovely isles of Greece; and there in Greece, Ashtor-eth's name became Astar-te. For the men of Greece dreamed of that woman, too.

But how old is the world? Were there

not men in Greece before the man Elim, Kittim's cousin, gave his name to her coasts? Were there not men in Cyprus before the man Kittim came down from Ararat and crossed Phœnicia and the sea and came to Cyprus? These men's names have survived, being written; but there were surely others, earlier than they, who left no record. . . .

No record, except a fragile and imperishable dream—this dream of men, that in this very place, this Cyprus, this island that we gaze at now, was born the immortal goddess herself.

The fragile dream is more imperishable than the stones of Egypt or of Babylonia. There is nothing older than this. There is nothing more serene in its assurance. It needs no graven stone to certify it. All that is here is a dream, a legend, more imperishable than the rock, a *sense* more potent than things seen: the certitude that *here* man first created a divinity. . . . Her signs are subtler than the shards of Nineveh and Tyre. Who came to meet your ship while still nearing this blue coast? Whose doves were those that fluttered at your feet? Whose name came to your lips at that first perfume of the wine?

Above you the sky arches in cloudless blue. Tramp on, alone, toward Salamis. The road is empty again. But in the distance again you see a swirl of rising dust. The dusty cloud draws nearer and you meet its cause—a flock of sheep and goats, whose shepherd strides beside them, tall, shod in knee-boots of thick leather, a white scarf loosely wrapped about his bronzed and mustached face. The herd is long-haired, white, with black faces; but the kids that trot beside their mothers are black and brown, or wholly black. They pass you, bleating; but one black goat breaks away in consternation and leaps a ditch and scampers away among the rocks.

How many thousands of years have vanished! When you saw Paul and John and Barnabas trudge past, not two

thousand years separated you from them; but this shepherd and his flock passed by this way long, long before that day. He and they are as ancient as the goddess herself, who walks invisibly beside you. She knows them well, and smiles at them in friendly fashion. That black goat was sacred to her. You did well when you chose to tramp this road alone—had you had companions, she would not have evoked this herd, her living sign. . . .

Though they may never have heard even its name, all men dream, all their lives long, of visiting this isle. But it is not easy. It is so difficult for one to say that he *must* go there.

The words refuse to rise to our lips. We are afraid to speak, afraid to confess what the heart desires. We are afraid that he who listens will laugh at us. But, if we really knew, his heart is hiding the same shy wish. Some day, perhaps, we will break through, be liberated, tell our desires boldly.

III

And now you have come to Salamis. Where? Where stands any city? Here is no house, no temple. Here is Nothing. There is only the tangle of low green shrubs and stunted trees rising from the flat waste lands. There is no sign of habitation as far as the eye can see. Silence. Utter silence, under the dazzling blue sky.

Leave the dusty road and venture along a narrow cart-track that leads off into this wilderness of bushes. Soon you come to a vast clearing, empty, deserted. It is treeless. Grass, shrubs, and thorn-bushes have overrun it. It is the marketplace of ancient Salamis, a city of a million people.

A gray lizard rustles among the grasses near you. No other sound.

Little by little you make out the form of the vast building whose stones now lie buried at your feet. Here is the stone pedestal for a stone column which was once part of the open colonnades of this huge hall. Nine feet away is another. Then another, and another, and another

—seventy of these stone pedestals in line. The length of that stone-floored market-hall was more than six hundred feet. Beneath its high and airy ceiling merchants of Tyre, dark traders from Egypt and from Bagdad and from Hindustan, men of Rome, men of Athens, men of Alexandria, women and naked children, crowding all that great hall, jostled and laughed and bargained. And now its floor is covered with grass-grown earth, and you alone stand there, and see the gray lizard asleep upon its sun-warmed, tumbled columns.

There are only one or two of these pillars to be seen, lying prone among the weeds. One is eighteen feet long, another twice that length. There was, at one end of the enormous portico, fronting the blue sea, a columned portico, a hundred feet in width, the whole width of the edifice. Beside it, in the weeds, is propped up a single survivor of the marble capitals that crowned its columns. Rude flowers and fronds are carved upon its yellowed front. When men carved thus clumsily the world was still young. There too is the stump of a column, of red-grained stone, and an up-ended shaft of white marble upon whose upper face is carved the head of a lion.

Save for these fragments, there is nothing. . . .

The silence is unbroken. You will find nothing else, and nothing else is needed, to make you, in your loneliness, realize the age of the world. Once, a million men and women made their homes around this ruined forum. This spot, where you alone are standing, hummed with business and rang with ten thousand voices. But now there is . . . nothing.

The cart-path leads on through the tangle of scrubby trees and, if you follow it a few hundred yards, you will come to a rise of ground where the lonely cottage of a forester stands, from which you may look, in one direction, to the distant range of blue mountains, and, in another,

to a sea incredibly blue. Behind the cottage is a grass-grown pit, in which broken fragments of marble lie scattered and you may know that you have come to the spot where once stood the Temple of Zeus, greatest of the gods. But the silence still broods over the whole expanse of sea and land, and in that sunn glade there is a sense that only the goddess who was here before the city was and before the temple was, and who will be here so long as men and women live is near you now and is content in this warm silence of the earth.

She has her quiet smile at Time. In her own way, she evades him. She dwells, now, among the people of the little villages. They do not know her name, but this does not trouble her. There are potters in the village, and these men, fashioning wine-jars from red earth, sometimes adorn them with the crude representation of a woman's head. Her forehead they crown with a crescent moon, between whose upward pointing tips is placed the royal seal of a goddess. Not otherwise, in the long-vanished past, did men see Ashtoreth-Karnaim, the love-goddess upon whose brows rested the two-horned crescent moon. And the village potters, knowing not why, place upon her shoulders, as they fashion these wine-jars, bits of clay molded into the shapes of strange furry beasts, and at her breasts they place these baby wolves to suckle. They do not know that wolves were among her emblematic followers. If you ask them whom this woman of their wine-jars represents, they laugh and say they do not know her name, but only that the jar thus modeled has always represented her thus. It has come down, they stammer, with vague gestures, "from long time, ver' long time." Aye, from a time so ancient that even Salamis, that city whose very stones lie buried, had not yet been born.

Yes, she lives there still, there on the island of her birth. Her temples, that once stood on many a seaward-looking hill, are fallen now; but she has no need

f them. She lives in subtler ways. When you walked in the early morning on the heights above the drowsy seaport town and saw, in the dew-wet grass, blue flowers and yellow flowers blooming, he had but passed that way a moment before you. Her roses bloom there on the isle, mauve-petalled. Her golden fruit ripens on the dark-leaved orange trees. And when, in the blue dusk of evening, you watched a shadowy-sailed fishing-boat moving silently out to the dark sea, and, later, when the dark harbor twinkled with torches flaring on the boats of fishermen—then it is that she is breathing in the adoration that has been hers from men since first they ventured out upon the sea, her birthplace; and you know why men carved on the ancient coins of Cyprus, torches beside her image.

Delicate, evanescent, ethereal, more durable than marble, are her reminders on her lovely island. She saves the lightest, the faintest, the most lovely, for the last—for that reluctant hour when you depart.

As your ship, departing, rounds the southwestern coast of the island, it is again sunrise. You are rounding a headland; and the gentlest of breezes springs

up astern, a favoring breeze, helping the ship along. What cape is this, you ask? Why, Cape Zephyros. Of course! It could not happen otherwise. Did you not reverence the goddess on the island? And is this breeze not Zephyros himself, the warm and gentle air that was her beloved attendant? She sends him to wish you happy voyage . . .

And now the morning sunrise strikes upon the long headlands that here front upon the sea. The sapphire sea rolls slowly inward towards them, to break in snowy surf upon their spray-glistening knees. Paphos lies just ahead. Here she was born. You have seen the spot now. Strain your eyes at that white burst of foam, and at that one, and at that—from which one of all those multitudinous bright waves is she not rising new-born once again? This moment, for any who will worship her, is the very moment of her birth—Aphrodite, the Foam-Born.

Her island fades from sight at last, as the ship goes on. But that was veritably she, whose white shoulders you saw rising from the sea at Cyprus.

You have seen, for once, something that does not exist, something that has *never* existed, except in dream. Yours is the secret of good fortune. You have tasted the wine peculiar to Cyprus.



OUR PASSION FOR LAWMAKING

AN EXPLORATION OF THE AMERICAN MIND

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IN a recent article the ever-stimulating Mr. Duncan Aikman declares that we Americans are "not quite standardized yet," and that there is a good deal of individual freedom even in Kansas, yes, even in Tennessee. He refers to an argument he heard, in the latter state, about the "monkey laws." "So long as they remained largely ineffective," the arguer maintained, "little harm was done, and that little might in time be repaired."

"So long as they (the laws) remain largely ineffective, little harm is done" is perhaps one of the most common and perilous American formulæ. I have long tried to determine the mental and moral conditions that underlie our willingness to permit the enactment of unenforceable and ridiculous laws, our tendency to tithe ourselves mentally for the benefit of virtue, it being understood that nine-tenths of the mind revolts. Our general social hypocrisy, as expressed by the discrepancy between laws and the observance of them—our dozens of impossible or tongue-in-the-cheek statutes, openly flouted—has been matter for foreign comment these many years, and now, thanks to Prohibition, is being freely mentioned at home. Perhaps most of us are more light-minded than hypocritical. Mr. Hoover's reference to Prohibition as a "noble experiment" is presumably not hypocritical; but surely it is light-minded to confess blandly, without horror, that we have been experimenting within the Constitution of the United States. If you are testing

a new serum you do not inoculate the whole population. The Constitution is no place for experiment, whether noble or ignoble.

As far as Prohibition goes, so much has been ably said by prominent and learned men that it would be tedious to use the Eighteenth Amendment even for illustration. Though it is an extreme case of legislative turpitude, we are all tired of it. We have not lacked men in high place to point out that we multiply laws to the point of absurdity; that the American's fondness for legislation is as inordinate as his love of motor cars or ice cream soda. "Why don't they make a law about it?" is on the lips of every irritated citizen. Usually "they" do make a law about it, and irritations alas! multiply. President Butler referred publicly, only a few days ago, to the fact that in many states the average citizen would be estopped from most of his normal Sunday activities if he paid any attention to laws actually on the statute-books.

It is not these facts, which are undisputed, that need detain us. The state of mind that permits conditions to be such is another matter.

No loyal lover of America is going to admit our hypocrisy, and let it go at that. He is going to try to find out why we are hypocritical; analyze the vicious or virtuous national traits that result in hypocrisy. He is not going to believe that the great body of his fellow-citizens has deliberately declared for evil. There must be some reason, besides moral tur-

itude, why millions of Americans acquiesce daily in the passing of laws, ordinances, statutes that no intelligent man or woman believes can, or perhaps should be, enforced. The blame cannot all be laid on legislators, though legislators are more or less without honor in America, for the legislator's chief fear is of his constituents. If he did not think the people at home would like his vote, he would not vote that way. No: we are all guilty, voters as well as representatives. Most of us are not fanatics; I doubt if fanatical legislation could ever be put through on a big scale unless it were supported by non-fanatics for reasons of their own. We are not concerned at the moment, however, with the people who support such measures cynically, because they see private profit in them. We are concerned rather with the reasonable men and women who see the absurdity, who have no axe to grind, and who yet support the absurdity, or at least fail to fight it. What are their motives? Have they anything so definite as a motive? Why do they permit themselves to back impossible legislation about amusements, bed sheets, cigarettes, radical fraternities, and apple pies?

Most of them, one fears, feel with the Tennessean that "so long as the laws remain largely ineffective, no harm is done." Thus, presumably, they salve their consciences—with poison. But just what is gained by putting them on the statute-books at all? Surely no sane and righteous man really prefers to live under the shadow of laws that he has no intention of obeying. The answer, one supposes, is that American hypocrisy is a tribute—a blind, a stupid, yet, paradoxically, a sincere tribute—to virtue. Also, we lack, on the whole, a sense of humor. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that we keep our humor apart; that we do not let it penetrate our attitude to life. We park it with Will Rogers, and rent it out when we want it. We leave our humor, as we leave our public utilities, to experts; it plays little

part in our private philosophy. We do not, you might say, really own it. This is not unimportant, for Americans have been wont to pride themselves on their humor. It seems fairly clear that if a sense of humor were truly inwrought into the American character, we should lack many of our most notable possessions, from the Eighteenth Amendment to Tall Cedars of Lebanon.

The fact is, I believe, that most Americans want to be good; and being good is a difficult business. We want so much to be good that we simply cannot bear to admit, publicly and formally, that we are not. Also, we are verbalists—also, we are solemn.

In former days, there used to be much sociological discussion of the advantages of licensed and inspected houses of prostitution. Elaborate surveys of foreign cities were made and reported on. Everyone knew that our cities were full of prostitutes, and the experts argued as to whether protection protected. I dare say they discovered that it does not; but whichever way the experts had decided, it would have made no difference. No American municipality, I imagine, could have brought itself to admit officially, by regulating it, that prostitution was normal. No more than any European nationals, did our citizens believe that it could be really abolished in their time—but they could not confess it. Laws, to the American mind, are not so much expedients as counsels of perfection. If we cannot all be good, let us at least say that everyone must be good. Hypocrisy, yes; but rather pathetic, on the whole, than detestable. It may make us an easy instrument for cynics, yet in itself it is a sort of last-ditch protest against the Devil. We shall be lured by him, we shall fall, we shall compromise with him, we shall even serve him, since we are all miserable sinners; but we will not confess to the acquaintance, and officially we shall cut him. If we once recognized him, the last barrier would be gone, and perhaps there would be no saving us. Our hypocrisy,

let our critics inveigh as they will, has been, in its deepest intent, a tribute to virtue.

A more experienced, more humorous, more practical people would have objected to the waste and absurdity of increasing legislation, increasingly defied; but we are verbalists, and still feel that words have a mystical value. Many of us feel, even, that a law once phrased and recorded develops some power of enforcing itself automatically, as if it were not a formula but a dynamo. When we pass a law we have a sense of having done something outside the realm of mere words. We may know that we ourselves cannot enforce it; but surely it will do something, of its own nature. This is mere fetishism, of course; all verbalists are dabblers in the magic art. If you say the right words, something far off will concretely happen, though your hand is not raised and only your lips have moved. I do not doubt that many of the people who supported Prohibition actually believed that the inclusion of it in the Constitution would turn a nation sober—not merely by the aid of guns and poisons, but by some miracle involved in the words of the amendment. Many intelligent Englishmen, I have heard, despise us for derogating from the dignity, altering the nature, of the Constitution, more than they dislike us for our position in regard to foreign debts. Prominent Americans have been pointing out at home, for some years, the political disgracefulness of the amendment. But the average American has only a vague conception of politics as a science or an art. Consistency, logic, principle, do not mean much to him. Political virtue, for him, consists in refraining from graft. He ignores the spirit of law, the theory of statecraft. Yet he does desire a diffused and general virtue, and he will take the most unethical means to achieve it. His attitude towards good-looking legislation is like that of the man who wants his wife to go to church. It is a gesture that may appease something, a feeble signal in the direction of holi-

ness. He is vague about it, stupid, superstitious—but well-intentioned. He truly wants to be on the side of the angels; and, unable or unwilling to analyze and understand the angelic strategy, he pays with words. This, it seems to me—not cynicism, greed, or dishonesty—is the real heart of American hypocrisy.

II

Besides this, being verbalists and being solemn, we rather like laws. We could never do with an unwritten constitution like our friends, the British. We have a strong sense of "the majesty of the law"—so long as we are permitted to take it rhetorically. Law-abiding we are not and never have been—men seldom are in new country; but we do like a grand formula, properly engrossed, to express our most violent decisions. We are capable of rolling under our tongues with delight, even the phrases of a statute we expect to ignore. We divorce precept from performance, yet we do really love the precept. We love making laws; probably because we are able to regard them as existing in and for themselves, to isolate them, imaginatively, from all the chain of events and circumstance that they draw in their wake.

One need not cite instances, since we all live and suffer under some statute which are a disgrace to us because disregarded, and under others which are an annoyance because enforced. We do not like to repeal anything. As I said, we love laws; we regard them mystically. It can have escaped no observer that the tendency of American reformers is almost never to teach, to educate public opinion, to prove gradually to the citizenry the value of the reform, but always alas! by intimidation, blackmail, bribery, any quick means whatsoever, to jam legislation through, and then to depend on the strong arm of the government, state or federal, to carry out the reformers' ideas. We are not logical loving to make laws, we make them

hastily, looking neither before nor after, we go in for "noble experiments"—and we have not the willingness to repeal that should go with the haste to legislate. Even the law that was passed for some dirty political reason, to profit the cynical few, has a tendency to remain on the statute-books forever. We will break it at our convenience, for we are not law-abiding; but we will keep it there, in its completeness, because we are law-adoring. Ju-ju: plain Ju-ju. Though the idol was made by our own hands, it has now become a god.

The state of New Jersey, in which I live, cannot be reckoned among the fanatical communities of the country. Our minor children may buy and use Colt automatics and cigarettes; bed sheets may be of any length the proprietor of the bed chooses; divorces may be granted on reasonable grounds; parochial schools flourish unmolested; and, for all I know to the contrary, evolution may be taught in state-supported institutions. But we cannot have Sunday movies or Sunday baseball; and some years ago there was a serious if ineffectual attempt to prevent, in New Jersey, the Sunday delivery of ice or milk. Undoubtedly the State Commissioner for Motor Vehicles has had his troubles. He has been stern about revoking licenses, merciless indeed to transgressors. He has made an admirable commissioner, and many of us hope that he will be the next governor of New Jersey. But if it is at his recommendation that recent legislation has been enacted, he has fallen into the easy American habit of "making a law about it"—a law that cannot be enforced.

After January 1, 1929, I understand, no one under the age of twenty-one will be able to acquire a driver's license in this state. Any one who lives on the Lincoln Highway between New York and Philadelphia knows perforce something about the dangers of traffic. Any one who has watched the driving of cars knows who does the best driving. Apart from the occasional tipsy driver, the

people who imperil us all most frequently are the citizens of voting age who drive busses and trucks; and it is pretty safe to say that the younger you are, the better you drive. In California, one can get a license at the age of fourteen. There are, I believe, more cars in proportion to the population in California than in any other state—to say nothing of the heavy tourist travel—and there are far fewer serious accidents. "Hitch-hiking," if the hiker stands in the roadway, has become illegal in New Jersey. To refuse a license to any one under twenty-one can actually be done, however unjust and unwise the doing of it; but hitch-hiking cannot be stopped unless every road in the state is patrolled, day and night, by policemen a hundred yards apart. In other words, it cannot be done at all. Just another statute for citizens to ignore and—preserve. Many of us (especially parents!) disapprove of hitch-hiking. Yet the truth is, one supposes, that unless something worse than the begging of a ride is attempted, there is no moral harm in it. The motorist is free to ignore the begging signal; no one need ever give any one else a lift. Perhaps the intent of the law is to warn all motorists that any one begging a ride after September 1st thereby registers himself a lawbreaker and, therefore, one not to be trusted with life or property.

Unfortunately, these classifications do not work. The children who, year after year, transgress local ordinances by buying and using firecrackers throughout the month of July are not necessarily murderers or thieves. Though they disturb the neighborhood peace, they are doing it no more effectually than the citizens who place their loud speakers in open windows—who are breaking no law. The schoolboys who beg rides have no criminal intent, and indulge in no harmful gestures. Yet they are to be known as lawbreakers. These classifications do not work, for they do not really classify. The object of legislation, presumably, is to separate sheep from goats; by forbidding malefactions,

to define malefactors very clearly. No one can pretend that this is the achievement of a lot of statutes which we are familiar with. In Massachusetts one can go to movies on Sunday, though I believe one must forego, on Sunday, the longer clinches. In New Jersey, we cannot even go to "The Ten Commandments" or "The King of Kings" on Sunday. A malefactor in New Jersey is an honest citizen in New York or Massachusetts. Which in itself shows that statutes do not correctly classify.

III

It has been sufficiently shown by others that this spawning of laws is bad for our morals, since the citizenry that flouts one law with a good conscience tends to lose respect for all laws. We cheapen law itself, the whole principle of self-government, by enacting laws that public opinion will not sanction. Crime waves more or less naturally result from the national attitude to legislation. This, thank heaven, is becoming a platitude; one need not dwell on it. What is interesting, deeply concerning, is the reason for our acceptance of these conditions. How did we get to the point where a good citizen can say that "so long as the law remains largely ineffective, little harm is done"? I doubt if it was cynically meant.

We got a good distance on the way to it, no doubt, when we began to look upon legislation not as a vital necessity, something the community could not safely exist without, but as an opportunity for "noble experiment." The more we were convinced that legal experimenting was noble, the more experiments we tried. Laymen turned loose in a laboratory . . . the difference being that, in a laboratory, the experiment that does not work is frankly called unsuccessful, and discarded. It is not hallowed and perpetuated. If you have once proved that like poles do not attract each other, you do not, in a laboratory, go on pretending that they do. As citizens, we

have not learned—or perhaps we have forgotten—that we should accumulate our evidence before we pontificate; that no law should be passed at all until there is overwhelming reason to suppose that it is both necessary and workable. All governance of a changing world must in a sense be plastic, and new conditions imply new needs. Unfortunately, along with our willingness to experiment, goes this reverence for the original hypothesis, this determination to preserve the formula though it be proved out of date or simply vicious. It is notorious that it is far easier to get the most absurd or patently corrupt law passed than to get the same law repealed. Why?

Because, as we have said, our laws are mostly well-meant. Being, on the whole, an unpractical people, outside of whatever happens to be our own individual business, we do not envisage government as a practical problem. We expect our mere intentions to count more heavily than they possibly can. We expect, as has been said, a law to show some mystic power of its own to bring about the things we virtuously desire. If it does not work, we do not sufficiently blame ourselves for not having foreseen its impracticability. Our hearts were pure; we hoped for the best; and at least the world must see how nobly we intended. It would be a pity, merely because original sin is always complicating matters, to expunge that proof of our pure intent from the statute-books.

No, not wholly hypocrisy, I maintain, though even the dullest of us are becoming hypocrites, since even the dullest of us can see that we are legislating beyond the bounds of common sense. We have come to this condition of affairs through a pathetic belief in the formula, through our too great theoretical respect for laws, which we balance (perhaps inevitably) by an increasing practical disrespect. It arose, in the beginning, not from cynicism, but from over-much faith. Our unwillingness to repeal bad laws bears witness to that theoretical

respect, still lurking in our hearts. When we non-fanatics support fanatical legislation we do not do it with a wink or a sneer; we do it, rather, in hope, with some measure of that superstitious faith still left in us. Besides, like children, we like to make contraptions that will "go" even if they wobble dangerously. We are a little intoxicated by our power to phrase something which can bring policemen and penalties in its train. We are solemn, but not, perhaps, very serious. Our lack of the humor which is part of the equipment of the serious man—humor being, presumably, a lively sense of the incongruous, in whatever field—is offset by our light-mindedness. It is perfectly possible to be both solemn and light-minded: to pull a long face, yet shirk one's job.

It is notorious—I seem to be mentioning only notorious facts—that, as citizens, we Americans do shirk our job. Look at the statistics of non-voters. If municipal, state, or national governments are at any time in the hands of corrupt or selfish or stupid men, the voting population has, in the last analysis, only itself to thank. The men who had nothing to gain from office, in money or prestige, long since (with rare exceptions) ceased to give their time and energy to politics. Politics was (or is it only that for this reason it became? the circle seems to be vicious, wherever you start) a "dirty game." It is not fair, however, to put all the blame on the politicians. They must, after all, obey their mandates or eventually lose their posts. Who can say that our representatives do not represent? If we have foolish laws, it is because we either like them or do not take sufficient interest in the matter to see to it that laws shall be sensible. Most of us, I believe, really do not like foolish laws, but we cannot

take the trouble to analyze our discontent. And there is always the possibility that the counsel of perfection will perfect—somebody. If our legislators are representative citizens—and one assumes that they are—they too, no doubt, like counsels of perfection, and feel mystical potentialities therein. The idea of examining a law, as you examine any other mechanical creation of man, to see that it is logically fashioned for its purpose, stresses and strains calculated, etc., etc., is no more indigenous to their brains than to ours. Besides, they, too, like lawmaking. They, too, no doubt, are solemn, mystical, and verbalists.

The poison in the body politic is not so much the fanatics who, owing to our superstition and our solemnity, are able to enact their prejudices into law, as it is our fundamental American attitude to law itself. If we did not love laws mystically, as children and savages love them, we should not have so many; there would not be the insane march on Washington to get federal sanction for measures that belong only among municipal ordinances, or state statutes, if they belong anywhere. Laws are to us at once toys and idols. We itch to make them, the more the better; having made them, we must put them in a sacred grove and try to make the tribe worship. Then, looking upon the grinning face of the god, seeing, perhaps, human blood once spilt before him, we come, all in the way of animism, to believe in his mystical existence.

At the same time, since we cannot wholly forget, once out of the grove, that we made him ourselves, from blood, clay, dung, and bark, we do not hesitate, once out of the grove, to disobey him.

Is it not time we discovered what laws are really for, and according to what principles they should be compounded?



THE MOVIES COMMIT SUICIDE

BY GILBERT SELDES

AFTER some twenty years of being only in its infancy, the moving picture which gave promise of an interesting adult life, has gone suddenly senile—and garrulous. It is talking at the top of its voice, talking to itself, talking in its sleep. Terrified perhaps by the threat of radio broadcasting, it has incorporated radio in itself.

Mingled emotions follow. Those who always disliked the movies now see its single virtue lost—that of silence—and are certain that nothing particularly important will come out of the lisplings of the vocal film. The purists are horrified by a *mélange de genres*, the æsthetes of the cinema complain that the problem of each art should be solved in the medium of that art, without calling in alien effects, and assert that an animated Discobolus would not improve on Myron; and those who simply liked the old movie wonder whether the industry, by the process of committing suicide, will not win salvation for the cinematic art.

The introduction of speech (not of sound) is suicide for the movie in the sense that, given speech, the old movie ceases to exist. A new thing, possessing no acceptable name, but temporarily called "the talkie" or "the speakie," comes into being, with an entirely new range, new problems, and new opportunities. It uses some of the mechanical devices of the old moving picture; but so far it has used them for quite different purposes. A deaf man seeing a talking picture would (if he were also a critic) say that, except mechanically, it had no relation to the established technic and debatable art of the movies. If, in addi-

tion to being deaf and a critic, he were also a prophet, he would say that this new form needed above everything else to discover its own appropriate materials and to develop in accordance with its own capacities, cutting itself off as far as possible from the two forms of entertainment to which it is related by machinery: the stage and the silent movie. If, in addition to being a deaf and prophetic critic, he were also an historian, he would know that the moving picture has never developed by internal compulsion, that it has always associated with dubious characters, and that almost all its children have been just a trace illegitimate.

The critics, in their time, have provided some good laughs for the small proportion of moving-picture producers who can, and do, read criticism of their work. Several of them suggested many years ago that association with the stage was not desirable for the movies and that the theater would ruin the cinema, not vice versa. Again, becoming constructive, as all critics should be, they wondered in print why the producers limited themselves to unadaptable material and turned out dramas exclusively, when they could create films of historical or biographical interest. I remember the look of blank hostility on the face of a director filming a celebrated vamp when I told him that the movie was overworking plot and that a good movie could be made with a minimum of narrative complications. According to the critics, the future of the movie lay in a more supple and imaginative use of the camera—whereas it was common knowl-

edge that the future of the movie lay in spending millions of dollars filming the actual room in which Napoleon once kissed Josephine. Once, when nostalgia for the good old days overcame me, I breathed a hope for the restoration of the spirit of the old Western melodrama.

The rigid conservatism of the very young made the critics ridiculous until non-dramatic, historical and biographical, almost plotless movies, and refashioned Westerns, all using the camera in new and delightful ways, were made by directors who listened neither to critics nor to financiers, but worked on their own initiative, with their own material. A few of these movies made money; many failed. The critics, a far more alert and intelligent and respected group than those who observed the movie fifteen years ago, are now turning to the talking picture. My only suggestion is that the new industry needs aestheticians and critics more than press agents. Between them the critics and the scientists may create something.

The first thing they should do is spend a dozen years perfecting the mechanism and studying the history of the films. A worshipful silence, like the minute at noon of a great anniversary, should be imposed for that period, at the end of which a three-volume report might be placed in the hands of the gentlemen who now think that you can tack on sound and dialogue to a silent picture, without throwing the entire thing out of equilibrium. The report should lead off with a brief survey of the condition of the movies when the talking films arrived.

II

The fact that the moving picture as a going industry and a possible art was in a bad way a few years ago, is no longer a secret. For a time the news was kept from the public by an enormous ballyhoo about presentations. In the advertisements of the great metropolitan film houses it was almost impossible to discover what, if any, film was being

shown, as all available space was taken with publicity for the singers, instrumentalists, jazz leaders, comedians, dancers and all the other elements which were meant to conceal from the movie-going public the perfectly obvious fact that the movies themselves were not worth seeing. One of the largest of these houses in two years of weekly changes has hardly presented a passable film to millions of thoroughly satisfied spectators. Sensitive people disliked these preteritious entertainments, because they were bad in themselves; those who cared for the movies felt that the elaboration of secondary things meant only that the moving picture had abdicated in its claim to entertain the multitude. The Publix chain of theaters outside of the big cities was served by traveling units of entertainers, so that it was only in independent and outlying theaters that exhibitors had to depend upon the moving picture itself to draw their customers.

At the same time the moving picture came of age. While the movies shown in the intervals between the third movement of the "Pathétique Symphony" and a chorus of a hundred singing "My Little Gray Home in the West" were almost all tasteless, stupid, and badly made, a handful of films by German, Russian, and American directors indicated that the possibilities of the moving picture as a decent art were at last beginning to be appreciated by the producers. In a sense "The Last Laugh," made by F. W. Murnau, marked the turning point in the movie's history. It was the first picture which completely and exclusively expressed itself in cinematic terms. It fully exploited the technic of the camera and used for its effects only such things as the camera could legitimately record. For a few weeks American directors went mad over "camera angles," but as they never had more than the slightest notion of what a moving picture should be, their angles had no meaning and were promptly discarded as a foreign trick. The outstanding exception to this statement is Mr.

King Vidor, who always understood the nature of the moving picture and adapted the German technic to his own methods, notably in "The Crowd."

"The Last Laugh," standing as the culmination of cinematic technic, should have been the beginning of the art of the movies. It seems, however, to have been the end, for almost simultaneously with its appearance there came to the moving picture houses the first examples of the tonal picture which is to-day precisely in the infantile stage of the silent picture of about twenty years ago. It is an instrument of enormous capacities in the hands of people who seem totally incapable of finding out to what use it should be put. As a novelty, the tonal picture attracts the crowd, brings back those whom the vapidty of recent pictures has offended, and threatens the life of both the silent picture and the stage.

By the first of next January it is expected that some fifteen hundred moving picture houses will be equipped to show movies with sound accompaniment. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures the equipment, is swamped with orders for many months ahead; but even if it works overtime, and if the Radio Corporation of America, which manufactures a rival mechanism, does as much, they will still leave untouched the remaining eighteen thousand moving picture houses in America. At the same time, one of the great moving picture producers is providing all his pictures with sound effects, and two of the others will have sound synchronized for a great many of their films. A quiet version, as they call it, is, of course, being made for each of these sound films; but it is the expectation of the producers that films with talking sequences, at least, will eventually displace the silent movie. How the smaller houses are going to find as much as fifteen thousand dollars for the installation of the new equipment is a serious question. Possibly the producing companies will finance them and thus strengthen their hold over the exhibitor,

who is now between the devil and the deep sea, if a rival house has the equipment which he lacks.

Most houses now being wired can use either the Vitaphone (Warner Brothers) or the Movietone (Fox). In both a microphone, similar to that of the ordinary radio broadcasting room, picks up sound waves and changes them into electrical vibrations. In the Vitaphone these electrical vibrations are recorded on a large disc geared precisely to the speed of the camera taking the action. In the Movietone the electrical vibrations are transformed by the use of a light which writes a record on the edge of the moving picture film itself. (The Photophone and the Cinephone also record on the film, and the Bristolphone and the Cortellophone record on discs.) Several other mechanisms have been announced, but except for the Vitaphone, Movietone, and Photophone, none has yet been heard in public. In every case the electrical record is re-translated into sound and is carried from the disc or film to amplifiers or other devices placed behind the screen. When discs are made the difficulty of absolute synchronization in production is still encountered and, in all systems now in use, the instruments have shown a disinclination to reproduce the letters "s" and "z," causing strong men to lisp and ingénues to say to young heroes, "You are a puddle to me."

The mechanical defects are naturally points of attack at the present time, but they seem to me totally unimportant. Synchronization in projection which used to fail two years ago, giving a delightful and ludicrous effect, is now virtually perfect; the voices of trained actors and of inept movie players still sound hollow and unreal, but an ear accustomed to the radio and the phonograph soon loses discrimination in that respect. The most serious defect to me is the placing of the voice which sometimes seems to issue directly from the mouth of a speaker and again, when a close-up reveals the entire gullet of a young woman shrieking in agony, the

voice seems to be issuing from her cheek or possibly from a void in the upper left-hand corner of the screen. It should, however, be a simple matter to arrange a battery of amplifiers behind the screen and by some means switch on the particular instrument which is behind the figure temporarily talking. Teachers of elocution are reported working overtime in Hollywood, and actors and playwrights are being drawn to California or into the Eastern studios, so that moderately intelligent words will be at least moderately intelligible in the new films.

A serious displacement of moving picture favorites is also likely to occur. Probably a more intelligent type of player will be required and the young woman who looks well in a close-up or a young man who expresses "it" by jumping over six-foot fences, will receive less fan mail than those whose voices register warmly and clearly and who learn the new technic of acting which the talking film requires.

The producers of the new movies are so confused in their own minds that when you question the æsthetic value of the movie with dialogue, they almost invariably refer you to the success of the synchronous news reel, or inform you that by the new mechanism the smallest theater can have a perfect musical accompaniment, played by an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five men, for all of its films. It happens that the problems are entirely different. There can be no doubt that, whatever happens to the talking movie, the news reel will hereafter always be accompanied by its own natural sounds and the feature film, in nine cases out of ten, will have a synchronized musical accompaniment. Once having heard and seen a flight of aeroplanes or a regiment marching to its own band, the average movie-goer will reject the silent film with applied noises; and the improvisations of an underpaid pianist will make way for the carefully prepared score which can be played even in the off-hour presentations of the fea-

ture film. The important thing to note is that neither of these has anything to do with the art of the movie.

Before coming to that debatable ground, there are a few points relating to the talking movie itself. As I have suggested, the new devices have saved the skins of the producers. Particularly, the Warner Brothers, owners of Vitaphone, have arrived at eminence in the industry after a career based almost entirely on the exploitation of Rin-Tin-Tin, who was said to have saved them from bankruptcy years ago, and of John Barrymore, who, in four years, has sacrificed the foremost talent of the American stage in order to become a moving-picture actor considerably below the level even in that undistinguished profession. Other producing firms are hurrying to make up for lost time, although none of them as yet has solved the problem of producing a film in which English is spoken and marketing that film abroad.

Mr. Robert F. Sisk, writing in the *American Mercury* a few months ago, said that the industry "now receives about forty per cent of its total income from its foreign sales." It is quite possible that English-speaking countries will listen to the American language, although the experience of American audiences in listening to cockney English (in "The Terror") was not reassuring. At the present time European producers are thinking about making talking films, but there the problem is even more complicated, as the market for a French, German, or Swedish film is definitely limited to the country of production and a few scattered outposts. The film which in a universal language seldom said anything of importance, gives up its claim to universality the moment it begins to talk in a single tongue. The solution of the financial dilemma for the producers seems to be the manufacture of films in which dialogue is concentrated in two or three sequences, with these sequences made in several languages.

III

The difficulty in persuading most directors that they face a new problem in the talking movie is due to the fact that they have not solved the principles of the silent movie. Above all, they have not shown any awareness of the fact that the motion picture expresses itself in motion, that movement and change of pace and gesture and pantomime are their natural materials. Only a few of them have shown any knowledge of light and shade and of masses. Almost all of them have considered those movies best which were the most accurate transcription of actuality. The moving picture, itself an instrument which transposes reality and is capable of recording everything fantastic, has not been used by imaginative men.

Speech adds another element of realism and weighs down the balance in favor of the movies' weakness. At the same time, the moment a character begins to speak from the screen his bodily unreality becomes marked—at least until one becomes accustomed to it. So far, the directors have been enchanted with this novelty and have repeatedly interrupted the lines of movement in order to let a character speak and have concentrated attention on the speaker by semi-close-ups which completely destroy all sense of action and of movement. I am told that this is entirely unnecessary, and that actors can move freely about the stage, backward and forward, with perfect registration of their voices. This would mean that in a good movie movement need not be broken by speech. Nevertheless, it would be a nice question for a director to determine his emphasis, because if you have to watch a line of movement and listen to a line of speech, one is very likely to interrupt the other. The talking picture in the next few years is very likely to use such material as will exploit its novelty. Technically, there is no reason why "The Importance of Being Earnest" should not be made into a talking film, but the director who

makes it will either invent artificial action to keep the eye entertained, or make a series of virtually still picture out of which epigrams issue.

The necessity for supplying novelty is so great in movies that even this moderate prediction may not be fulfilled. As early as the second all-talking picture "The Terror," noises had ceased to be a novelty and were deliberately kept out of the picture, so that a dozen people running down hardwood stairs made no sound whatever, whereas a single person talking filled the auditorium. Doors slammed, chairs were moved, missiles were hurled to the accompaniment of music, but without any sound of their own. A few people in the auditorium laughed at the absurdity of this, but the producer felt that the noise of a slamming door was no longer entertainment and insisted that their talking picture should talk, but otherwise show no sign of tonal life. Another instance of a prevailing confusion was seen in "The Perfect Crime," which went on for most of its length as an ordinary moving picture and suddenly burst into speech quite effectively, with a newsboy shouting extras for a murder. When the time came to end the talking sequence the director was not so skillful, for, instead of going into an outdoor scene, or a situation in which no sound could occur, the scene which immediately followed the talking sequence was an animated dialogue between two characters who seemed temporarily to have lost their voices. For a few minutes the effect was disconcerting and then with a sigh of relief, one fell back into the old moving picture.

IV

The effect of the new movies on the stage will depend largely on its effect on the old movie. According to the enthusiasts, the silent movie is doomed. I should say that in that case the stage, although it has nothing whatever in common with the silent movie, will also go under. If the talking movie can un-

dermine one, it can undermine the other. There are two further possibilities. The first, because it requires a certain amount of common sense and self-restraint, is not likely to occur. It is the application of sound devices to the moving picture only where sound is required, where the movie itself is inadequate. This would cover the news reel, scenics, the synchronized musical accompaniment for feature films, and the rare intrusions of dialogue wherever a director was willing to confess that he had to go outside of his own medium to express his ideas completely. This would mean putting the art of the movie above the finances of the moving-picture industry—a sacrifice easily made by critics and never by producers. The alternative, which I think very likely to happen, is that the film with full dialogue will become a separate form of entertainment, drawing to itself nearly everything tawdry and vulgar in the silent film and leaving the silent film in the hands of people, mostly foreigners and amateurs, able to appreciate its values. That is to say, the moving picture is committing suicide, but at the same time is achieving salvation. If that happens, the talking picture, which will include the musical comedy picture, will also draw off from the stage a number of impurities, leaving to it only such playwrights, producers, and actors who care intensely for the art of the theater.

It is a little too early to declare that the talking moving picture will become the cesspool for both the movie and the stage. I think that this is likely to happen because the movies are still in the hands of producers and directors who seem never to have taken the slightest interest in their own medium, have never studied its resources, its mechanism and its technic, and its effect. If they wish to make something even moderately valuable out of the talking movie, they need to import new intelligence (which they are doing at a great rate) and to put into new hands the direction of the new instrument (which

they certainly will not do). It is interesting to note that intelligent people now in the moving pictures are extraordinarily dubious about the new development. Chaplin is in favor of sound effects but not of dialogue and says, "Motion pictures need dialogue as much as Beethoven symphonies need lyrics." Mr. William Le Baron, himself a playwright, is working hard with the Photophone but moving cautiously. Ralph Block, probably the only American theorist engaged in the movies, says, "It looks as though the movie producers are going to allow the talkies to set them back to the first childhood of the movies," and Mr. King Vidor summed up the entire matter to me, when he said that speech will be used by those directors who do not understand the capacities of the moving pictures, whereas those who do will extend their mastery over their own instrument instead of calling in an alien element.

One happy event we can foresee: the disappearance of the old film to which a sound accompaniment has been tacked on. Never exactly shy in the presence of a chance to make money, the producers who had no sound films made them overnight by the simple process of recording a few more or less appropriate sounds, the whirl of aeroplanes, the slamming of doors, and a lot of loud music. All of these, carefully timed, make a sound picture out of a quiet one; the last thing the producers care about is the complete lack of balance which such pictures show. Inartistic as they are, these old pictures have a certain relation between their parts and this relation is completely destroyed when "appropriate sounds" are applied.

This internal relation, which constitutes the rhythm of the film, is generally neglected by directors. Obviously the "quiet" counterpart of a film with dialogue must be twisted out of its natural form and no amount of cutting will conceal the fact that it is not living by its own properties. It will be a cartoon lacking light and shade, mass and color,

but the directors seem to think that a few captions displacing a few dialogues will make it a work of art.

It seems to me that the effect of the photographic camera on painting will be paralleled by the effect of the talking picture on the moving picture. The camera made realism in painting unnecessary. The silent picture, in the same way, may be relieved of all obligation to record the actual and give itself up to fantasy and imagination. For the next ten years the two types of movie are going to be engaged in a purely economic struggle. If the talking type continues on the road it has taken in the last year, it will end by the simple translation to the screen of stage plays, to which it will add certain scenes and actions which the stage cannot present. It will have a minimum of illusion and will make a minimum appeal to the imagination. For the effect of speech in the movies is definitely to check the imagination by preventing it from going

free. A sensitive spectator at the old movie was almost always aware of what the sub-title should say and usually found the actual title crude in comparison. He had, however, long intervals between the printed words for the exercise of his imaginative powers, and these intervals would have become longer and more frequent as the moving picture became more completely expressive. If the silent film develops separately, one thing it will have to learn to do—to omit the long and rather tiresome scenes in which people sit and move their lips at each other. It will have to stop challenging comparison with the talking picture. The silent film may preserve a popular place for itself; but if it does not, it will become the plaything of amateurs, thousands of whom are now making films, and begin its development exactly at the point where the commercial producers left off—that is, at the point of becoming an independent art.

THIS ONLY

BY MARCIA LEWIS LEACH

NO wealth nor fame I want with love of mine,
 This only must I ask: that you revere
 The hymeneal note of lark or hear
 White birches murmur in a grove divine,
 Like nuns o'ertelling beads in sainted shrine;
 That you shall feel the stars are very near
 To mountain's crest when skies are strangely clear;
 And we as slaves to Beauty shall resign.
 Oh, then we'll build a temple strong, with hoard
 Of jewels, censers burning mystic fire;
 Where holy wine forever will be stored,
 And at the altar high of Heart's Desire,
 We'll worship, knowing men will be afraid
 To try profane where lately gods have strayed.



BLOSSOM AND FRUIT

A STORY

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

WHEN the spring was in its mid-term and the apple trees entirely white they would walk down by the river, talking as they went, their voices hardly distinguishable from the voices of birds or waters. Their love had begun with the winter they were both in their first youth. Those who watched them made various prophecies—none of which was fulfilled—laughed, criticized, or were sentimental according to the turn of their minds. But these two were ignorant of the watching and, if they had heard the prophecies, they would hardly have understood them.

Between them and the world was a wall of glass—between them and time was a wall of glass—they were not conscious of being either young or old. The weather passed over them as over a field or a stream—it was there but they took no account of it. There was love and being alive, there was the beating of the heart, apart or together. This had been, this would be, this was—it was impossible to conceive of a world created otherwise. He knew the small shape of her face, in dreams and out of them; she could shut her eyes, alone, and feel his hands on her shoulders. So it went, so they spoke and answered, so they walked by the river. Later on, once or twice, they tried to remember what they had said—a great deal of nonsense?—but the words were already gone. They could hear the river running; he could remember a skein of hair; she, a blue shirt open at the throat and an eager face. Then,

after a while, these too were not often remembered.

All this had been a number of years ago. But now that the old man had returned at last to the place where he had been born, he would often go down to the river-field. Sometimes a servant or a grandchild would carry the light camp chair and the old brown traveling-rug; more often he would go alone. He was still strong—he liked to do for himself; there was no use telling him he'd catch his death walking through the wet grass, it only set him in his ways.

When at last he had reached his goal—a certain ancient apple tree whose limbs were entirely crooked with bearing—he would set the chair under it, sit down, wrap his legs in the rug, and remain there till he was summoned to come in. He was alone but not lonely; if anyone passed by he would talk; if no one passed he was content to be silent. There was almost always a book in his lap, but he very seldom read it; his own life, after all, was the book that suited him best, it did not grow dull with rereading. There is little to add, he thought, little to add; but he was not sorry. The text remained; it was a long text, and many things that had seemed insignificant and obscure in the living took on sudden clarities and significances, now he remembered.

Yes, he thought, that is how most people live their actual lives—skimming it through, in a hurry to get to the end and find out who got married and who got rich. Well, that's something that

can't be helped. But when you know the end you can turn back and try to find out the story. Only most people don't want to, he thought, and smiled. Looks too queer to suit them—reading your own book backwards. But it's a great pleasure to me. He relaxed, let his hands lie idle in his lap, let the pictures drift before his eyes.

The picture of the boy and girl by the river. He could stand off from it now and regard it, without sorrow or longing; no ghost cried in his flesh because of it, though it was a part of that flesh and with that flesh would die. And yet, for a moment, he had almost been in the old mood again, recovered the old ecstasy. Whatever love was, he had been in love at that time. But what was love?

They met by stealth because of reasons no longer important; it lasted through all of one long dry summer in the small town that later became a city. Outside, the street baked, the white dust blew up and down, but it was fresh and pleasant in the house.

She was a dark-haired woman, a widow, some years older than he—he was a young man in a tall collar, his face not yet lined or marked but his body set in the pattern which it would keep. Her name was Stella. She had a cool voice, sang sometimes; they talked a great deal. They made a number of plans which were not accomplished—they were hotly in love.

He remembered being with her one evening toward the end of summer, in the trivial room. On the table was a bowl of winesaps—he had been teasing her about them—she said she liked the unripened color best. They talked a little more, then she grew silent; her face, turned toward his, was white in the dusk.

That autumn an accident took him away from the town. When he came back, a year later, she had moved to another state. Later he heard that she had married again, and the name of the man. A great while later he read of her death.

The old man's rug had slipped from his knees; he gathered it up again and tucked it around him. He could not quite get back into the man who had loved and been loved by Stella, but he could not escape him, either. He saw that youth and the boy who had walked by the river. Each had a woman by his side, each stared at the other hostilely, each pointing to his own companion, said, "This is love." He smiled a trifle dubiously at their frowning faces—both were so certain—and yet he included them both. Which was right, which wrong? He puzzled over the question but could come to no decision. And if neither were right—or both—why then, what was love?

You certainly strike some queer things when you read the book backwards, he thought. I guess I'd better call it a day and quit. But, even as he thought so, another picture arose.

They had been married for a little more than two years, their first child was eight months old. He was a man in his thirties, doing well, already a leader in the affairs of the growing town. She was five years younger, tall for a woman; she had high color in those days. They had known comparatively little of each other before their marriage—indeed, had not been very deeply in love; but living together had changed them.

He came back to the house on Pine Street, told the news of his day, heard about the neighbors, the errands, the child. After dinner they sat in the living room, he smoked and read the newspaper, she had sewing in her lap. They talked to each other in snatches; when their eyes met, something went, something came. At ten o'clock she went upstairs to feed the child; he followed some time later. The child was back in its crib again; they both looked at her a moment—sleep already lay upon her like a visible weight—how deeply, how swiftly she sank towards sleep! They went out, shut the door very softly, stood for a moment in the hallway, and embraced. Then the woman released herself.

"I'm going to bed now, Will," she said. "Be sure and turn out the lights when you come up."

"I won't be long," he said. "It's been a long day."

He stretched his arms, looking at her. She smiled deeply, turned away. The door of their room shut behind her.

When he had extinguished the lights and locked the doors he went up to the long garret that stretched the whole length of the house. They had had the house only two years, but the garret had already accumulated its collection of odds and ends; there were various discarded or crippled objects that would never be used again, that would stay here till the family moved, till someone died. But what he had come to see was a line of apples mellowing on a long shelf, in the dusty darkness. They had been sent in from the farm—you could smell their faint, unmistakable fragrance from the doorway. He took one up, turned it over in his hand, felt its weight and texture, firm and smooth and cool. You couldn't get a better eating apple than that, and this was the right place for them to mellow.

Mary's face came before him, looking at him in the hallway; the thought of it was like the deep stroke of a knife that left, as it struck, no pain. Yes, he thought, I'm alive—we're pretty fond of each other. Some impulse made him put down the apple and push up the little skylight of the garret to let the air blow in on his face. It was a clean cold—it was autumn; it made the blood run in him to feel it. He stood there for several minutes, drinking in cold autumn, thinking about his wife. Then at last he shut the skylight and went downstairs to their room.

A third couple had joined the others under the tree, a third image asserted itself, by every settled line in its body, the possessor not only of a woman but of a particular and unmistakable knowledge. The old man observed one and all, without envy but curiously. If they

could only get to talking with one another, he thought, why then, maybe, we'd know something. But they could not do it—it was not in the cards. All each could do was to make an affirmation, "This is love."

The figures vanished, he was awake again. When you were old you slept lightly but more often, and these dreams came. Mary had been dead ten years; their children were men and women. He had always expected Mary to outlive him, but things had not happened so. She would have been a great comfort. Yet when he thought of her dead, though his grief was real, it came to him from a distance. He and she were nearer together than he and grief. And yet if he met her again it would be strange.

The flower came out on the branch, the fruit budded and grew. At last it fell or was picked, and the thing started over again. You could figure out every process of growth and decline, but that did not get you any nearer the secret. Only, he'd like to know.

He turned his eyes toward the house—somebody coming for him. His eyes were still better for far-away things than near, and he made out the figure quite plainly. It was the girl who had married his grandnephew, Robert. She called him "Father Hancock" or "Gramp" like the rest of them, but still, she was different from the rest.

For a moment her name escaped him. Then he had it. Jenny. A dark-haired girl, pleasant spoken, with a good free walk to her—girls stepped out freer, on the whole, than they had in his day. As for cutting their hair and the rest of it—well, why shouldn't they? It was only the kind of people who wrote to newspapers who made a fuss about such things. And they always had to make a fuss about something. He chuckled deeply, wondering what a newspaper would make of it if a highly respected old citizen wrote and asked them what was love. "Crazy old fool—ought to be in an asylum." Well, maybe at that, they'd be right.

He watched the girl coming on as he would have watched a rabbit run through the grass or a cloud march along the sky. There was something in her walk that matched both rabbit and cloud—something light and free and unbroken—youth's blood, no longer his, but known again for a moment as he watched her come. But there was something else in her walk as well.

"Lunch, Father Hancock!" she called while she was still some yards away, "Snapper beans and black-cherry pie!"

"Well, I'm hungry," said the old man. "You know me, Jenny—never lost appetite yet. But you can have my slice of the pie; you've got younger teeth than mine."

"Stop playing you're a centenarian, Father Hancock," said the girl. "I've seen you with Aunt Maria's pies before."

"I might take a smidgin', at that," said the old man reflectively, "just to taste. But you can have all I don't eat, Jenny—and that's a fair offer."

"It's too fair," said the girl. "I'd eat you out of house and home to-day." She stretched her arms toward the sky. "Gee, I feel hungry!" she said.

"It's right you should," said the old man, placidly. "And don't be ashamed of your dinner either. Eat solid and keep your strength up."

"Do I look as if I needed to keep my strength up?" she said with a laugh.

"No. But it's early to tell," said the old man, gradually disentangling himself from his coverings. He stood up, declining her offered hand. "Thank you, my dear," he said. "I never expected to see my own great-grandnephew. But don't be thinking of that. It'll be your baby, boy or girl, and that's what's important."

The girl's hand went slowly to her throat while color rose in her face. Then she laughed.

"Father Hancock!" she said. "You—you darned old wizard! Why Robert doesn't know about it yet and—"

"He wouldn't," said the old man briefly. "Kind of inexperienced at that

age. But you can't fool me, my dear. I've seen too much and too many."

She looked at him with trouble in her eyes.

"Well, as long as you know . . ." she said. "But you won't let on to the rest of them . . . of course I'll tell Robert soon, but—"

"I know," said the old man. "They carry on. Never could see so much sense in all that carrying on, but relations do. And being the first great-grandchild. No, I won't tell 'em. And I'll be as surprised as Punch when they finally tell me."

"You're a good egg," said the girl gratefully. "Thanks ever so much. I don't mind your knowing."

They stood for a moment in silence, his hand on her shoulder. The girl shivered suddenly.

"Tell me, Father Hancock," she said suddenly, in a muffled voice, not looking at him, "is it going to be pretty bad?"

"No, child, it won't be so bad," he said steadily. "Not so bad." She said nothing, but he could feel the tenseness in her body relax.

"It'll be for around November, I expect?" he said, and went on without waiting for her reply. "Well, that's a good time, Jenny. You take our old cat, Marcella—she generally has her second lot of kittens around in October or November. And those kittens, they do right well."

"Father Hancock! You're a positive disgrace!" So she said, but he knew from the tone of her voice that she was not angry with him and once more, as they went together toward the house, he felt the stroke of youth upon him, watching her walk so well.

About the middle of summer, when the green of the fields had turned to yellow and brown, Will Hancock's old friend John Sturgis drove over one day to visit him.

A son and a granddaughter accompanied John Sturgis, as well as two other vaguer female relatives whom the young

people called indiscriminately "Cousin" and "Aunt"; and for a while the big porch of the Hancock house knew the bustle of tribal ceremony. Everyone was a little anxious, everyone was a little voluble; this was neither a funeral nor a wedding but, as an occasion, it ranked with those occasions, and in the heart of every Hancock and Sturgis present was a small individual grain of gratitude and pride at being there to witness the actual meeting of two such perishable old men.

The relatives possessed the old men and displayed them. The old men sat quietly, their tanned hands resting on their knees. They knew they were being possessed, but they too felt pride and pleasure. It was, after all, remarkable that they should be here. The young people didn't know how remarkable it was.

Finally, however, Will Hancock rose.

"Come along down-cellar, John," he said gruffly. "Got something to show you."

It was the familiar opening of an immemorial gambit. And it brought the expected reply.

"Now, father," said Will Hancock's eldest daughter, "if you'll only wait a minute, Maria will be out with the lemonade, and I had her bake some brownies."

"Lemonade!" said Will Hancock and sniffed. "Hold your tongue, Mary," he said gently. "I'm going to give John Sturgis something good for what ails him."

As he led the way down-cellar he smiled to himself. They would be still protesting, back on the porch. They would be saying that cellars were damp and old men delicate, that cider turned into acid, and that at their age you'd think they'd have more sense. But there would be no real heart in the protestations. And if the ceremonial visit to the cellar had been omitted there would have been disappointment. Because then their old men would not have been quite so remarkable, after all.

They passed through the dairy-cellar, with its big tin milk-pans, and into the cider-cellar. It was cool there but with a sweet-smelling coolness; there was no scent of damp or mold. Three barrels stood in a row against the wall; on the floor was a yellow patch of light. Will Hancock took a tin cup from a shelf and silently tapped the farthest barrel. The liquid ran in the cup. It was old cider, yellow as wheat-straw, and when he raised it toward his nostrils the soul of the bruised apple came to him.

"Take a seat, John," he said, passing over the full cup. His friend thanked him and sank into the one disreputable armchair. Will Hancock filled another cup and sat down upon the middle barrel.

"Well, here's to crime, John!" he said. It was the time-honored phrase.

"Mud in your eye!" said John Sturgis fiercely. He sipped the cider.

"Ah!" he said, "tastes better every year, Will."

"She ought to, John. She's goin' along with us."

They both sat silent for a time, sipping appreciatively, their worn eyes staring at each other, taking each other in. Each time they met again now was a mutual triumph for both; they looked forward to each time and back upon it, but they had known each other so long that speech had become only a minor necessity between them.

"Well," said John Sturgis at last, when the cups had been refilled, "I hear you got some more expectations in your family, Will. That's fine."

"That's what they tell me," said Will Hancock. "She's a nice girl, Jenny."

"Yes, she's a nice girl," said John Sturgis indifferently. "It'll be some news for Molly when I get home. She'll be right interested. She was hopin' we might beat you to it, with young Jack and his wife. But no signs yet."

He shook his head and a shadow passed over his face.

"Well, I don't know that you set so much store by it," said Will Hancock consolingly, "though it's interesting."

"Oh, they'll have a piece in the paper," said John Sturgis with a trace of bitterness. "Four generations. Even if it isn't a great-grandchild, so to speak. I know 'em." He took a larger sip of cider.

"That won't do me a speck of good when I get home," he confided. "And Molly, she'll think I was crazy. But what's the use of livin' if you've got to live so tetchy all the time?"

"I never saw you looking better, John," said Will Hancock, heartily. "Never did."

"I'm spry enough most days," admitted John Sturgis. "And as for you, you look like a four-year-old. But it's the winter—"

He left the sentence uncompleted, and both fell silent for a moment, thinking of the coming winter. Winter, the foe of old men.

At last John Sturgis leaned forward. His cheeks had a ghost of color in them now, his eyes an unexpected brightness.

"Tell me, Will," he said, eagerly, "you and me—we've seen a good deal in our time. Well, tell me this—just how do you figure it all out?"

Will Hancock could not pretend to misunderstand the question. Nor could he deny his friend the courtesy of a reply.

"I haven't a notion," he said at last, slowly and gravely. "I've thought about it, Lord knows—but I haven't a notion, John."

The other sank back into his chair, disappointedly.

"Well now, that's too bad," he grumbled, "for I've been thinkin' about it. Seems to me as if I didn't do much else *but* think most of the time. But you're the educated one; and if you haven't a notion—well—"

His eyes stared into space, without fear or anger, but soberly. Will Hancock tried to think of some way to help his friend.

He saw again before him those three figures under the apple tree, each a part of himself, each with a woman beside it,

each saying, "This is love." Now, as he fell into reverie, a fourth couple joined them—an old man, still erect, and a girl who still walked with a light step though her body was heavy now.

He stared at these last visitors, incredulously at first, and then with a little smile. Nearly every day of the summer Jenny had come to call him when he sat under his tree. He could see her looking across the gulf that separated them—and finding things not so bad as she had thought they might be. Why, I might have been an old tree myself, he thought. Or an old rock you went out to when you wanted to be alone.

There had been her relatives and his. There had been all the women. But it was to him that she had come. To the others he was and would be "Father Hancock" and their own remarkable old man. But Jenny was not really one of his own; and because of that she had had from him a certain calming wisdom that he did not know he possessed.

He heard an insect cry in the deep grass and smelled the smell of the hay, the smell of summer days. Love? It was not love, of course, nor could be, by any stretch of language. To her it had been summer and an old tree; and to him, he knew what it had been. He was fond of her, naturally, but that was not the answer. It was not she who had moved him. But for an instant, on the cords of the defeated flesh, he had heard a note struck clearly, the vibration of a single and silver wire. As he thought of this, the wire vibrated anew, the imperishable accent rang. Then it was mute—it would not be struck again.

"I tried to figure it out the other day," he said to John Sturgis, "what love was, first. But—"

Then he stopped. It was useless. John Sturgis was his old friend, but there was no way to tell John Sturgis the thoughts in his mind.

"It's funny your sayin' that," said John Sturgis reflectively. "You know I came back to the house the other day,

and there was Molly asleep in the chair. I was scared for a minute but then I saw she was sleeping. Only she didn't wake up right away—I guess I came in light. Well, I stood there looking at her. You came to our golden wedding, Will; but her cheeks were pink and she looked so pretty in her sleep. I just went over and kissed her, like an old fool. Now what makes a man act like that?"

He paused for a moment.

"It's so blame' hard to figure out," he said. "When you're young you've got the strength but you haven't got the time. And when you're old you've got time enough, but I'm always goin' to sleep."

He drained the last drop in his cup and rose.

"Well, Sam'll be lookin' for me," he said. "It was good cider."

As they passed through the dairy a black, whiskered face appeared at the small barred window and vanished guiltily at the sound of Will Hancock's voice.

"That old cat's always trying to get in to the milk," he said. "She ought to take shame on her, all the kittens she's had. But I guess this'll be her last litter, this fall. She's getting on."

The tribal ceremonies of departure were drawing toward a close. Will Hancock shook John Sturgis' hand.

"Come over again, John, and bring along Molly next time," he said. "There's always a drop in the barrel."

"And it's a prize drop," said John Sturgis. "Thank you, Will. But I don't figure on gettin' over again this summer. Next spring, maybe."

"Sure," said Will. But between them both, as they knew, lay the shadow of the cold months, the shadow to be lived through. Will Hancock watched his friend being helped into the car, watched the car drive away. "John's beginning to go," he thought with acceptance. "And that's probably just what John's telling Sam about me."

He turned back toward his family. He was tired, but he could not give in. The family clustered about him, talking

and questioning. John's visit had made him, for the moment, an even more remarkable old man than ever; and he must play his role for the rest of them, worthily, now John had gone. So he played it, and they saw no difference. But he kept wondering what day the winter would set in.

The first gales of autumn had come and passed; when Will Hancock got up in the morning he saw white rime on the ground. It had melted away by eleven, but next morning it was back again. At last, when he walked down to his apple tree he walked under bare boughs.

That night he went early to his room, but before he got in bed he stood for a while at the window, looking at the sky. It was a winter sky, the stars were hard in it. Yet the day had been mild enough. Jenny wanted her child born in the Indian Summer. Perhaps she would still have her wish.

He slept more lightly than ever these nights—the first thing roused him. So when the noises began in the house he was awake at once. But he lay there for some time, dreamily, not even looking at his watch. The footsteps went up and down stairs, and he listened to them; a voice said something sharply and was hushed; somebody was trying to telephone. He knew them all, those sounds of whispering haste that wake up a house at night.

Yes, he thought, all the same it's hard on the women. Or the men too, for that matter. But sooner or later, the doctor would come and take from his small black bag the miraculous doll wrapped up in the single cabbage-leaf. He himself had once been such a doll, though he couldn't remember it. Now they would not want him out there, but he would go all the same.

He rose, put on his dressing-gown, and tiptoed down the long corridor. He heard a shrill whisper in his ear, "*Father!* Are you *crazy?* Go back to *bed!*" But he shook his head at the whisper and went on. At the head of the stairs he

met his grandnephew, Robert. There was sweat on the boy's face and he breathed as if he had been running. They looked at each other a moment, with sympathy but without understanding.

"How is she?" said Will Hancock.

"All right, thanks, Gramp," said the boy in a grateful voice as he kept fumbling in his dressing-gown pocket for a cigarette that was not there. "The doctor's coming over but we—we don't think it's the real thing yet."

Someone called to the boy, and he disappeared again. The corridor abruptly seemed very full of Will Hancock's family. They were clustering around him, buzzing reassuringly, but he paid little attention.

Suddenly, from behind a closed door, he heard Jenny's voice, clear and amused. "Why how perfectly sweet of Father Hancock, Bob! But I'm sorry they woke him—and all for a false alarm."

The reassuring buzzes around him recommenced. He shook them off impatiently and walked back toward his room. But when he was hidden from the others he gave a single guilty look behind him and made for the back stairs. They won't follow me, he thought; got too much to talk about.

He switched on the light in the cider-cellar, drawing his dressing-gown closer about him. It was cold in the cellar now and it would be colder still. But cider was always cider, and he felt thirsty.

He drank the yellow liquid reflectively, swinging his heels against the side of the barrel. Upstairs they would still be whispering and consulting. And maybe the doctor would come with his black bag after all, and to-morrow there would be a piece in the paper to make John Sturgis jealous. But there wasn't anything he could do about it.

No, even for Jenny, there was nothing more he could do. She had taken his wisdom, such as it was, and used it. And he was glad of that. But now he

knew from the light tone of her voice that she was beyond such wisdom as he had. The wire had ceased its vibration the leaves of the tree were shed, like dry wisdom on the ground. Well, she was a nice girl and Robert a decent boy. They would have other children doubtless, and those children children in their turn.

He heard a low sound from the other corner of the cellar and went over to see what had made it. Then he whistled. "Well, old lady," he said, "you certainly don't waste your time." It was the old black house-cat who had stared through the dairy window at himself and John Sturgis. Already she was licking the third of her new kittens while the two first-born nuzzled at her, squeaking from time to time.

He bent over and stroked her head. She looked at him troubledly. "It's all right," he said reassuringly. "They've forgotten about us both—and no wonder. But I'll stick around."

He refilled his cup and sat down upon the barrel, swinging his heels. There was nothing here that he could do, either—cats were wiser than humans in such matters. But, nevertheless, he would stay.

As the cider sank in the cup and he grew colder he fell into a waking dream. Now and then he went over to stroke the cat, but he did it automatically. He was here, in a bare old cellar, drinking cider which would doubtless disagree with him, and in all probability catching his death of cold. And upstairs, perhaps, were life and death and the doctor—new life fighting to come into the world and death waiting a chance to seize it as it came, as death always did. Moreover, these lives and deaths were his lives and deaths, after a fashion, for he was part of their chain. But, for the moment, he was disconnected from them. He was beyond life and death.

He saw again, in front of him, the three couples of his first dream—and himself and Jenny—himself giving Jenny, unconsciously, the wisdom he did

ot know. "This is love—this is love—his is love—" and so it was, each phase of it, for each man there spoke the truth of his own heart. Then he looked at the apple tree and saw that it was in flower, but fruit hung on it as well, green fruit and ripe, and even as he looked a wind was blowing the last leaves from the bare bough.

He shivered a little, he was very cold. He put his cup back on the shelf and went over for a last look at the old cat. The travail was over—she lay on her side, beset by the new-born. There was green, inexplicable light in her eyes as he stooped over her, and when he patted her head she stretched one paw out over her kittens like an arm.

He rose stiffly and left her, turning out the light. As he went up the stairs, "Adorable life," he thought, "I know you. I know you were given only to be given away."

The house was silent again, as he tiptoed back to his room. His vigil had been unsuspected, his watch quite useless; and yet he had kept a vigil and a watch. To-morrow might have been too late for it—even now he trembled with cold. Yet, when he stood before the window, he looked long at the winter sky. The stars were still hard points of light, and he would not see them soft again, but earth would continue to turn round, in spite of all these things.

HIRELINGS

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

WHAT did a sailor then require
To make him worthy of his hire?

*An eye that knew the stars and clouds,
And nimbleness amongst the shrouds,*

*Strong, willing arms for hauling-in,
Far foreign ports for brawling in,*

*And yarns to hear and yarns to tell,
And boats to sail in, and the swell*

*Of seas beneath him, and the fears
Of womenfolk at home in tears.*



LOGIC AND THE LADIES

WITH A WORD ABOUT THEIR OTHER MENTAL PROCESSES

BY JOHN MACY

IN THE days when woman suffrage was still an unsettled question a walking fossil in my town, local Republican boss and J. P., said to me, "Women ain't fit to vote because they ain't logical."

Being younger than I am now and a belligerent believer in the right of all adult citizens, not criminal or insane, to vote, I began to argue with him. "What do you mean by logical?"

"Well, I can't exactly define it, but it means reasonable, able to think straight."

"Do men vote according to logic or reason?" (Method of the Socratic question.)

"I dunno's they do, most of 'em."

"Why are you a Republican?"

"Always have been, and my father before me. He voted for Lincoln."

"Is that logical?"

"There's one blame sure thing (with some heat), I don't want those scalawags of Democrats to get in!"

"But, Judge, don't you know that we don't vote or do anything else according to logic and reason, but according to how we feel and how we were brought up?"

"Daresay you're right. But anyhow, men think straighter'n women. Made up my mind to that long ago."

There is no use arguing with a mind that is made up—just as there is no use arguing with a woman. The hopelessly fixed attitude of the Judge, a stupid stand-pat immobility, drives one by an emotional rebound, quite unreasonable and illogical, to a passionate advocacy of everything that woman desires, hopes

for, pretends to be, and to a recantation of every written or spoken word that sounds in the least unfavorable toward her. Our best friend is a blundering enemy. Nevertheless, the Judge with his eburnean brain had gropingly hit upon a difference between the sexes which, however slight, is real and worth considering.

It is difficult to know just what ladies are, and just what gentlemen are, how and why we misbehave like human beings. It is still more difficult to find out with the help of all the epistemologists, psychologists, and ordinary common sense observation of the way people think, just what logic is. Some philosophers drive logic into a corner and knock it cold, so that you do not recognize it as having much to do with any natural action of your mind. Chesterton says that it is logic, not vagaries of thought, that makes us mad. Like many of Chesterton's paradoxes, this is not true and not very clever, but it does pry the subject off the schoolroom wall, blackboard and all. A better humorist, Dr. Holmes, reduces logic to its logical absurdity in the rollicking fable of Calvinism, "The One-Hoss Shay."

In our age which began about a century ago, when every idea pretending to be true must be "scientific," Logic has become a highly specialized subject with an elaborate technic, and is called the Science of Reasoning and the Science of the Laws of Thought. This formal systematization is not, however, a product of recent times, but goes back to Leibnitz and far behind him to the Scholastic phi-

osophers, especially Duns Scotus of the Thirteenth Century, a great thinker, from whose name by a queer freak of derivation we get our word "dunce." He called Logic the Science of Sciences.

Logic has about the same relation to actual thinking that mathematics has to the building of a bridge. The difference is that if we have a good brain we can think logically without ever having looked into Mill or Jevons or Whately, whereas an engineer who designs a bridge must be a trained mathematician, though he may be quite indifferent to the speculations of an Einstein. In practice logic means sound sense, clear thinking, sequential, orderly, progressive. The first requisite of that kind of thinking is information, knowledge of the subject, grasp of material. The second is detachment, freedom from the corruptions and disturbances of the many other activities of the mind. We do not argue well when we are angry. We are not likely to compose our most perspicuous discourse on the Economic and Ethical Status of Woman when we are in love. Straight thinking must be impersonal, objective; and it never can be that perfectly because rationality is only one part—not a preponderant part—of our make-up. Conversely, the very strength of our character, our personality, gets in our own way, and in our own light, plays ducks and drakes with logic. So that if we find many will deny it flatly) a lack of logic in the processes of the feminine mind, as compared with the processes of the noble masculine intellect, we are not bringing a very damning charge against the ladies. That defect, if it exists, may be part of their charm. And in general—some very ladies seem unable to understand it—the masculinist's discussion of the nature of woman is or should be, not accusatory, but analytical, speculative, dispassionate, yet not so dispassionate as to be dry and cold.

About the time when I was arguing with the Judge, Mrs. Margaret Deland, who was opposed to woman suffrage, told me one of her articles in the *Atlantic*

Monthly a story which in part atones for the fundamental error of her position. I repeat from memory. A man and a woman were debating this old question of woman's ability to reason. The man said, "The trouble with you women is that you cannot think an idea out for its own sake. You make everything personal." The lady replied, "I don't." Before some other lady begins to argue about it, I hasten to say that the story proves nothing except that Mrs. Deland, a woman whose intelligence is far above that of the common run of men and women, has a lower opinion of her sisters than have many of us sweetly reasonable masculine critics, and that she offers an instance in confirmation of my belief that the severest critics of women are women.

We are all incurably personal, wrapped up, tangled up in ourselves. Every human being is himself (or herself) or a nobody, a nonentity, dead from the neck up. The most abstract objective matter, once it gets into a single separate cranium, becomes individualized; and the stronger the individual, the better the matter is cerebrated. Huxley, treating facts, pleading for the disinterested study of facts, would be forgotten but for his dominant self, expressed in his magnificently effective prose. The egocentrism of the male is just the same as that of the female, as an observant man is aware every day whether he is watching another fellow or dwelling alone in honest self-scrutiny. We are well past the time when it was necessary for Mary Wollstonecraft to argue that the minds of men and women are fundamentally the same in quality, that the knowledge acquired by the sexes is, or should be, essentially the same, and that the treatment which that knowledge undergoes, the mental process to which it is subjected, differs not according to sex but according to the capacity and power of the individual. There is no difference in the method by which a man and a woman solve a problem in geometry. But there is immense

difference in speed, understanding, richness of implication, between what happens to that problem in the mind of Bertrand Russell and what happens in the mind of a struggling schoolboy. If a man is found dead with a discharged pistol in his hand, men and women alike reason that he has killed himself, and men and women alike go farther and ask whether a murderer has "planted" the pistol there. Both men and women argue validly that Socrates was a man, man is immortal; therefore Socrates is immortal. And both run amuck in fallacious syllogisms: Napoleon was a man, Socrates was a man; therefore, Socrates was Napoleon.

The question is whether *on the whole*, in handling more difficult intellectual problems, more abstract and complicated ideas, women fail more often than men, fail not in kind but in degree, fall short of the best thinking to which men, a very few, have attained, and on the lower levels of thought are not more liable to error. And the allied question is whether this liability to error from which everybody suffers is not accentuated by an inherent inferiority in the feminine intellect; whether the ladies are not more subject than *nous autres* to the habit of fetching home every sort of idea to themselves, referring it to their private purposes, experiences, and emotions. I believe that this is a weakness of intellect in which the weaker sex is weaker. Even in a devoutly to be wished society where everybody shall have opportunity for the fullest cultivation of the faculties, the masculist revenant may expect to find the ladies great as poets, artists, musicians, but only secondary as philosophers and "men" of science. I cannot prove it (logic) even with respect to what is or has been, much less for a putative future. But I can report my beliefs and some corroborative instances, with the understanding that instances are only indications; they point toward a conclusion but do not clinch any general proposition or carry us securely to a triumphant Q. E. D.

II

The slogan which Mrs. Alice D. Miller used effectively during the Gre Campaign, "Are Women People?" was an ironic reference to the "We, the People," of our democratic forefathers. Another more amusing question is, "Are Women Persons?" All the better, I say, if they are. Their intense personal sense of themselves is part of their power and charm, even if it does become a limiting liability in the upper reaches of thought. The masculist contention is that some women are striving to be not themselves pretending and aspiring to be what they are not and never can be. We are trying to find out what they are and, if possible, how they think. And we are quite ready to be met with the fierce retort that we are trying to keep them down and suppress them. Nothing could be farther from the masculist attitude.

Are women persons? The more vigorously, aggressively they are personified, the better and happier for us and our children. In our monotonous ready-to-wear civilization person—the human severalties—are in danger of being lost in the indistinguishable homogeneity. People are interesting only as persons. The present assertiveness of women as a sex is mostly a loud cheer, a mob hubbub. The fine solo voices are all too few. Women are exhibiting two apparently contradictory failings, their new intellectual short skirts uncovering much that is not shapely. One failing is the herd instinct, the tendency with which we are all cursed to merge in a mass, an aggregate without purpose or direction. Partial emancipation is turning the sex into a *grex*. At the same time there is the other failing, the old inborn disposition of women to be pettily egotistic, to refer, convert, and subvert ideas to their intimate conceits and desires. The two failings are really not contradictory; they are complementary, two manifestations of the same lack of courage and ability to tackle ideas as ideas. Thinking is an individual act

high takes place in the skull of a person, however much it may be influenced by the thinking of other persons. Women, by a paradox which is quite appropriate to their perverseness, are at once too personal and not personal enough, individual in a small way and not individual in a large way when confronted with a difficult and complex idea. (I note all your exceptions, Madam Attorney.)

I tried an experiment, a trivial thing, a draw in the wind. I enjoyed immensely Dr. Logan Clendening's book, *The Human Body*, which is packed with information that a layman can understand and is written in a clear, vivacious, humorous manner. I recommended the book right and left to intelligent adults of both sexes. The responses were all enthusiastic or at least approving. But invariably the men discussed the merits of the book, its substance, style. And invariably the women made a dive into it to see if it said anything about their symptoms, usually those treated in one special section.

I once watched for a few minutes each day through many sad weeks at the bedside of a dying woman. The nurses were fine, the doctors were fine, the lawyers who had to attend to some final affairs were tactful and sympathetic. One or two male friends and relatives who came and went were cheerful and helpful. The patient's mother, who was in charge, spent most of her many hours in the sick room (the patient told me this with acid humor) talking about her own ailments, which curiously resembled those of the dying girl. If a man had acted like that I should have invited him into the corridor and given him the devil.

Another experiment was made for me. Two previous articles of mine elicited many letters mostly from women and mostly in disagreement with my ideas, though some women thought that we understood their sisters. Almost every letter began with "I," not the conventional opening: "I have read your article," but an upstanding, self-conscious "I" which introduced myself and my ex-

periences and why I joined the cause of Woman Suffrage and how much work I did for it. The letters also contained much, rather impertinent, about "you"—how unfortunate your experience as a lover and husband must have been, how women who gave you opinions unfavorable to their sex have deceived you about themselves. And there was also a good deal about what "my husband" thinks, an unwittingly feminine appeal to the authority of masculine opinion and a reminder of the undeniable fact that men disagree with men about women.

It is from women that I try to learn about women. They seem to be the valid sources of information, conscious or unconscious, willing or reluctant. I confess that their testimony about themselves is confusing, sometimes self-destructive, illogically contradictory. When women betray or affirm (according to my correspondents) their general dislike of their sisters, they are deceiving us men who have taught them to flatter and cajole us; especially do they feed our literary vanity when we happen to be writing about them. But when they disagree with us they are telling the truth, which we must accept at its face value, for we do not understand them. This is a delightful dialectic *impasse*. In the act of undermining the testimony of their sisters and asserting their own honesty they accuse one another of mendacity with an emphasis beyond the courage of a mere timid (and, I trust, courteous) man. Lest I be suspected of making this up, let me, without betraying confidences, quote some phrases from women:

"Do not be too sure that the clever ladies who confess female good-for-nothingness [a word I never used nor even distantly suggested] are not flattering you. I hate to peach on my own kind, but that is an old, old trick. Perhaps if I were talking to you, I should say that your article was wonderful and so true." From another correspondent who writes a complete rebuttal in third personal form: "If he quotes a woman, it is a biased one. His assumption that he is not being flat-

tered by his female chorus is so naïve that it makes one laugh. The flattery is so evident and the procedure so usual. I have yet to see any normal woman make herself disagreeable to a man socially, however obnoxious he may make himself. [I have seen several!] The fact may be regrettable, but society is assumed to be a place of peace, not war, and its courtesies are religiously kept by most women. What they think has no place in what they know they must say. He should learn that a masculist, such as he proclaims himself by word and deed, never receives a straight answer from his feminine associates. If he did he would cease to associate with such a one—unless he fell in love with her from pure opposition. But he would most likely find her unattractive, and relegate her to solitude and the company of children."

I cannot make out the logic of running down your sex on one side in order to support it on another. I only know that some of the severest critics of women are women. Since a man may indeed be deceived by his own experience, I appeal to some great women in the sunshine of whose flattery I never had the pleasure of basking. George Sand's best biographer, Wladimir Karenine, a woman, says: "George Sand could not endure talking for the sake of talking. She freely admitted that she preferred the conversation of men to that of women. Women wearied her by their silly gossip and chit-chat." It may be that women in George Sand's environment were sillier than the ladies we know, and it is certain that the demands of her fine intellect were more exacting than those of most women and men. It was her intelligence that rebelled against her sex. Her overflowing maternity embraced men, women, children, animals, and God. Her lovers and friends were men of brains. Modern feminists will surely be the last to reply that she was a masculine woman. She was thoroughly feminine and a paragon of honesty among men and women.

Another less admirable but very influential woman, Hannah More, whose ex-

cellent style is worthy of better, wrote: "To be unstable and capricious I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex, and there is, perhaps, no amount [sic!] so much indebted to subordination for its good behavior as woman." This judgment was delivered apropos of Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, which Aunt Hannah confesses she has not read and does not intend to read! Her opinion is simply the conventional view of the time. I am sure Wollstonecraft herself is a sharp critic of women and found her most subtle and stubborn enemy in the weaknesses of her sex whose rights, not virtues, she was defending. She charges her sisters with cunning, superstition, want of generosity, low sense of justice, sloth, mismanagement of children, neglect of household duties, domestic selfishness worse than neglect. Her general accusation against society is free from the perversion of misandry, which distorts her more querulous of modern feminist arguments. ("Misandry" is not in the *English Dictionary*, but if it did not exist before, it does now. It is analogous to "polyandry" and in meaning to "misogyny." Its connotation is anti-masculine; "misanthropy" is anti-human.)

In women's defense of themselves there frequently appears the overcharge, or the implication, that men are responsible for the mendacity of women as for some other lapses from virtue. As my correspondents aver, we encourage them to lie to us. Other failings and misfortunes of women are repeatedly attributed to the erroneously alleged fact that this is a "man-made" world. Mrs. Poyser's "God made them so to match the men" becomes Man made them so to please himself. Woman's virtues are her own, but her faults are not her fault. Her weaknesses are due to Nature, the Creator, and especially to Male Man. God and Nature can bear their share of the responsibility, but it is not good sense or good sportsmanship to shift all the remaining burden of one's failings to the

shoulders of a human fellow. The classic example of that kind of cowardice is Adam's ascription of his fall to the temptation of Eve. The modern woman will not wish to imitate that pusillanimous retreat behind the lack of skirts of the other sex. We are proud of our good qualities and you are to blame for our shortcomings—that is the worst kind of illogical ethics, and an example of the intellectual fallacy of trying to have it both ways at once.

It is not good sportsmanship to use the other fellow as a scapegoat. Good sportsmanship is an aspect of fairmindedness, and fairness of mind is very close to clearness of mind, to logical, reasonable thinking. Are women good sports? Last year I took part in a so-called debate over the radio on the subject of the "Two-Job Wife." Like most debates, it was not a debate at all but two loosely related talks. Knowing from experience that this was likely to be the case and also knowing that the debate was only a vaudeville stunt for the amusement of radiateurs, I suggested to my opponent that we collude and make our little pieces fit. She was a brilliant lawyer, member of a profession which, though often morally despicable, is supposed to have a highly developed technic of reason and logic. I sent her a carbon copy of my remarks. But I never saw a copy of hers, had no idea what she was going to say, and the announcer cut off a possible rebuttal, since my piece as printed later in a feminist journal occupied a column and a half and the lady lawyer's piece occupied two columns and a half. She effectively answered most of what I said and placed some hot shots clear outside the nominal subject. One of my adoring harem of unemancipated ladies said to me, "Why did you let that woman put it over you like that?" I explained the circumstances. She sniffed, "Well, what else could you expect of a female? Women don't play the game. They are rotten bad sports." I protested—for I always defend women against themselves—that in the real sports, tennis, golf,

women do play fair. "Yes," said my backward cave-lady, "because they are being watched and cannot fool the referee." A Wall Street broker has recently complained that women who gamble on margin are poor losers, try to lie out of orders they have given, which may injure an innocent clerk, and let loose lachrymal Niagaras in the office.

III

Many years ago *Life* published a picture of a half-lighted hallway. A man evidently the worse for wear had knocked over the stand, broken the newel-lamp, and messed things up generally. At the head of the stairway was the shadowy figure of a woman in her nightie. The text under the picture read, "Her fine feminine intuition told her that something was wrong." This will go with a story the hero of which is masculine, a German locomotive driver who saw on the track ahead of his speeding train a little child tied "handless and footless" to the rails. "He knew," runs the story in stage dialect of the unspellable Weber and Fields, "he knew by a kind of untuvishion dot someting most be done." Of all the superstitions about women and cherished by women none is more inane than the belief that they have a sort of sixth sense, a short-cut leap of mind by which they jump to conclusions unerringly without the exercise of the ordinary processes of thought which men are obliged to follow. Whether this imaginary faculty was wished on woman by man as flattering compensation (man also is a flatterer) for qualities which he denied in her, or whether it was his ignorant blundering way of recognizing the plain every-day fact that her mind often acts quickly and that she sees with disconcerting shrewdness through his bluff and nonsense—in short has keen common sense—history does not say.

In the ages of faith in witchcraft and other mythical things, divination, usually of a malignant kind, was ascribed to women partly in fear and respect, partly

in hatred. There was some wicked twist of woman's mind which the brute could not understand, especially when he was an illiterate oaf, hunting and fighting while she was knitting, spinning, thinking, listening to song and story, and sharpening her wits by endless talk with her sisters. It may be that from that condition with its momentous, passionate, even tragic superstitions has descended the silly little myth of woman's intuition. Mary Wollstonecraft, like all reasonable feminists, asked only that woman be treated as a rational being in the same sense, if not to the same degree, as man. She did not ask for any extra lugs or special endowments. But some women, though seeking to be relieved of burdensome and unjust superstitions, still cling to this pleasant complimentary libel of their intelligence. They wish to be credited with all the intellectual power that men have and then add a little more for luck.

Intuition simply means seeing (Latin, *intueri*, to look at). A lady may know by intuition the shape of a pig (porcine or marital) but she cannot so know the Declaration of Independence or God or the character of the man who is trying to get her husband in on a Big Deal. Old Jeremy Taylor uses the word in its original sense when he says that Christ's disciples must abstain not only from concubinage but from "the impurer intuition of a wife of another man." By a loose extension the word came to mean instinctive immediate knowledge of any kind, a quick-as-a-flash good guess, apprehension independent of ratiocinative process of thought. And it is in this sense that we commonly use it. When Dr. Alexander Graham Bell secured his claim to the telephone by the preposterous patent of the passage of a variable current of electricity through a wire, he may be said to have had a fortunate intuition, for he had no reasonable or empirical knowledge of what enormous complexities the words could be made to cover. When Democritus hit upon a theory of atoms twenty-three centuries

before Theodore Richards weighed them he had a happy intuition.

Whether or not man's intellect in some of its activities is more powerful than woman's, one thing is certain there is no difference in kind or degree between feminine and masculine intuition. In the face-to-face cognition of present objective facts the sexes are equally alert, swift, and sure. When a cat looks at a king and a king looks at a cat exactly the same act of intuition takes place. But when the king says, "You are a beautiful cat; I wish you would not scratch the gilt off the throne," and when the cat says, "He is a good king but not so kind as the queen; I'd like to chew the ermine off his robe," then intuition has finished its work and another kind of thinking has begun. So we shall have to deprive the ladies once for all of this little spurious claim to superiority.

IV

Much of the foregoing is speculative, matter of opinion, and not subject to final demonstration. One fact about woman is known and demonstrable, if not precisely understood in all its aspects. I am aware that my brief and inexpert discussion of this subject will expose me to the charge of blaming woman for a weakness over which she has no more control than she has over her stature or the color of her eyes. Nobody is blaming anybody for anything in this connection; we are trying to find out how we are made.

The ancient Greeks had but a rudimentary knowledge of physiology and pathology. For them the nervous system had no more existence than the circulation of the blood; *νεῦρον*, from which our "nerve" is ultimately derived, meant sinew, tendon, string. But they were wise and careful observers of human nature both in its physical and in its psychic aspects. They noted a disorder to which women are especially liable and so they named it from the uterus (*ὑστέρα*), hysteria. The belief

hat this baffling and varied derangement of mind, nerves, senses, and muscles was referable to a disturbance of the female genital organs persisted for centuries until the Epistolary Dissertation of Thomas Sydenham in 1692. This independent and sensible man, the Father of English Medicine, saw what might have been seen before, that men are also subject to hysteria, though not so often as women, and that we must, therefore, look for the source of it in some other than the traditionally accepted place. With an "intuitive" etiology, Sydenham correctly pronounced hysteria to be a disease of the mind, some failure of the mental functions. Janet calls it a forgetfulness, an amnesia. In one form of hysteria the patient's foot or arm does "go to sleep," because part of the mind forgets it. And all physical manifestations of hysteria are due to wrong ideas; something in the mind has gone askew and produces morbid results in the body. So that over-exciting or frightening ideas may cause hysteria; and suggestion, calm surroundings, and psychoanalysis may cure the trouble.

The reason that women are more subject to hysteria than men, in the proportion of twenty to one, is in plain terms that their brains are weaker, more easily unbalanced. On one side hysteria, which is usually a passing fit, may run over into the permanent or more long-continued disturbances which are loosely called insanity. On the other side hysteria fades into weaker forms of "hysterics," excessive emotionalism, nervous instability, which are not true diseases but do hinder and confuse thought. "War hysteria," "hysterical with laughter," "positively hysterical with joy" are common expressions; we know about what we mean by such phrases, and we certainly do not mean to imply anything specifically pathological. These hysteroidal upsets of reason, temporarily disturbing to serenity and good sense, have the same ratio of frequency in women and men as true hysteria. You never,

or very seldom, see in a French book *crise de nerfs* applied to a man. (The French, by the way, are more subject to actual hysterical fits than the English; this is a matter of medical statistics and should not be confounded with the belief dear to so-called Anglo Saxons that the French are "excitable"; the French keep their nerve and maintain their poise quite as well as their northern neighbors.)

The proved tendency of women to unsettlements of mind approaching remotely or closely true hysteria, added to their undeniable periodical incapacities, is a severe handicap. It accounts largely for the relative inability of women to pursue with unflagging application a difficult idea. Woman may learn mathematics; she has never contributed anything to the subject. These conclusions may be open to argument. The pathological and biological facts are undeniable. If Madam resents being told by a layman that she is twenty to one more liable than her brother to hysteria and hysteroidal manifestations she may ask her physician, provided she is fortunate enough to have one who will tell her the truth, and she had better consult him some day when she is feeling fine.

Woman is more susceptible than man to the influences internal and external which throw reason off the hinges. But the difference here, which cannot be measured by the case-statistics of hysteria or by any other exact and trustworthy evidence, does not in itself constitute a very wide chasm between the sexes. Men and women are only to a limited degree rational and logical beings. In practical life normal people go about their business and pleasure, guided and controlled to some extent by reason but to a greater extent by desire, passion, prejudice, habit, obstinacy, wilfulness, and other motives. Every woman can afford to smile when she recalls the irrational acts and wrong-headed arguments of her oldest male child. It is when in all seriousness the reasoning faculty is especially called upon, when

serenity, coolness of judgment, sustained ratiocination are demanded, that woman is appreciably weaker than man. That is all. And that all is much or little as you happen to think, as you happen to be a man or a woman.

A friend who has read this article says, "Well, old man, it is pretty fair, but

in one or two places you babble away like an old woman." I thank him for the suggestion. The history of human thought, true and fallacious, is to be found in the uses of words. "Old man" as a vocative is almost always a term of affection. "Old woman" in its metaphorical uses is almost always—dyslogistic.

RECALL

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

E*VEN if I could stand
Serenely out of things,
Unswayed, unblest, unbanned,
Without the mire or wings—*

*Even if I could be
As stars are, spirit-clear,
As God is, shining free
Of human atmosphere—*

*Still, still desire would wake
Once more, once more to wear
The flesh for your dear sake
And yoke of time you bear.*



IS SLEEP A VICIOUS HABIT?

BY H. M. JOHNSON

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WHEN a person falls asleep he loses most of his personal dignity. He begins to behave much like a vegetable, and he looks the part. Apparently he does nothing, knows nothing, and enjoys nothing until he recovers from that condition. In this manner he spends a third of his life, and its effects persist through a good part of another third.

It is not surprising, therefore, that anyone who is fortunate enough to be absorbed by interesting work or by play should begrudge the interruptions of such activities by sleep. As director of the Simmons Investigation at Mellon Institute, I receive letters from a great many persons whose main interest in sleep lies in the problem of getting along with less of it. They conceive it to be our duty to show them how and, if we do not know, to find out as quickly as possible. Disregarding communications from cranks and psychopaths, I should say that the questions which are most frequently put to us are about like these: How long ought one to sleep? Do people generally tend to sleep too much? Is there any harmless way of getting along with less than seven or eight hours in bed?

The doctrine that indulgence in sleep is a form of vice is by no means new. It was preached, and for a time practiced, by such religionists as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa, and the celebrated Henry Suso. All of them passed through a stage of mysticism in which they tortured themselves to bring the body into subjection and to attain those

ecstatic experiences which often accompany the delirium of exhaustion. But each of them, at a later stage, sought for more practical means of religious expression. St. Francis and St. Teresa became organizers and directors of other persons, whose work they strove to make effective; they, therefore, came to regard sleep and food, in moderation, as necessities, and excessive abstinence as an evil. St. Francis, in particular, observed that the care of the sick, the relief of the poor, and the preaching of righteousness demanded strength and alertness; such work could not be carried on by those who were starving, or chilling, or tiring themselves into imbecility and delirium. He, therefore, started, within his Order, an experiment in personal effectiveness which has continued for seven hundred years. One of his original rules extolled the ideal of fitness: it required each member to ascertain how much food and rest he needed to maintain himself in a state of competency, and to take that much, while endeavoring to take no more. One brother must not talk about his abstinence, lest he become proud and tempt another to abstain too much. As he recommended occasional fasts, so he advised occasional vigils, in order to demonstrate one's capacity for extraordinary hardship, and also to facilitate the practice of chastity by the prevention of too much exuberance. But he emphasized the need of temperance even in devotion; religious expression must be adapted to an aim, and that aim was practical.

While St. Francis left the determination of personal requirements to the judgment of the individual brother, or to that of his superior, another preacher of self-discipline proposed a somewhat formal experiment, which, considered in its temporal setting, is remarkably astute. In a discourse "On Redeeming the Time" John Wesley restates the ideal of St. Francis. To be useful, he points out, one must be fit. To this end, one must devote some time to sleep. But to spend many hours in bed, lying awake, or half awake, is stupid, unseemly, enervating. The intelligent person, whose activities are not haphazard but directed will, therefore, seek to "take that measure of sleep every night which nature requires, and no more: that measure which is most conducive to the health and vigor both of the body and mind." It would be futile, however, to set one standard for all persons indiscriminately, or even for one person at different times. It is obvious that requirements vary. He, therefore, proposed a test: How much time do you spend in bed, lying awake? If you spend much in that manner, so he argued, you are wasting some of it.

He himself had been accustomed to go to bed at ten o'clock, and arise at eight. "I then waked every night," so he affirms, "about twelve or one and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my lying longer in bed than nature required." So he got an alarm-clock, and set it at seven. He still lay awake some of the time. He then set it at six, then at five, and eventually at four. Four o'clock proved to be early enough; he practically ceased to lie awake. For the next sixty years he arose regularly at four. Although his original plan required a repetition of the experiment from time to time, to determine whether his needs had changed, there is no evidence that he made it. Perhaps he was too much engrossed; perhaps his wife, who was addicted to nagging, had something to do with the habit. At

any rate, his companions recorded that he often dozed while traveling on horse back, and also in company while other people were talking. Still he appears to have obtained enough sleep—in bed and out of it—to run him fairly well. He died at the age of eighty-eight; he was active until eighty-six; and neither his writings nor his deeds will suggest a deficiency or an impairment of intellect.

I have turned to these leaders for illustration, not because their aims were religious, or even because their attacks were ideal, but rather because they exhibit a certain temper which is indispensable to success in any specific endeavor. If one is to make a definite accomplishment it is necessary to restrict one's efforts, as well as to intensify them, and to impose upon them a sort of directionality and organization. Effective endeavor, whether it be artistic, literary, musical, scientific, inventive, or what not, implies a considerable degree of self-discipline which is not essentially different from that of the religionist. Mere zeal can never overcome a lack of directiveness.

Wesley's experiment, though interesting, is too simple to answer the question, "How long should one sleep?" Whether a valid answer can be given without resort to "ifs" or "ands" remains to be seen. Before we take up that inquiry, however, it may be well to examine the meaning of a few terms.

II

In much everyday discussion the word "sleep" is used precisely as it should be used in scientific discourse. For example, consider a baseball game in which a runner is playing rather far off second base, in readiness to steal third at the first opportunity. The pitcher unexpectedly throws to short-stop; whereupon the runner, becoming confused, makes for the wrong base. As he is put out the fans exclaim, "Sound asleep!" Generalizing, we say that an organism is "awake" to those parts of

the environment to which it is reacting *specifically*, and in a manner which tends to preserve it; we call it "asleep" to those objects to which it does not specifically react. We are likely to say, moreover, that it is "conscious" of those parts of the environment to which, in this sense, it is "awake." When we reason so, we do not describe what is in its "mind," for we can know nothing about that; we are only using another verbal form to indicate that its behavior is *specifically related* to particular occurrences.

In this meaning of the terms, the words "sleep" and "waking" are strictly relative; they imply reference to a part of the environment; and they have no meaning unless it is understood what part of the environment is referred to. Even during the hours of work we are awake to only a small group of objects at any one instant and are asleep to all the rest. The latter have no effect upon us except to intensify or weaken our responses to the first. An instant later we are awake to a second group of objects, and asleep to some of the members of the group to which we were attending an instant before. Thus the reference-pattern of our sleep is continually changing, but at no time are we asleep to all the environmental world at once.

In another respect, also, "sleep" and "waking" are relative. Whenever we use the words, we imply a certain *kind of activity*. Ordinarily, they refer to *motility*; so shall we use them hereafter: we shall say that an organism is awake to those changes to which it responds by specific *movement*; to all other changes we shall call it asleep. But movement is only one form of activity; and the mere fact that it is suspended does not necessarily mean that other kinds of activity are even abated.

Consider a very simple organism, composed of only one cell. At certain times it swims about continually, avoiding obstructions, turning from a beam of light, stopping, backing, and turning away from other organisms when it

enters their vicinity, testing various substances which it encounters, ingesting some and rejecting others. We then call it active because it moves; we call it awake because its movements are specific. But how shall we describe it a little later, when it becomes motionless and remains so for a long time? If we consider only locomotor or postural adjustments, it is not active, it is not awake to the stimuli which determined its behavior an hour before. We may, if we choose, call it asleep; but it would probably be a grave mistake to call it inert. It is undergoing plenty of activity, of another sort: it is working over raw materials, like starches, sugars, and fats, into explosively burning compounds, which it is storing in special reservoirs for subsequent use as fuels. It is carrying on a systematic barter with its environment, refusing some of the offerings of the latter, but accepting food-materials and oxygen, and delivering in exchange its waste-products, but withholding its fuels. It is, therefore, positively active, although that activity is not motile; its responses to its environment are just as specific as locomotor activity could possibly be. In this sense we could hardly call it "unconscious"; it still "knows" its foods and its poisons. If we had not restricted the field of reference of "sleep" and "waking" to motile activity, we would have to call the organism "active" and also "awake" while it is immotile; at no time could we consistently call it "resting" or "asleep." In as wide a sense as this there is no such thing as absolute rest, or general sleep; both of these states are identical with *death*.

It seems probable, although the proof is incomplete, that some activities, essential to the life of certain kinds of cell, can occur *only* while the cell is motionless, or asleep; for if it is prevented from entering a state of immotility it assumes the same appearance as it would have were it starved, asphyxiated, or subjected to the action of alcohol or ether.

What has been said of the independent cell applies, in large degree, to the cells of several kinds of bodily tissue, which retained many of the characteristics of independent cells when they adopted specialization.

In sleep, therefore, it is motility which is suppressed; certain other vital activities are maintained, and some are intensified.

It should now be remarked that this process of manufacture and storage of fuels, accompanied by excretion of poisonous waste-products of activity, *requires time*. It may be that the time required does not depend mainly on the speed of a chemical reaction, but on the rate at which some materials are loaded, stored, and discharged by the cell. To adopt a crude analogy, we may consider that some parts of the cell-membranes perform the function of stevedores who belong to a labor union and maintain a certain rate of transport. Bearing the illustration in mind, we may now consider an interesting suggestion, made by a prominent chemical manufacturer in an address before a national convention of chemists. Mindful of past achievements in chemical research, he predicted the invention of a new pill, which would speed up these metabolic activities and greatly reduce, if not abolish, the necessity of sleeping. If the doctrine which we have just outlined is tenable—and it is consistent with the most reliable experiments we know—then the proposed pill would have to do much more than any known chemical accelerator: not only must it hasten chemical reactions, but it must also make a radical change in the rhythm, and probably in the structure, of living membranes. If it accomplished this much it probably would revolutionize other behavior besides that of sleep. I, therefore, suspect that the speaker was either hasty or humorous.

In what we call the "resting" state the independent cell is immotile for considerable stretches of time. A few trillion cells of the human body are

capable of a restricted movement. Some of them form the system of "voluntary" muscles. At no time are all of them motile; at no time are all of them quiet. In the state ordinarily called sleep a maximum number of these cells are immotile at once. This condition is a sign of other important changes. From analyses of expired air, it appears probable that at such times the process of repair is quickened. The suggestion is strengthened by the deterioration, visible under the microscope, which occurs in nerve-cells and muscle-cells when an animal is prevented for a long time from going to sleep. Furthermore, it has been found that if a widespread relaxation occurs in the muscular system, no matter what occasioned it, external stimuli become less effective than otherwise; more work must be done upon the animal's sense-organs to elicit the normal response. The significance of this fact may become clear if we reflect that the most numerous sense-organs in the body are located in muscular tissue and are excited by muscular tension. It is through them that much of the nervous current is generated which is necessary to normal adjustments. When the muscles relax, a great deal of stimulation ordinarily present vanishes; external stimuli, such as lights and sounds, become only partially effective in the absence of such reinforcement.

If, therefore, it were possible to measure the relaxation and tension in the muscular system, we probably should have a perfect method of studying human sleep. Unfortunately, all attempts to devise a measure have thus far failed. An attack on the problems of sleep is, therefore, limited by the deficiency of present-day methods. To make it clear why we chose the one we used, it may be well to name a few proposed alternatives, and explain why they would not do.

III

One method is that of *interrogation*, which is to be found in two forms. In

ne of them the subject is asked, each lay, at what time he went to bed, when he fell asleep, at what times he awoke, how long he remained awake on each occasion, when he awoke for the last time, when he arose, what dreams he had, if any, and how much recuperation he obtained from his rest. Whenever we ask questions implying *when* and *how much* we load the other person with responsibility for *making measurements*, instead of carrying it ourselves. If the measurement can be performed with a yard-stick, a scale-balance, or a clock, it is in its simplest terms. I have found very few hospital nurses who can be depended upon to record the actual times at which they started and stopped an electric motor, even when the latter gave an accurate record of the total time they allowed it to run. If the requirement includes the maintenance of a standard which may vary from person to person it becomes silly. Of course, if the subject happens to be willing and competent, and actually *makes* the measurements, well and good; although the study thereby becomes his problem, and ought rightfully to be published under his name. If he is not competent to make the measurements, he may still testify; but his testimony would be untrustworthy. Such a limitation is exceptionally important in the present case. When a person is asleep, or even drowsy, he is no more capable of reliable observation, estimation, and memory than he would be if he were drunk, or drugged, or crazy. The fact ought to be perfectly obvious, but it is usually disregarded. People talk with the greatest assurance of what they did in sleep or in drowsiness, probably because it is usually impossible to check the accuracy of their accounts.

A bit of personal experience may serve to emphasize this important fact. I was once a guest at a summer cottage in which another guest was a lady who was badly run down from long subjection to an unavoidable and exacting

domestic problem. She suffered, as she believed, also from insomnia. As a rule she retired early, and at breakfast would give some such account as the following, of the way she had passed the night: "I went to bed at 9:15, and lay awake until nearly 1; I slept until about 2:30, when I heard a strange noise; I went to sleep again about 5, and slept until a quarter to 6; I dozed off a little after 7, and slept until you called me." It happened that on one of those nights I actually remained awake for several hours. As the house was by no means sound-proof, I was able to assure the lady the next day that she was getting more sleep than she supposed; for during a considerable part of the time she had credited to wakefulness she had been making respiratory noises such as no lady of her birth and breeding would have made if she had known what she was doing. Only an occasional snort, accompanied by a creaking of the bed as she changed her position, interrupted the rhythm of snoring, and none of the pauses was long. However, she rejected my testimony. She was sincere as well as certain, from having heard the clock strike three and also four, that she must have lain awake from a little after two until a little before five.

It is not to be supposed that her inaccuracy of observation and memory was based wholly on a pride in her insomnia. A fairly typical sleeper awakens, at least to part of his environment, about thirty-five times in the course of an ordinary night. The next day he recalls but one or two, for the reason that he usually interrupted the memorizing process by relapsing into sleep. With just a little more effort, exerted at the times he was disturbed, and without staying awake much longer, he might have recalled more of them next day; had he done so, he would have called himself insomniac. As the case stands, he is sure that he sleeps like a log.

IV

In a second form, the method of interrogation becomes the questionnaire—a method which is quite fashionable in the scientific underworld. One who applied it to the present case would ask a large number of people, say five thousand or ten thousand from all walks of life, how they *habitually* pass the night. The answers would then receive an elaborate statistical treatment. The defects of the questionnaire are even worse than in the other form of interrogation, for besides the uncertainties of observing, one encounters the uncertainties of estimating and averaging. We reasoned that if the results of interrogating any one person were worth nothing, the results of questioning ten thousand persons would be worth ten thousand times nothing, or, in accordance with old-fashioned arithmetic, nothing.

We also rejected the method of *stimulating* the subject by means of sound, or pressure, or electrical current, and measuring the work which had to be performed on his sense-organs to awaken him at different times of the night. This method has been used in several studies, beginning in 1862. It interferes with the normal course of sleep; it can be performed only once or twice on one night, and so would have required years before enough results on one person were obtained to justify a conclusion. Finally, it indicates nothing more than the variations in the "depth of sleep" with respect to the particular stimulus employed, and not with respect to others of the same kind, or of other kinds. At no time are we equally asleep, or inattentive, to all stimuli; witness the sleeping mother who leaps from her bed at the faintest gasp of her infant, and snores peacefully on while trucks and fire-engines are clanging past her open window. There is no reason for assuming that our sensitivity to any one stimulus represents our sensitivity to the rest. To get a

good picture, we should have to study all the stimuli which are acting on the subject; and this procedure is hardly practicable.

We should have welcomed an opportunity to study the varying rate at which the body liberates *heat*, for this is a good index of "general" bodily activity. This method, however, requires an expensive calorimetry chamber, and could be used on only one subject at once. An indirect method, based on analysis of the expired air, is sometimes used and, according to the newspapers, is being employed in the studies at Colgate University. It requires the use of a gas mask and a nose clip, which are disturbing; and demands frequent interference on the part of the experimenter. It is also very sensitive to other extraneous disturbances beyond the control of the investigator.

As the resistance of the skin to electrical current varies from time to time, and is often greater when the subject is quiet than when he is active, its measurement has been proposed as a "test" of the depth of sleep. Its validity rests mainly on the proclamation of its users, since they had no way of measuring the "depth of sleep" independently. We did, however, secure the services of Professor Carney Landis of Wesleyan University for a time, and were convinced by his results that the phenomenon had nothing to do with sleep or waking.

It has been demonstrated, by the use of a sort of seismograph, that a person while in the waking state changes his bodily position rather frequently. If he is placed in a comfortable chair or in bed and required to keep still as much as possible during a half hour or an hour, he stirs, on the average, a little oftener than once in two minutes. If he makes no great effort to remain quiet, he stirs about twice as often. If he remains still for much longer than five minutes, any bystander will call him "asleep." It seemed worth while, therefore, to begin with a study of the

frequency of gross changes of bodily position. By a gross change we mean the movement of a whole limb or of part of the trunk, whether made quickly or slowly, or a very sudden movement of as much as half a limb.

We do not greatly care, for the present, whether we call the duration of immotility a measure of the depth of sleep or not. The longer a person lies still, however, the more evident it is that he is asleep to a very important group of disturbances, operating upon, and inside, his skin. As soon as he assumes any given position in bed certain conditions begin to build up, which presently become irritating. A large area of skin is in close contact with the mattress-covering and a smaller area intimately in contact with the body-coverings, so that cooling by ventilation is prevented. All this skin grows warmer and warmer until it reaches a temperature very near to that of the interior of the body. Moreover, the blood and other bodily fluids tend to gravitate to the parts which are the lowest and there settle, while pressing upon the bodily tissues. The visceral organs themselves are movable, and some press upon others, while straining the membranes by which they are attached to the walls of the trunk. The body as a whole presses upon the skin and muscles next the mattress, and thereby restricts their blood supply. Some muscles are under tension in maintaining posture, while some joints are cramped. A muscle, even when relaxed, becomes irritable merely from being kept still. These irritating conditions increase with time, and normally produce a change of bodily position, by which they are relieved. Thereupon, the subject can rest until similar conditions are built up in other regions. To lie still for a considerable time requires a disregard of present irritation, or a condition of sleep with respect to it.

We, therefore, fastened a recording instrument to a part of the bed which yielded to the movements of the occu-

pant, so that every important stir displaced a pen which bore upon a strip of moving paper. A second pen was momentarily displaced once every five minutes, enabling us to tell when each movement occurred. What we measured was the time between groups of movements which took place in *different* five-minute intervals. All the activity which occurred within any one of these intervals we treated as if it fell within the first half of the interval, and as if it occupied all of that half. This treatment introduced a small error of assumption, which simplified our arithmetic and which produced no important distortion.

V

In this way we have studied some ninety different people, most of whom were under observation for several months. We have thus recorded over a quarter of a million periods of rest. The ages of our subjects varied between sixteen days and sixty-three years. We employed both sexes, and found people of widely different states of health and of sanity. Some of the experimental findings which are pertinent to our subject may now be recounted.

In general, we found much greater motility than anyone had reason to expect. It varies from person to person, through a range of four to one. It also varies rather consistently among groups which represent different age-levels. The greatest motility we found was in a healthy infant. If a person sleeps like a tender babe, or at least like this tender babe, he kicks and squirms and stirs in nearly every five-minute interval until after midnight; and except in three hours of the twenty-four he takes no fairly long stretches of rest. Early childhood is not quite so motile: Mr. C. R. Garvey, of the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of Minnesota, who has been studying the sleep of young children in co-operation with the Simmons investigators, finds that children between the ages of two and four

change their bodily position, on the average, about once in $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. The average rest-period of the least motile child was a little over 10 minutes; that of the most active child, about 5 minutes.

We studied one child of school age—about eight years. Her average rest-period is about eight minutes.

Of twenty-two college boys studied at Mellon Institute, the least motile stirs about once in 25 minutes; the most active, once in $7\frac{3}{4}$ minutes; the most typical, about once in $13\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

We are now studying a group of middle-aged married people. There is a striking difference between the two sexes, but it may turn out to be primarily an occupational difference. With only one exception in sixteen, the man is more restless than the wife. The wives rest about as quietly as the college boys; the husbands stir, on the average, about forty per cent more often than their mates. However, several of the men under study are engaged in interesting and constructive work of an intellectual character. One of them, an architect, often spends an evening on design; others, in calculation, in specialized reading, or in literary composition. They spend less time in bed than their wives, and less than college boys; but they stir, on the average, about once in seven minutes. A skilled machinist rests about as quietly as the average college boy; so does one professional man who is characteristically quiet.

It looks as though interesting and sustained activity tends to persist (perhaps in degraded form) much longer into the hours of rest than the less engaging activity of light housework and the much feeble stimulation of such afternoon bridge as most women play.

One is tempted to speculate whether these highly motile intellectual workers are wearing themselves out rapidly, or whether they may require less sleep than the manual worker and the idle. The answer, of course, cannot come for some years; *i.e.*, until they become use-

less or until they die. At present they all seem to be "going strong."

The Minnesota children spend almost exactly the same total time in immotility, on the average, as the college youths and the middle-aged women; but this time is made up of fragments scattered through 10 to $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours instead of 7 or 8. We have examined the records for different parts of the night separately, to see if some of the time spent in bed is regularly and systematically wasted. It is certain that the last part of the stay is not: if the child were awakened an hour before his usual time considerable rest would be lost. Whether it would be made up in the earlier hours of the next night is doubtful. It is also clear that the child delays the onset of sleep longer than the adult. (We arbitrarily date the beginning of sleep from that of the first stretch of immotility which exceeds five minutes. As this stretch is usually long, our assumption is fairly plausible.) The promptest member of this group of 12 children goes to sleep in about 24 minutes, on the average, after he goes to bed; the most tardy child, in about 64 minutes; the average child, in about 36. For 21 college men the corresponding figures are $5\frac{1}{2}$, 29, and 18 minutes, respectively. For 16 middle-aged people the average is still less. All this may suggest that the child might well be put to bed later, since he wastes so much time at the beginning of the night. However, it seems just as probable that his delay in going to sleep is due to the excitation of fatigue, rather than to freshness. It has been clearly proved that the effects of moderate fatigue are excitatory; we also have clear evidence that grown people are more restless when they go to bed tired. We simply do not yet know enough to decide the question, and it is hardly feasible to make a formal experiment on children, in view of the fear of damage. For the present we can merely compare casual observations and personal prejudices. My own suspicion is that most children

know should be put to bed earlier than they are; for the lowered social tone of their behavior late in the day is highly suggestive of fatigue.

In adults of middle age the total duration of immotility tends to increase as the person lengthens his stay in bed. His tendency, however, is decidedly weak, being only one-fifth to one-third as strong as the tendency to devote a fairly constant time in rest regardless of the length of the stay in bed. It is not unusual for a person to take nearly as much rest on *most* nights of $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours as in the *average* night of $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours. In the long run, a longer stay in bed will bring somewhat longer rest. To tell how much any one individual will gain it is necessary to refer to his own records. For example, we can assure one man that if he wishes to increase his total rest by an average of ten per cent, he can do so by increasing his average stay in bed by twenty per cent. His wife, however, would gain about three per cent by adopting the same practice. Hence, the time spent in bed, while not without influence, is of less importance than the way it is divided between motility and quiet.

The question may arise, "What difference does it make whether the time spent in immotility is long or short, as long as the differences are not made gross?" The answer is, it depends on what effects you consider. There are no "tests" of "general fitness," despite a half-century of spasmodic effort to find them. That being the case, it is scandalous that physicians, physiologists, psychologists, and Efficiency Experts should talk so freely as if there were. Some tasks, in which performance is easily measured, can be performed better when one is not too fresh and relaxed. It remains to inquire what kind of tasks these are. Again, a personal illustration may help.

In my own case, if I have a definite, interesting, and sustained piece of work to do it seems to be carried off more easily if I spend about 12 hours a day

on it, and stay not more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours in bed. (In such circumstances, it is futile to stay in bed much longer, for I wake up early, "rearing to go.") After one or two days on such a schedule, although I am enjoying it, I become drowsy in the afternoon unless I omit lunch. Blessed as I am with a moderate reserve of fat I do not become weak, and an occasional hunger-contraction serves to keep me active. For a couple of weeks the work comes easy; I am still feeling capable; but later on interruptions are irritating and grow more intolerable as the experiment proceeds. Toward the end of the third week a change of task may show that I have lost some adaptability. For example, I may have to stop writing and turn to calculation to settle some point I have overlooked. In the calculation I may make some queer mistakes. I may do the operations correctly, but when I pass to a new step in the calculation I may do the wrong operation. When such disorganization ceases to be occasional, I had better take it as a warning signal; for unless I lengthen my stay in bed for a few nights, I am likely to yield to any acute infection, such as a cold.

Considered only with reference to a single, sustained task, my shortened stay in bed, with the mild intoxication which it probably engendered, has apparently increased my fitness; considered with reference to unexpected demands of the present, or to preparedness for the demands to be made a few days hence, it has diminished my fitness. Any reference-demand is particular, if not arbitrary. As I write, physicians are announcing that five hundred hours spent in a "dancing" marathon, in cycles of one hour of activity and fifteen minutes of rest, have not injured the fourteen contestants who remain on the floor. They probably are not injured—for walking, or rather, for somnambulism, at the present time. But for many days, during a large part of the time, most of them have been quite inadequate to other demands. What the effect

will be on the demands of the future, nobody can yet say.

An overlong stay in bed seems to set up a habit of relaxation which persists for several hours into the working day. While it lasts one has entirely too much composure for immediate work; it is too hard to excite one; but if this condition is a sign of an adequate cell-repair and of relative freedom from toxicity it means a heightened readiness for future demands.

VI

In brief, there is no general answer to the question, "How long should one stay in bed?" The intelligent individual, who takes proper cognizance of the facts and relations which apply to his own special case, can probably find his own answer. Nobody else can do it for him.

We should now take note of some important facts arising from the alternation of motility and quiet during one's stay in bed. This alternation follows a very curious law, which, in part, is harmonic. Each person has a characteristic rhythm, which seems to be peculiar to himself, and which is not easily broken. When two persons occupy separate beds, placed side by side, they disagree, by at least five minutes, during nearly half the night, on the question of moving or lying still. During no more of the time than the laws of chance require, do they agree within five minutes on this important matter. In other words, under the conditions named, they stir and rest independently of each other. This independence, which is clearly proved, offers two interesting suggestions. First, if two persons desire to rest undisturbed by each other's movements in sleep this can be done by using separate beds. Separate rooms are quite unnecessary unless one person is noisy when asleep or unless he walks about or talks while he is awake, as some ill-bred sleepers do. Second, it appears that lights, and also noises, in themselves,

have but little effect on sleep. Other wise, two persons exposed to the same external disturbances should tend to stir at the same times, more often than required by mere chance. Actually they do not. Furthermore, if lights and sounds were important disturbances blind people, deaf people, and people who are both blind and deaf, being immune to them, should rest more quietly than normal people. Dr. Kreigh and Dr. Herz have proved that they do not. The most effective disturbances originate inside our skins, and upon them. Once they arouse us, light and noise may interfere with a return to sleep; but the latter are not important interrupters unless they are intense, novel, or frequently repeated; or unless we have trained ourselves to respond to them.

The motility of children being greater than that of adults, the chances of mutual disturbance are greater if two of them occupy the same bed. If neither child is "nervous" the question of separate beds may not be of exceedingly great moment; but otherwise, the parent must choose between the formation of a finical habit and the risk of positive injury.

About twice a year some physician or psychologist advises the public to take its rest in broken doses, not exceeding two hours in length, instead of taking it in one long stretch. It is my duty to explain how they get this notion. They get it at second hand, and illegitimately. In 1862, Kohlschütter, then a medical student in Germany, published a thesis on the tenacity, or depth, of sleep, which is now a classic. That is to say, it is often mentioned, but seldom read. I have examined a great many references to it, but with one exception none of them which were made between 1883 and 1927 were made by writers who had read the article. Kohlschütter actually measured the height from which he had to drop a pendulum-hammer striking upon a block of slate, in order to awaken the sleeper at different times of the night.

If some conditions, which actually were not realized, had been fulfilled, these measurements would have expressed the work which had to be done upon the sleeper's ear-drum to produce a fixed response. They then would have indicated the depth of the subject's sleep—*with respect to the particular sound employed*, though not with respect to anything else. Kohlschütter, fully aware of this limitation, nevertheless, called them measures of the "depth of sleep," without specifying the part of the environment to which the sleep was relative; and began to talk of them as though they measured the depth of "general" sleep, which cannot be measured at all. Having rejected over 40 per cent of all the measurements he made, because they deviated from the law he was seeking, he plotted the remainder to a curve, representing the dependence of "depth" on the duration of sleep. Since 92 per cent of the area under this curve lay between its beginning and the point representing the end of the second hour, it gives the impression that 92 per cent of all the "sleep" it portrays occurred within the first two hours. An examination of the actual data renders such an assumption ridiculous. For most of our subjects—though not for all—the longest stretches of immotility do occur within the first hour to hour and a half after retiring. The differences between this period and others, however, are of a secondary order of importance. This finding is consistent with that of Kohlschütter, and of all others who have since used his method. It has been obscured by his judicious selection of data and by the comments of those who have not considered it necessary to examine facts before attempting to interpret them. Mr. Edison, by taking cat-naps during the day, seems to have managed to do with rather short stays in bed at night. So, apparently, did John Wesley, who asserted that he required about six and

one-half hours for sleep, and could not well subsist with less. What Mr. Edison actually has taken, on the average, and all together, is unknown; the press has created a myth concerning him, which he has partially denied. Until more and better evidence is available, most of us will prefer to do our sleeping while we are in bed, and at night. However, we need not regard the matter as closed. The inconclusive character of the results may have been due to the poor type of experimentation employed.

Another word might be said on the question of "broken doses" of rest. Dr. Czerny reports that when young children take an afternoon nap their sleep at night, while slightly delayed and slightly shortened, is deeper than when the nap is omitted. His method—that of electrical stimulation—is open to criticism; but we have some results on adults which are less questionable and which tend to bear out the argument. Mr. Garvey, in time, will probably be able to settle the question beyond doubt, as far as children are concerned. Meanwhile, the effect appears to be probable, as a result of persistence of a habit of relaxation. The feeble, the "nervous," and the insomniac might do well to practice the mid-day nap.

However, most of us, if we keep free from constipation, and from the accumulation of gas in the stomach and the duodenum, if we employ a bed which permits a maximum number of comfortable postures, and if we cultivate the habit of relaxation with the same businesslike care we should devote to the study of music, will get enough rest in the course of six and one-half hours to nine hours to equip us for the day, and to make the day's work enjoyable.

Sleep, as we have pointed out, is a necessity no less than a luxury. Over-indulgence in sleeping is possible. It is vicious when it interferes with more interesting activities.



THE GREAT GOD FOOTBALL

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

RETURNING lettermen are Nagurski, Kabela, Hovde, Lekselles, Brookmeier, Westphal, Pulbrabek, and Teeter. Emlein and Ukkelberg will supplant Apman and Angevik; and Norgaard and Burquist will provide promising material to guard the flanks."

No, this is not, as you might imagine, a list of future citizens of these United States who have passed or are about to pass the rigid requirements of the Quota; but simply a sample of up-to-date football publicity sent out last summer by one of our large Middle Western state universities.

For at present every college worthy of the name of an educational institution maintains a press bureau whose function is to keep the name of the university before the public gaze. This is successfully accomplished not merely by issuing bulletins of the academic progress of the organization—for after all education is a matter in which but few of us are interested—but chiefly by bombarding the press of the land with minute and detailed references to the athletic activities of the university in question, and particularly to its football eleven. Moreover, no longer do these press bureaus wait until the opening of the doors of learning to begin grinding out material for publication. Heavens, no! The advance notices from college press agents start pouring in upon the helpless sporting editors of the nation's newspapers as early as mid-August. By Labor Day the campaign is on in earnest, and the sports pages are full of "Intensive Training to Start To-day," and "Pre-

liminary Practice Begins at Notre Dame," or "University of Pennsylvania Squad Takes to Seashore for Early Conditioning." While vacation throngs are starting back to city homes, bits of pre-season comment such as the following may be culled from any newspaper:

"Farmington, L. I. — Comparative quiet settled over the New York University football training camp here to-day after the arrival and opening workout. But the coaching faculty [a descriptive title, this] admitted this evening that the quiet is no more than a Sabbath lull before a gridiron storm of incessant drilling to-morrow."

Truly an apt analogy. And mid-summer is merely the Sabbath lull before the storm of football propaganda from the colleges and technical schools and high schools, and even the schools for the training of officers for our Army and Navy. The volume and stridency of the propaganda steadily increases as the practice sessions become more stern and important in late September, as the early-season games begin in October, and as the end of the year and the "crucial contest"—for nowadays every big football game is a "crucial contest"—approach in the first weeks of November. By this time the sporting pages of the American newspapers have been filled for months with columns of football news and comment, relevant and irrelevant. By this time the chaff has been fairly well separated from the wheat, and the winning teams—as true sports-lovers of the most sports-loving nation in the world, we obviously have no use for the losers—have been classified, ticketed,

nd documented. There are the Eastern teams, as a rule of small account in the national reckoning, the teams of the Western Conference, the Pacific Coast Conference, the Missouri Valley Conference, the Southwestern Conference, the Minnesota Conference, the Oklahoma Conference, the Rocky Mountain Conference, and a dozen other conferences large and small, important and unimportant from a sporting viewpoint. There are also several roving teams that make a business, a regular profession of football.

These roving teams are delightfully and refreshingly frank about the game, making no pretenses at all that their halfbacks are members of Phi Beta Kappa; nor do they seek to deny that their coach, with the help of an agile newspaper writer six hundred miles away, syndicates his views in the sports pages daily throughout the land to his own profit. There is no pretense made that he is hired to be the moral guardian of the football squad, no twaddle about the manner in which through his precept and example he influences "his boys" for Christian good. No, these teams are a rough and ready lot. They do not intend to allow the abnormal functions of a university such as lectures and study to interfere with football. On a Saturday one of these elevens will play in Portland, Oregon; the players will dress hastily and catch the evening express from the Coast an hour after the game, in time to run out upon the Yankee Stadium, New York, the following Saturday afternoon. They practice by throwing footballs at one another as they tramp from diners to sleepers, or vice versa. Their studies, if any, are broadcasted to them by radio; yet their degrees are rendered to them at the proper moment—which is to say when their football usefulness to the university is at an end. Much of this, perhaps more, you may learn if you wish, in fact whether you wish or not, by opening the sporting pages of any American newspaper between September and Christmas in any given year.

It is obvious that the sporting public wants all this sort of thing or the newspapers would never publish it. Yes, the sporting public does want it, adores all this football news, eats it, swallows it, almost—I was going to say—wallows in it. And no wonder, too, for the truth is that football is to-day the Great American Game, at least from the spectators' point of view. True, we still hear baseball called our national game. But it is easy to prove the falsity of the statement. Turn back to the files of any newspaper in early October and you will discover that on the final days of a World's Series there are always seats, and plenty of them, to be obtained. While the novelty lasts, while people are talking baseball, during the first two or three days of the Series, the stands are crowded; but as soon as it drags along over a week-end interest abates and the stands are spotted with empty patches. Whereas football . . .

A baseball World's Series crowd of eighty thousand is mentioned in the newspaper headlines; on the other hand a football crowd of eighty thousand is a commonplace. At the approximate moment when the Yale Bowl is filled with a gathering of this size, larger numbers are watching Michigan play Illinois at Urbana, Pennsylvania tackle Chicago at Franklin Field, and California play Stanford at Berkeley. For a series of five or six successive Saturdays in October and November each year football proves its right to be called the King of American Sports.

But, as a matter of fact, football is more to the sports follower of this country than merely a game. It is at present a religion—sometimes it seems to be almost our national religion. With fervor and reverence the college man and the non-college man, the athlete and observer approach its shrines; dutifully and faithfully they make their annual pilgrimage to the football Mecca, be it Atlanta or Urbana, Cambridge or Los Angeles, Princeton or Ann Arbor. From far and near they come, the low and the

high, the humble in their sports coupés from the neighboring city, the elect in their special cars from all parts of this football-mad nation. (In case you think this to be merely a flight of rhetoric, let me assure you that a railroad official told me during a recent Harvard-Yale game at New Haven that special cars from sixteen different systems were parked in the yards about the station.)

So devoutly does the American sporting Babbitt worship at the shrine that even the ministers of other and older faiths are duly impressed. Thus, for example, Dean Willard Sperry of the Harvard Theological School:

"The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates to-day is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard Stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels."

This new religion has its dogma: the doctrine that only through so-called "college spirit" can a man be saved. According to this doctrine in its purest form, anything done for the purpose of bringing victory to the team is justifiable; any news—learned no matter how—about another eleven, any bit of information garnered publicly or privately must be put to use; any amount of time spent in following and cheering and "supporting" the team counts toward the salvation of the faithful. No less than the undergraduate, the graduate is a traitor to his creed does he fail to turn up in the stadium on the day of days, the Homecoming Day, the Big Game Day, the Day when the college demands his all. So the undergraduate tears away on Thursday afternoon in his rickety flivver to drive the five hundred miles to the town where the big game is to be held, and the graduate comes down by express or special train for the same purpose; and if each has a

flask upon his hip—well, anything is excused when one realizes the holy motives pervading their acts on behalf of the dear old college.

The religion of football has its high priests and acolytes, its saints and sanctuaries, as do other religions. The saints are those mighty ones of the game who have gone on, whose names are mentioned with hushed breath by sports writers and football fans alike. The high priests are the saints of the present day; sometime in the future they, too, will have passed away, sometime they, too, will have Memorial Gates and Drives and Locker Buildings constructed in their names and their memory. To-day Saint Hugo Bezdek and Saint William Roper, Saint Knute Rockne and Saint Chick Meehan fill the places of the great departed. Places which have become more lucrative, let it be added; for to-day the nest of the high priest is well feathered, and the newspaper ghost-writer and the syndicate manager offer him a means of profit not always open in such measure to the men of the days of Percy Haughton.

The acolytes of the religion are of course the players themselves. They serve and wait upon the Great God Football in his sanctuaries—the grid-irons of school and college. These humble flagellants are, need it be said, seldom admitted to the inner holy of holies. The hierarchies that rule the game are composed of the Athletic Directors, Graduate Managers, Graduate Treasurers, Chairmen of Football Committees, and the rest who, with the Head Coaches, are merely names for the lowly graduate and undergraduate to bow down before and worship. The hierarchies and the Head Coaches look with benign approval upon the solemn hocus-pocus of the new religion, for after all, High Priests like everyone else must eat three times daily.

The president of a large college, when he was discussing football informally one day, pointed out a curious thing about this new religion of ours. He mentioned

an's natural hunger for ritual in one form or another, and remarked that so fundamental is this emotional craving that when our churches do away with ritual—as the Protestants have largely done away with it in the United States—springs up in other and most unlikely places. And certainly nowhere has the love of the average man for ritual been more completely and more fully satisfied than by the rich and intricate ceremony of modern intercollegiate football.

This ritual has pervaded the game little by little, a bit here and a bit there, without anyone being fully aware of what was going on; it has become a part of college life without anyone permanently attached to the colleges realizing what has happened, until to-day it is fixed and standardized from Maine to California. Everyone who has attended an American university large or small is familiar with its manifestations. By way of preparation for the annual football festival there are mass meetings at which the High Priests and Acolytes of the religion speak briefly but passionately and fervently, preaching devotion to the Divine Being. They usually manage to work their audience up to such a pitch that a snake dance follows; headed by the student band playing football songs (which after all are the hymns of the cult), a thousand bare-headed undergraduates swarm across the campus in the dark, swing up Main Street, blocking traffic and pulling the trolleys off the wires, hooting and jeering at the house of Professor Jackson of the Greek Department, who once dared question the sacredness of the gods they worship; and then crowd on to the field back of the gymnasium, where a huge bonfire is lighted and more cheers and songs are heard until everyone is too hoarse and too tired to continue.

And then on Game Day itself, the day of the great festival, there are the bands parading to the field in uniform, the varsity band leading the procession with its stalwart drum major, the freshman band—in costumes somewhat less

elaborate—bringing up the rear. There are the frenzied shouts of greeting as the players race upon the field, the cheers for the captain of the team, for the opponents of the day, for the university; these are the opening prayers, as it were, of the ceremony. Then there are the annual demonstrations of ingeniously organized pageantry, always so important a part of this football ritual; the cheering section that on a blast from a directing whistle suddenly spells out CALIFORNIA in vivid colors or that forms a big blue Y or a big red H made up of colored cards or handkerchiefs. There is the marching and counter-marching of the bands between the halves; each year their performance becomes more elaborate, each year they add to the traditional rites some new marvel of disciplined display. And if, perhaps, by some lucky chance, the afternoon of the game happens to fall on Armistice Day, so much the better. From the top of the stadium, silhouetted against the dying sun, a bugler in khaki stands with his bugle against his lips. A hush falls upon ninety thousand bare-headed spectators and the piercing notes of taps are scattered over the vast arena, penetrating with an exquisite melancholy the hearts of the worshippers. At long last the game is over; there they stand, uncovered in their temple, chanting their Doxology, their closing words of prayer:

"In praise of Old Nassau, my boys. . . .
In praise . . . of Old . . . Nassau. . . ."

II

Football to-day is a complicated affair. Before the time when the merchants of a college town and the Chamber of Commerce subscribed money to the Athletic Association, realizing that a hundred thousand persons in twenty-four hours can leave a good deal of surplus cash about, before the time when big games were called by name to attract given bodies of citizens—Rotary Day, Kiwanis Day, Dad's Day, and so

forth—football was a simple business. An old Yale football player relates how when a Blue eleven went to play Harvard at Cambridge one of the players, stopping off at Hartford to visit a young lady, missed the train, and a crew man on the sidelines had to be pressed into service. In those days when it was necessary for an official to take charge, some neutral spectator who happened to be watching was requested to lend his aid. To-day the officials—their number has increased until at present there are almost as many officials as players upon the field—are hand-picked for each game by a High Commissioner who receives a salary of ten thousand dollars for the job; a job which does not appear to be working out over well, either. Last season more than three thousand dollars was spent for spies to watch the officials and report upon their fairness and the quality of their officiating. The reports, it seems, were not constructive enough, and this fall there is talk of spies being set to watch the spies at an additional cost of three thousand dollars, and so on. Truly, a complicated business, this modern football.

But football was not always quite so involved. In fact it is fair to say that football stole up and caught the colleges unaware; almost before they knew it the vast machine which is modern inter-collegiate football had been erected and firmly installed in collegiate life. Thirty years ago it was a game. To-day the colleges are waking up to realize that what they have on their hands is a first-class octopus which is strangling many of the legitimate pursuits of the educational institution. As the late President Wilson said before the War:

"The side shows are so numerous, so diverting, so important if you will—that they have swallowed up the circus, and those who perform in the main tent must often whistle for their audience, discouraged and humiliated."

This, perhaps, represents the opinion of the average educator. I say the average educator, because some college

presidents are as completely hypnotized by the effects of football as the most fervent undergraduates. But the majority undoubtedly feel it to be harmful; harmful because it gives both to the students and to a public that knows nothing of colleges an entirely wrong idea of the purpose and function of a great educational institution. "Yale," said a nine-year-old boy, "is the college that has good football teams." And many boys five times his age share his belief about Yale University.

The purposes of a university and the things a college education accomplishes have been defined in many and various ways; but certainly, if four years in a seat of learning has any effect upon its students, it should help them to differentiate between the false and the true, between the sham values of life and the real values. Herein lies the greatest objection of the educators to football. The religion of football, they argue, teaches the most ephemeral of values, brings into prominence in an intellectual institution men who are looked up to solely on account of their ability to catch a thirty-yard pass or turn an opposing end and, instead of assisting the undergraduate to distinguish between what is best and what is worthless in life, tends to befuddle his judgment with its hysterical appeals to his emotion and its irrational standards, and by this setting up of false gods may mislead him for years until he learns for himself, in the world without, to distinguish between the things that are of enduring worth and the things that are not.

Thus it happens in many a college that even while the Athletic Association is issuing its Daily News Letter to the press of the country, at the very moment when new coaches and assistant coaches and supernumeraries are being hired by those in charge of the game, there is a large and spontaneous, though often unorganized feeling against the whole thing within the campus. In other words, there are in most American

alleges to-day two factions: football and anti-football. The football faction is well organized, powerful, articulate, embracing most of the students, the athletic directors, their staffs, many of the influential graduates and members of the Board of Trustees, and occasionally even the president himself. For there is no denying the fact that a winning football eleven is a great help to the president of every college, large or small, endowed or unendowed. Thus the head of a vast state educational system, who depends upon funds from the annual grant of the state legislature and who must go before them personally each year to plead his cause, will surely find his way smoothed and his path easier if he can point to a winning football team the previous fall, if he can show how much publicity (and, therefore, prestige) the eleven has brought to the great Commonwealth of Illinois (or Nebraska, or Minnesota, or Iowa, or Utah) by its row of triumphs upon the fields of sport. Even the head of a conservative Eastern college richly endowed may also consider a victory in football to his advantage in many ways. The president of a large and ancient university on the Atlantic seaboard said recently in private conversation:

"Of course I wish for a victory over Blank more than anyone on the team. Why? Because it means that my work will be ever so much easier for weeks thereafter; everyone will be in such good humor that things will run much more smoothly and quietly among both students and professors. Yes, more than anyone I want the team to win next Saturday."

But, beside the football faction, there is in every college in the land another faction, smaller, less powerful, vastly less noisy, but, nevertheless, growing rapidly. This faction is anti-football. They deplore sincerely the huge complicated business which is modern football; they regret the extent to which it has grown, and they would like to take steps to change it. Some of them would

like to do away with it entirely. Said one President to me not long ago:

"Many thinking graduates, undergraduates, members of the faculty, and college presidents would be happy to see football abolished if it could be done without upsetting the athletic systems of the colleges generally."

Yet so far the anti-football faction has been powerless to act, powerless at any rate to act effectively. Why? Well, suppose you were a college president convinced of the absurdity of the religion of football and desirous of destroying it. How would you proceed?

By a bull, declaring that football was no more? Such a step would be condemned to futility from the outset. Most outsiders do not realize that the college president of 1928 is not an autocrat. Like the president of a large corporation or the President of the United States, he has very limited authority; like all presidents, he is responsible to others. To a Board of Trustees, to an Alumni Committee, to some body of graduates who, if they do not actually control many of his actions, at least are able to throw stumbling blocks in the way of his desired reforms.

But let us suppose that he does make a gesture against football. Even if it is a constructive gesture, such as Dr. Hopkins made a year or two ago by suggesting that football be limited to the two upper classes, pressure will immediately be brought to bear to frustrate his attempt. The President will suddenly find many forces arranged against him. The graduate who is head of the railroad system that transports thousands of people to the stadium every Saturday, the graduate who is connected with a corporation that benefits by the presence of eighty thousand persons in town one day a week, the graduate who cares nothing for the intellectual prestige and everything for the football prestige of the college—these and others will oppose him bitterly. Because the power they possess is many-sided, often

they will be able to hinder and delay not only this reform but any other reform that the President may attempt to introduce. In fact they may even drive him from office, not directly on account of his opposition to football, but on some other charge of inefficiency or trouble-making. Even with the support of college officials and graduates who share his view, the President can do little to change the fundamental nature of intercollegiate football. The octopus has far too tenacious a hold.

So the average college president lets ill enough alone. He postpones the day of reckoning with the football hierarchy. Next year, perhaps, when his new plan for a salary increase for the professors has gone through and the money has been raised for the new chemical laboratory . . . but not now. Better do nothing, say nothing which might jeopardize his position. Next year, perhaps, or the year after that. And things being as they are, can you blame him?

III

I suppose you cannot. Yet I should be more inclined to sympathize with him if he and those about him would do one or two obvious and not impossible things. For one thing, he might cast a thoughtful eye upon the propaganda which emanates from his own institution. I have already given a sample or two of this propaganda; let me give a few more, the sort of stuff that leaves me cold when college presidents explain to me in detail how football has been spoiled not by the colleges but by the outside public.

Harold E. Grange—the middle name is Edward—was born in Forksville, Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, on June 13, 1903. His father, Lyle N. Grange, in his youth had been the king of the lumberjacks in the Pennsylvania mountains, renowned for his skill, strength and daring. His mother, a sweet and lovely girl, died when "Red" was five years old and it was this which determined his father to move to Wheaton,

Illinois. The family consisted of the father, Harold, a younger brother Garland, who entered Illinois in 1924, and a daughter who soon married.

This is the opening paragraph of a biographical masterpiece sent to the newspapers by the publicity department of the University of Illinois. What on earth should stuff of this sort come forth from an educational institution supposedly devoted to the cause of sound learning? That is what some of us would be happy to learn.

So long as the colleges persist in maintaining publicity bureaus and press directors to keep the nation informed of the doings and sayings of their heroes in sport, they can hardly accuse the public of having spoiled football. And the college or university, large or small that does not do this sort of thing is certainly an exception. Most colleges call the mimeographed matter they broadcast to the press a "Sports Letter"; others prefer to entitle it "News of Sports" or "Athletic News Service," while others send out their copy minus any high-sounding name at all. Some of the larger universities supplement their routine propaganda with a pictorial magazine entirely devoted to sports. From two hundred news releases which flooded the sporting department of one New York daily in ten days last summer, it was possible to learn that at the University of Chicago the men have been engaged in physical work to keep in trim all summer; that "Truck Weaver, the two hundred and thirty pound guard, has been working on a downtown building as a laborer; Rudy Leyers, fullback, has been working as a hodcarrier, while Harold Bluhm, quarterback, has been pushing a wheelbarrow on the new Jones Chemical Laboratory." One also discovered that Boston University, after waiting fifty-nine years for "decent football facilities," at last has a field of its own; that at West Point the students are marched into football mass meetings much as they are marched to classes and to drill; that at Penn State Hugo Bezdek

“stumped.” It appears that the quar-
 ters where the players live were used
 during the past summer by the Institute
 of French Education, and the French
 accent and culture have so corrupted
 the football squad that “orders have
 been sent out to burn all French periodicals
 and books found in the buildings.”
 I read this announcement from the
 University of West Virginia and you
 might imagine yourself reading of the
 things of a professional boxing promoter:

At the home office at Morgantown there
 is a big job of assembling ticket application
 blanks, announcements of games, times to be
 played, prices of tickets, preference of orders,
 souvenir cards, etc., etc. Director Stans-
 bury also has some new features to present
 the way of window-card and automobile-
 banner advertising which proved very popu-
 lar with the fans over the state last year.
 Several requests have already reached the
 office for materials of this nature by agencies
 who usually handle Mountaineer tickets.

Frankness in the broadcasting of
 sports went far last summer when Pur-
 due University, not content with the
 usual methods of sporting propaganda,
 did broadcast a large poster with the
 word FOOTBALL written across the top.
 Directly underneath are shown three
 members of the university team in
 action, and lest the observer mistake
 their identity, the names of the three
 stars are boldly printed in block lettering.
 On the side is the university schedule,
 in lettering smaller than the names of
 the stars aforesaid. Could the press
 agent for Mr. Ziegfeld do more than
 that?

These things make one a little skeptical
 when the college authorities express their
 belief that the public is responsible for
 the football mania. Nor do their decla-
 rations about the good done by the
 money received from football always
 ring quite true. Every year toward the
 end of the football season, when reports
 about the vast sums taken in by our
 colleges flood the press, a rush of printed
 matter fills the sports pages of the news-
 papers with arguments to prove how

wisely and how well these millions are
 used. Attempt to question the sacred-
 ness of football and any athletic director
 will immediately overwhelm you with a
 flood of unanswerable statistics. He
 will show that football is the godfather
 of games within and without the walls of
 the university, that with its gate-receipts
 are built swimming pools and squash
 courts, that from its profits spring crews
 fully armed and golf and tennis teams
 fully clothed. A new baseball cage was
 built out of football earnings. The
 lacrosse team made a southern trip upon
 them. They helped finance the rifle
 and chess teams, the polo and the
 debating teams. They maintained and
 paid for all intramural sports: sports
 between classes, between the clubs and
 societies, sports between the dormitories.
 In fact, they did almost everything
 but pay the salary of the President.
 The word intramural to an athletic
 director takes on a holy significance
 when he is talking; the intramural sports
 idea, “athletics for all,” is hammered
 home for all it is worth to show how
 beneficial modern football really is.

Lately, however, I have wondered
 whether football does quite so much to
 promote athletics for all as its supporters
 so loudly claim. Perhaps this is a mis-
 leading impression. Yet at any rate it
 is shared by Professor Thomas E.
 French of Ohio State University, for in
 his report to the National Collegiate
 Association in 1924 he says:

“Compared to the amounts spent
 on intercollegiate sports, the budgets
 for intramural sport are comparatively
 small. Ohio is spending this year \$13,-
 000, Minnesota \$11,000, Michigan \$10,-
 000, and others from \$7,500 to \$3,000.”

But in the very year in which Professor
 French was speaking, football receipts
 at Ohio State University were \$275,723.-
 75. Of this sum \$127,017.83 was ex-
 pended upon a million-six-hundred-
 thousand-dollar stadium, and \$13,000
 upon intramural athletics!

Thirteen thousand out of \$275,000.
 Professor French can hardly be charged

with exaggeration when he says that the sum spent on intramural athletics at Ohio State is comparatively small.

Is this exceptional? Not in the least. Stanford University, to take a college upon the West Coast, took in during the same year \$194,000 in athletic receipts, and after paying for a football stadium, a basketball stadium, team expenses and equipment, spent the generous sum of \$7,500 on intramural sport. Harvard University in the same year received over a million dollars from football. Of that sum nearly \$300,000—or more than one-quarter—was spent upon various inter-collegiate teams, traveling expenses, coaches, rubbers, trainers, doctors, uniforms, and supplies. When a college spends \$74,000 for coaches, \$5,000 for rubbers, and \$6,000 for medical services in one short season of two months, it might appear that intramural athletics would be likely to receive less than their share from the remainder.

The fact is that the attitude of the universities of this country toward football is often hypocritical in the extreme. Certainly their press releases and their statistics of expenditures for football do not square with their protestations that they wish to put an end to the evils which have crept into the game. If they really desire to keep the interest of the students and the public upon the main tent, they might as well start the good work of reform right in their own side-shows.

IV

If they should attempt to do so they might find themselves in receipt of aid and comfort from an unexpected quarter—the undergraduate body.

The religion of football is firmly enough established in the United States to be able to stolle at the pin pricks it receives in the nature of Carnegie Foundation reports and other adverse criticism; but it is a fact that from time immemorial even greater religions have flourished and waned as the soul of man in search of new food to satisfy his

spiritual hunger turned aside from the well-established creeds of the momer. To-day, strong and powerful as is the Great God Football, signs are not wanting to show that American college undergraduates are beginning to doubt its divinity.

For one thing, the enormous size of our larger universities tends to weaken the overwhelming interest in athletics and in football especially. Any college graduate of thirty years ago will tell you of class rushes, class suppers, class proms, and the like, such as have no counterpart to-day. He will talk of football games and of baseball games and track meets held between college classes, all of which seem strange and impossible to the modern undergraduate. Intense class feeling began to die out years ago; the classes to-day are far too large in the great universities to permit of much class feeling or class loyalty being shown. So also, the feeling so wrongly called "college spirit" is losing ground in many of the large educational institutions throughout the country.

"Here at Michigan," a man told me recently, "the students feel lost in the great mass of outsiders who come to see the games. They are beginning to feel that the team is not much more theirs than a professional football team."

The report of the Faculty-Student Committee on the Distribution of Students' Time, published in 1925, states that at the University of Chicago seventeen per cent of the men and twenty-eight per cent of the women attended no football games during a recent season. Possibly the fact that the university is situated in a city which offers rival distractions is partly responsible for these figures; but if so many students had been absent from a football game twenty years ago the situation would have called for a football revival meeting.

To-day in many large colleges and universities, especially throughout the East, nobody cares and nobody knows whether or not you attend the big games.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth said to me recently:

"When I was in college a man would have been considered white-livered and altogether objectionable as a citizen of the community who was not present at every football game. Now except for the great dramatic spectacle during the season, undergraduates will be found upon the golf links, the trout streams, and the Outing Club trails, and in canoes on the river on the fall afternoons of the most important games."

A year or two ago the best end on the Harvard football team—a man who had scored the only touchdown against Yale for a long period of years—refused to go out for football because he preferred to swim. There was no compulsion brought to bear upon him, and he was allowed to do as he pleased. The same season one of the outstanding candidates for the Dartmouth team did not try for a place on the eleven because he had set his heart on making Phi Beta Kappa. His wishes were also respected. Are these isolated, scattered instances? On the contrary, they can be duplicated in most of the large colleges of the country, certainly in most of the Eastern ones. A year or so ago at one of these institutions which had been having an especially disastrous football season, several of the players were joking and fooling in the locker room after a sloppy practice session. That evening at the training session a graduate—who had returned for a few days to assist in coaching—reproached them violently for their attitude, and attributed the failure of the team to this spirit of carelessness. Curiously enough, the entire squad was resentful of his criticism. One of the men said that he was sick of football because of the seriousness of men like his alumnus. "We've been told about the courage and the carefree attitude of men going into battle in the Great War, but this Yale game is so important we can't even smile a week beforehand."

When the American undergraduate is talking like this one feels the Great God

Football tremble. Surely there is a chance for a healthier outlook on sport in the United States when the young men in the colleges are beginning to feel and to think so sensibly about their games. For it is the undergraduates and not the alumni who are most likely to lead the way to a change. As George Owen, the Harvard football star, said a few years ago in a magazine article, "The attitude of the alumni is the most discouraging thing of all. As long as the team is winning they are peaceful and contented. However, let the team lose a few games and the graduates are up in arms; the coach is rotten and it becomes the fundamental duty of everyone to try to find a new coach who has been turning out successful teams. No consideration is taken of the character of the coach. He may have the finest influence in shaping the character of his pupils, he may have given them a finer sense of sportsmanship, a finer appreciation of the value of team play, and a better understanding of the relation of athletics to the whole educational scheme of the college; but if the team doesn't win he is a failure."

No, the graduate still sees football with the eyes of 1908, while the undergraduate is beginning to see it with the eyes of 1928. Last year the Harvard *Crimson*, the student newspaper at Cambridge, decided not to overemphasize athletics, decided to give them the space they deserved and nothing more. For this attitude it was roundly attacked by a famous graduate, a former All-American end. Yet the editors stuck to their policy. At about the same time the Yale *Daily News* came out with a series of intelligent proposals regarding football, the principal one being that the game should be put on much the same basis as in England, with student coaches as well as players. The important thing about these expressions of undergraduate opinion is not that they may lead to any immediate results, but that the undergraduates dare to make them. Twenty years ago these senti-

ments would have been considered heretical. In another twenty years they may be considered old-fashioned.

Now it is impossible for anyone to study the colleges of this country, the Eastern universities particularly, without being conscious of the fact that the undergraduate attitude on sports is changing. This does not mean that football will die out and waste away, that football coaches had better cast about for other jobs, that our stadia will crumble and decay, that Athletic Directors will have to return again to the role of humble citizens each fall instead of potentates of sport. It does not even mean that the college president who proposed any major reforms in the game would not still be playing with dynamite. It means simply that a saner attitude is gaining ground among the American undergraduates, and that some day football may cease to be a religion to them and become merely a sport. For football as a game, unless all signs to the contrary fail, will never die out.

And after all, why should it? With all its faults and the faults that creep in with it, football to-day is a superb spectacle. Considering it simply as a game to watch, what other game can compare with it? Where is its movement, its color, its variety equalled in the range of modern sport? Is it not incomparably better than the national sport of any country of Europe? Those who have seen a Cup Tie at Wembley with its hundred and twenty thousand spectators will confess to you that beside a Yale-Princeton game at New Haven it is a dull affair indeed. Pelota? Bull fighting? No, they are second-rate sports, for the spectator at least, beside intercollegiate

football. For where is the game to this and move the observer as can our modern football, where is the game to bring your heart up suddenly as the ball catches a punt in an open field, sidestepping a charging end, swings past another straight-arms a third, and sets out at last a free man while the stands rise with spontaneous roar and the goal posts look directly ahead? Where is the game to bring forth the art of war with none of its destruction, to combine strength and skill, strategy and science? Football in its place, football as a game, has no rivals; with all its faults it is much to be fine a sport and much too splendid an entertainment to lose.

Why on earth should we lose it? Why not stop this business of elevating football into a religion, why not do away with the hokum about the moral good it does to the participants and about the idiotic college spirit manifested in cutting classes to cheer the departing team? Why not give up the cant and the burlesque combe with which football is filled and stop talking about the noble purpose it fulfills, and take it for what it is. A game and nothing more. A game which ought not to interfere in any way with the educational program of the undergraduate, which ought not to be considered the be-all and end-all of college life, in which it matters not at all who wins or who loses; but a magnificent game none the less.

No, not *a* game, *the* game of the twentieth century; the game that besides being a sport to play is also one of the most regal spectacles of the present day.

In short, why not take football for what it is: The Great American Game. And let it go at that.



CHILDREN OF THE EARTH

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

ELI GREEN walked along the road from the town, his shoes, where the leather was worn through, letting his feet feel the prickly stubble made by the pounded stone. Step after step, and he drew his hips forward, his head bent beyond the line of his body, reaching out. He was unaggrieved, thinking nothing, but now and then, as his feet plodded evenly, one after the other, his steps spoke to his mind in disappointed sayings that clung about words: "home . . . all right . . . victuals . . . yes . . . Dovie . . . yes . . . shoe mended . . ."

Neither discontent nor content concerned him. His shoulders jogged up and down in his torn shirt, and he rubbed the hard dust of the road from his eyes with the back of his hand after a car passed. "A ride," his steps said, "ask . . . no . . . no use . . . home . . ."

His head settled, relaxed over his neck, his neck swayed, relaxed and careless above his chest. His chest, bared by the torn shirt, was dusty and burnt by the sun. He passed farm after farm, each one owned: Bancroft, Blackburn, McNab, his mind being aware of each change of ownership as he passed from one to the next. He felt that the road was his as much as it was any man's, and the thought gave him pride, as if he had achieved a witty saying. A witty pleasure glowed faintly in his body, and he thought connectedly for a short space. "As much mine as any man's," he said, speaking aloud.

He began to realize how little differ-

ence lay between owning a farm and not owning. Swaying along, his feet lifting one after the other, his hips pressing forward, his shoulders beating up and down beneath his neck, he knew acutely or vividly for one instant the small difference between himself and Bancroft, between himself and Blackburn. Bancroft would walk a road much the same as he would go, first one foot and then the other, his sides beating up and down, and if his shoes were out at the heel he would step with the same gait. "If you have e'er a thing to sell you sell it pretty much the same as anybody else," he said, "Bancroft or McNab, hit's all one, or Eli Green . . . All eat their victuals . . . when they can get 'em."

He stopped and counted the pieces of money in his small pouch, a tobacco bag which he had hidden in the pocket of his shirt. The sum, turned out and carefully felt in the half-dark, was forty-two cents. Three ladies had given him the dimes and nickels, and a child had given him the cents. He put the bag away and went forward, thinking nothing, again his feet conversing with disinterested comment on what he did, saying, "Home . . . shoes . . . now . . . forty-two . . . all right . . ."

Moonlight lay over the trees as a cloud washing down from the sky and lapping into the boughs. He went forward evenly, scarcely slackening his pace to take the low hill that bent the road upward past a field and a pasture. Sheep were grazing among the stones of the upland, McNab's sheep which had been

brought that day from a lower farm three miles away. Two shepherd dogs ran about among the flocks caring for the sheep, and up at the top of the rise, among some scattered trees, a step sounded in the stubble—McNab looking about, taking his count, making all safe for the night. Now and then a lamb would cry out, a cry of content rather than distress, and the dogs ran about, encircling the flocks. When Eli had left the hillside and had come out on the rolling upland he turned from the main road and went a short distance as a crossroad led him. His feet plodded now, back at their sayings, an affirmation settling each foot and flavoring each syllable, as “yes . . . home . . . yes . . . sleep . . . all right . . .”

His house seemed small in the wide moonlight, seemed scarcely recognized against the immensity of the earth. He plodded onto the small stoop and went in at the door without changing his pace. He flung his hat to the floor and sat in the chair by the window, reaching then for a drink of water and spilling great drops from the dipper on his shoes and the boards beneath.

“You could keep you slobbers in your mouth,” his wife, Dovie Green, said. “How much you bring home-to-night?”

“I allow I must have about forty or forty-five cents, Dovie,” he said. “I had a right hard day and not much luck neither.”

“You’re a triflen, good-for-nothing, low-down, o’nary man, and you got no more sense ’n a cockroach. You don’t even know how to beg right,” Dovie said.

“A way to talk to a man that’s walked nine mile since sundown,” Eli said. “You can beg for your own self next time. You’re a sour-tongued woman, and see if I beg for you after this!”

“Cockroach!”

“You used to be more mincy with your words, Dovie Peters. I recollect when you was a-courten me how choicy and mincy you used to be. Afeared to say more ’n, ‘Old bad man he’ll get you

if you ain’t good.’ Mincy with you words you used to be.”

“I see you walk up to the door of house and say, ‘I got sickness in family and see a right hard time. Could you help a poor farmer that’s seen a bad crop year?’ I hear you. Looken like a durned fool all the time and nobody believe a word you say. God knows! No more gumption ’n a rat. Not even sense enough to tell a good lie. When you set out to lie why don’t you tell something folks would feel sorry to hear? God help you! Not even sense enough to beg.”

“You go out and beg a piece for your own self. I don’t go for you no more. Always raisen a rippet when I come home, tired after where I walked all day up and down the streets in the town. Hit’s a dog’s life.”

“Cockroach you are.”

“I taken notice the day I come home with the five dollars a lady in the town gave me you was sweet as courten times and you drove Lester and Irene and Boggie off to bed right after supper so’s to have a chance to be sweet on me with nobody, not even youngones, to hinder. Courten times you had on then.”

“Cockroach!”

“And now because I come home with only forty cents on me she says ‘Cockroach’ and such-like hard names. What call you got to name a body a name like that? If I set-to I can call hard names too. I can damn-to-hell equal to any man. You’re a hard-to-please woman, Dovie Green, and I can’t please you.”

“I told you what to say in the town, and I’ll bet you didn’t have get-up enough to say hit. Not enough gizzard in you to tell a story to make folks sorry and make folks give. A low-down cockroach of a man I married, and I could ’a’ run off twice since with the peddler. I’m no stay-at-home woman, easy and meek with no other man to look to.”

“I told the story you made out. I told hit all day, every place I went. I like to ’a’ got in jail one place over hit. A lady said, ‘If you’re in so bad a fix as

at the county hit'll look after you. 'Here's a county physician,' she says, 'will call at your house to-morrow. Where d' you live?' she says. I had to come away fast and never look behind me once. Wife and five youngones all sick with the pneumonia is too much to sell. Folks don't countenance such a barn, or they want to send a doctor. What'd you do to see a doctor ride up to the door? In jail you'd land us afore a week."

"You ought to have enough get-up to know how to ease off on the story when you see how things are. Some folks would take the story and say ne'er a word and some would want to send the doctor or the priest or the preacher. You have to calculate quick and ease up the story to suit the foks you tell hit to. I married a sorry lout-man. And your old mammy here complainen about a misery in her knee all day. I got a heap to try me and a heap to complain on. A cockroach I married before the preacher. What a fool I was, and now I'm pestered all day by the mother of a cockroach a-sitten around a-thumpen her cane on the floor and a-callen out for water to drink. I'm no stay-at-home with ne'er other man to my string. I could run off with Castor Johns, the peddler, any day he comes by. I'll go where I'll not hear e'er old woman thumpen the floor for a spell. Cockroach!"

"You call me cockroach agin and I'll . . . I already lied enough for you, Dovie Green, to go to perdition three times over. I even lied in court the day Jake McNab lost the gilt, swore in the magistrate's house with my hand in the air, 'S'elp me God' we never seen a sign of hit, and hit salted down in our cellar hole under the house then, and your belly full of tripe and hog heart hash that very minute. If the court had 'a' given you a vomit right then it would 'a' seen a sight, would 'a' seen Jake McNab's hogmeat run outen your mouth."

"Well, you eat your victuals now I set before you and go outside and look in the shed. I am a better hand to provide

than my own lawful husband. You got a big night's work ahead and you might as well set to."

"If hit's somebody's calf or shoat or sheep you got shut up there you can just turn hit loose, for I don't expect to butcher e'er other piece of stock or property that belongs to my neighbors. Hit's too risky after the way we got in the magistrate's court to be witnesses over the gilt. You go out, Dovie, and turn that-there sheep loose, or whatever hit is, but I know hit's a sheep because I heard one bleat out when I first came home. You can take this-here knife and cut the string and set that sheep out on the road to wander."

"I'll not do e'er thing of the sort, Eli Green. I had a time to get that-there sheep inside the shed, worked a right smart while and tried to gentle hit with a bite of clover, and worked not to let your mammy know or the youngones. Hit's not McNab's sheep. As like as not hit's a stray been lost since a right smart while, as much mine as anybody's. You can roll up your sleeves and cut hits throat and pull the hide offen, and you can hang the mutton up to cool against to-morrow. Roast mutton is right good, and this-here was a right fat lamb."

"Ne'er a lamb of Jake McNab's will I butcher. I already see enough trouble over the gilt. God's sake, Dovie! Ne'er a one will I kill. I hear steps a-comen along the pike, and as apt as not hit's McNab out a-looken for a sheep that's astray. I'll tell him hit's here safe in our shed and he can have hit right off."

"You will not do e'er thing of the sort, Eli Green. I worked all day to get that-there sheep. I was plumb tuckered to get us a sheep to eat and here he wants to turn hit out. You mind your own."

The steps outside came nearer, walking briskly and skipping to the lilt of a song. Then a voice began to sing:

O Father, O Father, go dig my grave,
Go dig hit long and narrow;
The hangman is looken for me to-day,
And I die for him to-morrow.

"Who's that?" Dovie asked. "Who's that outside, you think?" She turned the wick very low in the lamp and shaded the dim light with her hand. "Who's that?"

"Hit's maybe Amos Pinkston a-goen home after dark. Been out to prank with the boys. Amos, hit is."

"Don't let him in. He mought as well go on funder. You got no time to prank this night." The voice sang again, coming nearer, the step now close at hand:

O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed,
Go make hit long and narrow;
The law is a-looken for me to-day,
And the jury will get me to-morrow.

"Hear how he can whistle like a song bird. Hear what a slight he's got to warble a tune."

"Don't open him the door, though," Dovie said. "We got no time for company to-night."

The singer knocked hard at the door and he called, "Hello, there, hello!" Then he pushed the door open and stood looking within, his hand on the latch. Dovie left the light low and kept her seat beside the table, but she turned toward the door and the man outside said:

"What makes you so slow to open to a neighbor, Eli Green? 'O Father, O Father, go dig my grave.' If here ain't Dovie Green up past bedtime. You'd think you-all had a moonshine still inside, the way you keep the door shut and don't say 'come' to a knock. I don't see e'er thing hid either. Good evening, all."

"Come on, Eli, you can, and eat your victuals I already set out on the table," Dovie said. "If Amos wants some too he can come. Here's a plate."

"Yes, come on, Amos," Eli said. "You're welcome to what there is. If you can stand my fare you're welcome as long as hit lasts."

"Thank ye just the same but I won't choose any. I already had my supper," Amos said. "I'll just tune up against you eat a spell, and if I sing a little, why

folks don't have to listen that can sing better." He sang or he whistled again or he worried the fiddle to make it turn a tune. Then he hushed the music to listen and he spoke in comment:

"What's that I hear, a noise outside? Have you took to sheep-raisen, Eli? I hear a sheep inside the house, out back somewheres."

"That-there's the lease youngone, got a bad cold inside his nose," Dovie said. "Hit cried and coughed out right hoarse just now."

"If little Boggie has got such a misery as that inside his throat you better give a dose of ipecac or paregoric right off to clear up his head. Where's the paregoric bottle. I'll give him the right dose myself. I see the paregoric here on the shelf above the water bucket."

"Never mind to bother yourself, Amos. I'll give what paregoric is needed by my own youngones," Dovie said.

Amos sang again, twitching the fiddle under the bow, hitting the top of a tune as he sang and patting his foot in a dance.

O Father . . . grave,
Go make hit long and narrow . . .
The hangman . . . to-day
. . . to-morrow.

The sheep bleated while Amos tossed his head in his rhythmic song, his voice skipping over and under the words. When he had finished his stave he quit the music and said again:

"Little Boggie, he needs a right sharp dose of paregoric. He's got a masterful cough ahold of him. I'll pour out the dose right now, and you wake little Boggie and make him swallow the drops. I always was right fond of little Boggie. I hate to see him take with disease."

"Never mind the drops, Amos," Dovie said. "Paregoric is pison anyhow, and don't be so free with the bottle."

"Hit's pison in small doses, they say, but a right sharp dose acts contrariwise, acts like a purge. He needs a right smart little purge, Boggie does." He

led to music-making again, dragging three tunes in a medley. When he said he said:

Did you hear what's come to Jake Nab to-day? He was a driven sheep from the lower farm and they scattered out over the branch where he led to ford. He lost three and he's right put about. I heard it said found all but one against dark set

Eli heard this, making his supper from food on the table, and he thought of Amos as sly and knowing, as knowing more than any man ought. The food led him to the table, his hunger making an open pouch-shaped funnel in his coat. He heard a slow beat of wheels on the road, as if some wagon were coming from the main highway into the county road and drawing near the house, a laden wagon drawn by one horse. The coming became a familiar sound, as the rise and fall of rhythm he recognized, and he knew that the wagon could belong to the peddler, Castor Johns. Dovie had turned the light up when she had called him to the table, and now she ran the comb through her short hair and fluffed a lock over her temple. He was indifferent to Dovie's act, as if it were his own, as if they, the two together, approached Castor Johns with whatever prettiness they had. He ate his food with appetite, taking all that the table held, no great quantity. He poured the last of the drips over his bread and drank the sour milk, and his mind was dull before the fact of the sheep Dovie had tied into the shed. The food was dry and without savor, and he thought of hot dripping mutton sizzling in the pan, coming from the oven, on his plate, on his tongue. When Amos should go he would, himself, turn the sheep out and send it on a gallop back along the road but, anticipating his act, he thought quickly of hot fried mutton, its savors bringing water to his dry mouth. He thought of how easy it would be to kill the sheep and to cut two roasts out of it, to bury all the rest of the

carcass somewhere or to let the dogs get it, to make it seem as if Bancroft's hounds had killed it and had eaten a part of it away. He turned the imagined savors about in his mind and approached the deed negligently, dreamily willing to assist Dovie in this device.

The peddler had left the wagon and had come to the door where he stopped, looking in, waiting until the musician had finished scraping the fiddle. Then Johns began to sing, suiting his song to some tune the fiddle carried, and he looked at Dovie with soft eyes.

All in the merry, merry May,
When the blowth was on the tree-o,
I gave my love one loven kiss,
And she gave one to me-o.

"Hit's Castor Johns," Amos said, "on the road away after night. You're just in time for what's about to happen, Castor."

"What's that?" Dovie cried out. "What's he said now?"

"He's just in time. Come in, Castor. What makes you so late on the road? Do you think to buy and sell all night?"

"High water up the creek. What's that-there sound I hear inside the door there?"

"Little Boggie, got a bad cold, he has. He coughs right hoarse. I been after Dovie to give a dose of paregoric. If he coughs agin I aim to give the dose myself."

"You can tend to your own, Amos Pinkston," Dovie said. "What I said awhile ago. You keep your hands off the paregoric."

"Paregoric is pison," Castor Johns said. "I always fear to have much to do with paregoric."

"Hit's pison to you if you don't need hit," Amos said. "But if a youngone needs hit right bad hit acts contrariwise."

There was a flare of voices coming along the road, and Amos swept the chairs back quickly from the middle of the floor and began to play a dance tune, tapping his foot. The voices came

nearer and broke at the doorway into several sounds, greetings, outcries, protests, and a throng of men and girls came into the room.

"If hit ain't a surprise party," Dovie said. She hurried about, confused, her anger slipping away before the greetings of the guests. "Whoever said I wanted a party to-night? If here ain't Blondetta and Tanny and Elmiry. Come in, all. I'm right put about but I reckon all are welcome. Come in. Make yourself free. Come in."

There were bursts of greeting and admonition. "Shake up a tune, Amos. We got to get back home afore the moon lays. How's your old mammy, Eli? In bed since dark, I reckon. Shake up a tune and shake 'er up fine. I'm right natured to dance to-night. . . . We sent Amos along afore to give you a warnen of how soon we'd come. Play up a dance and howdy-do all. . . . Here's Castor Johns, come to see Dovie I know, and we all here to hinder."

"Look at Tanny and Dick, new-style dancen. You call that-there tango, don't you? Look at Tanny's short skirt. I see Tanny's garters."

"I see Elvir's garters since a year ago."

"What's that? Love of . . . what's that sound inside?"

"Hit's little Boggie, got a bad cold," Amos said. "He's coughed three times now, and three times is a charm. You can't risk to wait till he coughs agin."

He poured out a spoonful of the paregoric and held it carefully poised as he started for the inner door. "Hit's pison if you don't need hit," he said, "but Boggie he needs hit mightily. He must have this-here withouten delay."

Eli saw the spoon moving toward the door behind which Boggie was asleep and he leaped forward. Dovie leaped forward too, and Eli said, "You won't give Boggie e'er thing outen a spoon, Amos. Are you plumb bereft?" Dovie knocked his hand upward and spilled the fluid. Amos laughed then and went back to his fiddle.

"Play a Charleston piece," one said. "You ought to see little Boggie do the shimmy piece. Wake up him Boggie and let him dance the shimmy."

"Naw, don't wake Boggie," Amos said. "He's got a right bad cough and he needs his rest."

Eli watched Dovie take the shaker knife from the table and go out the door and presently she came back, a strand of rope in her fingers. He knew that she had opened the door of the shed and driven the sheep out. His thought became lighter in quality and he began to make the guests welcome, passing among them and shaking hands. "You're right welcome, Tanny Webster. Howdy to Dick Smith. You're welcome, Blondetta Quire. Welcome all." The dancing went forward, Amos calling figure after figure. Castor Johns sang again and again, a new song or an old one, as the music allowed. Then a great lamb, more than half grown, came bounding through the back door and went frisking about bleating with a sort of wild joy. One tried to force it out at the door but it escaped and came back to the throng.

"I know what sheep that is," John said. "That's McNab's sheep, a pet he youngones raised in the house on a bottle. Come on, Flossie. See, he knows his name. Flossie, Flossie! Well by ginger, look at that. Little Flossie wandered into Eli Green's house and won't stay outside."

"Mrs. McNab, she drove hit outen the house a-Tuesday. Said hit was big enough now to stay outside. Flossie! Flossie!"

"Hit's took a big risk to wander so far away from home," Amos said. "Nobody knows what a risk Flossie took."

"Hit's a contrarious sheep. Wants to stay in. Wants to use in doors. Hit's ashamed and wants to hide behind Tanny. Left her manners at home. Flossie did."

Amos scraped hard at the fiddle then and the dancers formed for a reel. They turned about with a greater clatter of feet, Dovie leading with Castor, Eli

cing with Elviry. The sheep ran out among them, refusing to go out at door. It wove a continuous path among the dancers, now and then crying with excitement and pleasure.

"It's late, it's late," one said. "And moon, it's set. We best go now." Nobody heeded this and the dance ran on. "The best dancen floor up Dover ek," another said. "I always said I her dance at Eli Green's . . . If you nt a dance, I said, let's go to Eli's and vie's."

Castor sang, making joy for all the ls, making a song for all the men who ld not sing but who had need of ging.

A young man came a courten fair,
Howdy do man, O howdy do high!
And my true love she went anear,
Howdy do, howdy do all.

"Hit's late. The stars are out and t's dark for sure. Go, we must."

They went all together out at the door. he sheep kept among them, as if it ould know among them the security flocks. All prepared to go, saying eir good-byes over and over. The ars were a myriad of small sparks over e great roof of the sky, receding and ultipliyng if the eye tried to fathom or ount the number. The fields on every de were lost in the blackness. All ood together in the doorway pointing pward and telling what they knew of ae dark.

"Once I saw a star fall. But I never ee where it went to," one said.

"Where would hit 'go to, now, I onder?"

"If a star fell, where would it go?"

"They say the stars are worlds or suns. People like us a-walken around on some. They say so."

"A better kind of people 'n us down here, maybe."

"God help 'em, I'd hope to find better."

"God knows! Better I hope."

"If they make out to be worse they are surely a no-account, o'nary set as ever God let live, as ever God-almighty gave breath to."

"There's a queer gray streak across the sky," one said, pointing it out. "Like a veil slaunchways across. Hit's called the Milky Way, I've heard it said."

"Oh, how many stars it takes to fill the sky!"

"Oh, God ha' pity on us all," Dovie said then. "Look at 'em!"

"Milky, that's a name for hit now. Hit is milky for a fact."

"Milky, it is, like a veil, and yet it's lasty. Up there . . . I see it there again and again."

"Oh, since I was borned! Did you ever see the like? More stars 'n' common to-night."

"That bright star up yon way, I heard a man say it mought be called Mars, or maybe he said Jubiter. I disremember which."

"Hit's a bright star enough. They say the stars are worlds or suns. People like us there."

"A better kind, maybe."

"God help 'em, I hope so. Better."

"God ha' pity on us all, better I hope."



VICE AND THE VOLSTEAD ACT

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE proponents of reform legislation—those sincere and earnest ladies and gentlemen who would achieve the millennium by introducing bills—are well aware of the efficacy of an appeal to the emotions. Statistics are dull stuff. Logic is often worthless. But swift progress toward the desired goal of remedial enactment can be made if it is possible to show that the situation under attack causes suffering, sickness, crime, death, or depravity.

This is known to every lobbyist, amateur or professional, who haunts the corridors of our state and federal legislative buildings. It is the best weapon of the press agents in his employ. Every newspaper editor starting a circulation-building campaign against some local evil instructs his reporters to bring in "human interest yarns." And it was, I think, skillful play upon the emotions of the voters that brought about one of the most striking social-reform experiments in history—the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act.

An emotional appeal is most effective, of course, when it can be directed against a specific evil; and so the dries were doubly wise when they selected the saloon as the immediate objective of their crusade. Everyone was familiar with the saloon, at least from the outside. On Saturday nights men reeled from its glittering front. It had been condemned by many a ballad long before prohibition was seriously considered. It was simple enough, then, to point out that the saloon broke up families, caused husbands to abuse their wives, dissipated

the earnings of fathers, and deprive children of schooling and shoes. The most convincing argument of them all beyond doubt, was that the saloon fostered and encouraged commercialized vice. Do away with the grog-shops, the prohibitionists promised, and thousands of girls will be saved from lives of sin. All these arguments, it should be noted, were emotional by their very nature.

In the year 1928, with the first decade of Volsteadism drawing toward its close, no one is startled to hear that eminent men of science have questioned the peril of a moderate use of alcohol. Such well-known authorities as Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins and Dr. Logan Clendening of Kansas City have so spoken. And even in the dim, prehistoric days of the temperance movement it was possible for the wets to find respectable allies who believed with sincerity that alcohol was not harmful, even was beneficial if not taken to excess. If liquor had its champions, however, commercialized vice had virtually none. The conception that it was a necessary evil and should be regulated by the state had been discredited in the United States years before the Eighteenth Amendment became a probability. So the argument that to do away with liquor would put an end to vice was tremendously effective. How to prevent the sale of intoxicants was obvious: pass a law.

The most superficial examination of the writings of the early dries reveals their extreme optimism on this point and their utter disregard of the complexities of enforcement. In a symposium

ium entitled *Substitutes for the Saloon* we find an article by Robert A. Woods which is fairly typical of the prohibition crystal-gazers. When the organized liquor traffic vanished, Mr. Woods predicted, "the traffic in sex demoralization . . . will find its main outward defenses and its most trusted reinforcements destroyed by a single blow."

It may be suggested (he wrote) that the degree to which prohibition will reduce sexual immorality will depend on the degree to which it can be enforced. This, in general, can hardly present serious difficulty. . . . There will, of course, remain a greater or less number of isolated nests where crude alcoholic drinks will be made or supplied and in these crude forms of immorality will be likely to be found. . . . From every point of view, it is clear that prohibition will directly reduce the number of recruits of both sexes for prostitution in marked degree.

It has been apparent for some time, needless to say, that Mr. Woods and his co-workers were over-confident in their prophecies regarding the ease with which prohibition could be enforced. The Eighteenth Amendment did not do away with the liquor traffic, even the organized traffic; for the illicit trade is an unofficial big business of America. And now it is being declared, not only in New York but in other large cities, that commercialized vice is increasing to a point where it is virtually as serious a problem as it was twenty-five years ago. The speak-easy, born of Volsteadism, is held responsible—ably assisted by night clubs and dance halls. Where they do not encourage vice in the commercialized sense, they are breeding places for individual immorality among boys and girls, some social workers now admit. Competition has begun to cut into profits, however, and in many cases prostitution is added to the attractions in the hope of profits. It is almost unanimously conceded, inquiry develops, that girls arrested for prostitution are to-day much younger than in the days of the saloon. Vice in its new form is held to be more difficult to stamp out.

The first indication of what is going on is found in the reports of the Committee of Fourteen of New York City. This organization, having endeavored for a quarter of a century to put down prostitution, has stated that the speak-easies and night clubs are serving as new centers for vice and that "the hostess of the night club and speak-easy is the modern American counterpart of the Geisha girl." In New York City, the committee is forced to conclude, the problem is comparable to that of two decades ago. The Committee of Fourteen, it must be remembered, is not a wet organization seeking to undermine prohibition. Most of its members, it is safe to venture, were sympathetic toward ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Its statements regarding the present situation in New York City are based on careful, statistical examination of seven thousand five hundred separate investigations. It has worked in close co-operation with the authorities and I am assured by Magistrate Jean Norris, the only woman judge in New York and an authority on the subject, that she believes the Committee's findings to be, in the main, correct. The accuracy of its work is further supported by Miss Alice Smith, chief probation officer of the Woman's Day Court. In its 1926 report, made public about a year ago, the Committee said:

It is common knowledge that the Volstead Act has been responsible for the springing into existence in the City of New York of numerous so-called night clubs and speak-easies. Prostitution has been quick to take advantage of these new conditions by using such places as rendezvous, and we again have the old and vicious connection of prostitution and alcohol, in perhaps an even more vicious form than previously.

During 1927 the Committee continued its investigations, its ability to do so increased through the co-operation of the American Social Hygiene Association. Its latest report—recently the subject of flaring headlines in the press and violently criticized in some quarters

—is even more sensational. Regarding the speak-easy and the night club it says:

The Committee feels that the speak-easy club situation is in some respects as serious, if not more so, than the Raines Law hotel which called the Committee into existence nearly a quarter of a century ago. For one thing, they are attracting young men and young women of a class who never would have visited the old-time Raines Law hotel. Some of these "clubs" are cloaked with an apparent respectability which is likely to throw the unsophisticated off their guard. Outside of the prostitution problem, they provide for the young man and the young woman the lure of music, entertainment and dancing, coupled with alcohol and a free and easy atmosphere—and they are open all night. Moreover, they have or can furnish the facilities for carrying out prostitution. The saloons or the Raines Law hotels never catered to that class.

Generalities are, of course, dangerous as well as cruel. The Committee of Fourteen must be aware that many decent girls are employed in the night clubs. Its attack is directed against the resorts where the girls are not entertainers in the sense that they can dance or sing. They are employed in large numbers, often through advertisements inserted in the newspapers. Of them, the Committee declares:

The hostess of the night club and speak-easy is the modern American counterpart of the Geisha girl. She is employed by the club or speak-easy proprietor for the main purpose of increasing the sales of liquor, food and other drinks; incidentally she is to provide aesthetic, social and sexual entertainment for the men customers. Her sex appeal largely accounts for her success. She is the successor of the old-time drink rustler who worked in bars on a commission basis many years ago. She was divorced from the saloon business together with her sister, the *professional* prostitute, long before the Volstead Act went into effect. . . . The speak-easies and night clubs are now too numerous to succeed from the sale of liquor without the added attraction of "hostesses." Their use in these places did not become general until the last two or three years. The greatest demand appeared in the fall of

1927 when agencies and clubs became bold enough to advertise for recruits.

These advertisements, the Committee has found, attracted girls from various parts of the United States. Other hostesses are drawn from dance halls and some "are known to have been inmates of houses of prostitution in Albany, Detroit, Troy, and other cities still tolerating such resorts."

From a source such as the Committee of Fourteen such statements are food for thought. During the eight years that have passed since 1920 numerous attacks have been made on the Volstead Act. It has been blamed for everything from rolled stockings to the crime wave. Here, though, is criticism born of careful inquiry and not emotion. Those who labored for prohibition in the belief that it would end, or materially reduce, prostitution, seem to have been misled. Even the old saloon, indubitably linked with vice, may not have been as evil as the modern speak-easy.

II

The question immediately arises whether New York is typical of the rest of the country. Is the Volstead Act flouted more industriously by her citizens—so often declared an aggregation of wet Al Smith Democrats? The city has taken pride—and with justice—that during the past decade she has been able to cut down commercialized vice to a minimum. New York was one of the cleanest cities in the world. Is she now paying the penalty for declining to obey the liquor law, for assisting in the repeal of the state enforcement act? Or are the new conditions widespread?

In an effort to learn the conditions in communities of more than average reputations, I sent letters to social workers and police officials in a number of the larger cities. I pointed out that the New York Committee of Fourteen, known by reputation to all of them, had declared the speak-easy responsible for a situation more grave than had existed

or some years. Was it true in their localities, too, that arrests for prostitution were increasing? Did this, if so, have anything to do with illicit sales of liquor? Was the problem, in their opinion, as serious as that prior to prohibition? Did lax enforcement of the Volstead Act have any bearing on it? Were girls charged with prostitution now more youthful?

The answers to these queries varied widely. In no other city as yet have studies comparable to that of the Committee of Fourteen been made. I discovered again, as I had before, that social workers are, as a class, reluctant to admit that prohibition is a failure. This, I think, is chiefly because their revenues are usually derived from church people—a group strangely prone to believe statements by the Anti-Saloon League that the Volstead Act is a national blessing without defects. Thus several men and women wrote that it was true that immorality was increasing and commercialized vice, also. This had, however, nothing to do with prohibition. It was caused by the automobile, greater freedom between the sexes, indecent dressing on the part of young women, and the laxity of parents. Police officials were also inclined to deny that the laws were being violated, possibly because they are charged with enforcement of them. It is fair to say, for these reasons, that the answers to my questions probably underestimate rather than exaggerate the situation.

The Chief of Police of Cleveland, Ohio, wrote, for example, that "the Volstead Act is being enforced here," but admitted that women arrested for prostitution were much younger than before prohibition. He offered no explanation. Miss Alice P. Gannett, Head Worker at the Goodrich Social Settlement of Cleveland, wrote me:

... it is very difficult to say whether the difference in the problem of prostitution and the so-called wildness of young people is due to prohibition and the many bootleggers in every neighborhood or to the increased use of

the automobile. . . . Here . . . the automobile problem is the big one with our adolescent girls. Drinking, of course, is connected with this and gains added attraction from the fact that it is illegal.

Miss Alice M. Barrows, Chief Supervisor of Dance Halls in San Francisco, conferred with numerous officials in her city before venturing an opinion. There was, she said, "little difference in the conclusions" that they reached. Investigation disclosed a definite increase in sex offenders among younger women, although the "street walker" type had decreased. The increase, Miss Barrows felt, had a specific connection with the speak-easy; the situation is now more grave than prior to prohibition, she was certain. Lack of enforcement of the Volstead Act is responsible "for the lowering of the age" and for the fact that a higher type of girl than formerly is involved. Miss Barrows wrote:

Liquor is being given to boys and girls at a younger age than was possible through licensed saloons. Sex delinquency follows and often some form of prostitution results eventually. It is the *age* question. . . . Licensed liquor trade meant the protection of minors. Prohibition removed the license and in so doing removed all *control of the customer*. The difficulties of enforcement of the Volstead Act have resulted in uncontrolled distribution to minors, either directly or indirectly. The net proceeds produce a younger group of sex traders. The number of arrests has not varied greatly, however.

A social worker in Wilmington, Del., who requested that her name be kept confidential, felt that the problem was about the same as it had been for years. Prostitution, she believed, had a connection with the speak-easy, but the free use of automobiles was also a factor. The situation "would be greatly improved" if the Volstead Act were enforced more rigidly. Mrs. Mary M. Adams of the Southwark Neighborhood House of Philadelphia did not believe that there was much commercialized vice in her region, but said that "the number of speak-easies has increased

and more young people are drinking." Police Chief Michael H. Crowley of Boston wrote that he could see no link between the speak-easy and prostitution. There had been "no marked increase" in vice since the enactment of the Volstead Law. Then he said:

The problem of obliterating this vice is more serious now than prior to prohibition. The road-houses and inns where liquor is consumed at the tables, although not, perhaps, sold on the premises, afford an opportunity for the youth of to-day to indulge in vice.

While the lack of enforcement of the Volstead Act might have some bearing on existing conditions . . . it is not entirely the cause. It appears that the cause might lie in the homes of our youth . . . the lack of parental control and the insubordination of the youth . . . the absolute indifference toward the laws of morality.

It is true that women arrested during the past few years have been much younger than women arrested for prostitution prior to prohibition.

Miss Jessie F. Binford, director of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, said that there had been "a great increase in prostitution . . . since the election of Mayor Thompson" and that the "situation is possibly worse than it has ever been in the city." She did not feel, though, that non-enforcement of the Volstead Act was responsible; many factors were behind it. Miss Blanche F. Miller, a Justice of the Peace in Tacoma, Washington, admitted that drinking was the cause of many crimes, "including prostitution." Her data did not, though, indicate an increase in vice.

A settlement worker of Indianapolis, also requesting anonymity, said without hesitation that prostitution was increasing and was obviously connected with illicit liquor resorts. It was, she felt, more serious than before prohibition, that lax enforcement of the Volstead Act was a contributing cause, and that the girls arrested were younger than prior to 1920. She wrote:

I consulted the police department here, but they feel that automobiles are largely

responsible. I do not altogether agree with them, as violations are very flagrant in the city. It seems to me that conditions are quite appalling, and I do not think that enforcement of the Volstead Act would entirely eliminate prostitution, but it would help a great deal.

Such were among the representative answers to my inquiries. It is only fair to point out that, in some cases, I received the replies months ago. It required weeks of work, on the part of some of my informants, to examine the necessary data. It is possible, but not at all probable, that conditions have grown better since the answers were received and tabulated. In general, the social workers were united in facing the fact of the prohibition problem. Miss Louis Bignall of the Associated Charities of Knoxville, Tenn., said that prostitution was "much more serious" than before prohibition and that "younger girls are buying and drinking whiskey." She echoed that most depressing of all the reports—"the prostitutes taken into custody are usually much younger." Miss Zilpha M. Guilfooy, a social worker of Decatur, Ill., could see no relationship between the speak-easy and prostitution. Offenders are more youthful but "this is due to conditions brought about by the War."

III

The facts thus brought out are discouraging enough. But it is highly improbable that the pendulum will swing back so far that the vice which existed thirty years ago will be tolerated. Those days will never return. There are several reasons for this, the outstanding one being that the public attitude toward commercialized immorality has changed radically in the last three decades. The viewpoint of the police has also shifted. Disorderly houses paid for protection in the old days, as does the man selling liquor to-day. Convictions for prostitution were infrequent, and the penalties were light. It is possible that corrupt officials in rare cases still receive bribes

in such places. The normal reaction of the police is best reflected, however, in the experience of an investigator for the Committee of Fourteen.

A complaint had been received that a house in Manhattan, not a great distance from Fifth Avenue, was a resort of the type supposed to have disappeared. Enquiry confirmed the rumors and, its facts in hand, the Committee notified the police department. It was gratified to find that the information was received with surprise and indignation.

"*That place?*" asked, incredulously, the police official first interviewed. "Why I've known about *that* place for a long time. I thought it was a *speakeasy!*"

It is not, perhaps, out of place to describe briefly what the Committee of Fourteen has sought to accomplish. The organization is not, it should be noted, crusading for personal morality. It has never fought the saloon, except when the saloon sheltered vice. It has no interest, as has the Comstock Society, in smutty books, art studies in the nude, the younger generation, or any form of censorship. When, years ago, it found that the liquor interests protected prostitution, it attacked the liquor interests. When the brewers offered to co-operate in exterminating this evil, the Committee accepted their co-operation and for years worked efficiently and in harmony with them.

The officers of the Committee of Fourteen include, at the present time, such men as Dr. James Pederson, a New York surgeon, Percy S. Straus of R. H. Macy & Co., and Edward J. McGuire, a former first assistant District Attorney for New York County. Its secretary and general counsel, George E. Worthington, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and was formerly associate director of the legal department of the American Social Hygiene Association. The Committee is by no means "a reform organization" as the term is ordinarily understood. Frequently assisted by the churches, it has no definite affiliation

with them. I have examined the list of contributors and I find that they include Jews, Catholics, and Protestants. It has had, I am quite sure, absolute independence in formulating its policies. Certainly weight must be given its conclusion that conditions brought into being by the Volstead Act have aggravated the one problem it fights—commercialized vice.

Few people will deny that there is a natural kinship between the liquor traffic and the traffic in vice. Now that it has vanished, a veil of sentimentality has been thrown around the saloon. No one calls publicly for its exhumation, of course. Even the wettest of politicians, crying out that the liberty of man demands light wine and beer, denies heatedly that he has any yearning for the brass rail, the shining mirrors, and the affable, yet dignified, barkeeper of a day that has passed. But tears are still permitted to fall, in private, for the "poor man's club." Its keynote was, after all, good fellowship. Most of its patrons drank mellow beer instead of gin. It was the exceptional saloon-keeper who tolerated vice. Such are the laments.

Like nearly all sentimentality, this is hokum. Much as he may have abhorred it, personally, the average saloon owner was forced to permit his place to be a rendez-vous for the women whom civilization has for centuries pretended to despise. Often, as a matter of fact, he shared in the returns. The temptation of decent saloon-keepers to do likewise was vastly increased when, in 1896, State Senator John Raines, the son of an up-state Methodist minister, accomplished the passage of an amendment to the excise law. This provided that hotels, alone, could serve drinks on Sunday, the most profitable day in the week. A "hotel," according to the statute, was a saloon with ten bedrooms, a kitchen, and provisions for furnishing sandwiches. (One for each table was enough for an entire day, since the law did not require its consumption.) Within a few years hotels of this type sprang

up in all parts of New York, eventually becoming so numerous that competition was keener than it had ever been in the past. No demand for the required rooms existed, with the result that they were often used for prostitution. In no other way could their overhead be met. It was to end this condition that the Committee of Fourteen was organized in 1905. Its success was demonstrated by a reduction in the number of these resorts from 1,205 in Manhattan and the Bronx in 1905 to but 87 in the entire city in 1911.

After this victory the committee turned its attention to saloons that were outwardly decent enough, but that were known to foster prostitution. Prohibition was, by this time, so imminent that both the brewers and the distillers gave an attentive ear when told that unless they cleaned house they would be put out of business. The Brewers' Board of Trade went so far as to engage its own secret operatives, who worked with the investigators of the Committee of Fourteen. In cases where vice was tolerated, I am assured, the brewers enforced decency by means of the mortgages and leases which they held. By 1916 there were comparatively few saloons that allowed, at least openly, anything that savored of the old regime.

But the saloon had earned its bad name and so it was abolished. The millennium was in sight. Enforcement would be simple, and prostitution, where it remained, would swiftly be stamped out. Even the wets, no doubt, agreed that as far as commercialized vice was concerned a step forward had been taken.

IV

If, as the Committee of Fourteen maintains, the speak-easy is increasing prostitution, some indication of the growth should be available in a statistical analysis of the arrests and arraignments for this and allied offenses. In New York City the data bears out the indictment, although it is only accurate to

point out that the larger number of arrests might be partially due to greater activity by the police. The figures show, whether they prove anything as to causes, a more or less steady increase in prostitution arraignments in the Woman's Day Court. In 1920 the number was 1,312. Since then the figures are 1921, 1,668; 1922, 1,884; 1923, 1,900; 1924, 1,757; 1925, 1,330; 1926, 1,742; 1927, 2,457. The drop in 1925, the Committee of Fourteen believes, was due to the action by former Police Commissioner Enright in abolishing the current system of dealing with prostitution and establishing a Special Service Squad consisting largely of inexperienced men. During this time few arrests were made and "the underworld took advantage of the circumstances to become more strongly entrenched." It was then that vice began its alliance with the night clubs and speak-easies. The recent increase, the Committee sets forth, is due in part to efficient and effective co-operation on the part of Police Commissioner Warren with its own investigators. Indications point to the probability that the proportionate increase in prostitution arraignments will continue for 1928. An ugly feature of the current situation is the growth in the number of men taken into custody. This means but one thing: that the exploiter is returning to his loathsome trade. For years he has been almost unknown in New York.

Not long ago I had the depressing experience of sitting on the bench with Judge Jean Norris in the Woman's Day Court. Before her passed an almost constant stream of women. Vice, sometimes believed alluring and romantic, is invariably drab, down at the heels, and pitiful when seen by daylight. These girls and women, many of them not yet twenty years old, mumbled their stories, admitted their guilt or pleaded their innocence. But they revealed little regarding the problems caused by the speak-easy. Later, in her chambers, Judge Norris said that she agreed with

e findings of the Committee of fourteen.

"I have been on the bench since 1919," e said, "and conditions are infinitely worse than they were during the first few years after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. As a matter of fact, many of the arrests are the direct result of overtures made by the habitués of speak-easies who use these places to ply their trade. Frequently, according to the testimony adduced at the trials, the back rooms of speak-easies are used for the purpose of commercialized vice. The speak-easy is unquestionably responsible for an increase in prostitution, just as it is responsible for individual immorality. The girls brought before the Woman's Day Court are much younger than ever before."

Miss Smith, in charge of the probation work at the court, talks with hundreds of wayward girls each month. Like Judge Norris, she agreed with the findings of the Committee of Fourteen. She had found, she said, that the speak-easy was often the cause of the fearful trouble in which these girls find themselves. Sometimes, bored with home or with labor in factories and stores, they had gone to these places in the hope of adventure and amusement. In recent months there had been many reports that girls were being lured into them.

V

There is a general belief that most of the resorts selling liquor in New York are in the vicinity of Times Square and Greenwich Village. This is not, however, the case. Scores of neighborhood speak-easies, encouraged by the police attitude of "hands-off" have been opened in all sections of the five boroughs. Just what the total number is can only be conjectured. An Assistant United States Attorney, upon resigning his office some months ago, estimated that there were 22,000 of them. Another official who had grappled with the problem said there might be 50,000.

Neither had any real idea of the number, except that it was large. Under the license system, incidentally, only 12,000 places were selling liquor in New York City in 1918. Then, too, there were "blind-tigers" and "blind-pigs" operating in violation of the law. Their number, however, was not very great.

There are indications that the supply of speak-easies at the present time exceeds the public thirst. They are "now too numerous," Mr. Worthington writes in his report, "to succeed from the sale of liquor without the added attraction of 'hostesses.'" And in this there is a close parallel to the vicious system bred by the Raines Law. So many hotels were opened under this statute that expenses could not be met by the sale of liquor alone, and prostitution stepped in. Similarly to-day, the speak-easy owner is finding that the path to wealth is not as clearly marked as he had believed. Expenses are high, since a wide variety of graft must be paid. Competition is bitter. And so vice is encouraged. Let us again examine the statistics of the Committee of Fourteen. During the past year 157 night clubs and speak-easies, most of them picked at random, were investigated. Of this number 132, or nearly 85 per cent, were identified with prostitution. Of the 441 women observed in these places, 291 or 66 per cent "were known to be prostitutes" according to the Committee.

I shall refrain from going into details regarding the conditions that have been uncovered. The Committee has uncovered three general classes of disorderly places that operate in connection with the sale of liquor. The first, and probably the most vicious, is almost identical with the old-time house of prostitution. Usually there is a restaurant and bar on the ground floor, but the entire house is owned or leased by the management. There are resident women. These houses are surprisingly numerous, fifteen of them having been discovered in 1927 by the investigators

of the Committee. They are located in widely separated parts of the city.

The second classification is the speak-easy which serves as a rendez-vous. In this group the Committee has included many of the night clubs. Women are encouraged to loiter at these places and in many cases are given posts as "hostesses." Often they are paid no salaries but are allowed a percentage on the sale of drinks. In regard to hostesses, I have suggested, generalizations are unjust. Every girl who persuades a visiting buyer from Detroit to buy champagne is not a prostitute. The Committee believes, however, that in all except the most respectable (not necessarily the most expensive) night clubs the girls are, at least, in grave danger. The night club has no rooms for assignation. Its proprietor often shares, however, in the profits of the women who make his place their headquarters and so is culpable under the law.

The third type is probably less important; the speak-easy where men are able to make contacts with women, but where the management takes no actual part in the traffic. The owner is aware of what is going on, but refrains from interference because he fears that if he objects his patrons will buy their liquor from a competing speak-easy. An entirely separate problem, and one on which insufficient data has as yet been gathered, has been found among the negro cabarets in Harlem. The Committee of Fourteen believes it possible that here "both white and colored girls" are being exploited for prostitution. The Harlem situation is already being reflected in the Woman's Day Court where the number of negro women brought before the bar has increased to a marked degree.

For five or six years now the City of New York has taken justifiable pride in its success in eliminating the more open forms of prostitution. Its red-light district disappeared so long ago that few remember it. Street-walkers are comparatively unknown. How long this

will continue to be a subject for self-congratulation depends, very largely, steps that can be taken at the present time. Apparently prohibition, as it is now enforced, did not put an end to commercialized vice. Can prohibition be enforced, in New York and in other parts of the country? The outlook is not encouraging, particularly in the large cities. Former United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner, who prosecuted liquor violations and made the padlock famous as a means of putting fear into the hearts of speak-easy owners, has estimated the cost of adequate enforcement at \$15,000,000 a year for New York State alone. This is with the provision that jury trials are to be abolished. Otherwise, he believes, the cost will be \$75,000,000.

It is not impossible, of course, that an awakened public opinion may demand that the police raid "disorderly" speak-easies. It is a fantastic thought. Possibly those places which violate only the Constitution of the United States will be permitted to operate without interference, while those which harbor prostitution will swiftly be closed. It is not, however, very much stranger to contemplate than the present picture of judges, politicians, state and federal office-holders and prominent citizens gathering at formal dinners and violating the Volstead Act without a moment's hesitation. This happens at every big hotel nearly every night of the year.

Organizations like the Committee of Fourteen, it is quite certain, will find it more difficult to wipe out vice fostered by the speak-easy than was their experience with the saloon. The bootleggers have no Board of Trade to lend its assistance. Being beyond the law already, speak-easy proprietors cannot be intimidated by the threat of legislation that will put them out of business unless they mend their ways. They operate for one purpose—to make money. If more can be made by an alliance with vice, they will undoubtedly continue to give prostitution their cordial assistance.



RACE PREJUDICE AND THE NEGRO ARTIST

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

WHAT Americans call the Negro problem is almost as old as America itself. For three centuries the Negro in this country has been regarded with an interrogation point; the question propounded, however, has not always been the same. Indeed, the question has run all the way from whether or not the Negro was a human being, down—or up—to whether or not the Negro shall be accorded full and unlimited American citizenship. Therefore, the Negro problem is not a problem in the sense of being a fixed proposition involving certain invariable factors and waiting to be worked out according to certain defined rules. It is not a static condition; rather, it is and always has been a series of shifting interracial situations, never precisely the same in any two generations. As these situations have shifted, the methods and manners of dealing with them have constantly changed. And never has there been such a swift and vital shift as the one which is taking place at the present moment; and never was there a more revolutionary change in attitudes than the one which is now going on.

The question of the races—white and black—has occupied much of America's time and thought. Many methods for a solution of the problem have been tried—most of them tried *on* the Negro, for one of the mistakes commonly made in dealing with this matter has been the failure of white America to take into account the Negro himself and the forces he was generating and sending out. The

question repeated generation after generation has been: what shall we do with the Negro?—ignoring completely the power of the Negro to do something for himself, and even something to America. It is a new thought that the Negro has helped to shape and mold and make America. It is, perhaps, a startling thought that America would not be precisely the America it is to-day except for the powerful, if silent, influence the Negro has exerted upon it—both positively and negatively. It is a certainty that the nation would be shocked by a contemplation of the effects which have been wrought upon its inherent character by the negative power which the Negro has involuntarily and unwittingly wielded.

A number of approaches to the heart of the race problem have been tried: religious, educational, political, industrial, ethical, economic, sociological. Along several of these approaches considerable progress has been made. To-day a newer approach is being tried, an approach which discards most of the older methods. It requires a minimum of pleas, or propaganda, or philanthropy. It depends more upon what the Negro himself does than upon what someone does for him. It is the approach along the line of intellectual and artistic achievement by Negroes, and may be called the art approach to the Negro problem. This method of approaching a solution of the race question has the advantage of affording great and rapid progress with least friction and of pro-

viding a common platform upon which most people are willing to stand. The results of this method seem to carry a high degree of finality, to be the thing itself that was to be demonstrated.

I have said that this is a newer approach to the race problem; that is only in a sense true. The Negro has been using this method for a very long time; for a longer time than he has used any other method, and, perhaps, with farther-reaching effectiveness. For more than a century his great folk-art contributions have been exerting an ameliorating effect, slight and perhaps, in any one period, imperceptible, nevertheless, cumulative. In countless and diverse situations song and dance have been both a sword and a shield for the Negro. Take the Spirituals: for sixty years, beginning with their introduction to the world by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, these songs have touched and stirred the hearts of people and brought about a smoothing down of the rougher edges of prejudice against the Negro. Indeed, nobody can hear Negroes sing this wonderful music in its primitive beauty without a softening of feeling toward them.

What is there, then, that is new? What is new consists largely in the changing attitude of the American people. There is a coming to light and notice of efforts that have been going on for a long while, and a public appreciation of their results. Note, for example, the change in the reaction to the Spirituals. Fifty years ago white people who heard the Spirituals were touched and moved with sympathy and pity for the "poor Negro." To-day the effect is not one of pity for the Negro's condition, but admiration for the creative genius of the race.

All of the Negro's folk-art creations have undergone a new evaluation. His sacred music—the Spirituals; his secular music—Ragtime, Blues, Jazz, and the work songs; his folk lore—the Uncle Remus plantation tales; and his dances have received a new and higher appreciation. Indeed, I dare to say that it is

now more or less generally acknowledged that the only things artistic that have sprung from American soil and out of American life, and been universally recognized as distinctively American products, are the folk creations of the Negro. The one thing that may be termed artistic, by which the United States is known the world over, is its Negro-derived popular music. The folk creations of the Negro have not only received a new appreciation; they have—the Spirituals excepted—been taken over and assimilated. They are no longer racial, they are national; they have become a part of our common cultural fund. Negro secular music has been developed into American popular music; Negro dances have been made into our national art of dancing; even the plantation tales have been transformed and have come out as popular bedtime stories. The Spirituals are still distinct Negro folk songs, but sooner or later our serious composers will take them as material to go into the making of the "great American music" that has so long been looked for.

But the story does not halt at this point. The Negro has done a great deal through his folk-art creations to change the national attitudes toward him; and now the efforts of the race have been reinforced and magnified by the individual Negro artist, the conscious artist. It is fortunate that the individual Negro artist has emerged; for it is more than probable that with the ending of the creative period of Blues, which seems to be at hand, the whole folk creative effort of the Negro in the United States will come to a close. All the psychological and environmental forces are working to that end. At any rate, it is the individual Negro artist that is now doing most to effect a crumbling of the inner walls of race prejudice; there are outer and inner walls. The emergence of the individual artist is the result of the same phenomenon that brought about the new evaluation and appreciation of the folk-art creations. But it should be

Keep in mind that the conscious Afro-American artist is not an entirely new thing. What is new about him is chiefly the evaluation and public recognition of his work.

II

When and how did this happen? The tire change, which is marked by the shedding of a new light on the artistic and intellectual achievements of the Negro, the whole period which has become ineptly known as "the Negro Renaissance," is the matter of a decade; it has all taken place within the last ten years. More forces than anyone can imagine have been at work to create the existing state; however, several of them may be pointed out. What took place had no appearance of a development; it seemed more like a sudden awakening, an almost instantaneous change. There was nothing that immediately preceded it which foreshadowed what was to follow. Those who were in the midst of the movement were as much astonished as anyone else to see the transformation. Overnight, as it were, America became aware that there were Negro artists and that they had something worth while to offer. This awareness first manifested itself in black America, for, strange as it may seem, Negroes themselves, as a class, had had little or no consciousness of their own individual artists. Black America awoke first to the fact that it possessed poets. This awakening followed the entry of the United States into the Great War. Before this country had been in the war very long there was bitter disillusionment on the part of American Negroes—on the part both of those working at home and those fighting in France to make the world safe for democracy. The disappointment and bitterness were taken up and voiced by a group of seven or eight Negro poets. They expressed what the race felt, what the race wanted to hear. They made the group at large articulate. Some of this poetry was the poetry of despair, but most of it was the poetry of protest

and rebellion. Fenton Johnson wrote of civilization:

I am tired of work; I am tired of building up
somebody else's civilization.

Let us take a rest, M'lissy Jane.

You will let the old shanty go to rot, the
white people's clothes turn to dust,
and the Calvary Baptist Church sink
to the bottomless pit.

Throw the children into the river; civilization
has given us too many. It is better to
die than it is to grow up and find out
that you are colored.

Pluck the stars out of the heavens. The
stars mark our destiny. The stars
marked my destiny.

I am tired of civilization.

Joseph Cotter, a youth of twenty,
inquired plaintively from the invalid's
bed to which he was confined:

Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God.
And when we stand before Him
I shall say,
"Lord, I do not hate
I am hated.
I scourge no one,
I am scourged.
I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted.
I mock no peoples,
My people are mocked."
And, brother, what shall you say?

But among this whole group the voice that was most powerful was that of Claude McKay. Here was a true poet of great skill and wide range, who turned from creating the mood of poetic beauty in the absolute, as he had so fully done in such poems as "Spring in New Hampshire," "The Harlem Dancer," and "Flame Heart," for example, and began pouring out cynicism, bitterness, and invective. For this purpose, incongruous as it may seem, he took the sonnet form as his medium. There is nothing in American literature that strikes a more portentous note than these sonnet-tragedies of McKay. Here is the sestet of his sonnet, "The Lynching":

Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowds
 came to view
 The ghastly body swaying in the sun:
 The women thronged to look, but never a one
 Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue;
 And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
 Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish
 glee.

The summer of 1919 was a terrifying period for the American Negro. There were race riots in Chicago and in Washington and in Omaha and in Phillips County, Arkansas; and in Longview, Texas; and in Knoxville, Tennessee; and in Norfolk, Virginia; and in other communities. Colored men and women, by dozens and by scores, were chased and beaten and killed in the streets. And from Claude McKay came this cry of defiant despair, sounded from the last ditch:

If we must die—let it not be like hogs
 Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,

Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the common
 foe;

Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
 And for their thousand blows deal one death-
 blow!

What though before us lies the open grave?
 Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly
 pack,

Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting
 back!

But not all the terror of the time could smother the poet of beauty and universality in McKay. In "America," which opens with these lines:

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,
 And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
 Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
 I love this cultured hell that tests my youth

he fused these elements of fear and bitterness and hate into verse which by every test is true poetry and a fine sonnet.

The poems of the Negro poets of the immediate post-war period were widely printed in Negro periodicals; they were committed to memory; they were recited at school exercises and public meetings;

and were discussed at private gatherings. Now, Negro poets were not new; their line goes back a long way in American history. Between Phillis Wheatley, who as a girl of eight or nine was landed in Boston from an African slave ship, in 1761, and who published a volume of poems in 1773, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, who died in 1906, there were more than thirty Negroes who published volumes of verse—some of it good, most of it mediocre, and much of it bad. The new thing was the effect produced by these poets who sprang up out of the war period. Negro poets had sounded similar notes before, but now for the first time they succeeded in setting up a reverberating response, even in their own group. But the effect was not limited to black America; several of the later poets in some subtle way affected white America. In any event, at just this time white America began to become aware and to awaken. In the correlation of forces that brought about this result it might be pointed out that the culminating effect of the folk-art creations had gone far toward inducing a favorable state of mind. Doubtless it is also true that the new knowledge and opinions about the Negro in Africa—that he was not just a howling savage but that he had a culture, that he had produced a vital art—had directly affected opinion about the Negro in America. However it may have been, the Negro poets growing out of the war period were the forerunners of the individual whose work is now being assayed and is receiving recognition in accordance with its worth.

III

And yet, contemporaneously with the work of these poets a significant effort was made in another field of art—an effort which might have gone much farther at the time had it not been cut off by our entry into the War, but which, nevertheless, had its effect. Early in 1917, in fact on the very day we entered the War, Mrs. Emily Hapgood produced at the Madi-

on Square Garden Theater three plays of Negro life by Ridgley Torrence, staged by Robert Edmond Jones, and played by an all-Negro cast. This was the first time that Negro actors in drama commanded the serious attention of the critics and the general public. Two of the players, Opal Cooper and Inez Clough, were listed by George Jean Nathan among the ten actors giving the most distinguished performances of the year. No one who heard Opal Cooper chant the dream in the "Rider of Dreams" can ever forget the thrill of it. A sensational feature of the production was the singing orchestra of Negro performers under the direction of J. Rosamond Johnson—singing orchestras in theaters have since become common. The plays moved from the Garden Theater to the Garrick, but the stress of war crushed them out. In 1920, Charles Gilpin was enthusiastically and universally acclaimed for his acting in "The Emperor Jones." The American stage has seldom seen such an outburst of acclamation. Mr. Gilpin was one of the ten persons voted by the Drama League as having done most for the American theater during the year. Most of the readers of these pages will remember the almost national crisis caused by his invitation to the Drama League Dinner. And along came "Shuffle Along"; and all of New York flocked to an out of the way theater in West Sixty-third Street to hear the most joyous singing and see the most exhilarating dancing to be found on any stage in the city. The dancing steps originally used by the "policeman" in "Shuffle Along" furnished new material for hundreds of dancing men. "Shuffle Along" was actually an epoch-making musical comedy. Out of "Shuffle Along" came Florence Mills, who, unfortunately, died so young but lived long enough to be acknowledged here and in Europe as one of the finest singing comedienues the stage had ever seen and an artist of positive genius. In 1923 Roland Hayes stepped out on the American stage in a blaze of glory, making his first appearances as soloist

with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and later with the Philharmonic. Few single artists have packed such crowds into Carnegie Hall and the finest concert halls throughout the country as has Roland Hayes; and, notwithstanding the éclat with which America first received him, his reputation has continued to increase and, besides, he is rated as one of the best box-office attractions in the whole concert field. Miss Marian Anderson appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and in concert at the Lewisohn Stadium at New York City College. Paul Robeson and J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon sang Spirituals to large and appreciative audiences in New York and over the country, giving to those songs a fresh interpretation and a new vogue.

Paul Robeson—that most versatile of men, who has made a national reputation as athlete, singer, and actor—played in Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun" and added to his reputation on the stage, and, moreover, put to the test an ancient taboo; he played the principal role opposite a white woman. This feature of the play gave rise to a more acute crisis than did Gilpin's invitation to the Drama League Dinner. Some sensational newspapers predicted race riots and other dire disasters, but nothing of the sort happened; the play went over without a boo. Robeson played the title role in a revival of "The Emperor Jones" and almost duplicated the sensation produced by Gilpin in the original presentation. There followed on the stage Julius Bledsoe, Rose McClendon, Frank Wilson, and Abbie Mitchell, all of whom gained recognition. At the time of this writing each of these four is playing in a Broadway production. Paradoxical it may seem, but no Negro comedian gained recognition in this decade. Negro comedians have long been a recognized American institution and there are several now before the public who are well known, but their reputations were made before this period. The only new reputations made on the

comedy stage were made by women, Florence Mills and Ethel Waters. In addition there are the two famous Smiths, Bessie and Clara, singers of Blues and favorites of vaudeville, phonograph, and radio audiences. Of course there is Josephine Baker, but her reputation was made entirely in Europe. Nevertheless, these magical ten years have worked a change upon Negro comedy. Before Miller and Lyles brought "Shuffle Along" to New York, managers here could hardly conceive of a Negro musical comedy playing a Broadway house. When Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson, and Ernest Hogan were in their heyday, people who wanted to see them had to go to theaters outside the great white-light zone. George Walker died before the "new day," and up to his retirement from the stage he kept up a constant fight for a chance for his company to play a strictly Broadway theater. Since "Shuffle Along," hardly a season has passed without seeing one or more Negro musical comedies playing in the finest theaters in New York. In fact, Negro plays and Negro performers in white plays on Broadway have become usual occurrences.

Odd has been the fate of the younger poets who were instrumental in bringing about the present state of affairs. It is a fact that none of them, with the exception of Claude McKay, quite succeeded in bridging over into it. Three of them, Roscoe Jamison, Lucian Watkins, and Joseph Cotter, are dead, all dying in their youth. Fenton Johnson is almost silent. And Claude McKay has for the past four or five years lived practically in exile. However, several of the older writers are busily at work, and there has sprung up in the last three or four years a group of newer creative writers. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes have achieved recognition as poets. Jean Toomer, Walter White, Eric Walrond, and Rudolph Fisher have made a place among writers of fiction. And Claude McKay, after a period of silence as a

poet, has published his *Home to Harlem*, a generally acclaimed novel. These are names that carry literary significance, and they take their places according to individual merit in the list of the makers of contemporary American literature. In addition, there are more than a score of younger writers who are not yet quite in the public eye, but will soon be more widely known. Writers such as these are bound to be known and in larger numbers, because their work now has the chance to gain whatever appreciation it merits. To-day the reagents that will discover what of it is good are at work, the arbiters of our national letters are disposed to regard their good work as a part of American literature, and the public is prepared to accept it as such. This has not always been the case. Until this recent period, the several achievements in writing that have come to light have been regarded as more or less sporadic and isolated efforts, and not in any sense as having a direct relation to the national literature. Had the existing forces been at work at the time, the remarkable decade from 1895 to 1905, which brought forth Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois's *The Souls of Black Folk*, Charles Chesnutt's stories of Negro life, and Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetry, might have signalled the beginning of the "Negro literary renaissance."

During the present decade the individual Negro artist has definitely emerged in three fields, in literature, in the theater, and on the concert stage; in other fields he has not won marked distinction. To point to any achievement of distinction in painting the Negro must go back of this decade, back to H. O. Tanner, who has lived in Europe for the past thirty-five years; or farther back to E. M. Bannister, who gained considerable recognition a half century ago. Nevertheless, there is the work of W. E. Scott, a mural painter, who lives in Chicago and has done a number of public buildings in the Middle West, and

Archibald J. Motley, who recently held one-man exhibit in New York which attracted very favorable attention. The drawings of Aaron Douglas have won for him a place among American illustrators. To point to any work of acknowledged excellence in sculpture the Negro must go back of this decade to the work of two women, Edmonia Lewis and Meta Warrick Fuller, both of whom received chiefly in Europe such recognition as they gained. There are several young painters and sculptors who are winning recognition. But the strangest lack is that with all the great native musical endowment he is conceded to possess, the Negro has not in his most propitious time produced a single outstanding composer. There are competent musicians and talented composers of songs and detached bits of music, but no original composer who, in amount and standard of work and in recognition achieved, is at all comparable with S. Coleridge-Taylor, the English Negro composer. Nor can the Negro in the United States point back of this decade to even one such artist. It is a curious fact that the American Negro through his whole history has done more highly sustained and more fully recognized work in the composition of letters than in the composition of music. It is the more curious when we consider that music is so innately a characteristic method of expression for the Negro.

IV

What, now, is the significance of this artistic activity on the part of the Negro and of its reactions on the American people? I think it is twofold. In the first place, the Negro is making some distinctive contributions to our common cultural store. I do not claim it is possible for these individual artists to produce anything comparable to the folk-art in distinctive values, but I do believe they are bringing something fresh and vital into American art, something from the store of their own racial genius:

warmth, color, movement, rhythm, and abandon; depth and swiftness of emotion and the beauty of sensuousness. I believe American art will be richer because of these elements in fuller quantity.

But what is of deeper significance to the Negro himself is the effect that this artistic activity is producing upon his condition and status as a man and citizen. I do not believe it an overstatement to say that the "race problem" is fast reaching the stage of being more a question of national mental attitudes toward the Negro than a question of his actual condition. That is to say, it is not at all the problem of a moribund people sinking into a slough of ignorance, poverty, and decay in the very midst of our civilization and despite all our efforts to save them; that would indeed be a problem. Rather is the problem coming to consist in the hesitation and refusal to open new doors of opportunity at which these people are constantly knocking. In other words, the problem for the Negro is reaching the plane where it is becoming less a matter of dealing with what he is and more a matter of dealing with what America thinks he is.

Now, the truth is that the great majority of Americans have not thought about the Negro at all, except in a vague sort of way and in the form of traditional and erroneous stereotypes. Some of these stereotyped forms of thought are quite absurd, yet they have had serious effects. Millions of Americans have had their opinions and attitudes regarding their fellow colored citizens determined by such a phrase as, "A nigger will steal," or "Niggers are lazy," or "Niggers are dirty." But there is a common, widespread, and persistent stereotyped idea regarding the Negro, and it is that he is here only to receive; to be shaped into something new and unquestionably better. The common idea is that the Negro reached America intellectually, culturally, and morally empty, and that he is here to be filled—filled with education, filled with religion, filled with morality, filled with culture. In a word, the

stereotype is that the Negro is nothing more than a beggar at the gate of the nation, waiting to be thrown the crumbs of civilization. Through his artistic efforts the Negro is smashing this immemorial stereotype faster than he has ever done through any other method he has been able to use. He is making it realized that he is the possessor of a wealth of natural endowments and that he has long been a generous giver to America. He is impressing upon the national mind the conviction that he is an active and important force in American life; that he is a creator as well as a creature; that he has given as well as received; that he is the potential giver of larger and richer contributions.

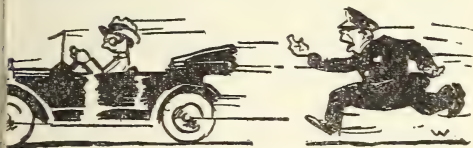
In this way the Negro is bringing about an entirely new national conception of himself; he has placed himself in an entirely new light before the American people. I do not think it too much to say that through artistic achievement the Negro has found a means of getting at the very core of the prejudice against him, by challenging the Nordic superiority complex. A great deal has been accomplished in this decade of "renaissance." Enough has been accomplished to make it seem almost amazing when we realize that there are less than twenty-

five Negro artists who have more or less of national recognition; and that it is they who have chiefly done the work. A great part of what they have accomplished has been done through the sort of publicity they have secured for their race. A generation ago the Negro was receiving lots of publicity, but nearly all of it was bad. There were front page stories with such headings as, "Negro Criminal," "Negro Brute." To-day one may see undesirable stories, but one may also read stories about Negro singers, Negro actors, Negro authors, Negro poets. The connotations of the very word "Negro" have been changed. A generation ago many Negroes were half or wholly ashamed of the term. To-day they have every reason to be proud of it.

For many years and by many methods the Negro has been overcoming the coarser prejudices against him; and when we consider how many of the subtler prejudices have crumbled, and crumbled rapidly under the process of art creation by the Negro, we are justified in taking a hopeful outlook toward the effect that the increase of recognized individual artists fivefold, tenfold, twentyfold, will have on this most perplexing and vital question before the American people.



The Lion's Mouth



TELL IT TO THE TRAFFIC COP

BY G. H. ESTABROOKS

PSYCHOLOGY has become a science. We must no longer talk about such vague things as souls and minds. Man is a machine, free will a delusion, and moral responsibility a myth."

That sounded good. Here at last was a clear-cut statement suitable to a hard-boiled scientist. I took it to the head of my department.

"There," I said, "is a platform on which we can make of psychology a science worthy of the name."

"What's that?" he said as he read the statement.

"You heard what I said. On that platform we can build a psychology which will command the respect of other sciences."

He smiled indulgently.

"Tell it to the traffic cop," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said. Tell it to the traffic cop."

There was insult in his voice and pity in his tones. My spirit rose in grim determination. Here at last was to be a howdown. We scientists cannot forever be treated like dumb driven cattle. That spark of the hero which is present even in a henpecked husband asserted itself.

"All right! I will."

Lizzie honked and rattled down the main street. Ahead was a red traffic

light. Beside it stood a blue-eyed, snub-nosed son of Ireland. He raised his hand impressively for me to stop. I seized my courage savagely in both hands and sailed grandly by. That was a magnificent sensation. Often had I longed to cross these menials of the law. Now was the supreme moment. I would dare all in the name of pure science. I could see through my mirror that the chase was on.

Two blocks beyond he overtook my panting Ford and crowded me into the paving. His movements were deliberate but careful as becomes one who thinks himself dealing with a hardened criminal.

"Well, buddy, what's the bright idea?"

"My man," I said with great condescension, "I am a psychologist. According to my science there is no such thing as free will or moral responsibility. Man is a mere machine. Please allow me to proceed."

"What in h——! Say, what the —— do you think this is? Show me your license."

I did so.

"And now what in —— do you mean by passing that red light? The Judge will give you six months for this."

"My dear man, don't be a fool. I am in no way responsible for passing your red light. I am a psychologist. Man is a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. Free will is an illusion. Please step aside. I am in a hurry."

Slowly a great understanding dawned in his blue eyes. They became soft and understanding. He grasped my point of view. So does science triumph over mere everyday prejudices.

"Oh, yes," he said softly. "I understand. You're quite right. I'm very sorry I stopped you."

"Be all forgiven," I replied graciously. Exaltation filled my heart. The era of science had arrived.

"I wonder if you'd give me a lift down the road? I've a little matter of business to attend to. It's in your direction."

"Why, certainly. Jump in."

Lizzie rattled gayly along. All the world was bright and glorious in the light of truth's great conquest.

"Just turn in here, will you, and drop me. You can get out the other side."

I did so. We stopped in front of an imposing building. He motioned two men in blue uniforms to approach. Probably his friends. He muttered something to them and they came to my side of the car.

"All right, buddy, jump out," said my passenger.

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said, get out."

"But I don't want to get out. Why should I get out? I'm not stopping here."

"That's what they all think."

The title over the door took my eye. It read "Bunkville State Hospital for Mental Diseases." This was awful.

"Now look here. This is a mistake. I'm a scientist. Psychology teaches that man is a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. I demand you release me."

"Yeah? So's your old man. Out you go and tell it to the doctor."

The doctor looked very sympathetic and understanding. He was one of the institutional assistants but a very intelligent chap indeed.

"Now look here, doc. I believe in my convictions. Man, according to behaviorism and all truly scientific psychology, is but a machine. There is no such thing as moral responsibility. Free will is a delusion. You cannot hold me responsible for what I do. In the name of pure science I demand my freedom."

"Yes, yes, certainly. You are quite right. Been sleeping well lately?"

"Why, yes. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Appetite, right? Any headaches or bad dreams?"

"Say, what's the idea. There's nothing wrong with me. I'm a psychologist and in the name of pure science—"

"Yes, yes, certainly. I understand. Just put this thermometer in your mouth now and let's have your pulse. You be all right in a few days. Just a little overworked."

"I'm damned if I'll put that thermometer in my mouth or let you feel my pulse. I demand to see the head of the institution."

The situation was beginning to look serious. I decided to make a clean breast of the affair to the doctor in charge, explaining that the whole episode was in the nature of a bet between myself and the head of my department.

The great nerve specialist listened to my story with amused interest. The whole thing seemed to connect with his funny bone, and he finally exploded into a howl of mirth.

"Well, well, professor," he said as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "science must have its martyrs. A week's stay here will probably do you good."

"I've got to get back to my laboratory. I'm busy and, see here, this whole thing is a joke. You know that."

"Yes, I know. But your Uncle Samuel can't always see the point. You are at present under arrest for violating traffic laws. If I analyze the situation correctly you have only two possible moves. One is to remain here under observation for a week. The other is, er . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, your friend the policeman is still waiting downstairs. He'll give you the chance of telling it to the judge."

I flatter myself that in the real emergencies of life I think quickly.

"Thanks," I shot back without an instant's hesitation. "I'll stay right here."

A week later I was back in the laboratory. My superior said not a word.

erely that covert smile, that tantalizing clearing of the throat, and those veiled allusions which drive one to violence. Like the old darky who underwent a similar treatment, I felt like saying, "Boss, if you-all don't break that zasperating silence, dere's gwine to be murder roun' heah."

There was a light touch on my shoulder, and one of my colleagues placed an article before me. It was by a great psychologist. He had underlined a certain passage. "We must accept the notion of free will and moral responsibility as at least a working hypothesis whatever our philosophical tastes may be."

I scored a bull's eye on his head with the offending volume and left the laboratory.

Lizzie rattled gayly on her way. A whistle sounded and her brakes screamed their protest. We came to an abrupt halt. My heart skipped two beats then started on a sprint. The same blue eyes, pug nose, and bruiser's jaw confronted me.

"I am very sorry, officer. What have I done?"

"Nothing, buddy, nothing. Thought I'd like to have a look at you, that's all."

I thought I had better take the bull by the horns.

"Say, officer, I'm awfully sorry about that last time. The truth is I had been working very hard and it sort of went to my head."

"Feeling all right now?"

"Fine. It was just a case of overwork. A little rest did wonders."

"All right," he growled, "but watch your step. Can't never tell when you nuts are going to come unscrewed again."

I swallowed the insult meekly as becomes a citizen of these United States and drove on.

Back in the laboratory I looked up the original source of all my trouble. Once again I read the declaration of my faith: "Psychology has become a science. We must no longer talk about such

vague things as souls and minds. Man is a machine, free will is a delusion and moral responsibility a myth."

I cut the passage out and enclosed it in an envelope directed to the author of the book. With it I sent a note containing a single typewritten sentence, "Tell it to the traffic cop."



BUDGETS—THEIR CARE AND PREVENTION

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

"MY DEAR," said I to Agnes, "I have been forced to an important decision to-day. We must keep a budget."

Agnes looked at me in consternation. "But what's got into you so suddenly?"

"I have been talking to Tom Jenkins," I replied. "A successful man—who keeps a budget. He has made it clear to me that a modern family like ours needs to plan its expenditures scientifically. A family, after all, is like a corporation, isn't it? And what would you think of a corporation that didn't plan its expenditures scientifically? What would you think of a corporation that kept its cash loose in its trousers pocket? Tom says that a family needs to keep its accounts carefully so that it will know where its money has gone. The Steel Corporation knows where its money has gone. But do we? What became of those fifty dollars that you drew out of the bank on Monday? How much do you spend annually on hair-waves? *You don't know.* But the Steel Corporation would. Does that suggest anything to you?"

I could see that my relentless logic was beginning to take effect. But Agnes was not convinced at once. "Isn't there a good deal of arithmetic in keeping a budget?" she asked. "I seem to recall your saying that you bade arithmetic an

enthusiastic farewell when you graduated from school and hoped to have as little as possible to do with it in the future. Well . . . ”

“You could do the arithmetic, Agnes,” said I with an air of inspiration. “And I could help,” I added hurriedly. “And I could make the graphic circle. Do you know what a graphic circle is? Tom told me all about it to-day. It’s like a picture of a pie, with the sections for Food, Shelter, and things like that done in colors. It makes the financial status of the family vivid.”

“Is that an advantage?” asked Agnes.

I disregarded her. “All the budget keepers make graphic circles. I’ll buy the compass and the crayons to-morrow.”

“Well,” said Agnes, “I may not know where our money has gone, and I’ll bet that Tom didn’t show you how that would help you to get it back again, but I know where it’s going to go. For a compass and crayons, for example.”

You see, you can’t expect a woman to appreciate right off the importance of behaving like a corporation. Agnes, I regret to say, made further unbusiness-like objections. Before we got through I even had to promise to do most of the arithmetic. But the right will ultimately triumph. In a couple of hours we had decided to begin budgeting the very next day, and I had consulted a book on budgets loaned to me by Tom Jenkins and had made a note that I must purchase not only a compass and crayons, but a change purse, a small account book with ruled lines for the family (or corporation) ledger, black ink, red ink, erasers, ink eradicator in case of accidents, and a pad of scrap paper in case of arithmetic.

Promptly at eight o’clock the next evening we set to work. I laid out my purchases in an imposing array, and immediately fell to with the compass. “How big do you think the pie should be?” I asked, the spirit of the thing beginning to get hold of me. “And what would be a good color for Clothing? A natty brown, perhaps? Brown is being

much favored this season, I believe. Or possibly something a little choicer. I have a stunning orange crayon here.

“Not so fast,” said Agnes, who held her nose in *The Principles of Family Finance*. “First we have to decide what our standards of living should be. What are our standards in Shelter, Clothing, Food, Service, Savings, and the Higher Life?”

“Help!” said I feebly. “How do you mean standards? And what’s the Higher Life?”

“The Higher Life,” explained Agnes from the book, “is otherwise known as Advancement. It includes expenditure for Mental Development (including Education, Reading, and the Arts), Social Development (including dinner parties), and Physical Development (including sports and vacations). But let’s not think about the Higher Life just now.”

“No,” I replied forcibly, “nor even lead it. We’d have too hard a time to learn the language. ‘Mr. Peters regrets that he will be unable to attend Mrs. Yates’s Social Development, as he will be in the Adirondacks on his Physical Development.’ But I wish you’d tell me what goes where in the budget. Where do you put tooth paste, for instance? Is that Food? Or is it the Higher Life? (Remember that the young man with the gleaming teeth wins the appointment as sales manager.) And how about—well, how about having your umbrella re-covered?”

Agnes put down the book and was lost in thought. “Shelter,” she said doubtfully after a while.

“Very good,” said I. “But suppose you wanted to go out to dinner and couldn’t do it because it was raining and you hadn’t had your umbrella re-covered. In that case wouldn’t you be justified in putting the re-covering of the umbrella under Food? Surely, if you needed to take a taxi to get to dinner and otherwise you would go hungry, the taxi would be Food, wouldn’t it? You admit that? Well, then, the analogy—”

“But that’s just like you,” interrupted

nes. "Always looking at things from our own point of view. Now put yourself in the umbrella's place for a moment. A poor, shabby umbrella, ashamed to look its fellows in the eye. . . ."

"Clothing!" I cried in triumph.

"Besides," added Agnes, "what is an umbrella, considered in the abstract, but a substitute for a raincoat? And a raincoat is Clothing."

"Look here," I put in sharply, "we'll never get anywhere like this. We must be systematic. We must begin somewhere." I picked up my orange pencil. "Let's begin with Clothing—my Clothing for a starter. Now, what does the book say?"

"It says we must consider carefully our standards in Clothing. Then we must consider what we have on hand, item by item. Then we must calculate what our needs for the coming year will be and what our standards will require us to pay. Then, and only then, can we purchase scientifically."

"All right. We'll begin scientifically at the bottom. SHOES." I took a piece of paper and wrote down SHOES.

"What are your standards of living in shoes?" asked Agnes.

It was like a catechism. "My standards of living in shoes," I began cautiously, "are to live in them all the time except when I'm in bed. How's that? I think I walloped that one."

"How many shoes have you on and?" pursued Agnes. She paused a moment. "That reminds me—what are you going to do about those old black shoes of yours? You never wear them, and yet you never seem to want me to give them away. You always say they may come in handy some day for working round the place. And for that matter, you talk a good deal about working round the place, but when do you ever do it? How about spading up the vegetable garden next Saturday afternoon? And the ashes ought to be taken out."

"I'm not paying any attention," said I coldly. "I'm counting shoes."

There was a long silence.

"Are you still counting?" asked Agnes at last.

"No," said I. "I'm thinking. Does this infernal budget system actually expect me to deduce from the number of my shoes and socks and neckties how many I'm going to get next year?"

"It does," replied Agnes.

"But that's absurd. I don't buy that way. No sensible man buys that way. Listen. Take socks, for instance. You know what my sock drawer looks like, don't you? On the top of the pile are my favorites. I wear them whenever I can. Underneath them are my seconds, my margin of safety: socks that used to be black but have gone gray with age; socks that somebody in a moment of misguided enthusiasm darned in purple; and a few widowed rights or lefts whose spouses may turn up next week in the wash or next May in the trunk in the attic. I *can* dip into the seconds if I run out of favorites; when I'm strapped, in fact, I go on wearing seconds for days and days; but when I'm flush I wear them just long enough to get to the haberdasher's for an orgy. A riot, in fact. An adventure of the soul among masterpieces.

"Agnes," I continued with rising fervor, "I am beginning to see light. Here are two opposing systems. The budgeteers buy their socks by schedule. (That, incidentally, explains Tom Jenkins's socks.) My system is different. I buy when I can, and when I can't, I go into my reserve. It's an economical system: I can always wear the old gray socks if I must. It's elastic. And it gives me a maximum of the lust of purchase. Where's the chance for the lust of purchase in buying socks *in cold blood*—two pairs in August, two in January, two in April? No waiting for the mood, no yielding to impulse, no frenzy of buying—in short, no fun. I'm against it. It's impractical, theoretical, ridiculous, and stuffy."

"But a corporation—" began Agnes.

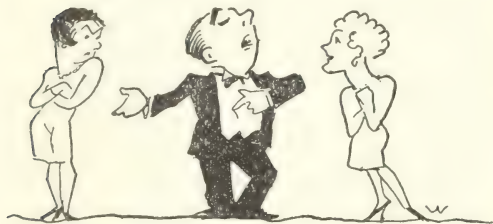
"Corporation!" said I. "And where's

the kick in being a corporation? Agnes, do you honestly think the Steel Corporation has a good time?"

"Well," suggested Agnes, "they can always fall back on arithmetic."

I rose resolutely to my feet. I picked up the crayons and compass. "Don't you think the children would like to play with these? A present from thoughtful daddy."

And I started for the nursery.



THE ART OF GENTLE-BOASTING

BY CHARLES B. HALE

I LAID down the distinguished foreign critic's article on the foibles of our poor country with a sigh of admiration. "Here," I said, "is genius." Not that he ascribed any new vices and shortcomings to us; they were as old as Mrs. Trollope or Dickens and had been dragged into the disinfecting light of truth many, many times. But how graciously and inoffensively this man implied that he was the embodiment of all the virtues whose opposites he condemned, and how very neatly he avoided the slightest semblance of bragging; what a perfect modesty! All of this inspired me with a great thought.

The universities give courses in salesmanship, advertising, and methods-in-general of imposing on a supine public. Why no courses in boasting? Everybody boasts, of course, just as everybody has always advertised; but the present technic is so crude, so very unorganized that I intend, one of these days, to win fame everlasting by suggesting this great need to some service club in luncheon assembled. Only think about it and the value of the scheme becomes brilliantly apparent.

As matters stand, John Smith takes

a downright useless course in the mantic Poets, or still worse, a course in Philosophy where he may learn—small danger, but very real—that painful liberality of mind which is always making the opinions of opponents seem unreasonably reasonable. Change this in accordance with my suggestion and what have you? A mind no longer assailed by doubts or conscience, and one that is well equipped to advance its owner in the goods of this world.

This course of mine would first of all teach students to eliminate idle useless boasting. Nothing is so great a waster of energy which ought to be usefully employed. And the abuse is well-nigh universal. I remember that I myself—in extreme youth, of course—once engaged in a perfectly idle boasting match with another small boy whose parents were much richer than mine. He recounted the treasures his house contained, and I recall with some sinistrous pride that I matched him every time and finally floored him by declaring that among *my* family heirlooms was preserved the rod with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea. *Horresco referens*, and yet I have seen with these mortal eyes pieces of the true cross, and Mark Twain said he had seen, I think, two complete skeletons of John the Baptist.

But I must add immediately, lest I be considered purely a destructive critic, that my course will include constructive study in boasting. (The word *constructive* will get me by with any luncheon club.)

We can borrow a respectable air of learning by appealing to the philologists who might as well be put to some practical use. They say that the word which is at present *gentil* in French came into English three times, once as gentle, once as genteel, and once as jaunty. Just so there are three kinds of boasting and although it would take entirely too much space to explain all of them fully—I should also be giving away my stock in trade—let me treat them briefly.

First of all, let us not make the vulgar error of supposing any of these three varieties useless. Jaunty-boasting, for instance, offends the chosen; but anybody who has ever listened in at a political convention can tell you that it is neat to the politicians. The chosen few, and do not vote as they should; the apparently inelect are without number and either credulous or unresentful when their intelligences are insulted. Suppose a candidate has, shall we say, "known about" the strange disappearance of governmental funds, and is questioned pertinently by his opponents, whose party is comparatively large because, for some time, it has not been in control of any funds to squander. Only a very inexperienced person will believe that any real answer is necessary. The candidate rolls out phrases like "the great Republican Party, Defenders of our Sacred Constitution" or "the glorious record of the party of Jackson and Jefferson" and, thus wrapping the flag about him, he covers his nakedness.

Of course, to a great many people this answer-evasive boasting is not at all deceptive; but it works, and this question of ultimate truth or falsity is just another one of these damnable academic quibbles.

Jaunty-boasting must be restricted to crude jobs. However it may work on crowds, it is worse than useless socially. It is too blatantly self-assertive; it offends the good taste, the ear-drums, and worst of all the ego of everybody—even the most reasonable, the most assertive ego. And genteel-boasting is similarly limited; it must be used only with the unenvious and the semi-intelligent. It is necessary to be careful. "When I was in Paris last year" will hardly ever do. In the first place, so many people have been to Paris that you are likely to start an avalanche of that sort of thing which can be extremely painful. In the second, the more suspicious people who have not been to Paris will not like the reference

any better than they would out-and-out jaunty-boasting. The better-natured and more impressionable people may be moved; but on the whole, it is better to put your point thus, "That building certainly does look like Sainte Chapelle, don't you think so? Strange you never see pictures of such a beautiful building as Sainte Chapelle." Now this is quite subtle, and not a bit too elaborate, as at first it may seem. Analyze it, and you will see. You flatter your victim by appealing to his experience and inferring that of course he has been abroad. It doesn't matter whether the building does look like Sainte Chapelle, and you run practically no risk of insulting him if he hasn't been abroad. He probably will say "yes" anyway and think you a very pleasant and experienced person. You add the last sentence, however, to make it perfectly but inoffensively clear that you have seen the church itself, not its picture. Naturally if your victim is one of those hopelessly frank persons who say, under these circumstances, that they have never been out of Kansas, your effort is wasted.

On the whole, the objection to this sort of boast is that it is impractical. There is no practical advantage to be gained from proving that you have a *Mayflower* ancestor, or that you always eat dinner in six courses and full dress. You may even rouse envy unless you are very skilful.

The consummate art is gentle-boasting, of which the inspirer of this article is such a master. Narrow and strait is the way, and few be the people who walk in it; but, oh, the bacon they drag home! The gentle-boaster never starts anything; he seizes opportunities. You must positively never take the initiative. Better whole days without results than a false step. Moreover, never assert. The supreme, the epic art of gentle-boasting lies in denial. Suppose, to take a very trivial example, you are playing bridge, and you make game when you should have been set—if accidentally, so much the better. At

the end of the hand etiquette demands that your partner say, "How in *hell* did you manage it?" There is only one correct answer. "It was just luck; I'm afraid Work wouldn't like the way I did it." If you don't go out labeled as great a player as Work, or greater, then I am Ananias, and there is no faith in men—"all perjurd, all dissemblers, all forsworn." To stimulate a partner slow in comment you may perhaps sigh in evident relief when the hand is finished or even say, "Well, we squeezed through"; but this is doubtful taste.



Thus you gradually build yourself the reputation of being a "sharp un" and modest withal. Is anybody so dull as not to see the value in this—the dollar and cent value? It can be worked on buyers, lawyers, clients, the reading public; on the butcher, the baker, and the electrician, for its beauty is that it is too subtle to be dangerous, and yet not a bit too subtle to be effective. It works everywhere.

Still it needs practice. Hence the value of collegiate courses in boasting. So far we know too little about it, except for the occasional and necessarily casual observation of a natural virtuoso working among or on us. Let research scholarships be founded in departments of, say, psychology; psychology has been made to stand a lot and should not mind a little more.

An art should be dignified. Let us banish that noisome word *brag* from the language. Perhaps even *boast* is a little strong. *Vaunt*—yes, *vaunt* is better; by all means *vaunt*, a vaunticians, and doctors of vauntistry.

One final word. It may be you think this whole scheme merely the theorizing of one of those uselessly benevolent persons who dream lovely dreams about elevating mankind but do nothing practical to make them realities. The answer I have you, for I can practice what I preach. Look back over this article and see if I do not do my own share of boasting, not of the jaunty variety which I have called crude, but of the other two. What, if not genteel-boasting, is that *horresco referens* business. Upon reading it did you not feel somewhere in the back of your consciousness "This learned person must be well acquainted with the Classics?"—which I certainly am not, having had to look up the number of r's in *referens*. The trick is slightly worn from over-use but good for years to come notwithstanding.

And as for gentle-boasting—the diabolical subtlety of it!—does not the beautifully self-deprecatory, frank paragraph just above say in almost so many words, "Here is a person, an honest modest person who shows us even his own faults"?



Editor's Easy Chair

AT THE END OF A CAMPAIGN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN this number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE begins to circulate the Presidential campaign will have only about a fortnight left to run. It is hardly a rash anticipation to believe that by that time it will be considerably heated. At this writing conspicuous people are taking sides in it in an unusual way. What is most hoped for from it by the forward-lookers is that it will contribute very much to break the taboo upon discussion of various subjects which are of great political and ethical interest.

One of these subjects is Prohibition. Most of the politicians on both sides seemed to be agreed that this was a subject that ought not to be discussed, as voters in both parties were divided in mind about it. Neither Convention dared to take any position in its platform that might alienate either the Drys or the Wets. Both talked about law observance for better or worse. Mr. Raskob and Mr. Du Pont stepped out of all their business shackles to promote the repeal of the amendment; Mr. Durant offered a tidy sum of money for the best plan to get the Amendment and the Volstead Act enforced; Dr. Butler freed his mind about the whole Prohibition effort but remains a Republican; Mr. Henry Curran will vote for Smith on this issue, though he too remains a Republican, and so it goes. Never before since the Prohibition amendment was adopted has there been an opportunity for any general expression about it

at the polls. There is such an opportunity this fall, and it will be exceedingly interesting to see what comes of it.

There is another great subject of discussion that is considerably forbidden to the newspapers, which are hindered from free discussion of it because of possible results that would be prejudicial to their business interests. The *Atlantic Monthly* has done what it could to put this subject on the platform, and its efforts have been interesting. Heflin has ranted about it, but his deliverances are wild cries that do not appeal to the intelligence. What John Roach Straton may have said one would have to examine too many newspapers to discover. Perhaps he has beaten up the Pope; but after all Dr. Straton and the Holy Father are both fundamentalists in religion and are probably on the same side in a good many things. At any rate, in this part of the country at least, the objections to Governor Smith as a Catholic have not made headway and have not been much discussed mainly because the mass of the readers and hearers have not been interested to discuss them. They are intellectual, theological questions, that most people do not want to bother their heads about, whereas Prohibition is something that affects actual physical life in every block of every city, and in almost every square mile of the whole territory of the United States. If we should have a discussion of the Roman Catholic Church it might not be very informing, and the very thing which

might bring it on would be too much effort to prohibit it. Nevertheless, one of the great issues of this campaign is anti-clericalism, not directed mainly against the Church of Rome as it exists usually in Europe, but aimed to rescue our government from the domination of the Methodist Board of Morals.

There has always been a good deal of religious government in the United States. When it is confined to the direction of family life it is largely good, though far from perfect; but when it finds expression in the legislatures and laws it is apt to be evil. Everybody ought to be religious, including all the voters, but government ought to be secular. If it is not, it easily becomes the instrument by which one lot of voters impose their prejudices on another lot.

People have an idea that what the majority does is right and that it is no hardship to embody the wishes of the majority in the laws of a country. Mr. Durant, who offered a prize for the best way to make the Eighteenth Amendment effective, argued that he believes the majority of the voters do not want the Amendment repealed and that, therefore, it should not be repealed. He is right in thinking that it cannot be repealed until the majority want it repealed. But Mr. Durant does not discuss at all whether in this matter of drinks it is proper that a majority should compel a minority to accept its opinion and orders. One of the great questions connected with Prohibition is to what extent in the details of human life the majority should rule. If life were altogether regulated by majorities progress would stop short; for it is minorities, beginning small, that get new understanding of all problems and change life. Majorities never get anything first. They are strongholds of conservatism and useful in that capacity, but minorities are the yeast in the dough; and the bread of life cannot be produced without them. What is history as we know it if it is not a record of minorities struggling

towards change, and majorities sending them to the cross, the stake, the gallows, the hangman's noose, and electric chair. Things are better now. We are not so rough with minorities as our ancestor were. We do not flog Quakers at the cartwheel. Tar and feathers are going out of style. We are more tolerant than we were but nothing much to brag about yet.

For example, one read in the papers the other day that a warrant was out in Boston for Doctor Kallen of New York for talking blasphemy in a speech in Boston at a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting on August 23rd. Doctor Kallen is a scholar, reputable, and of distinction as a teacher. His observation that the papers gave as the warrant of the Boston police in wanting to catch him was that "If Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, so were Jesus Christ, Soc-rates," and several others. That statement was held by the police to violate an ancient statute of Massachusetts against blasphemy.

Now, "anarchist" is not necessarily a contemptuous epithet. It simply means a person opposed to laws. "At its best," says Webster's dictionary, "anarchism stands for a society made orderly by good manners rather than by law, in which each person produces according to his powers and receives according to his needs." There is much in the teaching of Christ which is consistent with the conception of such a society as that and there is slight endorsement of many of the regulations and institutions of the society in which we actually live. Whatever Doctor Kallen may have said, as briefly reported in the New York papers, his purpose was clearly to defend and honor Sacco and Vanzetti by comparing them with Christ and not at all to disparage Christ by comparing him with Sacco and Vanzetti.

Oh, well, that nonsense will doubtless take care of itself, and indeed the case was promptly held up for further consideration, but who on earth is the power behind the police of Boston; the power

that gets up the extraordinary proscriptions of books and of which this absurd blasphemy charge was credible because of previous foolishnesses not unlike it? Christ, it is true, said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." He was certainly not the kind of anarchist who wears his hair pompadour, throws bombs, and leans on violence for the removal of what seem to him to be obstacles to Utopian expectations. Christ was not at all like that, but neither was he in accord with the management of this world as he found it. Of that management he was the great upsetter as he was also the great anti-cleric. He fought government by a priesthood and went to Golgotha as the result of his outspokenness in that particular. The civil law he treated with respect, but taught a better way to regulate life.

LESTER LINCOLN used to say of a girl who visited his mother's family that she came into the room mouth first. That happens often, especially in a presidential year like this when discussion is more than usually stimulated. The Boston police may be described as having come mouth first into the case of Doctor Kallen, who, of course, would love to be tried in Boston for blasphemy. Mr. William Allen White, as everyone must have noticed, entered mouth first into an examination of Governor Smith's political record and had to withdraw most of what he said for investigation and revision. It was very much the same with Doctor Straton. Another case, not concerned with politics, was that of Dr. Vernon Kellogg, who in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, lately spoke of Sir Oliver Lodge as a careful and honored operator in the domain of physics, but utterly careless and credulous when he dealt with spirits and easily fooled by one medium after another. No one who knows anything about Sir Oliver needs to be told that he brings the same mind and care to his spiritist inquiries which he has prosecuted for forty odd years, as he does to the re-

searches in physics which have won him so great a reputation. "A dual personality" Doctor Kellogg calls him, which is the same thing as was said years ago of Sir William Crookes of Crookes' tubes, who was also an investigator of spirits and a believer in communication with them. Doctor Kellogg came mouth first to his conclusions about Sir Oliver. The rule for all writers whose words find their way into print is to avoid positive assertions when discussing matters about which they have no adequate knowledge. In ordinary life and conversation people constantly talk of things they don't know about and constantly give out opinions that are not based on knowledge and have no value. This makes for conversation and discussion and is useful in that if they talk to someone who knows more than they do their mistakes may be corrected and they may learn something. But when opinions of this kind are put out in print, that is a different matter and likely to embarrass their authors.

Doctor Kellogg, who made a break about Sir Oliver Lodge, and William Allen White, who made a break about Governor Smith, have one thing in common and that is Emporia, Kansas. Doctor Kellogg was born there, though he does not live there. Mr. White lives there and operates on the world from that point though he was not born there. Perhaps there is something in Emporia that gets into the blood and impairs discretion.

WHAT have we done that we should have so many floods? Where does all the water come from? How is it accumulated to be let down on us so disastrously? The latest pluvial demonstration is a washout in the Catskills. Before that there were disastrous inundations in Vermont and, last year, the submergence of the Mississippi Valley. It has been very wet this summer even for people who were not flooded. In Washington valuable trees in the parks have been damaged by excessive rain-

fall. Why so much water? Could not the prohibitionists divert their energies a little to prohibiting excess of water? They might not succeed immediately in their effort, but they might easily do at least as well as they have done in prohibiting rum. Are all these floods sent to us as a reminder that nature does not care for legislation but will take its course no matter what there may be in the Constitution? Or are they perhaps evidences of the displeasure of Providence with our over-zeal in collecting war debts? They might be and, though one cannot speak positively about it, a marked reduction in our demands on Europe would be an interesting experiment in meteorology and well worth doing anyhow whether it improved our weather or not. Probably it began hot and floody as we have had it in Noah's time before the inundation, a fact that will not need to be brought to the attention of our British-Israel brethren who figured out that the Great Tribulation would begin last May and are doubtless mentally hospitable to calamity.

Why do so many people go crazy nowadays? Last month in this department allusion was made to the vast provision of stimulants of one sort or another for the people of the United States. In connection with that provision there might suitably have been mentioned the great increase in the number of demented persons and the struggles to provide asylums enough to hold them. In New York alone there are about 50,000 insane people in state hospitals. In the whole of the United States, according to the *World Almanac*, there were 267,000 people so cared for. That is a little more than two to every thousand of population. That makes it seem as though our understanding of life was still inadequate. Is prohibition a factor in it, or is it a by-product of the machine age and industrialism.

Change is doubtless trying to mental balance, and the rapid changes in life in the last twenty years may have an unsettling effect on mental conditions.

Meanwhile foreign observers pick up some curious reports about us. There is Mary Borden who had a piece in the London *Spectator* for June about The American Man. "What is he like really, the real American," she asks "whose father and grandfather were American born? There are first of all very few of them. One to a thousand of those others, black, yellow, or brown who speak strange languages, would be a generous estimate."

Wrong, madam; there must be many more descendants of American-born grandfathers than that. One in a thousand! More likely, ma'am, several hundred in a thousand. There were twelve million odd people in the United States one hundred years ago. What do you suppose became of them? They must have been preponderantly of British derivation, for emigration up to 1840 was mostly British. Indeed, the big incursion of Irish in the forties was British too. The Germans came strong after '48, but the old stock was not so feeble that it disappeared in competition. But while the descendants of the American forefathers are by no means so scarce as the *Spectator's* contributor supposes, and American-born grandfathers are not the rarity she thinks, still there is, of course, a mixture of breed in the United States that is almost unprecedented in its variety.

Is that bad or good? Is it a source of weakness or of strength? Those biologists who swear by the Nordics seem to think that it is a source of weakness; but very good information is back of the other opinion that it is a source of strength. The talents of various races show up here. Newcomers get the American environment for what it is worth, American food, American schooling, and even American ideals, appalling as that may seem. To check immigration was probably right, but those persons who regret that the United States is not populated by homogeneous Anglo Saxons are probably suffering from misplaced regret.

Personal and Otherwise



EVEN years ago Philip Curtiss entitled a skit in the *Lion's Mouth* "The Mucker Pose." Now **James Trus-Adams**, with Mr. Curtiss's permission, employs the same title for his frontal attack on the tendency among educated and gently-bred Americans which certainly has not faded since 1921. Mr. Adams, a member of the New York Stock Exchange firm until 1922, has subsequently become one of the best historians and social commentators in the country. His *Founding of New England* won the Pulitzer Prize for the best book on the history of the United States published in 1921; he followed it in 1923 with *Revolution in New England, 1691-1776*; he has also written many magazine articles on current problems, including "Racial Amnesia" (January, 1928) and "Is Science a Blind Alley?" (February, 1928) in *HARPER'S*. He lives in Brooklyn. To return to the title of Mr. Adams's present article: Mr. Curtiss writes "I did not invent the phrase. I described the state of mind one day to Charlie Buchanan, the music and art critic, and he topped it with the phrase—as I said in the original article. So I suppose that the real glory to score it would be 'Buchanan to Curtiss to Adams'—two put-outs and one assist."

Laura Spencer Portór (Mrs. Francis Pope) on the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* has long been a welcome, if occasional, contributor of *HARPER'S* stories and *Lion's Mouth* papers.

In the leading article of our August issue, **Charles A. Beard** answered the question "Is Western Civilization in Peril?" with the conclusion that it is not, the pessimism of many present-day writers to the contrary notwithstanding. In this issue, in the first of a new series of *HARPER* papers on the condition of present-day Europe, he slays another specter which has been troubling many of us: the

specter of dictatorship triumphant over democracy. No one can read his present article without realizing that there's life in the old public yet, even in Europe. Dr. Beard, formerly professor of politics at Columbia, has written several volumes of American and European history; he and his wife, Mary R. Beard, are co-authors of one of the best American histories, *The Rise of American Civilization*. He is also the editor of the new book of comment on the state of Western civilization, *Whither Mankind?* He has recently returned from a trip to the Balkans, in the course of which he visited Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Serajevo, Athens, and other places in that part of the world, made a survey of the government and administration of Yugoslavia at the instance of the American-Yugoslav Society, and lectured before the University of Berlin.

We recommend **Samuel McCoy** for the versatility prize. After many years of newspaper experience, he was sent by the *New York World* in 1923 to investigate the case of a prisoner flogged to death by a "whipping boss" in a Florida lumber camp, and wrote a series of articles on the abuses of the Florida prison system which led to the revision of the state laws dealing with convict leasing and the corporal punishment of prisoners, and to the winning by the *World* of the Pulitzer award "for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year." How many men could carry through successfully such a job of hard-boiled investigation and reporting and then produce a bit of sheer poetry in prose like "The Wine Peculiar to Cyprus," which Mr. McCoy wrote after leaving the *World* to travel abroad? Nor is the evidence of his versatility complete until we add that he is publishing this month a life of John Adams.

For the benefit of readers new to HARPER'S we record that *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould) is the author of one of the finest American short stories, "Vain Oblations," of *Lost Valley* and other books, and of many and diverse HARPER articles, the most recent of which was "The Sense of the Future," published last August; and that she lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

A revolution has taken place in the movies. For an interpretation of its possible results we turn to *Gilbert Seldes*, who in *The Seven Lively Arts* and in his critical papers for the *New Republic* and the *Dial* has shown a rare understanding of the motion picture and its artistic possibilities. Mr. Seldes has just published *The Stammering Century*, a history of nineteenth-century life in America.

A few months ago we should have identified *Stephen Vincent Benét* by listing his novels and earlier books of verse; now we need only remind the HARPER audience that he is the author of *John Brown's Body*.

It is exactly two years since *John Macy*, author of *The Spirit of American Literature*, *The Story of the World's Literature*, and other books, heaved a bomb into the feminist camp in the form of a HARPER article called "Equality of Woman with Man: A Myth." Mr. Macy listened to the uproar which ensued, he read the protests of indignant readers, and yet apparently he did not entirely change his mind; for now, after an interval of meditation, he indulges in further generalities.

As the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh, *H. M. Johnson* throws as much light as any man of science can now throw upon that mysterious state in which we spend a third of our lives.

If there is any other American writer on sport who understands as does *John R. Tunis* what real amateurism is and what the proper place of sport is in a well-balanced life, we should like to know his name. Mr. Tunis, tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post* and former sports editor of the *New Yorker*, has written three articles for us during the past year: "The Lawn Tennis

Industry," "The Great Sports Myth," "The Olympic Games"; the material in it has been expanded to form a part of his book, *Sports—Heroics and Hysterics*, published by the John Day Company.

Our third and last story of the month comes to us from *Elizabeth Madox Roberts* of Springfield, Kentucky, the author of fine first novel, *The Time of Man*, and *My Heart and My Flesh* and *Jingling in Wind*.

Henry F. Pringle has portrayed *Ju Landis* and *Mayor Walker* of New York in HARPER'S, and last April he discussed in columns "Politicians and the Press." He is also the author of a recent life of *Governor Smith*. He now discusses the new form of prohibition which is presenting one of the oldest of urban problems.

No one could be better fitted than *Jarvis Weldon Johnson* to deal with the effect of advancing Negro art upon race prejudice. He has shown himself to be a poet in *Golden Trombones*; as editor of *The Book of American Negro Poetry* and *The Book of American Negro Spirituals* he has revealed his thorough acquaintance with the achievement of others of his race both in poetry and music; and as secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Colored People he has faced time and again the ugly manifestations of prejudice.

The poets of the month are *Henri de Saussure Blanding* (Mrs. Chauncey Gordon), a California writer whose delicate lyrics often appear in HARPER'S; *Marjorie Lewis Leach*, a new contributor from New York; *John Frazier Vance*, of the staff of E. P. Dutton & Co., a short story of which we shall shortly publish; and *Geoffrey Johnson*, an English poet who joined the ranks of HARPER writers with a sonnet for our October issue.

In the Lion's Mouth appear *G. H. Eschbrooks*, of the department of psychology at Colgate University, a new contributor; *Frederick Lewis Allen* of the HARPER staff, whose "Bigger and Better Issues" appeared last month; and *Charles B. Hale*, another new contributor, who might, if he wished, boast gently of being associate professor of English at the University of Maryland.

Since 1909—the year, incidentally, in which I joined the faculty of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—*Daniel Garber's* landscapes have been winning prizes at the big American exhibitions with impressive frequency. His summer studio is at Lumbersville, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware River; most of his paintings are of scenes in the cliffy Delaware Valley, and he is at his best—as in the frontispiece of this issue—revealing it when autumn brings a haze to the air and the trees cast shadows of an autumn blue.



The course of events at the Olympic Games so abundantly justified Mr. Tunis's misgivings as expressed in his recent article (completed two months before the Games began) that before they were over many a correspondent had begun to express in his dispatches grave doubts as to the amount of international good will fostered by such contests. Some of the competitors certainly shared these doubts. An English friend of the Magazine, a thorough sportsman who showed in the English crew which contested the finals with the California eight, has written us as follows:

I sent you a cable from Amsterdam to the effect that Mr. Tunis was right in his estimate of the Olympic Games; I was referring to the March issue ["The Great Sports Myth"]. Since my return I have read the August one and am just as greatly impressed with it. If I were not still so exhausted by the strain of that fortnight in Amsterdam, I would write you of certain incidents there, some amusing and some quite the reverse. At all events, I hope that if you are seeing Mr. Tunis, or writing to him, you will give him my compliments and tell him that one who has suffered feels just as strongly on the subject of the Olympic Games as he does.



Professor Munro's "Quack-Doctoring the Colleges" has brought a sheaf of letters both of praise and of disapproval. What Professor T. Atkinson Jenkins of the University of Chicago says in criticism of the article and in defense of the Antioch experiment deserves to be put in the record:

Many of your readers, besides myself and my family, read with enjoyment and profit Professor Munro's "Quack-Doctoring the Colleges" in the September HARPER'S. The old topic, No Royal Road to Learning, is entertainingly discussed. Timely and worth remembering, also, is the warning of the dangers which beset the boys and girls who must work their way through college.

Yet there is danger that the general argument against "get-educated-quick" methods, excellent as it is, may be mistaken by some to be an argument against all experimentation and progress in the college world; this probably was not intended. Surprising indeed it is to find, in an article headed Quack-Doctoring, a mention of several reputable colleges, among them Swarthmore, and to read, "There is the Swarthmore idea," as if President Aydelotte's honors courses (not original with him, nor confined to Swarthmore) were to be classed among the quackeries and nostrums. This, of course, would be absurd, and was probably not intended. The honors courses aim to destroy the idea that real learning is an easy and perfunctory process, one never made difficult to the sons and daughters of the wealthy and socially prominent.

The longer reference to Antioch College and its idea of six months of study and six months of outside work is to my mind not a happy inspiration. President Morgan is quite able to speak for himself, but it may be said that if Antioch had one-tenth of the endowment enjoyed by the college in which Professor Munro teaches, if Antioch could afford to employ a larger and more highly trained faculty and to build better laboratories, the results might soon make Antioch safe from this sort of unsympathetic criticism. The Antioch experiment, crippled and hindered as it is, may yet prove to have great social significance. No one can deny that many children of to-day, particularly those coming from well-to-do and wealthy families, are showing themselves so out of touch with the common lot, so unacquainted with and unappreciative of common humankind, so unable to cope with real and sustained toil, that their capacity for leadership and general social usefulness is greatly impaired. Many of them seem fit only to be the stubborn defenders of the established order and instinctive enemies of all efforts at progress.

No, there are fortunately many mansions in the collegiate heaven, and it doth not yet appear that any one of them can boast of an exclusive mission to furnish the leaders to the America of the future. Or to change the figure, there will always be room for many sorts of automobiles upon the collegiate highway, and it not infrequently happens that one of the less expensive makes gets there on time and delivers the goods.

Through one of those accidents that will happen even in the best regulated promotion departments, our advertisements of the September issue consistently referred to the author of "America's Debt to a German Soldier" as Brigadier General George McA. Palmer. Our apologies to Brigadier General John McA. Palmer.



For the benefit of the discriminating book-buyer we have drawn up a list of books, just published or about to be published by Harper & Brothers, which are of special interest to those who have been following HARPER'S MAGAZINE in recent months. If you prefer, whenever you can, to base your choice of Christmas books on a sampling process or on some previous acquaintance with the authors, thus avoiding family scenes and sundered friendships, or if you sometimes actually buy for your own delectation a book which you have thus had a chance to pre-judge, you may find it convenient to have this list within reach during the next few weeks.

The Lost Lyrist, a book of poems by Elizabeth Hollister Frost; two small groups of these poems have appeared in our pages and have led to many inquiries about the book.

Money of Her Own, a novel by Margaret Culkin Banning, whose stories and articles are familiar to our audience.

Good Bye Wisconsin, by Glenway Wescott, which includes two stories that first appeared in HARPER'S.

Never Go Back, a novel by George Boas, some of whose satiric studies of university life have amused our readers.

Buck in the Snow, a new volume of poems (a few of them from HARPER'S) by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Layout in Advertising, by W. A. Dwiggins, a technical treatise which we mention here because was Mr. Dwiggins who designed the present cover and type dress of the Magazine.

On Doing the Right Thing, a collection of HARPER and other essays by Albert Jay Nock.

Sir Martin Frobisher, a biography by William McFee, a frequent contributor to the Magazine.

Ananias or the False Artist, by Walter Pach, the germ of which was an article written by Mr. Pach for the Magazine ("What Passes for Art," June, 1927).

Music at Midnight, a book of lively reminiscence by Muriel Draper, three brief portions of which—a sketch of Henry James, a sketch of Norma Douglas, and a chapter of London music recollections—have given HARPER readers foretaste of its contents.

What's Ahead; and Meanwhile, a collection of Edward S. Martin's wise and friendly Easy Chair papers.



The following request from a subscriber has been filed for affirmative action, not (we trust) immediate:

THE EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Dear Sir:

I have always expressed a wish that on my grave should be placed the things I liked best, a pot of coffee and a watermelon (and let the juice trickle down). Will you see that HARPER'S MAGAZINE is also there?

Very sincerely,

M. R. ROGERS.



The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Of this issue we are printing 156,000 copies. This is ten thousand more than we printed in the corresponding month of last year, twenty-six thousand more than we printed in November, 1926, and thirty-six thousand more than in November, 1925.

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